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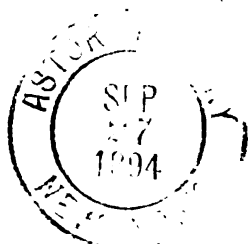
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# CONTENTS.

## STORIES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Nell: A Story of Killowen Point. By Rosa Mulholland:—		XXXIII. Plain Speaking .	628
I. Nell says "No" . . . . .	1	XXXIV. A Painful Choice .	634
II. Peter's Comrade . . . . .	5	XXXV. A Last Injunction .	702
III. The Hon. Mrs. Flamborough .	10	The Walking Trees. By Rosa Mul-	
IV. Is it Jack or not? . . . . .	61	holland:—	
V. The Squall . . . . .	66	I. Leo's Secret . . . . .	121
VI. No and Yes . . . . .	69	II. He goes off with the	
The Chances of War. By A. White-		Trees . . . . .	123
lock:—		III. Leo enters the Clouds .	125
XIV. A Friend amongst		IV. He arrives at the Gates	
Enemies . . . . .	21	of Sunrise . . . . .	130
XV. A Rejected Suit . . . . .	24	V. Leo is shot across the	
XVI. Forewarnings of		Sky . . . . .	181
Evil . . . . .	26	VI. The summer-cloud Chil-	
XVII. A Message for		dren . . . . .	184
Aid . . . . .	90	VII. Bad-weather Country .	188
XVIII. Farewells . . . . .	94	VIII. Adventures of the Rain-	
XIX. A Marauding Party .	153	children . . . . .	241
XX. The Fairies' Pass .	158	IX. At Home with King	
XXI. The Chamber of		Storm . . . . .	244
Death . . . . .	220	X. The Snow's Kingdom .	250
XXII. Tried for Life . . . . .	224	The Sleepy Carthusian. . . . .	658
XXIII. A Military Exe-		The Lighthouse at Inchmore.	
cution . . . . .	284	By Katharine Roche:—	
XXIV. A Strange Meet-		I. Owen Settles Down . . . . .	605
ing . . . . .	330	II. Owen's Rival . . . . .	611
XXV. A Twofold Sur-		The Dark Pond of Chateauland-	
prise . . . . .	332	rin. By Cecilia Caddell . . . . .	303
XXVI. Spreading the Toils .	402	Little Queen Pet and her King-	
XXVII. The Witch's Cell .	408	dom. By Rosa Mulholland . . . . .	667
XXVIII. The Dance of Death .	468	The Strange Schooner. By Rosa	
XXIX. Reconciled . . . . .	473	Mulholland:—	
XXX. The Last Review .	523	I. Delsie's Old Wooden	
XXXI. Lost to Ireland . . . . .	561	Mug . . . . .	374
XXXII. Discovered . . . . .	567	II. "It's an ill wind that	
		blows nobody good" . . . . .	382

## ESSAYS.

Lectures by a Certain Professor:—		XXIII. The same, continued .	318
XII. About Knowledge of the		XXIV. Marriage . . . . .	412
World . . . . .	103	XXV. The Church and Poli-	
XIII. About Life . . . . .	195	tics . . . . .	641
XIV. About Life ( <i>continued</i> ). .	291	XXVI. The Pope's Temporal	
XV. About Illusions . . . . .	441	Power . . . . .	711
XVI. About Experience . . . . .	595	On the Literary Studies of Ladies.	
The Relations of the Church to		By the Rev. Matthew Russell,	
Society. By the Rev. Edmund		S. J. . . . .	485
J. O'Reilly, S. J.:—		The Aggressions of Science, .	16
XX. Obedience due to the		On Public Libraries. By the	
Pope . . . . .	41	Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. . .	32
XXI. Liberty of Conscience .	163	On the Philosophy of a Candle.	
XXII. The Council of Con-		By the Rev. G. Molloy, D. D. .	529
stance . . . . .	228		

## SKETCHES—CHIEFLY BIOGRAPHICAL.

	PAGE		PAGE
Sir Thomas More. By John O'Hagan, Q. C. . . . .	340, 363	In Memoriam—The Rev. James Gaffney . . . . .	172
How Strafford Governed Ireland. By D. M. . . . .	76, 205, 272, 390, 506	St. Joseph's Infirmary and the Little Children of Mary. By the Rev. John Naughton, S. J. . . . .	256
Early Days of Madame Barat. By Cecilia Caddell . . . . .	459, 493	St. Brigid's Orphans. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. . . . .	452
An Irish Church in Germany. By the late Rev. James Gaffney . . . . .	266	Alice O'Sullivan, the latest Irish Martyr. By the same . . . . .	545
The Successful Exploration of Australia—O'Hara Burke . . . . .	619, 681	A Village Convent at Carrigtwohill. By Lady G. Fullerton . . . . .	520
Mr. Gladstone and Maryland Toleration . . . . .	100	Mrs. Jameson. By H. Bedford . . . . .	425
A Hundred Years Ago. . . . .	133	Old Houses Re-storied. By S. A. Aix and the Falls of Grezy. By Cecilia Caddell . . . . .	650 691
The K — Dorcas Society. By M. C. O'Connor Morris . . . . .	143		

## POEMS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

Sonnets on the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the New Church of Maynooth College. By Aubrey de Vere . . . . .	14	Sonnet to Miss Alice Thompson Yearnings. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	389 400
On the Rocks. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	19	Alice Thompson's "Preludes" . . . . .	422
Waste. By T. E. B. . . . .	30	A real "Children's Prayer-book" . . . . .	424
The Fallen Ones. By C. K. . . . .	31	Austin's "Human Tragedy" . . . . .	437
The Lamp of the Sanctuary. . . . .	47	To a Friend in Italy. By Wilfrid Mennell . . . . .	451
A Gossiping Letter from Calcutta . . . . .	48	Good Morning and Good Night . . . . .	451
The Song of Rest. (From Horace). By William Dillon . . . . .	75	Waiting. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	478
The Children's Visit to the Children's Hospital . . . . .	86	St. Peter. By A. E. . . . .	506
The Cry of the Souls. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	89	"How Beautiful is God." By Wilfrid Mennell . . . . .	523
Too Late! By Melbournensis . . . . .	102	First Things. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	543
Hurried to Rest. By R. M. . . . .	132	To Three Young Missionaries . . . . .	552
The Poor. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	152	Sonnet. By R. M. . . . .	560
No Card Sent. An Apology . . . . .	176	Sir Aubrey de Vere's "Mary Tudor" and Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary." By J. O. H. . . . .	572
Our Reception at Port Elizabeth . . . . .	191	The True Knowledge. By Oscar Wilde . . . . .	594
Heaven. By D. G. . . . .	194	To A. C. T. as Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire . . . . .	602
The Dreaded Hour. By R. M. . . . .	204	Autumn Songs. By R. M. . . . .	618
"A Painfully English Idiom" . . . . .	214	Roses and Lilies both are Sweet . . . . .	627
Canticle of the Vows. By M. R. . . . .	238	A Life Story . . . . .	639
The Gate of Heaven. By R. M. . . . .	253	Dead. By J. F. . . . .	651
To Aubrey de Vere. By Wilfrid Mennell . . . . .	255	A Parable. By Ethel Tane . . . . .	663
Our Child-Angel. By G. N. P. . . . .	270	Thither. By R. M. . . . .	680
The Homeless One. By S. M. S. . . . .	271	"My Heart shall be thy Garden." By Wilfrid Mennell . . . . .	690
My Prayer. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	290	A Young Poet. By Ethel Tane . . . . .	690
Judith. A Study. By the Rev. Joseph Farrell . . . . .	314	Poverty. By R. M. . . . .	701
Juan de Pedraza's "Dance of Death. By D. F. MacCarthy, . . . . .	326	A Namesake . . . . .	701
In the Vale of Glenomra. . . . .	338		
Three Rosebuds . . . . .	352	Winged Words 58, 119, 300, 359, 482, 542, 603, 664, 719 . . . . .	
In Memory of two dear Pupils . . . . .	360	Notes in the Big House 60, 120, 180, 239, 301, 361, 483, 543, 604, 666 . . . . .	
T. T. Joseph. A Sonnet. . . . .	362	New Books 53, 112, 117, 177, 218, 354, 479, 538, 588, 660, 720 . . . . .	
A Horoscope. By W. Mennell . . . . .	373		

# THE IRISH MONTHLY.

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NELL:

A STORY OF KILLOWEN POINT.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEVIL," &c.

CHAPTER I.

NELL SAYS "NO."

ONE morning a lark was singing in the blue air right above Carlingford Bay, and right beneath the lark a girl was also singing in a boat which she was paddling alone. Serene mountains lay on both sides of her, draped with golden mist, and close by on the shore children were leaving their play and running home to breakfast, as their mothers called them from the white cottages in the fields above. Nell, the coastguard's daughter, had been a mile down the bay on a housewifely errand to her aunt's farm. She had a basket of butter and a large bunch of flowers, as big as a cabbage, in the boat; and a trail of delicious scent went with her as she shot along the sea.

Killowen Point is an arm of gray shingle that stretches out into the bay, just below where the mountains of Killowen tower above the scattered hamlet at their feet. Nell made for the Point, and was about coaxing her boat near land with one oar when she saw a young man coming hastily along the beach to meet her. He was dressed like a seafaring man, and walked with a slight roll in his gait. Running a few steps, he laid hold of the boat and hauled it up the beach, then held the girl's hand while she sprang ashore.

"Why, Peter!" she exclaimed, "what brought you back to Killowen? I thought you were to have sailed this evening!"

"We do sail this evening," said Peter; "but I had a word to say to a friend, and I felt I could not go without saying it. I worked all night, and they let me off at six this morning. Then I set out to walk to the Point."

"Well, I hope you saw your friend since you took so much pains? It was just like you, Peter—all over the world!"

"I see her now—she's *you*, Nell, and nobody else," said Peter, first glancing hurriedly at her face—a glance that was half shy, half



pathetic, and very ardent; and then turning his honest blue eyes on the Carlingford mountains, as if he had been addressing the form of Fin-mac-Coul extended thereon. "It's a word," continued Peter, "that has often been on the tip of my tongue, but somehow you always frightened it back. My heart got that sore last night, I could not thole any longer. Will you marry me, Nell? for I love you as true as death. And that's the word I worked all night to get leave to speak to you."

The young man had turned pale while he spoke; and Nell, hearing the intense strain in his voice, glanced at his face in awe, while all the colour crept out of her own cheeks.

"What do you say to it, Nell?"

"Oh, Peter, what put this in your head at all, at all? Weren't we good enough friends ever since we were born? Why do you want to be spoiling everything?"

"There's no friends so good as man and wife. I want to be happy, Nell, and I can't be happy without you."

Nell drew a long breath, and many thoughts flashed through her mind. She believed she could be happy enough without Peter always by her side. As he was, he had been a pleasant part of her life, with his comings and goings, and his manly protecting ways; but, then, how happy she had felt just now rowing her own little boat, and getting home to make her father's breakfast! To marry and settle down into a stout housewife, with a red face and perhaps a scolding tongue—Nell thought with dismay that she had not arrived at the time of life for all that just yet. Besides, Nell had some little romantic ideas of her own which she would not have confessed to any one, but which suddenly grew strong within her as she confronted this question of marriage. Of an honest nature, she was eager to let Peter know at once that she felt for him none of that ardent love which she saw burning and glowing in his eyes for her.

"I couldn't, Peter; I couldn't, indeed. I like you well, but not well enough for that."

A gray look of grief came stealing over Peter's face.

"Don't say it so positive," he said. "Try and think over it."

"I know I never could, Peter, and where's the use of keeping it up? You'll see nicer girls in Portsmouth that will soon put me out of your head."

"I wish I hadn't said it so sudden," said the sailor, mournfully. "I wish I hadn't been a fool. If I had stayed patient in Warrenpoint last night, I might have sailed this evening with my weenie hope in my heart. But now it's all gone—all, all gone."

He turned his head away, and dashed the back of his rough hand across his eyes. Nell stood by and trembled at the grief she had caused and could hardly comprehend.

"Cheer up, now, Peter! You'll forget every bit of it after a while. Men always do. Here's Ned M'Caffrey was as bad as you and worse; and look at him now, married to another girl, and as happy—as happy as the day's long!"

Peter shook his head. "Every man has his own way of things,"

said he, "that's Ned's way; it's not mine. Not but I have a pride of my own, and you needn't be afeard I'm going to torment you. You were singin' in your boat as I came along the shore—go on with your singin' and don't be puttin' tears in them sweet eyes o' yours for me. Shake hands with an old friend, and then—I'm gone."

The next minute he was climbing the green banks above the beach, and making for the road by which he had come; while Nell, looking long after him with a pair of dark, frightened eyes, turned at last to her boat, filling her arms with her basket of butter and the large bouquet whose flaunting blossoms bloomed more brilliantly in contrast to the paleness of her cheeks. Following Peter's advice, she tried to take up her song where she had left it, but somehow a little dry sob that had cut his voice as he spoke seemed to have got into Nell's throat, and choked back the notes as they came.

"It's ill work hurting other people's hearts after all," muttered Nell, giving up the attempt, "let folks say what they may about girls having plenty of lovers."

Just above the Point there is a straggling row of white cottages; and a little off at one side the coastguard's dwelling overlooks the sea. As Nell turned towards the latter, she saw a huge bundle of starched, stiff, snow-white muslins coming down from the high fields behind, and she stopped, it might be in surprise, for the muslins walked upon two neat little feet with ancles to match.

"Is that Kitty?" cried Nell; and immediately a golden head was thrust out at one side of the white burden, and a laughing, pink, round face greeted a friend.

"What in life brought Peter Dunne back to Killowen this morning?" cried Kitty; "and what were you talking about yonder together?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Nell, "only a question he wanted to ask. I was able to answer it for him, and he hurried straight back to his ship."

"You answered him badly, Nell, and it's a shame for you. A body could see it in his walk an' him half a mile away."

"Hush, Kitty! Hush! Such a guesser as you are! For God's sake, don't go talking all round about it. I vexed him enough already without that."

"I'm no gossip," said Kitty; "an' I wouldn't vex him nor you for the world. But why did you send him away down-hearted?"

"Why, how could I help it?" cried Nell, in great vexation. "I'm happy as I am with my friends about me at my father's fireside. I can go and come as I like, an' have my bit of fun—how would it be better with me to have 'Mrs.' to my name, and a ring on my finger, and to have to behave wise an' prim, while Peter Dunne was sailing round the ocean from year's end to year's end, just havin' to tell the sea-birds that he was the man that owned me."

Nell's cheeks, that had been as pale as her lilies, were now as glowing as the damask of her roses, and there was an indignant sparkle in her dark eyes as she clasped her butter-basket to her breasts and tossed her enormous nosegay a little higher on her shoulder.

"Your flowers is sweeter nor your temper, Nell," said Kitty, leaning her laughing face further out of her muslins and burying a little short shapely nose among the carnations. "Peter Dunne's well rid of such a scoldin' vixen."

"Well, I declare!" cried Nell, panting with indignation, "how very anxious you are about him! Why don't you take the care of him on your own shoulders, Kitty, and then you needn't be frettin' at me about him?"

"Na!" said Kitty, shaking her mischievous head, and smiling knowingly. "I'm a wee bit young yet for lovers, an' I mean to keep myself so this good while. I'm just lookin' on and taking lessons from the like o' you—an' when my own time comes, I'll know how to manage my affairs."

"Never fear but you will," cried Nell, angrily; "but in the meantime I'd thank you not to be tryin' to manage mine!"

And suddenly turning her back on Kitty she began walking rapidly towards her home with a grieved lip, misty eyes, and a lump in her throat which threatened every moment to break into sobs. Kitty, though some years younger than herself, was her dearest friend, and after the earlier vexation of the morning a quarrel with Kitty was too irritating a mischance. But presently a sweet, shrill voice came flying along the breeze over her shoulder:

"I'm comin' to breakfast with you, when I leave the things with mother. I want a rose for my window, and a taste of Aunt Susie's butter," cried the voice; and at this sound the lump broke in Nell's throat, the sob rose to her lips and fled away, a shower of tears burst from her eyes and fell on the flowers beneath, leaving a glittering smile behind them. Nell was consoled, and hurried into her little white-washed home, on hospitable thoughts intent.

The coastguard's dwelling was a comfortable little house of four rooms. It was pleasant to step off the causeway right into Nell's kitchen, with its wide, bright hearth, tiled floor, and white walls, adorned with shining tins and some pretty woodcuts, primitively framed with scarlet braid and brazen nails. Off this kitchen was a parlour, where strips of carpet were laid on the boarded floor, and a beautiful painted tea-tray always leaned against the wall under the sampler framed in a gilt frame which Nell's dead mother had worked when a girl. Here also were jars of hawthorn and lilac, and an old-fashioned sofa in a chintz petticoat, a curious ornament made of sea-weed, and on the chimney-piece some large foreign shells—by placing which at your ear you could hear the tide coming in and going out—a coloured delph shepherd and shepherdess, the whole being surmounted by a picture of Dan O'Connell upon the wall surrounded by a flock of little black silhouette heads and shoulders of men and women, each on a white ground in a little brown wooden frame, and each said to be a perfect likeness of some relative of the old coastguard, dead or alive.

As the two girls sat at the window, over their oaten bread and butter, Kitty said:

"Those muslins I was bringing in belong to the Hon. Mrs. Flam-

borough. She has given mother her washing, and I was there yesterday and such a beautiful place I never set my eyes on. 'The housekeeper took me into the gardens, and I got a peep at the drawing-room. I say, Nell, how would you like to be a lady, and have a place like yon?'

Kitty's widowed mother was a laundress, and owned a cottage on the Point and a fine field for drying at the foot of the mountain behind.

"I never tried, and I don't know," said Nell; "I'm very well the way I am, if people would only let me alone."

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## CHAPTER II.

### PETER'S COMRADE.

"How do I look, Peter, and am I a genuine sailor? Would my mother know me, if she happened to meet me full in the face?"

The question was asked by one of Peter's fellow-sailors as their ship, bound from Portsmouth to Warrenpoint, crossed the Harbour Bar, and made gallant way down Carlingford Lough.

"I don't know about your mother, sir; they say mothers have sharp eyes; but I don't believe I'd have known you myself—an' that's a good deal to say."

"I'll keep out of her way till the freak is over; and, Peter, don't you be saying 'Sir' to me, you know. 'Jack' will come as easy to you, won't it? Hallo! those are the white cottages of Killowen Point, aren't they? And there are the coastguards spying at us."

"Aye!" said an old sailor: "Yon's ould Bart, with the telescope cocked at us; and there's Nell herself, the darlin', God bless her, perched beside him on the rocks, with her little fist screwed up to her eye, busy imitatin' her father."

"Who is 'little Nell herself?'" asked the young sailor who had requested to be called Jack.

"It's well seen you're a stranger, though you do appear to have been about the place before," returned the old tar. "Nell is Bart, the coastguard's, only child, and as sweet a bit of a woman as ever bewitched a parish. We're all in love with her in these parts, man, woman, and child of us. She'll nurse you if you're sick, coax you if you're down-hearted, and tease you if you're well and merry. An' there's nothing that girl can't put her hand to, from heading a breaker to taking the butter from a churn. It's well, to my mind, that she doesn't seem inclined for marryin'; for what her ould father would do without her, I'm sure I cannot tell."

"She seems a lively young woman by her movements," said Jack, eyeing the group on the shore through his glass. "What is her face like, Peter?"

But Peter had removed himself some minutes ago, and was busy at the other end of the ship.

Some months had passed since Peter had been sent away "down-hearted" by Nell, and though he had been several times back to Warrenpoint in his ship since then, yet he had never once found his way to Killowen. However, the day following the above conversation saw him on the way thither, accompanied by his new fellow-sailor, Jack. The gloaming fell as they trudged along, and the road through Rostrevor wood is a dark and gloomy one to travel after the sun has gone down. Through the breaks in the trees on the bay side they could see lights twinkling in the cottages at the Point, moving here and there on the sea, and glimmering faintly on the shores under the opposite mountains. Jack sang and whistled to cheer their travel. Peter was silent, and often glanced anxiously at the lights towards which their faces were set. Arrived at the hamlet, he knocked at the door of a lonely old widow who was his aunt.

"Why, Peter, it's never you, my boy? Come in, and bring your friend."

"You can put us up, aunt? My friend from Portsmouth here has come to see the country."

"Welcome be ye both, and I hope the country will please him. Here, Peggy, put turf on the fire! And if he wants fun as well as sight-seein'—off with the two of you to Bart the coastguard's. It's Hallow-eve, as I suppose you know, and they're burnin' their nuts and their fingers."

"They may burn them for me," said Peter; "I'm tired."

"But I'm not tired," cried Jack.

"Then, if you'd like to go, sir, Peggy 'll show you the way. Just say you're Peter's comrade, and Peter's aunt sent you with her compliments. Peter 'll have a crack here with me till he goes to bed."

Great was the surprise at Bart's when Peggy (a little orphan kept by the widow) appeared on the threshold dragging in a tall stranger by the hand.

"Please, Mr. Mulligan, Peter Dunne's come home, and Peter's aunt sends her compliments, and Peter's friend from England will spend the evenin' with you."

Nell's pleasant kitchen was full of merry faces, and all around were preparations for an evening's amusement. In one corner stood a large tub of clear water, at the bottom of which lay an apple, "ducking for apples" being one of the time-honoured pastimes sacred to Hallow-eve. From a hook in the ceiling hung a string with a cross stick, on one end of which was a candle, on the other an apple; this arrangement being necessary for another play which would shortly be played. A fiddle and bow were slung to a nail on the wall, but the fiddler was at present among those who were clustered round the hearth watching the wonderful revelations of the future which were being made between the bars of the fire by fateful nuts that burned lovingly side by side in fiery couples, or sprang from each other, hissing with hate, and burying their disgust in the ashes. Nell ruled these nut-burning operations, and the first thing

that Jack saw on his entrance was her charming head, with its shining dark braids, leaning against the chimney, eyes and lips smiling with mischievous delight, as she named the nuts by the names of her neighbours and friends, and applied to them the light which was sure to discover their future. All the merry faces that had been watching the fire turned on the door and scrutinized Peter's friend as he came in.

Jack, the strange sailor from England, entered Nell's kitchen with a graceful step and gentlemanly bearing to which the simple cottagers were unaccustomed. He was a tall, slight young fellow, with fair, curly hair, laughing eyes, and a yellow moustache. His sailor clothing sat upon him in the most picturesque manner possible. Old Bart involuntarily rose to meet him, as if he had been a superior instead of only a strange sailor who had dropped upon the Point, as strange sailors are in the habit of frequently doing.

"You're welcome, sir, being a stranger, let alone a friend of Peter's. I've been in England myself. Do they burn nuts on Hallow-eve where you came from? Nell, put down a pair of nuts for Peter's comrade."

"He must name them, then," said Nell, as she obeyed, "for I do not know his friends."

"I shall not take fire at all unless you burn me with yourself," said Jack, who had managed to make his way to her side.

Every one laughed, and Nell, not displeased, proceeded to place the nuts and set them alight, all eyes being turned towards the fire, to see what Fate would do for pretty Nell and the handsome young stranger who had suddenly dropped at her feet. For awhile the nuts burned beautifully, shooting forth frolicsome flames and keeping close together, but at last the nut Nell uttered a long hiss, and bounded with a shriek into the ashes.

"That's me," said Nell, triumphantly; "I never was burned yet but I did the same!"

"Take care, then, Miss Nellie," said an old man, shaking his white head, "you may jump oncet too often."

Nell laughed good-humouredly, and gathering up the nut-ashes of the faithful stranger who had burned quietly away alone upon the bar, she presented them to their owner "to be dreamed on" with a mocking little curtsy, and after that the sports began in earnest. Girls had their thick hair drenched, trying to bring the apple out of the tub with a bite; and men had their whiskers singed off, snapping at the stick on which the blazing candle twirled. The fiddler performed on his fiddle, and many merry feet beat time to his tunes. Jack the stranger did not know how to dance the Irish jig, and Nell acted as his dancing-mistress,

"Peter," said Jack the next morning, "this adventure of mine becomes interesting. There is a girl in yonder little house fit to be a duchess."

Peter turned pale. "Do you mean Nell?" he asked.

"That is her name."

"Sir—you must not make a jest of that girl!"

"Peter!"

"She is too good for it, sir. I will not allow it."

"Hallo, my brother! Are you going to marry her?"

Peter turned away. "I wish to God I was," he said.

"You asked her, perhaps, and were refused?"

"Just so," said Peter, folding his arms, and looking his friend in the face.

"Then, my good fellow, be content to stand aside and make way for other people."

The two young men gazed at each other, making a contrast, the one so light and fair and womanishly handsome, the other with broad steady brow and thoughtful eye, more roughly hewn, more firmly knit; of stronger, though not of coarser clay.

"So I do," said Peter, "for other people like myself who would cherish her as she ought to be cherished. Not for one like you—out of her station, only come across her by an adventure, and sure to break her heart and go away and forget her."

Jack suddenly held out his hand. "You are a good fellow, Peter, and I respect you. Don't be afraid, even if I do fall in love with Nell. I am of age and my own master, and can marry whom I please."

"Your word upon that," said Peter, gloomily.

"My word and oath," said Jack; and then they parted, Peter groaning as he went at the easy condescension in the tone of the voice that had vowed not to break the heart of his precious Nell.

Sailor Jack had no intention of leaving Killowen Point again in a hurry. He hired a small hooker and appeared to be doing some little business between Carlingford and Warrenpoint; but his account of the "business" was rather vague, and his irregular movements from place to place had very much the air of being directed by the whim of his own sweet will. Wherever he went, Peter Dunne accompanied him, except, indeed, when he walked on the beach with Nell, or took her out with him in his boat; Peter was then careful to be absent, having no wish to see the girl's brightening eyes and hear her joyful laugh, both of which told him how happy she was in the company of this stranger, who had bewitched her. The neighbours were surprised to find that Peter allowed his ship to sail without him, but concluded that his share in the stranger's somewhat mysterious "business" must be so profitable as to induce him to give up everything else for its sake. What those two did with their hooker to make it pay, when they were away in it occasionally, for a day at a time, the good people of the Point were perplexed to find out. Some who disliked the stranger's airs of superiority were fain to hint that the trade they carried on was not altogether a fair one, and lamented that an honest fellow like Peter Dunne should have fallen in with bad company. The same people shook their heads over Nell's bewitchment, and did not fail to foresee much misery in her future. Others there were who admired handsome Jack, liked to hear him speaking with his pretty English accent, took no offence from his gentlemanly manners, and were rather proud of

his foreign testimony to the winsome charms of their favourite Nell.

There was one who did not actually dislike his handsome face and dashing ways, and yet who resented sorely the cloud on Peter's brows, and the look of unusual happiness which was becoming habitual to Nell. Kitty feared that the coming of Jack to Killowen would prove in no way a blessing to her friends, though she could not exactly have said what was the danger she feared from his influence.

A great delight of Kitty's life was the hour when, having finished her ironing, she could escape from her own toilsome home to Nell's bright little kitchen, and her joy was complete if old Bart happened to be smoking his pipe in a neighbour's house, so that she and Nell could sit with their heads together over the blazing turf, telling their innocent secrets, and dreaming and wondering, as girls of all classes are accustomed to do.

"Kitty!" said Nell, one evening, "why does Peter Dunne look so strange these days?"

"Why do you think?" said Kitty. "If I was you I wouldn't need to ask, 'deed! How could he look but strange, to see the way you're goin' on; his own heart bein' in you, poor fellow!"

"No, Kitty, it isn't that; Peter isn't the man to keep grudgin' and hankerin'. He wouldn't stay here watching me if he hadn't some good reason for it. Peter's no spy; but he's true-hearted and kind as ever a man in the world. There's not many Peters goin', I can tell you, Kitty."

"I'm glad to hear you say it, Nell. Maybe you're goin' to marry him after all."

"No, indeed," said Nell, with something between a laugh and a sob.

"Then something has happened to you since morning, however," said Kitty, "I suppose you've given your word to that yellow-haired sailor—that you didn't even know was alive two months ago."

Nell nodded her head, and a brilliant smile shone out through her glistening tears.

"Kitty, I wish you would take up with Peter Dunne. He'd make the best husband in the world; and you'd be such a good little wife to comfort him."

"Na, Nell," said Kitty, drily, "I would not be a comfortin' sort of a sweetheart. I'll see and have a whole man to myself as soon as I feel to want one. Them rusty old flat irons of mother's are enough on my mind at present; when she buys me a box-iron, I'll have time to begin to think about my future prospects. There'll be plenty of little boys grown up for me in the meantime, I'm afeard."

Nell looked at her for a minute, inquiringly, struck by something in the girl's tone; and then her mind suddenly fell back on the original thought with which she had started the conversation.

"Oh, Kitty!" she said, clasping her hands and lowering her voice to a whisper, "why does Peter Dunne keep watching us so anxiously? Do you think can he know anything wrong about Jack? It's not jealousy nor crossness I see in his face, but only anxiety for me. And he's the only one here that knows anything about him!"



## CHAPTER III.

THE HON. MRS. FLAMBOROUGH.

NELL's fit of uneasiness passed away, and she was ready to trust Jack implicitly and to declare herself satisfied, even though he gave only a very vague account of himself. She was quite uncertain of when they were to be married or where they were to live; but in the meantime he hung about her, worshipping her with the utmost devotion, and obedient to her slightest wish. He had given her a ring which had made her the envy of the neighbourhood, jewels being quite unknown to the sailors' wives about Killowen Point. Those who preferred to think badly of Jack, considered this trinket as a token that he was not what he ought to be. For how could a poor sailor come honestly by a diamond ring?

"Father's uneasy," said Nell, one evening, when the old man had fallen asleep in the chimney corner, and the lovers were talking in the firelight; "he says he wishes you weren't such a stranger. He's afraid you will be taking me far away from him."

"Well, my love," said Jack, "old people must expect to be left behind. It has always been so, and it cannot be helped. It is pretty certain that you and I are not going to take up house on Killowen Point. There is a future before us very different from that."

Nell's heart swelled with a great pain; she glanced around her humble home, the home where she had been so happy and free from care; and it came across her sharply that she had never been so light of heart since the night when this fascinating stranger had suddenly appeared on her hearth. Why could she not have guarded herself against his charming ways, and remained merry and free in the dear old chimney corner? Or else why not have given her love to another, who would have respected her devotion to her father, and would have allowed her to spend her life by his side? The firelight flickered over the old man's gray head, drooping in slumber, and threw pathetic lines over his face, and a wild sorrow suddenly rose up in Nell and shook her till she grew faint and sick, seeing vividly before her, as if in the present, that hour which would find the old man here alone in the solitude and silence, and no daughter within reach or call. Tick, tick, went the clock on the wall, and boom, boom, rolled the waves on the shingle. The clock's voice had been as the cricket's merry chirrup, the sea's friendly roar as music which was a natural accompaniment to life; now, for a strange moment, the one was like the lonely beating of a broken heart in a human breast, the other like a cruel summons to a new and uncongenial life, to be passed in strange and unhomelike lands. In that moment she saw her home empty of her, all the corners unfamiliar and unacquainted with her; she heard strangers' footsteps on the tiles, across which her little heels could clink so pleasantly; she beheld the gray old head laid on a bier and carried away in forsaken silence to the graveyard on the mountain

side. She saw herself returning, after years, to kneel remorsefully at an untended grave.

Nell neither sobbed nor spoke, as the vision of the future passed and the sorrow shook her soul; but a spasm contracted her brows, all unseen by the gay blue eyes which were turned on the dancing firelight with a serene and self-complacent stare. Another pair of eyes were fixed on her however, and saw the unwonted sorrow upon her face. Peter Dunne, passing and repassing the house, like a wandering spirit, saw the group in the firelight through the window, and smitten with a pain more keen even than hers, vowed that he would bring that yellow-haired, softly-smiling suitor to his senses, and free Nell from the uncertainty which he believed to be the cause of her pain. He walked up and down patiently till Jack came out of the house, and then he joined him and walked by his side.

"Is that you, Peter?" said Jack, carelessly; "lurking about as usual. A rough night for a saunter on the beach."

"Sir," said Peter, "I want to have a serious word with you, for once."

"Once, twice, thrice: as often as you like!" said Jack, with a yawn.

"When are you going to be married, sir?"

"That's a point on which I feel very uncertain, Peter."

"But I tell you that you must make up your mind, sir," said Peter, angrily.

"And I tell you, my good fellow, that I shall do as I please, and that I am not going to have you dogging my steps in this very impertinent manner. It would be much better taste if you would go about your business, and allow me to manage my affairs my own way."

"I don't know anything about taste," said Peter;—"that is a matter for ladies and gentlemen—but I know that I will never leave your side till I see you married rightfully in your own name in yonder church."

"For very little I would throw you into the sea, Peter."

"Would you?"

"There, don't look so dangerous. I'm not sure I should do it—but at least I should try."

"Don't; because I'd rather not hurt you if I could help it, if not for old times' sake, at least for the sake of—her."

"I know you are a good fellow, Peter, and I don't intend to quarrel with you. Besides, to tell you the truth, I am quite as perplexed as yourself. If we were not so desperately fond of one another, I'd be inclined to give the thing up altogether. I am afraid my mother will make a horrible row."

"Then, for God's sake, make up your mind, and don't keep Nell in this uncertainty. If you told her honestly it couldn't be, an' went away an' left her with her father at peace, she's that sort of a girl that I believe she wouldn't be a coward over it. But if you keep on shilly-shallying, and letting her get fonder of you, you'll break her heart. And, if you do, may you never go to heaven!"

"Thank you," said Jack; "I confess I'm not anxious to go to

heaven just yet. As for telling Nell that it can never be, I'm a great deal too fond of her for that."

"Then why not make your arrangements for marrying at once?"

"'Tis easy to talk, my good fellow, but there are difficulties in the way which you could hardly understand. In the first place, I ought to send her to school. Could I seat her at my table to talk to my friends with such an accent as that?"

Peter sighed with bitter impatience: and thought of Nell's sweet voice and her pleasant girlish talk which, to him who knew no better, was the prettiest sound in the world. How gladly would he have listened to her accent all his life. But his own interests were put aside just now, and Nell's were at his heart and on his tongue. He smothered his disgust and replied:

"If Nell has to go to school, it's the sooner the better. There's no need to delay about that."

"But my mother would have to help me in arranging about it, and she must be told before anything else can be done."

"Then go and tell her at once."

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "She will kick up such a confounded fuss about my ears. And I am so exceedingly happy as I am."

"But *she* is not happy," said Peter, his wrath beginning to rise again.

The result of this conversation was that Jack promised to disappear from Killowen next day in order "to see about" making arrangements towards hastening his marriage with Nell. And he kept his word.

"I don't know rightly what it is he has gone to do," said Nell to Kitty, as she helped her little friend to iron the long-flounced petticoats belonging to Mrs. Flamborough, the very rich and mighty lady who lived in that beautiful mansion which Kitty had admired with so much enthusiasm, away among woods and gardens beyond the pretty little village, some miles off, at the foot of the bay. "There's something on his mind that he has to get settled; but it won't be very long till he's back."

"Where is he gone—to England?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Nell, sighing to think of how little she really knew about the matter.

After this came on a long succession of wet dreary days, when the gray shore of the bay was washed with rain as well as surf, the sea-gulls picked their steps over the shining shingle, and the curlews rode in on the white waves and shrieked with delight at the hurly-burly and confusion of storm and drizzle and mist. The flame on Nell's hearthstone burned brightly all the time, and Kitty could still manage to come darting along the causeway with an empty, inverted clothes-basket over her head and shoulders by way of umbrella, and to hold the usual dearly-loved chat with Nell in the intervals of the clear-starching which was so difficult a labour in such weather as this. For a long time the chat was pleasant on these occasions: Nell was not much of a letter-writer herself, and did not expect to hear a great deal about Jack till his return. Peter had vanished from the

Point also, and Kitty had left off talking about him, contenting herself as she sat, her little brogues crossed before the fire, with watching her friend admiringly as she tripped about the house, speculating on her future, and wondering much as to the extent of her affection for her absent lover.

"I wonder does she love him as true, as true as death!" thought Kitty. "Would she work for him and die for him—as I would do for Peter!——" But here, startled by the boldness with which this thought had put itself before her, the little girl sprang to her feet and made a great rattle with the tongs to frighten it away.

Days lengthened into weeks, and a good many weeks went past, and there was no letter from Jack nor tidings to tell of his coming back to Killowen. Nell's sweet face began to look strange and scared, and she shunned the neighbours' questions, and kept herself close in her house. "I didn't bid him hurry—there's no call for haste," she would say, with a laugh, when people spoke to her with condolence in their faces. Nevertheless, the days were long and the wind was dreary, and Nell found her customary tasks irksome, and her heart sore, and, do what she would, she could not keep the thought from rising up in her mind, "What if he has gone away and forgotten me, and I shall never see him again?"

Five or six weeks passed away, and the rain had ceased, and the early spring had begun to tip all the grassy places on the mountain side with vivid green. Fin-ma-Coul, as he lay in kingly rest along the skyey crags, was sometimes seen wrapped in draperies of crimson and purple, and crowned with the sun, whereas, the winter through, he had been swathed in a misty shroud which hid him from all mortal ken. The shingle was dry and white, the larks soared and sang, fishermen were mending their boats, and Kitty brought a huge bunch of primroses as a present to Nell, stars of pale gold, nature's largess which she had found under the hedges whereon were hung to bleach the all-important flounces of the mighty Mrs. Flamborough.

On one of these sweet, young, soft-shining days, while Nell's heart was heavy and sore, a handsome carriage and pair pulled up on the high road above the Point, and a liveried servant came down the little budding-hedged lane, and all along the causeway, passing every cottage till he came to Nell's.

"Is this where Mr Bartholomew Mulligan, the coastguard, lives?" asked the servant. "The Hon. Mrs. Flamborough wishes to speak to his daughter."

"This is where he lives," said Nell, "and I am his daughter; but Mrs. Flamborough does not know me, and perhaps you make a mistake. Mrs. Flamborough's laundress lives a little way further on."

The servant looked doubtful, and went away; but in a few more moments another step was heard approaching the door, there was a rustling of silks and a fluttering of shawls, and a tall splendid-looking lady stepped into the house.

"I am Mrs. Flamborough," said the lady.

## SONNETS

ON THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW  
CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH.

## I.

## THE PAST.

NOT vain the faith and patience of the Saints !  
 Not vain, sad Isle, thy many-centuried woes !  
 Thy day was tempest-cradled ; but its close  
 Is splendour ; and the shattered forest's plaints  
 In music die. No dull repining taints  
 The ether pure of memory's realm, that far  
 Extends, like some long tract left waste by war,  
 Some tract which eve with peaceful purple paints.  
 Long time thy priests, my country, were thy poor :  
 The Cross their book, they raised the Sacrifice  
 In ruined chancel, and on rainy moor :  
 Behold, the great reward is come ! Arise,  
 Fane long desired ! Beneath thy roofs of gold  
 Throne the new rites—the creed and worship old !

## II.

## THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

FALSE peace, false hopes, no more the nations mock :  
 The founts of the great deep up-burst, a flood—  
 O'er it the thunders roll ; the vapours scud :  
 Its cliffs are realms which every watery shock  
 Drags to the abyss successive, block on block :  
 O'er their own graves the high-built empires nod :  
 Alone, unshaken, stands the Church of God,  
 Sole-throned upon her adamant Rock.  
 But, lo ! across the gloom a beam shoots forth !  
 Strong watch-tower of old times, that light is thine !  
 Thy woes are past. Lamp of the pagan North,  
 Shine forth again ! 'Tis God who bids thee shine !  
 Isle of the Saints, thy task is thine once more,  
 To lands self-doomed Saint Patrick's faith restore.

## III.

## THE NOBLE REVENGE.

THE nations stood around thee, frowning some,  
 Some coldly pitying when thy head lay low !—  
 On them what good for ill wilt thou bestow,  
 When Babel mourns, and Salem hath o'er-come ?  
 In Faith's eclipse when earth lies cold and numb,  
 When pride hath reaped the fruits she helped to sow ;  
 When anarch Peoples, hurled from wealth to woe,  
 In vain deplore their vanished Christendom ;  
 When from the nether night, his penal prison,  
 By spurious Science loosed, the Apostate Angel  
 Lifts his red Bond, and claims the astonished lands,  
 (No God predicted, but a Fiend, new-risen)  
 And downward spurns his foul, disproved Evangel—  
 Raise thou that Cross, and bind the murderer's hands !

## IV.

## RELIGION'S GIFT TO THE NATIONS.

IRELAND! the lawless chid thy lawlessness :—  
 Save thou the accuser from the lawless doom,  
 Strengthening God's law its throne to re-assume  
 In hovels low and lordly palaces.  
 Ireland! the ignorant scoffed thy ignorance :—bless  
 With spiritual light the scorner! Lift that gloom  
 Which turns false greatness to a gilded tomb :—  
 Bid Freedom's sons their Fathers' Faith confess!  
 Behold, the Nations also live by Truth :  
 The soul of knowledge is the light divine :  
 That halo circled Oxford once.\* Maynooth!  
 The "meek usurper's" forfeit crown be thine!  
 She boasts the Learning new: with thee endure  
 The creed unchanged ;—the heart-sick Nation's cure.

## V.

## THE FOUNDATION STONE.

DESCEND, strong Stone! into my country's breast :  
 Child of the sea-beat cliff, or skyey height,  
 Descend, well-pleased, into the eternal night ;  
 Amid the eternal silence make thy rest!  
 Descend in hope, thou high, prophetic Guest!  
 For God a covenant upon thee doth write :  
 On thee His pledge is graved in words of might  
 Plain as those mandates Ten, by Him impressed,  
 While Sinai's peaks made answer, thunder-riven,  
 On the twinned Tablets of the Hebrew Law.  
 This day the future with the past is wed ;  
 The undying promise with the greatness dead ;  
 Ireland this day her ancient pact with Heaven  
 Renews in godly triumph, loving awe.

AUBREY DE VERE.

\* The old motto of the University of Oxford was "Deus illuminatio nostra."

## THE AGGRESSIONS OF SCIENCE.

**A**UTHORITY when used intolerantly is almost certain to provoke an inquiry into its claim to be obeyed. We are apt to think it the most justifiable ground of resistance, that the power against which we rebel has been unlawfully established, and exercises a jurisdiction which it has usurped. It is, perhaps, this natural feeling of opposition to a power which has become oppressive that prompts us to question the right of modern science to speak authoritatively in the things of Faith. That the majority of the scientific writers of the present day have manifested a spirit of determined hostility to the teaching of the Catholic Church is a fact which few who are conversant with the scientific literature of the time will deny. By a combination of circumstances, which it would be interesting to examine, the leaders of modern progress, those who are considered the best representatives of the intellectual advancement of the age, are generally outside the Church and decidedly adverse to her. Of course the enemies of Catholicism discover in this phenomenon a proof that the Church is the enemy of enlightenment, and enslaves the minds of her followers. Perhaps we may be able at another time to suggest an explanation of this fact less injurious to the dignity of the Church, and more in accordance with the title of patron of learning which she long held. For the present we are concerned with this fact merely, inasmuch as it explains the anti-Catholic, and, very often, anti-Christian tone which pervades the literature of modern science. This spirit of irreligion manifests itself in various ways. At one time it is expressed in terms of measured and formal contempt for the dogmas of Faith; at another, in wild and reckless theories directly opposed to the teachings of revelation, built upon faulty deductions and vague analogies, and in which the "bold thinkers" of the day indulge without concerning themselves about the fears or hopes which their doctrine may excite or destroy.\*

We are not of the number of those who would restrict the legitimate liberty of scientific research. We are so confident of the truth of the teachings of our Church, that the attempt or even the wish to safeguard her doctrines by obstructing the unlimited discovery of natural truth, seems to us an absolute want of faith in her infallibility. Truth is never opposed to truth; the dogmas of Faith being true, no scientific discovery can ever imperil their integrity.

This profession of our sympathy with the progressive sciences will secure us against the reproach of being hostile to the cause of true advancement, and will perhaps ensure for our remarks an indulgence which some friends of science might otherwise refuse them;

\* See the concluding remarks of Mr. Darwin in his second volume on the "Descent of Man."

nor shall we be charged with a wish to restrict the sphere of scientific inquiry when we condemn what we must consider the extravagance of many modern scientists.

The domain of theological inquiry does not, as some of the older theological schools seemed to have believed, embrace the whole circle of human knowledge. It is restricted to the great questions of the existence and nature of God, and of His relations to the created world. Natural theology conducts its researches on these points by the means which are at the disposal of the unaided human reason. A higher theological science is formed by the examination of the various revelations which God has made of His nature, and of the relations which it has pleased Him to establish with the creatures whom He has made. Outside of this sphere, the opinion of the theologian has only the importance which his acquaintance with the subject on which he ventures to speak secures him. The errors which the forgetfulness of this principle has occasioned, and the unseemly display of an intolerant ignorance of physical science to which it has occasionally led, have often pained those who, while firmly attached to their faith, at the same time warmly sympathise with the cause of advancing knowledge. The dogmas of the Catholic Church are by no means identified with the philosophico-theological theses defended at Salamanca and Coimbra three centuries ago. The question of the nature of the music produced by the revolution of the spheres, or the equally interesting and instructive inquiry as to whether the rose-bushes of Eden bore thorns or not, has no bearing whatever on her infallible teaching, and it is unfair to represent them as examples of orthodox science.

We repeat it; in matters which regard mere natural science, no amount of theological learning gives its possessor a claim to be considered an authority. Theological reasoning could never establish the binomial theorem, or demonstrate the circulation of the blood; and therefore in the mathematical or experimental sciences no one who is a theologian, and nothing more, may dispute the conclusions of Newton or Harvey.

But if we would confine the theologian within the limits of his own science, much more rigidly would we forbid the excursions of the student of natural science into the domain of theology. The study of physical nature is but the study of the laws which rule the material world. It is indeed true that "the heavens show forth the glory of God;" that the earth, too, teaches the same lesson, that the evidences of His being and His perfections are legible in every department of creation—in every rock piled up on the rugged surface of the mountains, in every organism, animal or vegetable, which contributes to swell the vast mass of created life. All this is true; but all this does not prove that there is anything in the studies of the astronomer, the geologist, or the physiologist, which enables them to read with peculiar clearness the lesson which creation was designed to teach to all. An intimate acquaintance with the movements of the planets does not peculiarly qualify the astronomer to appreciate the arguments which demonstrate the existence of a necessary Being



from the existence of an order of things contingent because changeable. The study of the elaborate organisms of the animal and vegetable kingdoms will hardly enable the naturalist to realise better than his less instructed neighbours the force of the argument from design. Natural science deals only with the proximate causes of physical phenomena; the arguments by which we deduce the existence and nature of a primal cause are outside of its sphere, and remain unaffected by its progress. Nay, on the great questions of the existence of the human soul, its nature, and its destiny—questions on which physical science might seem to have some bearing—advancing knowledge throws no light whatever. We do not, of course, dignify by the name of science the vagaries of Vogt, Moleschott, Büchner, and writers of the same school, who have done so much to bring the study of physical nature into contempt. The mysterious substance which pervades this body of clay, and is, indeed, the better part of ourselves, still eludes the dissecting knife and the microscope; the manner of its union with the body must still be expressed in the vague phraseology of the theses of mediæval philosophy. Its presence is still proved by the long-known phenomena of life and consciousness; no discovery of medicine has added anything to our knowledge of its nature. What may be its destiny when it shall have parted company with the clay which it animates on earth, physical science cannot guess, nor do scientists, except such as M. Figuier, stop to inquire.

But if natural science is unequal to the solution of the higher questions of physiology and the fundamental ones of natural theology, much more remote is its bearing on and its connection with the problems which grow out of the revelations which God has made to his creatures. The dogmas of revelation belong to an order of truth, of which the student of the law of nature can know nothing, and with which the reasoning peculiar to the studies in which he is engaged can never make him acquainted. There are, indeed, points on which particular tenets of revealed doctrine might seem to be out of harmony with the established laws of physical nature; but the philosopher who has made progress enough to understand that even physical laws are but very imperfectly understood, and that the inner nature of the physical world is still a mystery to man, will not easily assert that to be impossible which a certain revelation declares to have been realised. He will be ready to admit that there may be vast realms of knowledge far beyond the range of human vision, and that if, at times, a beam from that distant land of brightness finds its way to these more gloomy regions, it would ill become us to shroud our eyes to its light because it outshines the tiny lanterns which we ourselves have lighted to guide us in the darkness. The senseless philosophy, that what our eyes can see, our hands feel, and our other organs of perception grasp, is the only legitimate subject of human investigation, that the existence of another world is problematic, and its communications with the inhabitants of this, if it exist, altogether impossible; that the laws of physical nature are an immutable, eternal code, the execution of which no power can suspend, is repugnant to

the feelings and aspirations of man, and can only live as a monument of the age in which it found corruption enough to flourish on.

We protest, then, in the name of science, against the attacks made by her pretended votaries on the doctrines of revelation; and we repeat that those who make them usurp an authority to which they have no claim. Revealed truth lies outside of the sphere of their reasonings, and consequently beyond the range of their weapons.

It is, indeed, matter of regret that progressive knowledge is so often identified with men whose intolerance of doctrines of which they know but little, estranges many from the cause which they so unworthily represent. But whatever science may lose in the contest, of this we are certain, Faith will come out of it, as she has come out of many others, renewed in her beauty and strengthened in her immutability.

T. F.

## ON THE ROCKS.

ALICE ESMONDE.

THERE'S scarce a breeze on all the green hill-sides,  
And scarce a breath upon the sultry sea,  
As from a boat that o'er the water glides  
A song in foreign tongue comes up to me:  
A mellow voice, full, plaintive, rich, and deep,  
'Mid sounds of breaking waves that sigh along,  
And still their low, complaining chorus keep,  
Like memory's tones, through all the sailor's song.

Great peaks of cliffs loom eastwards far around,  
And hide these lonely rocks and shelving-seats;  
At certain hours each eve I catch the sound  
Of distant strains from out the busy streets;  
On restless wings wild flocks of sea-birds fly,  
As now they flit o'er yellow sands,—and now,  
With evermore that strange and painful cry,  
They bathe their white breasts in the billow's brow.

One cloud—one only—tinged with gold to-day,  
And moving slow, on towards the western verge,  
To fade, as brighter things have done, away,  
Where sky and wave in purple glory merge.  
Oh! lone and grand those seas so vast and strange,  
That bring deep, solemn thoughts this hour to me,  
As purple shades upon their bosom change,  
And fill my soul with awe and mystery.

The fishing-boats their white sails homeward bend,  
The foreign flags from tall masts deck the bay,  
Two stately ships their outward course slow wend,  
O'er trackless wastes to distant lands away.  
Unchanged, the seabird's restless wail floats by,  
And from the shore rush weary waves in fear;  
The gold-tinged cloud has dropped down from the sky—  
And still that song in foreign tongue I hear.

*On the Rocks.*

And see!—a Grecian pennant waves below,  
 With restful oars the sailor moves along—  
 And in a rich voice, sweet, and deep, and low,  
 He pours his soul in floods of plaintive song :  
 Perhaps—but who the heart's dreams may divine ?  
 His thoughts go back to home and childhood's days,  
 To fairer scenes and suns that brighter shine,  
 To long-lost friends and old familiar ways.

A mother's eyes, a father's troubled voice —  
 A sister's tears, a friend's or brother's hands  
 Outstretched between him and his wayward choice,  
 Of ocean's roar and strange and unknown lands,  
 While yet the wild waves wooed him to their breast,  
 His soul bewitched with all their magic strain,  
 He turned from those on earth that loved him best,  
 With pulse on fire for dangers o'er the main.

Oh ! silent seas, so fair, and calm, and sad,  
 That angry dreams deep in your bosom hide  
 Oh ! Life that looks to youthful eyes so glad,  
 With treacherous ways for trustful feet untried !  
 So strangely sweet, and still, and hushed to-day,  
 That far-off haze of blue and misty wave,  
 As when it lured the sailor youth away,  
 To give, alas !—as oft before—a grave.

Oh ! solemn seas, so lone, and free and wide,  
 Oh ! sailor, singing sad of distant lands,  
 Complaining waves that moan along the tide,  
 And restless birds that flit across the sands :  
 Ye touch deep, yearning chords in souls this hour,  
 And feelings wake responsive to your call—  
 While still ye tell with words of truth and power,  
 That aching hearts find kindred here with all.

Low evening winds just stir the trackless foam,  
 And from the sands rush weary waves in fear ;  
 In lines the fishers' sails draw nearer home,  
 No music-strains from out the streets come near.  
 I sit and dream of storms and tempests' cry,  
 Of hearts that break and sink on Life's dark shore ;  
 And still the restless sea-birds wail and fly,  
 But sailor, boat, and song, are there no more.

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A FRIEND AMONGST ENEMIES.

" Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword, and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour."

*Coriolanus.*

IN the general advance of the Irish lines MacDermott found himself in front of Monroe's field-pieces. The order was brought him that he should charge the enemy's guns, and, if possible, seize them where they stood. Whilst O'Reilly with the main body of the Irish horse bore down on the Scotch cavalry, MacDermott, at the head of his troop, rode for the hillock on which the guns were planted. A few ill-directed shots were aimed at them as they approached, but they passed harmlessly over their heads. Soon they were near enough to reply with their pistols, and then with half-a-dozen strides they were in the midst of the Scottish gunners, overriding and cutting down all who waited their attack.

The conflict at this point was fierce and bloody. Lord Blaney, though an indifferent captain of artillery, was a valiant soldier withal. He met the charge of the Irish pistoliers without flinching, and by command and example animated his wavering followers. A random shot had broken his leg at the beginning of the action, but he sat his horse as if the wounded limb caused him no suffering. His sword dealt blows thick and fast about him, and his voice was heard above the din of the fight, calling on his men to stand fast. Again and again he rallied his dispirited followers to meet their assailants, but again and again his ranks were broken, overridden and cut down by the furious horsemen.

Half his followers had already fallen, and he was no longer able to control the panic which had seized the remainder. Supported by a few of his officers, he still struggled desperately to maintain his position, and round the spot where he stood the conflict was fiercest. MacDermott could not but admire the valour displayed by the veteran, and determined to save him. Forcing his way through the thick of the fight, he endeavoured to restrain his men, who were closing in upon the resolute group that had rallied round the Master of the Ordnance.

"Your sword!" he cried; "resistance is useless."

"Never, rebel, never!" shouted the veteran, at the same time urging forward his horse, to meet the Irish officer. He had hardly advanced a step, when a bullet from the pistol of an Irish trooper pierced his breast, and with a sharp cry of pain he rolled from his saddle. A youthful officer of his train caught him as he fell, and tried to prevent his sinking under the feet of the horses. This act of

humanity or friendship well-nigh cost the doer of it his life. Half a dozen sabres flashed above his defenceless head. MacDermott interposed his sword between them and the young soldier, and touching him lightly on the shoulder, said, in hurried tones :

"You are my prisoner. Bear your friend to the rear. O'Duigenan, attend the prisoners to my quarters, and as you value your life see that no harm befalls them. Forward, men, forward! We are behind in the chase," and at the head of his troopers he rode madly away in pursuit of the scattered bands of fugitives—all that now remained of the army of General Monroe.

We are not concerned with the further events of this memorable day. Before night closed in, more than half the Parliamentary army had fallen by the banks of the Blackwater. Long after darkness had come down upon the earth, the hills echoed with the tumult of the pursuit—the shouts of triumph and vengeful hatred—the cry of despair, and the appeal for mercy, too often sternly refused. With the dawn of day the pursuit began afresh, and before another night came on, most of the stragglers who had failed to reach a friendly fortress, had fallen into the hands of the Irish, and had been made prisoners or slain according to the temper of their captors.

Late in the day succeeding the battle, MacDermott and his exhausted troopers returned to Benburb. His first inquiry on entering the village was for the prisoners he had made the day preceding. With discontented and sullen mien, O'Duigenan, who had spent the morning cursing the accident that had deprived him of his share in the chase of the Sassenach, informed him that one of the prisoners was dead, and that the other was keeping watch by his body. MacDermott hastened to report his return to the General, and then proceeded to his own quarters.

On entering the cabin assigned him as his lodging, a painful sight encountered him. Stretched on a pallet of straw lay the body of the commander of the Scottish artillery—his rugged features bearing still in death the look of proud defiance they wore when he fell. His breastplate had been removed by some friendly hands, and the buff coat which he wore beneath it was deeply stained with blood. Beside the body sat the officer who had borne him from the field. His youthful figure was bent down in silent grief, his forehead rested on his hands, which were clasped round the hilt of his sword, and his eyes were fixed moodily on the earthen floor. The solitary mourner raised himself from his attitude of deep dejection as soon as he heard MacDermott's heavy tread within the cabin, and an expression of satisfaction came over his troubled features as he recognised his deliverer.

"I will not attempt to express my gratitude," he began. "I owe you my life, and I owe it to you that the body of my best friend has been preserved from insult and disfigurement."

"I deeply regret," returned the Irish officer, courteously, "that he, too does not owe me life. Never have I seen soldier bear himself more gallantly against desperate odds. It shall be my care that his body is treated as becomes the remains of a man of rank and a valiant officer. This is all the honour it is in our power to pay him. But

now a word about your own lot. You will pardon me if I remark that you seem over young and over delicate for the hardships of the rude trade of war."

"This is my first experience of its disasters," replied the prisoner, "and it will probably be my bitterest. It cannot deprive me of more than I lost yesterday. I was left when a child to the care of him who lies there before us. He has been to me more than parent could have been. He trained me to his own profession, it is the only one open to me now; I cannot abandon it."

"Ill would it beseem me to persuade you to do so," replied MacDermott, with a glance of pride at his own glittering harness. "I did but sympathise with the mishaps you have met thus early in your career. Happily it is given me to do something to alleviate them. The officers we have made prisoners are to be divided between Charlemont and Clough Oughter. I shall, I doubt not, be able to obtain from General O'Neill that you be sent to Charlemont. The prisoners in that fortress will, it is expected, be speedily exchanged for our officers at present confined in Derry and Dungannon. I go at once to prefer my request. The convoy of prisoners will leave within the hour. If you are to be of the number, you will need to refresh yourself for the journey."

Bidding O'Duigenan attend to the wants of the captive, he quitted the cabin. After half-an hour's absence, he returned with the intelligence that his request had been granted by The O'Neill.

"You have not been amenable to my counsels," he remarked, perceiving that the bread and beer provided by O'Duigenan remained untouched. "I fear you will have reason to regret it before the day is over."

"I appreciate your kindness," answered the prisoner, "but I cannot profit by it now. I am ready, let us go."

He stooped, took the hand of his dead commander, and raised it to his lips. "Kinder or truer hand than thine I shall never grasp again," he said, sorrowfully. He gently restored the stiffened member to its place on the straw, and followed MacDermott in silence from the cabin.

At the extremity of the village street the prisoners stood ready to begin their march. They were all officers of rank—the private soldiers who had been spared by the conquerors had been already dismissed. The prisoners were guarded by a strong escort of horse and foot, the musketeers with matches smoking, the horsemen with pistols "ordered." MacDermott conducted his single prisoner to his place among the captives and bade him a friendly adieu.

"Shoulder your pike! march!" ordered the officer in command of the detachment of foot.

"Farewell, Captain MacDermott," said the prisoner; "should you ever need a friend in the camp of your enemies, count on the gratitude of Arthur Montgomery."

## CHAPTER XV.

## A REJECTED SUIT.

"O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms!"

*King Lear.*

SUMMER had fairly come, and the evening air was now so mild that Kathleen Dillon could prolong her stay in the garden to see the sun go down behind the blue hills that rose beyond the woods on the shore. One bright June evening Mary had led her to her favourite nook, and bidding Wolf, a large shaggy hound, wait upon her, had quitted her to attend to her household concerns. As she passed through the castle hall, her eye caught the outline of figures moving on the shore, and she paused by the open window to observe them. She recognised her father and some of the servants of the castle. But, her curiosity satisfied, she quitted not her post of observation. It had become with her a favourite occupation to while away the time by the window, gazing on the flood that came pouring down from the hazy North, and wondering what events were happening there where these waters had their source. Her interest in passing events had been wonderfully intensified during the past few weeks. She listened eagerly to the rumours afloat of battles fought and victories won, and heard with unwonted attention the comments on the success or failure of the rival commanders who warred on each other in every province of the island. Absorbed in her own thoughts she stood by the window, her eyes fixed on the hazy purple border that stretched northwards along the bank of the river, when the door opened softly and Lucas Plunkett entered.

His face was paler than usual, and a livid scar across the forehead had come since we last saw him in the same apartment, to add to its unattractiveness. He had returned to Duneevin a few days after he and quitted it, with an ugly wound on the forehead, caused, he said, by a fall off his horse. His hurt was a serious one, and it required much careful nursing to save him from the ugly consequences which it threatened. He had been received with the sympathy which suffering of any kind never failed to excite at Duneevin, and the kindness of the young mistress of the castle had called back to his breast hopes which he had abandoned. He was now recovered from the effects of his fall, and bore no other token of the disaster than the livid weal upon his face which no skill of leech could ever remove. With noiseless step he approached the window at which Mary stood.

"Have I found you of melancholy mood, at last?" he asked, softly. She started at the sound of his voice, and her confusion increased when she encountered his piercing eyes fixed upon her face.

"Not sad, but thoughtful, Mr. Plunkett," she answered presently.

"Am I privileged to know whither you have gone to seek a theme for your grave thoughts?" he asked, with a cold smile.

"Such themes are ever at hand now," she replied. "Every courier brings an abundant supply."

"Nay, not of such as suit your meditations. You have no concern in the raids Inchiquin is making in Cork, nor in the skirmishes between Monroe's devout cavaliers and O'Neill's naked legions in the North."

"Yet even in such things do I interest me."

"Then have I news of moment to give you. A courier has passed southwards with the news that a fierce battle has been fought in Ulster. Blood has flowed freely, and the dead lie thick on the banks of the Blackwater.

The cheeks of the maiden grew pale at the tidings.

"Who are the victors?" she asked, with trembling voice, heedless of the keen eyes that watched every change of her countenance.

"O'Neill."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the lady, fervently. "Are his losses great?"

"Only seventy-five men killed, and but one officer wounded."

"Have you heard his name?" she inquired, with anxiety it was impossible to hide.

"Your neighbour, Colonel O'Farrell; but there is no cause for alarm on his account. His hurt is but slight."

There was an ill-concealed irony in the last words which brought a blush to Mary's cheek.

"Said I not well that themes for grave thought are abundant?" she asked, endeavouring to give the conversation a new turn.

"I will not gainsay it now," replied Plunkett, "though this makes me hesitate to say I have come to add to the number."

"Nay, we have talked enough on momentous topics for the present. We shall return to them another time. I must away to other duties," and she turned from the window.

"Stay, Miss Dillon," interposed Plunkett, laying his hand on her arm, "to hear but one word on what is for me the most momentous of all questions."

She trembled violently, but made no reply.

"To-morrow I leave Dunevin, and return to Louth. I have not words to thank you for the kindness to which I owe my life. Nor have I sought you here to speak my thanks. I have come to ask a further favour—the greatest you can bestow."

"It is?"

"That you would make happy the life you have preserved, that you would consent to share the fortune to which I have been restored through you."

Distress and perplexity were portrayed in every feature of Mary Dillon's face.

"Mr. Plunkett," she replied, in a low voice, "it cannot be. You ask what I cannot grant, what my duties to others oblige me to refuse."



The reply was given in a manner which left no room for hope to the rejected suitor. His pale face became paler with anger and disappointment, and the scar upon his brow grew hideously livid.

"I thought it would have been so," he muttered, bitterly. "The arts which win a lady's heart I am not skilled in, and now this cursed seam upon my face spoils my slender chance of ever finding favour in woman's eyes. I cannot blame you for your decision, Miss Dillon," he proceeded in the same bitter tone. "I am but an unlikely suitor and do sadly lack the gifts with which some feathered cavalier will win the heart of which I am unworthy."

"Mr. Plunkett," returned the lady, "you do much mistake the motives by which I am influenced. I have pleaded as the grounds of my refusal my duty to my father and sister. My presence is, I believe, necessary to their happiness, and so long as it is I cannot quit them."

"And this," he asked, "is the sole motive of your refusal?"

"It is the principal one, and is all sufficient."

Plunkett paused and bent his restless eyes upon the floor. After a moment's reflection he raised them again and fixed them on the anxious and perplexed face before him.

"Should the time come when this motive no longer existed, would your answer be other than it is now?"

"It is idle to say what would be my feelings in circumstances which cannot exist."

"Nay, such circumstances are not impossible. The day may come when as the wife of Lucas Plunkett you could best do a daughter's and a sister's duty. Should that day come, might I hope for a more favourable acceptance of my suit?"

"Should such an occasion arise," returned the lady, "I shall then as now be guided by my duty to those whom I am most bound to love."

"Be it so," answered Plunkett. "More than this I will not ask. Should that day, which neither of us can now foresee, arrive, I will not fail to remind you of your resolve."

"And it shall come, haughty lady," he muttered, as Mary Dillon left the room. "The chances of war bring with them strange revolutions."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### FOREWARNINGS OF EVIL.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."  
*Campbell.*

WE will devote but a few words to the events which fill up the two succeeding years of our country's history. During that period the Irish party in the Irish government gained some victories and experienced not a few reverses. Its triumphs, however, were more than counterbalanced by its defeats, and at the close of the period to which we refer it was hurrying fast to its fall.

True to the policy which he had marked out for himself, the Nuncio, after the battle of Benburb, rejected the peace concluded with Ormonde. The worthless and degrading compact was condemned by an ecclesiastical assembly, presided over by Rinuccini, and as soon as the armed force of the nation declared for the pronouncements of the clergy, the authors and abettors of the peace were imprisoned in Kilkenny castle, and the government passed, for a time, into the hands of a clerical council.

The Nuncio and his following saw clearly that the Ormondist faction formed the fatally weak point in the national government, and they attempted, after their manner, to effect its overthrow. Their mode of procedure was in harmony with the maxims of gospel mildness, but wofully at variance with the dictates of carnal wisdom. The leaders of the obnoxious faction were seized, and subjected to an imprisonment which had nothing of the disgrace and little of the irksomeness of captivity. Their communications with their friends outside were uncontrolled, they intrigued and plotted as freely as when they sat by the council board, laughed at the half-hearted adversaries, whose scruples they turned to such good account, and "drank toasts in flagons of beer" to the downfall of clerical supremacy. Preston, vacillating as he was incompetent, was continued in the command of the Confederate army of Leinster, and aided, as persistently as his natural weakness of character permitted, the faction to which he belonged. The prisoners found their way again to their seats at the council-board, the influence of the ecclesiastical party, and with it the influence of the "Old Irish," steadily declined, and once more the wishes and wants of the Marquis of Ormonde gave shape and direction to the policy of the rulers of Ireland.

The Marquis took but slight pains to mark his appreciation of this subserviency. Unable to hold the Castle of Dublin, he chose, notwithstanding the loyal professions of the Council of Kilkenny, to give the King's chief fortress in Ireland into the keeping of the rebel Parliament. He was paid thirteen thousand pounds for his treachery, and retired to England, but eventually joined Henrietta Maria in her exile in France.

The Leinster forces of the new council, commanded by the rash and inconstant Preston, were defeated with great slaughter by Jones, the Parliamentary commander of Dublin Castle; the Munster troops under Viscount Taaffe were routed by Inchiquin, and it was only by the prompt appearance of O'Neill and his Ulster regiments on the scene of these disasters that the Confederation was saved from premature annihilation.

Meantime the sycophants of the Council, though their favourite idol had turned his face from them, did not grow a whit less servent in their idolatry. James Marquis of Ormonde had done a deed which would have added infamy to a felon's name, but he was still the object of their servile homage. The glory of English court-favour still shone about him, and before the altar, round which this halo glitters, men such as they were have always bowed. They persistently intrigued for his return to Ireland as viceroy of the kingdom. To

crush the opposition offered by O'Neill, they leagued themselves with the inhuman Inchiquin, they grasped in fawning friendship the hand that was reeking with the blood of the wretched people they pretended to govern, and to this titled assassin, whose name had become a watchword of terror in southern Ireland, they gave command over the districts he had lately ravaged with fire and sword. The combined forces of Preston and Inchiquin were directed against O'Neill, and the tardy and cautious Clanrickarde levied troops beyond the Shannon, to join them in crushing the only general of the Confederation who fought or cared for the freedom of Ireland. As a last and desperate resource, in presence of the ruin with which the nation was threatened, the Papal Nuncio solemnly excommunicated all who abetted or adhered to the truce with Inchiquin, and laid under interdict the cities which should recognise it.

For reasons which had something to do with state policy and much to do with the laws of church discipline, a large section of the hierarchy and clergy of the country resisted this exercise of the Nuncio's powers. A twofold war was thus enkindled within the Confederation; powerful forces under the most insincere of the Irish patriots and the most dastardly of Irish renegades took the field against O'Neill, and rival schools of theologians argued in the interest of the respective belligerents.

It was a cold evening early in the harsh winter which closed the year 1648. Along the shores of Lough Ree the bare trees swayed to and fro, with palsied restlessness, in the chilling wind, moaning and sighing, as if tortured by the fierce gusts which shook their branches. The waves rolled in an angry crowd across the lake, hissing and seething as they tossed their white crests into the air, and breaking at length in sullen tumult upon the shore. The shutters were made fast in the hall of Duneevin Castle, and the family group, of which Mr. Lucas Plunkett was again a casual member, sat round the fire. The blazing faggots crackled on the hearth with cheerful sound, mocking the doleful *coranach* of the lonely wind outside.

"Truly a wild night," said Arthur Dillon, drawing his chair closer to the fire. "I do pity the wretches who must rest them to-night on the wild moor."

"There be many in that plight at this moment," remarked Plunkett. "O'Neill's ragged kerns must content them with such a shelter. Having come among Clanrickarde's people as he has come, it is probable they will not inconvenience themselves to show him hospitality."

"It is said that he met with a stubborn resistance crossing the river."

"Stubborn, ay, very stubborn," rejoined Plunkett; "the check he has met with must warn him that the excursions of his creaghts and himself are nearly over."

"Yet, methinks his power is still formidable. He has kept six of your best generals at bay all the summer, and Inchiquin is not yet done congratulating himself on his latest escape from the clutches of the Ulstermen."

"They are his last successes," returned Plunkett, confidently.

"Our generals are uniting to drive him and his thieving cosherers back to starve in Ulster."

"Speak not contemptuously of The O'Neill, even though thou be not his friend," interposed the old Abbé, with an energy which he ordinarily displayed only on themes of learned controversy. "Twice has he saved from the swords of the Parliament the throats that are now hallooing him to the death."

"Truly I knew not we were so beholden to the chieftain of Ulster," replied Plunkett, with respectful sarcasm.

"Then hast thou forgotten the field of Benburb, where he stopped the Scotch on their way to Munster; and thou hast forgotten Trim, where he threw himself between Jones and the flying cavaliers of the Pale, and saved Kilkenny. Thy memory of recent events doth much now pricking."

There was a noise of voices without, distinct above the tumult of the wind. The inmates of the hall waited with much curiosity and some alarm to learn what these untimely sounds foreboded. Presently a servant entered with a letter for the master of the castle. Dillon broke the seal, and, as his eye glanced over the contents, his countenance fell.

"Evil news, father?" inquired Kathleen, who sat at his feet watching the expression of his face.

"News of evils not come but coming," answered her father. "Ormsby's troopers have descended into Roscommon, burning the country before them, and we are warned that they will soon be upon us."

"The warning is purposeless, be assured," said Plunkett; "they will not venture themselves so near O'Neill."

"I would that I could think so," answered Dillon; "but they know too well that O'Neill will not stir to save a friend of Clanrickarde, and that since the surprise of Athlone he will do still less for a relative of Costello. The garrisons all around us have been weakened to swell Clanrickarde's army; none of them dare meet the Scots without their walls. And is not the rumour afloat that O'Neill thinks of making his peace with the Parliament since the King's friends have cast him off? Though we are surrounded with armies, never were we more unprotected."

"But we are safe here, father," argued Kathleen. "They cannot cross the lake."

"True, Kathleen," he answered. "We should be thankful that our property is the only thing they can injure. Good night! Let not those wild soldiers come to you in your dreams, and pray that you may be spared the sight of them by daylight."

He kissed with more than wonted tenderness his feeble child. The group by the fireside broke up, and he remained alone in the room. He had sat a long time buried in deep and anxious thought, heedless of the gathering gloom and increasing chill of the apartment as the fire burned low, when the door opened softly, a light foot traversed the room, a delicate hand was laid upon him, and the gentle voice of a maiden kneeling by his side, asked in low tones: Google

## *The Chances of War.*

"Why this deep trouble, father? Are we not secure?"

"I cannot divine, Mary, why they have taken this direction. They go out of their way to reach us. I did not think I had an enemy, even among the Parliamentarians."

"But are you assured they come hither?"

"I cannot doubt it. This note is from Roscommon Castle. They have halted to-night within a few hours' ride of our lands. I fear to-morrow will be a sad day for us. Our cattle will be driven off, our farmyard will be burned down, and then—you may feel what it is to want."

The picture he had drawn was painful to contemplate, and he bowed his head dejectedly.

"What matters it, father?" said Mary, tenderly. "Even in poverty we could be happy together."

"Together! together! Aye, we must live together," mused Dillon, as if struck by the last word. "You could not live alone. Who would protect you if I were taken away? Oh, no! not yet, not yet," he repeated, abstractedly, stroking all the while the dark tresses of his daughter, whose head rested upon his breast;—"not yet, not yet!"

He was recalled to himself by the violent sobs of his child. The strange words which he uttered half unconsciously, struck her with a vague, undefined terror, and she clung weeping and sobbing to his breast.

"I have frightened you, Mary," he exclaimed, in tones of self-reproach. "A pest on these old wife's fancies. Betake you to rest, my child. Should they come, we may perhaps obtain by a parley what we cannot obtain by force."

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### WASTE.

WITH sordid heart at Mary's waste  
The wily Judas sneers,  
Till Christ with pledge of endless fame  
Her loving spirit cheers.

With gentler accents Martha pleads  
Against her sister's rest;  
But Christ extols the better choice,  
Which none shall e'er molest.

T. E. B.

## THE FALLEN ONES.

HAVE *we* then no tears to shed ?  
 Are our hearts seared or dead,  
 Human kind, womankind, saved from the snare ?  
 Shall *we* crush the fallen reed,  
 Sisters—with all their need,  
 Hideously, piteously, crazed with despair.

Alas ! they're a shameless set,  
 But are *ye* blameless yet,  
 Blighting them, slighting them, cank'ring their youth ?  
 Forget not—who spurn them now—  
 Many's the burning vow  
 Winningly, sinningly, stole them from Truth.

A deeply degraded lot,  
 Abject and aided not,  
 Weary hearts, dreary hearts, lost to fair fame.  
 Unpitied ills harden them—  
 Bless God, and pardon them,  
 Healthy folks, wealthy folks, spotless in *name* !

Ignoble and low 'tis true,  
 Blotting our social view,  
 Paining us, staining us, e'en with their sight.  
 But think ye displacing them  
 Serves for effacing them—  
 Hiving them, driving them, far from the *light* ?

Oh ! what's to become of them ?  
 Try to save some of them,  
 Healingly, feelingly, shaping their days.  
 Afford them a biding place,  
 Home—not a hiding place—  
 Readily, steadily, teaching God's ways !

'Tis blindly debasing them,  
 Houselessly chasing them,  
 Rushingly, crushingly, crowded in sin.  
 Beware ! 'tis a crying curse,  
 When the bad fly to worse ;  
 Are they all past recall ? Who sees within ?

Woe 's me ! there are glaring ones,  
 Frenzied and daring ones,  
 Tearlessly, fearlessly, reckless of hate ;  
 But more are forlorn ones,  
 Famished and torn ones,  
 Whiningly, piningly, mourning their fate.

Did each her dark wrongs unfold,  
 Well might our blood run cold !  
 Love believed, love deceived, anguish and wrath ;  
 Sad mothers bemoaning them,  
 Brothers disowning them,  
 Cast away, fast they stray, down by sin's path.

Not harshly abusing them,  
 No, nor ill using them,  
 (Maddening some, saddening some) makes them amend.  
 Instruct them to pray instead,  
 Earning pure daily bread,  
 Bear with them, share with them ! God will befriend.

Poor outcasts—for peace they sigh,  
 Sure 'twere release to die !  
 Who shall say such as they mercy ne'er found ?  
 'Twere hard all their woe to tell,  
*Christ* alone knows it well ;  
 Judge no more ! once before *He* wrote on the ground.

C. T. K.



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AN INAUGURAL LECTURE AT LIMERICK.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL.

WE are gathered to-night round a cradle—the cradle of the Public Library of Limerick. As it cannot speak for itself, being but an infant, its parents have made me its sponsor to speak for it : and in doing so they have been guilty of a flagrant violation of the principle, so much vaunted now-a-days in theory, of putting the right man in the right place. Upon their choice let the blame fall—upon the speaker, not upon his theme—if we do not bring away with us the conviction that the occasion which has drawn us here together is an important, nay, a solemn, occasion. There is at all times a holy interest clinging round the cradle of infancy when we view it as the opening of an endless career on which depends, not for time only, the highest welfare of a soul or of many souls.

“ Oh ! thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,  
 The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed  
 By the unceasing music of thy being !  
 Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee :  
 'Tis ages since He made His youngest star—  
 His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.  
 Thou later revelation ! Silver stream,  
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,  
 Whence all things flow ! O bright and singing babe,  
 What wilt thou be hereafter ? ” \*

Some of this grave interest may well be enlisted also in favour of an infant Public Library. “ What wilt thou be hereafter ? ” It, too, has a career before it which may affect whole sections of human society more widely, more deeply, and more lastingly than the career of

the most prominent and most influential personage. And this even when it has only to discharge its functions within a limited sphere, and on a moderate scale, such as shall probably content the modest ambition of the Library now inaugurated. However, before approaching the consideration of the subject under its local and personal aspects, let us remind ourselves that this infant, puny as it is at its birth, comes of an ancient race, and that there have been giants of that race. In plainer words, a rapid glance at the earliest and then at some of the greatest Public Libraries, will be a fitting introduction to what I and those who will follow me may have to say in particular about this, the most recent of such Institutions—the last, and, as yet, the least.

The most ancient Library of which any authentic account has reached us is that of Ozymandias, king of Egypt, who is supposed by modern Egyptian scholars—not learned men of Egypt, for there are none such, but Egyptologists—to have reigned about 1400 years before Christ. Shelley has embalmed the name of this mummy in one of his stern, massive sonnets:—

“ I met a traveller from an antique land,  
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies— whose frown  
 And wrinkled lips and sneer of cold command  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive (stamped on these lifeless things)  
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed !\*  
 And on the pedestal these words appear :  
 ‘ My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings—  
 Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !’  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

The poet, probably, in these lines meant only to convey an overwhelming impression of the hollowness of human boasting, and of the dreary oblivion which entombs all bygone grandeurs, without intending any special reference to that dimly historical Ozymandias, in whose monument, as described by Diodorus Siculus, there was a room containing a Library, with an inscription translated into Greek by the words *Ψυχης Ιατρειον*, and playfully rendered into English as the Apothecaries’ Hall of the Soul.

It was in Egypt again, in the city of Alexandria, that King Ptolemy, one of Alexander’s successors, established a great Library, which continued under all vicissitudes the most famous Library in the world for

\* That is, the artist and the monarch himself. In the *Cornhill Magazine* (vol. xxv., p. 581) a writer, whom a recent collection of his critical papers allows us to recognise as Mr. George Barnett Smith, introduces this sonnet thus:—“His passionate emotion, uttered in ‘many a winding bout of linked sweetness,’ could scarcely find free utterance in an instrument which demands reticence of language and stern compression of thought. One grand sonnet, however, has been produced by Shelley, which fills the imagination as only the work of a great master can.”



900 years. Aulus Gellius tells us that it contained in his time 700,000 volumes.\* To account for this startling number with some degree of probability, it has been conjectured that many copies of the same book were admitted, and that the books or cantoes of a single poem were treated as so many volumes, reckoning the "*Iliad*," for instance, not as one but twenty-four: so that the seven hundred thousand volumes of the ancient Library would perhaps contain about as much reading as 60,000 of our modern ones—a figure still remarkably high for so early a period in the history of literature. The destruction of this Alexandrian Library is the best known part of its story—how, when the Mahometans under Amru conquered Egypt, in the year of our Lord 638, Amru asked his master the Caliph Omar in disposing of the spoils of Alexandria what was to be done with the Royal Library, and how the Caliph replied: "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless and need not be preserved: if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." "Accordingly," says Gibbon—who, however, after his fashion, sneers and doubts deliberately about the whole transaction—"the volumes of papyrus or parchment were distributed among the four thousand baths of the city, and such was their multitude that six months were barely sufficient for the consumption of this precious fuel."

If Egypt claims the glory of having established the Earliest Libraries that the world remembers to have seen, the glory of originating two of the greatest belongs to two countries never named with indifference amongst Irishmen—Poland and France. Italy indeed was the first to distinguish herself in this respect in the modern world. The Vatican Library, long the foremost Library in the universe, is still peculiarly rich in manuscripts and other literary treasures; and there are in other Italian cities several libraries of the second and third order, as they are called. But immensely larger than any of these, and absolutely larger than any library that has ever existed, first in the first order of Libraries is that which before the battle of Sedan was called the *Imperial* Library of Paris,† and now in the cycle of revolutionary changes is called for the third time the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. It is to be hoped that its officials in these troublous times may fare better than their predecessors in the first French Revolution, when of its Librarians Barthélemy, the author of *Anacharsis*, was imprisoned, three others were guillotined, and Champfort on being arrested in the Library committed suicide. It has been estimated very carefully that this Library contained in 1860 about 880,000 volumes, and the annual increase since then, at the rate of 11,000 volumes a year, would bring it up beyond a million. Compare with these figures the earlier facts in its history that Louis XIV. found it containing 5,000 volumes and left in it 70,000.

You have been surprised to hear poor Poland mentioned in this

\* Seneca, however, reduces the number to 400,000, and Eusebius to 100,000.

† "The great Library of Paris, called variously, under the various forms of government through which France has passed, the Royal, the National, the Imperial, then again Royal, then a second time National, then Imperial Library of Paris, and now once more the National Library."—*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1874.

context. Like everything that once was Poland's—except Prussia's and Austria's pickings—the Libraries of Poland are now in the possession of Russia. The chief of these is still known, at least outside the dominions of the Czar, as the Zaluski Library, from its founder, a Polish bishop of princely birth and fortune, Joseph Kaluski, who lived through the first seventy years of the last century, and who, assisted by his brother Andrew, Bishop of Cracow, established and fitted up for public use at Warsaw the largest library ever formed at private expense. Just as the undertaking was completed, the Russian ambassador had the unfortunate bishop torn from his darling tomes, and sent into banishment. His Library, in the partition of Poland, was seized upon as the property of the state and transported bodily to St. Petersburg, to become the great Imperial Library of Russia, though at the time it contained only five Russian books. Much of it had been plundered before its removal, and much was lost on the way; yet, when what arrived was counted, it was found to amount to the enormous mass of 270,000 volumes. At the time of the good bishop's death, in 1774, this library, amassed by a private individual, was twice the extent of the Library of the British Museum at the same date, the national collection of England. When, however, the Emperor Alexander, visiting London after the occupation of Paris by the Allies in 1814, went over the Museum Library and remarked on its scantiness, the librarian, Planta, is said to have replied that, if small, it was at least honestly acquired. It is to be hoped that this rebuke was really administered, and not merely thought of while Planta was shaving next morning—as happens with a great many clever repartees. Nay, not only were the first foundations of the Russian Library thus laid in injustice, but its next and chief accession of 150,000 volumes is stated in the Official Guide itself to have been procured in 1834 by the Emperor Nicholas from the plunder (they do not use so rude a word) of several noblemen and public institutions of Poland, in particular from Prince Adam Czartoryski's castle at Pulawy and the Polish Society of Warsaw. While the Russian Bear is tranquilly pursuing his studies in the magnificent Library thus rifled from the country of Kosciusko, is he ever startled, I wonder, by any faint echoes of that shriek which Freedom\* gave as Kosciusko fell?

From Poland one's thoughts glide easily home to Ireland; and exceedingly curious also is the origin of the largest library in our Poland of the Western Sea. It was in this very season, one Christmas-time in those sad years when the bard of Red Hugh O'Donnell addressed his distracted country as the mistress of his heart in passionate, mystic strains, which can have lost little of their pathos even in being rendered into a colder tongue, when the translator is so true a poet as poor Clarence Mangan.

\* "Shriek? I didn't! No one heard it,  
Though a rhyming Scot averred it."

“O my dark Rosaleen,  
 Do not sigh, do not weep!  
 The priests are on the ocean green,  
 They march along the deep.  
 There's wine from the Royal Pope  
 Upon the ocean green,  
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
 My dark Rosaleen,  
 My own Rosaleen—  
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
 Shall give you health and help and hope,  
 My dark Rosaleen.

“Wo and pain, pain and wo,  
 Are my lot night and noon,  
 To see your bright face clouded so,  
 Like to the mournful moon.  
 But yet will I rear your throne  
 Again in golden sheen;  
 'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,  
 My dark Rosaleen,  
 My own Rosaleen!—  
 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
 'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,  
 My dark Rosaleen!”

The “Spanish ale” which was to give health and hope to Erin was indeed forthcoming, but not of the quality or in the quantity expected. The O'Neill, with MacDonnell of Antrim, MacGennis of Down, and MacMahon of Monaghan, marched, against his will and better judgment, from the north where his party were strong, to the south where they were weak—marched to meet the Spaniards and that O'Donnell to whose bard we have just been listening. Again the leader of the Spaniards, Don Juan d'Aquilla, overruled the Irish general's more cautious policy, and the Battle of Kinsale was fought bravely but with disastrous results on Christmas Eve, 1601. Strangely enough in good sooth, it was on that bloody battle-field that Trinity College Library was founded. The English army, it seems, “resolved to do some worthy act that might be a memorial of the due respect they had for religion and learning;” and they raised amongst themselves (out of their *honest* earnings, of course) £1800 to furnish a Library for the University of Dublin, then recently established. Fifty years after, another English army, with the approval of the Lord Protector, supplemented the liberality of Queen Elizabeth's soldiers by presenting the vast collections of Archbishop Ussher to the same Library. At present it contains 102,000 volumes, and 1,500 precious manuscripts. But it might have prospered better, and done more real good for the mind and literature of the country, if it had not thus in its early days received the blessing of Oliver Cromwell.

As Englishmen had thus much to do with the establishment of the principal Library in Ireland, on the other hand, the founder of the chief Library in England was of Irish birth. Sir Hans Sloane was born at Killeagh in the county of Down, and died at Chelsea in 1753 at the age of ninety-two. At that time it would have been

easy for the British Parliament to have made the Library which the old physician bequeathed to the nation an almost complete collection, especially of English literature; but the tide of Parliamentary liberality did not set in towards it until the opening of the present century, when that bibliomania had already begun to rage virulently among wealthy individuals and civilised nations, one of the effects of which is that literary treasures which before could have been readily procured by the public funds are now absorbed by private collectors or stray into the various Libraries of America and the Continent.\* In 1768 Parliament granted only £1 16s. 8d. for the Library of the British Museum; in 1859 the grant was £22,000 for additions to the Library and Museum alone. The new Reading Room with all its appurtenances cost, before it was opened, £150,000. I suppose Dublin gets her proportionate share of the public treasure for such matters, due regard being of course had for the vested interests of the British Lion, whose share must needs be—a lion's.

The number of books in this Library in the year 1858 was 550,000, and the annual increase is above 20,000.† The *Times* newspaper alone adds twelve huge folios every year; for it is well to remark, that the authorities in these institutions, aiming at universality, consent now-a-days to store up what they call "lumber" and "trash." By "trash" they understand third-rate novels, fourth-rate poems, and such like; while under the head of "lumber"—the gentlemen of the Press will excuse me—are chiefly included newspapers. Some of this lumber, however, is pretty valuable: it is said, for instance, that Melbourne Library is ready to give a thousand pounds for a complete set of the *Times*.

On the whole, therefore, though in England itself the Bodleian is in some respects a finer Library, this splendidly lodged and splendidly dowered Institute in Great Russell-square, London, may fairly compete for the second and perhaps the first place among the great Libraries of the world. The exact rank and order of precedence are not easy to determine. For, as I have ventured to give figures, and am going to inflict on you a few more, it is right to warn you that these cannot be by any means implicitly trusted. Even when Libraries are counted accurately, the same system of counting

\* One famous instance of this diseased passion for rare books and rare editions may be mentioned. At the sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's Library, in 1812, the Marquis of Blandford gave for a Valdarfer Boccaccio the largest sum ever given for one volume, £2,260. The most curious part of this incident, in commemoration of which the Roxburgh Club was founded, is that the purchaser had at the time in his library a copy exactly similar without knowing or caring anything about it. When his death put the book again in the market—for people cannot bring Valdarfer Boccaccios with them into the other world, and, if they could, all the woful fascinations of the "Decameron" could not save it from a worse fate than the "Index Expurgatorius"—the coveted tome went for less than half the sum that had been paid for it, and was still a very dear bargain.

† "The Library now contains, as shown by the laborious but trustworthy test of actual counting, no fewer than 1,100,000 volumes. The sum expended annually in purchases is £10,000; and the total number of volumes added yearly to the collection has increased to 42,000."—*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1874.

and division of volumes is not always used. Some, for instance, treat each pamphlet as a volume, some reckon them up at the rate of ten to a volume. This great collection of Patents with which our young Library here has just been enriched is presented also to the Library of St. Petersburg. There, it seems, the 3,200 patents of a single year in separate pamphlets are called so many volumes, while in the British Museum the same are bound in 92 volumes. And even if the accuracy and uniformity of the numerical Census could be guaranteed, the real gradations of dignity in Libraries would not at all be decided. Having urged these mitigating circumstances, let me blurt out my last mouthful of *bibliothecological* statistics. Taking a year for which there are data for a loose approximation towards a comparison of national libraries, it appears that in 1860 Paris numbered about 860,000 volumes; St. Petersburg, 840,000; London, 600,000; Vienna, which was the greatest of all a hundred years ago, only 300,000, about equal to Dresden, and lower than Munich, Copenhagen, and Berlin, which contained 400,000, 450,000, and 500,000 volumes respectively. And, besides many other great Libraries that could be named, there are twenty-five Free Public Libraries in the United States, dividing amongst them more than a million of books.

As our notion of what is conveyed by the words "a hundred thousand books," or "a million of books," is somewhat vague, I have looked about for some term of comparison; and, as I knew that the great Alma Mater of the Irish priesthood would not be unrepresented here to-night, I bethought myself at the last moment of ascertaining the extent of the Library of Maynooth College. The reply has just come in time to tell us that the number is 35,000.\* Anyone who remembers the noble room which the elder Pugin devoted to this purpose in his designs for the new college buildings, and has seen from the entrance to the library the vista of long and heavily laden shelves rising tier above tier so high, and stretching away rank after rank so far, will be helped to attain to the proper reverence for one of those monster Libraries of which we have spoken, of which the Library of St. Patrick's College is but an insignificant fraction.

I will read the other words which follow on the post-card which has given us this last bit of information, because they refer to the source to which I am indebted for most of the facts I have set before you, and I am glad to seize this opportunity of confessing that, if quotations could thus be marked in the spoken word, inverted commas would during this lecture have frequently wreathed the speaker's lips. "You could not have a better or more exhaustive account than that in the 'English Cyclopædia'—it is by the late Mr. Thomas Watts of the British Museum."†

\* Dr. O'Hanlon's valuable collection and other additions have increased it since.

† In writing out these notes almost exactly as they were jotted down in December, 1870, I have not been able to sprinkle these quotation-marks plentifully enough over the text. Nor have I thought it well to pad out my thin-chested lecture with the fuller and more accurate details furnished just four years later by an *Edinburgh Reviewer*. From this latest and most complete account of the subject I have taken a few corrections and additions in my notes to the preceding pages. I should have wished to borrow from this high authority many other interesting particulars such as

But ah! that word "*exhaustive*"—word of evil omen, like the "forlorn" of Keats' "Nightingale,"

"The very sound is like a bell  
That tolls me back from you to my sole self;"

for it reminds me that the first thing an exhaustive lecture is likely to exhaust is the patience of the audience. Of course you are bound as Christians to interrupt me with an indignant No; but yes, yes! for, while even your patience can be exhausted, the subject itself is inexhaustible. Not only are there exhaustive articles and sketches without number in magazines, cyclopedias, and reviews, not only have large tomes been compiled, treating of the history and management of Libraries in general and separate biographies (so to speak) published of nearly all the great Libraries; but one of those indefatigable Germans has carried on for thirty years a periodical devoted exclusively to matters connected with this science of Libraries, this *bibliothekswissenschaft* or bibliothecology.

From the earliest and greatest Libraries we have come too slowly to this least and latest of its race. And now, to go back for a moment to the thought we began with—standing by its cradle, shall we forecast its destiny? "What shalt thou be hereafter?" "Twenty golden years ago" and more, I knew a little fair-haired peasant-boy, who did not seem likely ever to be much taller than any of his neighbours; but though he died\* some ten or twelve years ago, he had lived to be over thirty stone in weight and I forget how near to nine feet in height—near enough to be the hero of innumerable newspaper paragraphs about Murphy the Irish giant, and (more solid even than such fame!) to amass some thousands of pounds by being exhibited in all countries of Europe except Ireland—for he never would consent to make a show of himself amongst his own people. It is more than probable that the present promising bairn, whose birthday feast we are celebrating, will never surprise us in like manner by shooting up into one of those giants of its race, such as we have spoken of. But still the inauguration in which we are taking part will be of no mean importance if it help to fix in us, according to our various circumstances and opportunities, the wish and purpose of using, and aiding others to use, the advantages offered by such institutions as this. It would be, in the first place, discreditable to our fine old city to remain longer without some such establishment. To put it on the lowest ground, a Public Library is an ornament and a cheap ornament. As was said in recommendation of the planting of trees, "it will grow when you are sleeping." Or,—to change the figure abruptly,—if the stones had been cleared away and the spring allowed to gush forth earlier, already the stream might long have gone on its course, refreshing and fertilising, receiving accessions from the right hand and

this circumstance which gives such a wonderful idea of the British Museum Library—that its catalogue now forms one continuous alphabetical series of 1,522 volumes, with twenty-one volumes of indexes.

\* At Marseilles, but his body was brought home all the way to be buried in the old Kilbroney graveyard, near Rostrevor. His height was 8 feet 4 inches.

the left, and increasing steadily, though imperceptibly, its beneficent flood—

“As, fed by many a rivulet,  
Our lordly Shannon flows.”

There has been an illustration of this in the difficulty which the Bennis collection has experienced in finding “a local habitation” in the native city of its collector. Many similar benefactions, large and small, will no doubt be made to our Library during each decade of its lifetime. On this point I would invite the attention of the Library Committee to two precedents which seem worthy of imitation. The Scotch Universities formerly enjoyed the privilege of obtaining on demand a copy of every book published within these realms. This right was exercised in very unequal degrees : for when it was abolished in 1835, and compensation granted in proportion to the actual loss sustained, Aberdeen was ordered to receive only £320 a year from the Consolidated Fund, while Glasgow was rewarded for its diligence in dunning the booksellers, with an annuity for ever of £707. From this “modern instance” may be drawn as a moral this “wise saw”—“Ask as a favour whatever you have the faintest chance of getting, and demand as a right whatever you have the smallest right to.” The other hint is suggested by Sir Thomas Bodley, one of whose first cares was to furnish his great Bodleian Library with a handsome volume wherein to record gratefully every donation, and so hand down to posterity a tradition of gratitude towards the donors.

It would be a blessing if all classes, high and low, could be provided with better means of amusing themselves rationally. You have heard of that king of France who “with fifty thousand men marched up the hill and then marched down again.”

And is it pastime meet for all our fine young men  
To stroll up George’s-street and then stroll down again ?

By keeping this Library open every evening it is sought to benefit those who, after their hard day’s work is done, have no club to turn into, no place in which to spend their evening agreeably, except such places as leave anything but agreeable reminiscences behind them—places from which many a good poor fellow reels home with difficulty to a bare enough fireside, to wake up next morning with an aching head, a remorseful conscience, an empty pocket, and a heavy heart.

“All’s well that ends well ;” and, in this season when all the world is beginning to gather round the cradle of our Infant Saviour, how can we end better than by yielding to the genial influence of the holy and kindly Christmas spirit, and in this spirit wishing to each other and to all who are dear to us, and to all around us, rich and poor, those who can help others to be happy and those whose Christmas depends so much on the charity of such hearts as ours—to all of these, and to ourselves, and to all that interests and concerns us, including even this Public Library now inaugurated—wishing (if libraries are not capable of a merry Christmas) at least many a useful and prosperous New Year.

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY.

XV. OBEDIENCE DUE TO THE POPE (*continued*).

IMMEDIATELY after the words just quoted, Mr. Gladstone adds : " I must confess that in this apology there is to me a strong, undeniable smack of Protestantism. To reconcile Dr. Newman's conclusion with the premises of the Vatican will surely require all, if not more than all, the vigilance, acuteness, and subtlety of the *Schola Theologorum* in its acutest member."\* What precisely Mr. Gladstone means by " this apology," whether it be the whole of Dr. Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk or his restriction of the supposed absoluteness of the obedience defined to be due to the Pope, is not perfectly clear. But, as Mr. Gladstone has been just speaking of Dr. Newman's " exceptions to the precept of obedience," I will take his criticism here expressed as directed mainly, at least, against the restriction alluded to. This being supposed, we may inquire whether the " smack of Protestantism " lies directly in the liberty taken—as he conceives—with the meaning of the Vatican definition, by diminishing the stringency of that meaning, or in simply asserting the right of conscience to decline, in certain contingencies, obeying the Pope's commands ; in other words, whether the *resistance* imputed is to the *definition* or to the *Pope's possible orders*. I should say rather the former. But, in reality, there is no *smack of Protestantism* in either. Not in the first, because the pretence that the Constitution asserted a duty of *absolute* obedience in Mr. Gladstone's sense is perfectly groundless, and the denial of such duty implies not the smallest violence done to the definition, nor the smallest explaining away of its force. Not in the second, partly as a consequence of what has been said about the first—inasmuch as *this definition* does not stand in the way—partly because the Popes do not pretend to be free from the danger of giving wrong commands in particular instances, and do not ignore the rational rights of conscience.

As we have come upon conscience and its rights, I will say a few words on this subject, which has been already so ably and eloquently dealt with by Dr. Newman. There is no need of repeating his statements, unless where this may be unavoidable on account of their connection with what I am going to add. What, then, is conscience ? It is a practical judgment concerning the lawfulness, or unlawfulness, or obligation, of doing an act which is in one's power, and of doing or not doing which there is question at the time. Under the name of an *act* I include an *omission*, which, in moral matters, is equivalent to an act. The act may be internal only—for thoughts are acts—or external also, and *speaking* is of course comprised.

Conscience, I have said, is a *judgment*. It is, therefore, its

\* " Vaticanism," p. 69.



*act*, an act of the mind, and lasts only while it is being produced. This is, strictly speaking, the case. Yet conscience is spoken of as a permanent thing, and this not without reason. For these judgments are formed by an enduring faculty; they belong to a special department of the understanding. Then, there is a continuous series of them; they are, besides, remembered, recorded, and reproduced on the recurrence of similar circumstances. Still, in rigorous philosophical and theological language, conscience means a judgment, a dictate, a passing act of the mind. This, however, does not detract in the least from its authority or influence or efficiency; for if it were conceived as something permanent, its whole force would be in its operation, its actual exercise. It is a *practical* judgment, practical in the last degree. It does not regard general rules, categories of cases, abstract questions. It views each action as clothed with all circumstances of time, place, and the rest. It is each one's own and nobody else's. My conscience is confined to myself. It is concerned about my own actions alone, it regulates my actions alone. I may have duties with regard to others and with regard to *their* duties, but my conscience exclusively governs *my* duties, taking in, of course, those duties of mine about others and their duties. My conscience tells me, on each given occasion, that *I may* do this, or that *I may not* do that, or that *I am bound* to do one thing or abstain from another, always in the present circumstances. My conscience does not pronounce on what is generally allowed, or forbidden, or required, because that is not its business, but on what is allowed, or forbidden, or required in my regard at this time.

This conscience, this judgment, is either correct or incorrect, either in conformity with the truth or not—in theological language *right* or *erroneous*. My conscience may tell me that I am justified in doing what in reality is prohibited and in itself wrong. In this my conscience errs. The error is perhaps one which I have at present no means of correcting; I am not in a position to find out the mistake. If so my conscience is said to be invincibly erroneous; not because there is nowhere in this world a good reason to confute and overcome it, but because there is no good reason at this moment within my reach, because I have no doubt or suspicion which, being properly attended to, would lead to the correction of my judgment. An invincibly erroneous conscience holds to all intents and purposes the place of a right conscience. It affects the person and his conduct precisely in the same way, and if any conscience can be safely followed, so far as moral rectitude is concerned, *it* can. We shall see a little more about this presently. In the meanwhile, I merely state that an invincibly erroneous conscience holds the place of a right conscience, and some would simply call it a right conscience. Where the error admits of correction, not only in itself—which is very little to the purpose—but on the part of the person, when he has the practical opportunity and power of understanding the real condition of things and substituting a true dictate for the false one, the case is altogether different. It would be a great mistake to imagine that one is justified in doing whatever he *in some kind of way*

thinks is proper. There are undoubtedly those who do what they well know to be wrong, and here there is no delusion. But men often too take for granted or persuade themselves that they may act in a way they are not warranted to act. They may say with truth "I think this is lawful," and yet they have no business to think so. Their conscience is *vincibly*—culpably—*erroneous*. No one is ever justified in *acting against* his conscience, neither is a man always justified in *following* it, but may be bound to *correct* it. Where the conscience is *right* or *invincibly erroneous*—and therefore for practical purposes *right*—it is a safe guide; not, if it be *vincibly erroneous*.

All that I have been saying is true and certain, and held in substance by all Catholic Theologians. But *why* is it so? Let us look to the reason of the thing. Every moral agent must have a rule to go by in everything he does: he must have an immediate rule, a proximate rule, a rule that comes quite down to himself and his action. No number of distant, remote rules will do. They may be sound and good in themselves, but they are of no use unless inasmuch as they are applied. Now this application can only be made by the understanding of the man concerned. It is by each one's understanding that his will is to be directed, and conscience is the dictate of the understanding as to what it is just now right or wrong for the man's will to choose. If he had no knowledge he would not be responsible, and he is not responsible beyond the limits of his knowledge. Whatever is outside of that is to him as if it were not. He is responsible to the extent of his practical knowledge of duty, and this practical knowledge of duty comes to him from his conscience. This is why conscience cannot be lawfully gainsayed. This is why a right conscience must be followed; and the same is true of an invincibly erroneous conscience, because, like that which is every way right, it is the last resource he has. Not so with a vincibly erroneous conscience, because there is yet another conscience—a right one—which tells him he must reform the mistaken one.

Conscience is not a legislator nor a law. It is a judgment, not an arbitrary judgment, but a judgment according to law and according to evidence, as the decisions of judges and juries are supposed to be. And, in truth, forensic judgments afford a very good illustration of the office of conscience in every man. It is the business of the practical reason—the practical department of the understanding—to ponder the law, divine and human, which bears on each particular detail of conduct, to observe well the facts of the case, and apply the law to them; and the resulting determination as to what may, or ought, or ought not, to be done is precisely the conscience of which we have been speaking. The more important the matter is the greater care should be bestowed on the process—the deliberation premised to this judgment. The knowledge of the principles on which such judgments depend is permanent, more perfect in some than in others, according to their ability and education; but all are bound to keep themselves informed proportionally to their condition and circumstances, and, in particular instances of special moment, care ought to be taken to learn more, and counsel sought from those who are

qualified to give it. Conscience dictates that all this should be done. Conscience is ever a work pronouncing on our proposed acts or opinions, and, among the rest, telling us what we must do to have our conscience what it ought to be. To put the thing in correct but unusual terms, which I have already employed, one conscience prescribes how we are to form another.

Conscience is not a universal instinct which intuitively discerns right from wrong. There is no universal instinct of this kind. There are some things manifestly right and others manifestly wrong. There is also, in many particular instances, a rapid and almost imperceptible process of reasoning which brings home to a man the duty of doing or avoiding certain acts, and the result is a strong dictate of conscience. There is, besides, a moral sense which, especially when it is properly cultivated, helps us to discern good from evil, and this is closely connected, and more or less identified, with conscience. There is often, also, a rectitude of purpose, a love of virtue and hatred of vice that serves to guard against serious mistakes in moral matters, but this is for the most part the effect of grace and of a good use of it. The regular working of conscience is of a business-like character. It is a deliberate sentence pronounced in a cause sufficiently heard and weighed. The hearing and the weighing often take but a short time, and do not need more, because we are familiar with the principles and their application, and with the facts too. But in obscure or complicated questions of conduct, especially where the issue is momentous, we may not go so quickly. Even in easier instances it would be dangerous to rely on certain inclinations of the mind which may in reality come from prejudice, or passion, or self-love and self-seeking, or from false principles that have been unwarily adopted. We are familiar with the saying that the wish is father to the thought. It is equally true that the wish is not unfrequently father to the conscience.

Conscience, as I have said many times over, is a judgment. It is not a law, still less is it a legislator. It presupposes laws, it is bound to recognise whatever laws bind the man whose conscience it is; for, as has been stated, every man's conscience is *his* and no one else's. We are bound by laws of several kinds; by the Natural Law; by the revealed Law of God—which repeats much, and, in a certain sense, all of what already belonged to Natural Law, and adds other precepts—by the Laws of the Church and of the Pope, whose laws are laws of the Church; by the Laws of the State. The authority of the sources whence these laws emanate is established partly from reason, partly from revelation. The laws themselves are known by means of the promulgation suited to each class respectively, and by the intimation which reaches each person, and gives full efficiency in his regard to the promulgation. For a law may be promulgated sufficiently to invest it with the character of a law, which it would not otherwise have, and may be unknown to me; in which case I am accidentally exempt from the obligation of obeying it, though I may be truly said to be subject to it, and, in many instances, the *validity* of certain acts of mine before God or man may be affected by it. The laws of all kinds to which I am subject and which are sufficiently known to me

go to form a rule of conduct for me. Besides laws, properly so called, there are commands or orders of legitimate superiors which, when made aware of them, I am bound to obey. These, too, contribute to make up my rule of conduct, though, in obeying them, I am really obeying the laws, Divine or human, that confer authority on the superiors by whom the orders are issued, and exact obedience on my part towards them. However, for greater distinctness of ideas and greater completeness of view, I will describe my rule of conduct as consisting of all the laws to which I am subject and which are known to me, and, besides, of all the orders or commands permanently or passingly given to me by legitimate superiors and also known to me. The operation of these laws and commands is often dependent or conditioned upon undertakings of my own, such as vows, promises, contracts, which, once existing, I am required to fulfil. I am speaking of a strictly obligatory rule of conduct, and therefore say nothing of mere counsels remaining such, and not made binding on me by any act of mine.

We have got here a pretty comprehensive rule, a voluminous code. Neither the whole of this rule nor any part of it is conscience. It is all a remote rule; conscience is the immediate or proximate rule. Conscience takes cognisance of those parts of the code that regard any act to be done or omitted at this or that particular time. Among the elements of this huge aggregate, considered as they are in themselves, and, still more, if some of them be misapprehended, as continually occurs, there must be not unfrequently a real or apparent opposition. The opposition may again be really or apparently certain—in that wide or loose sense in which merely *apparent certainty* can be admitted—or else doubtful. There is another opposition, too, not between obligation and obligation, but between alleged obligation and our rights or interests. In all these cases of opposition, conscience has troublesome work to do, or rather, the judgment in which conscience consists is hard to pronounce. The guiding principles to be kept in view are simple, namely: that regularly and ordinarily all laws are to be observed, all orders of superiors to be obeyed; that, in uncertainty about the legitimacy of commands unquestionably issued, there is a presumption in favour of authority; that hardships incidental to obedience must commonly be borne, and not made a pretext for declining to comply; for painful things are very often justly exacted. These are the guiding principles taught us by reason and religion.

But, as to obedience, there are exceptions, especially in the contingency of real or seeming collisions between authorities. The law of God, whether natural or revealed, must hold the first place, and, where sufficiently ascertained, carries all before it. The natural law rightly understood admits of no deviations. The same is true of revealed Law as to the cases it is intended to comprehend. The same may be said too of *universal* laws of the Church or Pope. But it may be doubtful how far Ecclesiastical or even Divine Law really goes. Other laws or orders may sometimes be in real opposition with those just referred to. Among the rest, a particular command of the Pope might be at variance with Natural or Divine Positive Law.

Well, then, in the common course, conscience exacts the fulfilment of each law and of each order proceeding from an otherwise competent authority. Whence a law or an order *is seen* to be opposed to what is prescribed by a higher power, or *is seen* to be in excess of the jurisdiction from which it professes to derive its force, conscience will refuse to recognise it. In cases where there *seems to be* such opposition or excess, conscience, first of all, dictates that the question should be well weighed; and, this process having been gone through, an ultimate conscience is arrived at as best it may, either absolutely determining the course which *must* be followed, or allowing an election between two courses, either of which, considering the obscurity of the question, *may* be followed.

I am not writing *a treatise* on conscience, but have been endeavouring to explain, in a superficial way, its nature and office, with a view to pointing out its relation to Papal precepts as distinguished from definitions and universal laws, and, at the same time, meeting Mr. Gladstone's comment on what he considers an unwarranted limitation of the Vatican Decree as regarding obedience to the Pope. I return now to the precise point at issue. Conscience is the appointed guide of every man's free actions, great and small. It is the immediate guide, subordinate to all precepts imposed by God or man, as much as the judges of our courts and their decisions are subordinate to the common and statute law which they apply. It is impossible for any man to do any good or bad action without obeying or disobeying conscience. An action not related one way or the other to conscience is not a moral action at all. Conscience rightly understood is not another name for self-will. Conscience is not an authority set up for a purpose, for the purpose of resisting commands of the Pope or of any other legitimate ruler. But as the most legitimate human ruler may, perchance, in some instances, prescribe what is wrong, or what he has no power to prescribe, and as, in such cases, he either ought not or need not be obeyed, and as the practical decision to that effect must, if made at all, be made by conscience, just as the opposite decision would have to be made in the common course, so it is conscience which withstands the unwarranted precept. There is certainly no Protestantism in this.

What did Protestantism do? It cast off the divinely constituted authority of the Church in Faith and Morals. It overturned the system which Christ had established for the religious government of men. It proclaimed the all-sufficiency of the Bible, interpreted according to each one's fancy; without heeding the inability of so many to *read* the written Word of God, of so many more to *study* it as it would have to be studied in order to make out a creed from it, of so many more again to *understand* it. Protestantism proclaimed an unbounded liberty of belief, and then condemned those who used that liberty. Every one was to explain the Scripture as he might feel himself disposed to explain it, while, by an inconsistency which, up to a certain point, was useful, doctrines were taught and insisted on, and people were *not* left to themselves. I say this was useful up to a certain point, because some sort of Christianity was maintained longer

that it could otherwise have been, and the process of total religious dissolution, to which Protestantism naturally tends, was made slower; and even imperfect Christianity is better for society than the entire absence of it. Then, in this state of things, there may be many individuals who, through simplicity on the one hand and the influence of God's grace on the other, have real Divine Faith in those revealed doctrines which they hold, and belong in a certain true sense to the Church, which they do not explicitly recognise. Here that *invincible ignorance* which is occasionally spoken of may enter to excuse, and I would observe that there is a great affinity, and even identity, between invincible ignorance and an *invincibly erroneous conscience*. Yet, one difficulty that stands in the way of Protestants, and of their sincerity and good faith, arises from the fact that their professed religion is a *religion of inquiry*, and the neglect of inquiry is the neglect of an apparently recognised duty. But I am digressing.

I would observe that conscience does not serve as a valid plea before the outward tribunals of the State or of the Church. If a person misconducts himself, and outwardly violates precepts to which he is subject, the mere allegation of a conscientious dictate will not avail to obtain him impunity; and this is not attributable to any mere legal maxims or presumptions necessary for the protection of society. The law, for instance, will not listen, in many cases, to defences on the score of ignorance, though that ignorance may be real and excusable and excusing in the eyes of God, because public policy forbids the admission of what may often be pretexts. But the reason why conscience cannot be pleaded for clearly wrong things is, that, as a rule, it cannot be true that conscience—at any rate an invincibly erroneous conscience—exists to dictate them. It would be easier to suppose madness; and yet other circumstances may negative such a supposition. Hence, even on side of courts, human society will not recognise those appeals to conscience. Still, *if*, by a possible or impossible hypothesis, a man were in reality acting, in the worst of these cases from an invincibly erroneous conscience, he would be free from guilt before God.

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## THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

O FAITHFUL Lamp! how like the sweet star shining  
O'er Bethlehem's lowly cave,  
When Mary to the world in darkness pining  
Its Light and Saviour gave.

Like to that star the Eastern Sages guiding,  
Thy gentle radiance tells  
Where the Eternal Word made flesh abiding,  
Love's willing prisoner dwells.

Here, though unheard, are angels' harpstrings sounding,  
And angels' voices raise  
Triumphant hymns, as when, that cave surrounding,  
They sang the Infant's praise:

*A Gossiping Letter from Calcutta.*

And, ever from the countless choirs adoring  
 The hidden Godhead there,  
 Bright bands to heaven, on starlit pinions soaring,  
 Our humble homage bear.

Even to-day as yesterday unchanging,  
 O Lamp! thy tender flame,  
 'Mid all around from cold to fervour ranging,  
 Burnest always the same.

When through the tinted pane on arch and ceiling  
 The mellow sunshine flows,  
 And many a form is round the altar kneeling,  
 Unquenched thy lustre glows.

Or when the shades of night are overspreading  
 The city's nameless guile,  
 Thy pure light gleams, though not a foot is treading  
 The long deserted aisle.

O wondrous thought! O purpose high! excelling  
 All earth beside may boast—  
 To guard for aye God's chosen earthly dwelling,  
 With heaven's attending host.

So may my soul, O beacon softly beaming!  
 With love unfading shine,  
 Till o'er its vision breaks the glory streaming  
 Down from the Throne divine.

W. R.

## A GOSSIPING LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

[The writer, whose lively French is spoiled in this translation, did not mean his letter to be published, but only to be read by his friends at home. The visit of the Prince of Wales to India lends a certain timeliness to these descriptions of "Our Indian Correspondent," though they were not at all written for the occasion.]

YOU ask me to give you an idea of this country, and a detailed account of our life in this climate. I am at your disposal for the whole of this afternoon, if you come to join me at Park-street, Calcutta.

It is very hot. The thermometer, which I have just consulted, is 101 Fahrenheit, in the shade. In whatever direction you look from my windows, you can see nothing but white houses, which, turned to the four winds, have no shade on any side, except from their eaves, and a little further on in an old cemetery, a number of obelisks, without shade upon any of their sides, so completely vertical is the sun! And although dressed very lightly—a white calico cassock, without buttons, a white band, white trousers, and white shoes—we still feel the burning of the tropical sun a good deal. Happily we have a

breeze, which, without lowering the thermometer, refreshes us considerably. But we are sometimes without it, and when that is the case, the floor is watered with great drops of perspiration as big as a florin. Those who then wish to supply the place of the breeze are *punkah'd*. What is that? To understand it, come into S——'s room. He is seated, dressed entirely in white, at his desk, in the middle of a large room; about a yard above his bald head hangs a great white rectangle, about three yards long, horizontally, and about a yard high; a string is tied to it, which passes through a pulley fixed in the wall, and ends in an Indian, crouched on the ground, dressed in his black skin and a strip of cloth. This human machine has no other occupation but to pull the string, which causes the other machine which I have described to you, the rectangle, and which is called a *punkah*, to swing continually over S——'s head. Now don't go and imagine that S—— is a sybarite. There are *punkahs* everywhere—in the parlour, in the refectory, &c. Many people are *punkahed* in bed all night. These instruments are not in use in the Catholic churches; but every man and woman in the congregation continually uses the fan, which is also called a *punkah* here. Different countries have different customs: a *punkah* here is more necessary than a coat; and to make up for this there is not a single fire-place in the whole house.

No fire-place, you will say; do you eat your rice raw then? To this I have two answers: first, that the kitchen with us, as with our neighbours, is not in the house, but in the compound:—that is, the large space which surrounds the house. And next that the kitchens, without a single exception, are without fireplaces. These black Indians, who are our cooks, are accustomed to light the fire without caring for the smoke, which escapes where it can, through the windows, or the skylight, or through the holes in the roof. If you were, as I am, philosopher enough to *eat cockchafers*, I would introduce you into the kitchen: but I think you would hardly like to go into that hovel for fear of losing your appetite for ever. Let us leave the Indians in their dens, and go into the refectory to sit under the *punkah*. To-day we shall have mutton and fowl, to-morrow fowl and mutton; sometimes nothing but fowl. As for vegetables—but if you trust me, you will not touch them; they taste of nothing but stagnant water. Besides the morning breakfast, and dinner which is at half-past three, we have two other meals a day. One at noon, called *tiffin*, is composed at most of a glass of beer, a crust of bread and some fruit; for many amongst us it is reduced to one of these things, and for several, and me in particular, to nothing at all. The other meal at eight in the evening, consists of a cup of coffee, with or without bread. And now let us leave this place of misery to return to it no more.

Come and see my room. It has no *punkah*, but four windows open night and day; two on the south, where the sun never comes in, and two on the east, where outside shutters prevent its entrance every morning. My bed is a kind of large sofa, on which there is a something which is neither a *palliasse* nor a mattress. It is a flat sack, not



quite three inches thick, filled with horse-hair; over this two sheets (which is a luxury; most people use but one), and a pillow as hard as the mattress. But what is most to be admired are the four posts supporting a horizontal rectangle to which is hung the mosquito curtain. This mosquito curtain is used here all the year round. It is a piece of cotton lace, the end turned under the mattress. Behind this slight rampart, if there is no hole in it, one enjoys the pleasure of hearing the mosquitoes hum, powerless and enraged. In December and January there are clouds of them, but one appreciates, while listening to them, the line of Tibullus:

“*Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem!*”

What is a mosquito? It is first cousin to the European gnat, generally smaller, but just the same shape; it hums and stings like the gnat, only its sting is rather more painful, and is followed by a larger and more lasting swelling. Nothing can preserve one from its attacks: its sting penetrates even a double covering of linen.

These insects are not my only companions. There are, besides, at this moment, in my room, some millions of red or black ants, hundreds of which I crush every day in vain; then there are lizards, which are not mute as in Europe, but which from time to time give us a short song. These lizards give chase to the insects, so I take care not to drive them away. There are also in my room horrible *caucrelats* (cockroach) great dark brown insects about an inch and a half long, and which have the privilege of inspiring universal horror. To like them one must be as great a poet as M. Victor Hugo, who had an affection for “the toad, that poor monster with the mild eyes.” There are little *white fish*, insects which do not live in the water, but which abound especially in the rainy season. These fish, in less than no time, make large holes in linen and cloth. During the night I sometimes hear the rats and mice scampering about; the mosquito curtain protects me from them. As to bats, owls, and screech owls, I do not think they ever enter our open windows.

Birds of prey are very numerous here, and wherever I may be in my room, there are, I cannot tell how many, kites contemplating me from the tops of the neighbouring houses. The carrion crows are another kind of animal, as curious as they are annoying. They frequent the river, into which the Indians throw their dead; and one may often see two, three, or more in the middle of the river apparently sailing in an invisible boat; which boat is a corpse which they devour as they go.

Sometimes the jackals dispute with them for this horrible prey, and you may see these animals, at some distance from the town, trotting along with some human limb in their jaws. In the town the crows live upon scraps of all sorts; they specially frequent the kitchen doors; during our meals there are always from twenty to thirty outside the refectory. There they appear to be begging for bones, crusts of bread, &c., and willingly accept all that is thrown to them. The kites, less numerous and less audacious, but much more voracious, stand sentinel over them; and often rob from them, on the wing, what the

poor crows had picked off the ground. But it is worth while to watch a kite in his turn gnawing a bone of which he has obtained possession. If he is not careful to perform this operation in the air, he is invariably flanked by two crows, one of which pull constantly at him from behind, to provoke him, whilst the other takes advantage of his impatience to peck at the bone between the very claws of the kite. After some time the crows change places, and each in his turn takes the chestnuts out of the fire. I see at this moment in our courtyard, another bird, less common than the two former species, but not at all rare. The name which it commonly goes by here is *adjutant*, in other places he bears the much more picturesque name of *philosopher*. To give you an idea of it, imagine an ordinary heron, the size of a small ostrich, the beak is about three inches wide and more than eighteen long, the claws and legs are very white and thin, and nearly a yard and a half long; the neck, which nearly always hangs in folds, and forms a kind of crop, measures nearly twenty inches. Between these two extremities place a large white body, covered with great dark grey wings, you will have a pretty good idea of the *adjutant* or *philosopher*, which last name he well deserves by the pedantic gravity of his carriage, and the foolish expression of his countenance. However this bird is very useful. They say he eats an immense number of serpents and dangerous creatures; he looks splendid on the wing; he hates the kites and protects the crows.

From the description of my house I have been drawn on to give you a little course of natural history; let us now pass to other things. There is nothing else curious in my room, unless it be the two partitions which, with the walls of the house, form the enclosure. These partitions are little more than six feet high, but it is 16½ feet from the floor to the ceiling. They are arranged thus to give a free passage to the breeze:

As we go downstairs, let us take a look at the back rooms, a dozen in number, in which there is not a single bath, but great earthenware vessels, always full of water, and little copper vessels which hold about a quart. You stand on the pavement; then fill the little vessel from the big one, and pour the contents about fifty times over your head. That is called taking a bath. It is said to be very healthy, everybody in this country takes a daily bath—except me, for want of time; everybody also has been more or less ill—except me, for the same reason.

It would be impossible to find on the European continent a race more devoid of musical feeling than our pupils. It is not taste they want, but good taste. Several amongst them have an instrument, rather like an accordion, which they call a *concertina*. They have the courage to spend all their recreations for more than three months in playing one air. I have heard “God save the Queen” thousands of times. Once would have been enough to have disgusted you with it for ever; you may judge whether I am in love with it! Besides it is time to take our walk.

The English went very simply to work to create Calcutta. They just traced a large circular road, to make the boundary. Three Hindoo villages, Fort William, and some European factories, were enclosed in

it; time did the rest. Inside the enclosure the construction of houses is under police regulations. Thatched roofs are forbidden, tiles required, &c. All this annoys the Hindoo, who prefers to live on the other side of the Circular Road; thus the suburbs were formed. The European city increases from day to day. Five years ago, our college was at the extremity of the town; it is now nearly in the centre; the new houses have occupied all the free space, and in some places have crossed the Circular Road. A year and a half ago a patch of Hindoo houses disappeared to make room for a fine tank which furnishes us with water. The transformation is slow but sure. This is English tact; they have made of Calcutta a city of palaces, and this is the name it bears. It is an immense town; the streets are of fabulous length, thanks to the way of building here. I really think that if Paris were built on the same system, it would extend to the *natural frontiers*.

From the month of November to the month of March the Indians have a season which they call winter. With the thermometer at  $68^{\circ}$  they are cold, at  $59^{\circ}$  they shiver, and at  $53^{\circ}$  or  $54^{\circ}$  they are frozen. You should see the masons, carpenters, and other workmen, who generally live in the country, come into the town in the morning, wrapped up in one or two additional sheets, mouth and nose completely hidden, and succeeding so well in looking cold, that after some years the Europeans themselves (unhappy effect of bad example) end by persuading themselves that it is cold here in winter, and even now and then manage to catch a little cold.

But here is the palanquin waiting at the door. It is a wooden box about six feet long. The other two dimensions are each a little more than three feet. Two poles, both slightly bent, and fashioned one in front and the other behind, appear to be the continuation of the axis of the parallelopiped. (Pardon this word, I teach geometry.) Two persons in no clothes beyond what is simply necessary, place themselves under the pole in front, so as to let it rest on the right shoulder of the one and the left of the other; they press against each other, because union makes strength. Two other similar Indians do the same with the pole at the back; the palanquin is lifted up, I push aside the doors, and seat myself on the edge, and with all the elegance obtained from a habit of gymnastic exercises, I throw myself inside backwards. On the bottom is a kind of mattress on which you recline at full length, the shoulders are rested on a cushion behind, and the feet are in front; you cry *Djao!* and the four *palki-bearers* set off. Generally to mark the time, the cleverest of the bearers throws out some little sentence of four or six syllables, in a very monotonous manner, quite unknown in Europe; the others answer by repeating the phrase in the same tone. In the town they walk at the rate of at least six miles an hour; on larger journeys they go slower.

## NEW CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND OTHER BOOKS.

I. *Five Little Farmers*. By ROSA MULHOLLAND, Author of "Eldergowan," "Hester's History," &c. (London: Marcus Ward & Co., 6, Chandos-street, and Royal Ulster Works, Belfast. 1876.)

THE little people of these realms will soon be able to urge vested interests, prescriptive rights, and several other learned pleas, in support of their eager demand for a new Christmas Story each new Christmas from the Author of the "Little Flower Seekers." For some winters past she has given them just in time for Christmas a pretty book, bright within and without, full of rich-coloured thoughts and rich-coloured pictures, and printed and bound in such fashion as to make the perusal of the pages very pleasant in every way. If we are not greatly mistaken, the Christmas books in question form a climax, growing with each successive Christmas more interesting and more thoroughly acceptable to the proper judges. The proper judges in this case are not those dry old bespectacled fogies, the critics. No, the verdict should be left to a jury of children; and we are sure that such a jury, whether packed or not, would decide unanimously that the "Five Little Farmers" is the pleasantest of the series. Grown-up folk, especially poets and such like, may be more charmed by the exquisite fancy and poetic feeling running through the Adventures of Trot and Daisy in a Wonderful Garden by Moonlight. But children would find the dealings of Puck and Blossom with the fairies more credible and life-like, and would take a more human interest in them. In this respect the new candidate for Christmas popularity beats all its predecessors; for the "Five Little Farmers" are real human children, and they talk and ramble about, not with flowers and fairies, but with each other and their mother and the servants and country-folk.

Though we have not the slightest notion of giving a sketch of the story, we may say that the Farmers are Eily, Cyril, Sylvia, Frank, and May Hawthorne. Though the last is only "Baby," a year and a-half old, she has a little character of her own, almost as well brought out as that of her big sister Eily, aged twelve or thereabouts. Frank and Cyril are fine sturdy little men, whose example will, we have no doubt, affect favourably the behaviour of sundry youths who will make their acquaintance during the next month or two. But poor Mrs. Hawthorne is specially to be congratulated on having for her eldest daughter such a wise, cheerful, motherly "wee body" as Eily, who, however, is by no means one of those insufferable paragons of perfection, but

A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food.

And indeed her thoughtful arrangements about "daily food" and similar matters, before her mother's arrival at Hillandale, are among

the most edifying incidents recorded concerning her. That is a good touch, by the way, when Bessie's mother proposes something in the shape of that same "daily food"—"'We have had our breakfast, though,' said Frank, looking at her at the same time as if he thought her a perfect angel for mentioning the subject."

Sylvia is the least satisfactory member of the little company; but the good feeling she displayed during the visit to the Children's Hospital makes us hope that she will grow more and more unlike those little Wiltons who "could not take an interest in anything that did not concern themselves," and more and more like her own sister Eily, whom they accused of a fondness for talking "about stupid things—poor people, and books, and things like that." We may here interject a suggestion to the compilers of the next Report of St. Joseph's Infirmary for Sick Children in Buckingham-street, that they would do well to extract the account of the visit which these children in the story-book paid to a remarkably similar institution—which visit is very well described in the last ten pages of the second chapter. We ourselves must be content with a much briefer specimen. The servant, who is conducting the three eldest of the children to their new and humbler home in the country, proposes to take a short cut by the fields—

"And so they did, walking across a green hill, and down into a woody hollow, and then coming down a winding, sweetbriery path to the back door of the farmhouse. Well, it was a queer old place, I can tell you. It was two stories high, with very low ceilings, and was built of extremely old dark-red bricks, and roofed with a brown thatch. You could step on the gravel out of the lower windows, and the upper ones were pushed up into the thatch, and winking out of it like crows' faces looking out of a tree. A rose-bush spread all over one side of the house, and a passion-flower over the other, and a long garden ran climbing up a hill behind, with a row of bee-hives at the top of it. In this great garden were crowds of apple-trees, and beds of strawberries, and a good quantity of other fruit besides; and there was also a fine supply of homely flowers—hollyhocks, cabbage-roses, tall lilies, gillyflowers, wallflowers, and a great many more which I cannot remember. There was a gravelled space in front, and then a great large field surrounded by trees; and at one side was a very ancient sun-dial, while at the other side was a nice little woody place, which wandered away, and straggled about, and still kept near the old house, as if to keep it warm."

Though this bright little quarto is made brighter with very prettily coloured pictures of May and the Lambs, Sylvia and the Kittens, Frank and his Chickens, and Mrs. Growler and her Pups, it nevertheless belongs to Messrs. Ward & Co.'s *Two Shilling Series*. At no season is the difference between a crown and a florin felt more keenly than at Christmas-time; and this is another circumstance sure to increase greatly the popularity of the "Five Little Farmers."

II. *The Laying of the Stone: A Sermon by the Most Rev. DAVID MORIARTY, D. D., Bishop of Kerry, with Commemorative Verses by the Very Rev. ROBERT FRENCH WHITEHEAD, D. D., AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., and Rev. JOSEPH FARRELL, on occasion of Laying the First Stone of a New Church in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.* (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.)

EVERY Catholic, and especially every Irish Catholic, must needs feel

the deepest interest in all that concerns Maynooth—that noble College which Dr. Newman has described with literal truth as “the largest and most important ecclesiastical seminary in Catholic Christendom;” which Cardinal Manning calls “the great Alma Mater of the Priesthood of Ireland;” which the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, assembled in National Synod, have declared to “have deserved well of successive generations of the clergy and people of Ireland;” and which has been styled, in words of less authority, “the focus and centre of the Irish Church—the very heart out of which flows, and flows never to ebb, the tide of Ireland’s sacramental life.” We have used the expression “literal truth” in reference to Dr. Newman’s superlatives, because many might suspect that there was some generous exaggeration in attributing to our poor Ireland so proud a boast. But in France and other continental churches the *grands séminaires* are almost as numerous as the dioceses, and many of them hardly merit the epithet prefixed to their name; whereas *la petite mais féconde Irlande* (as Père Félix called her once in the pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris) has one really “great” seminary for all her young Levites, in which she is able to concentrate all that she has of best for the worthy accomplishment of this greatest apostolic work. Considerations like these, which we must restrain ourselves from pursuing further, lend a special solemnity to the occasion, of which a beautiful souvenir is here presented to the clergy and the faithful. The Bishop of Kerry interpreted eloquently and with consummate skill the feelings of all who took part, by actual presence or in spirit, in laying the foundation of the new College Church of Maynooth; and it is well that his discourse is preserved in this elegant form. Of the remaining pages of this little memorial there is only one of which it would be becoming in us to express our appreciation: and we do so by venturing to print here also the hymn which sounded so triumphantly through the College quadrangle as the long white robed procession drew near the fortunate block of granite which one poet has thus apostrophised:

“Descend, strong Stone, into my country’s breast—”

and another:—

“O Stone, descend into thy destined home,  
And keep the memories ever green that form  
The heirlooms of the scattered Irish race.”

Desinant fletus, gemitusque cessant,  
Alma nunc Mater! nova surget ædes,  
Christus ut tecum habitare possit  
Cultus honeste.

Gaudeant tecum pueri, canantque  
Gratias Christo Domino sinenti  
Hic Sibi tandem nitide decorem  
Surgere Templum.

Gestas, ergo, studio videndi  
Mox huic saxo lapides frequentes  
Adstrui, donec minitentur alta  
Sidera Cœli.

Ne tibi, vero, Pater et Patrone,  
Simus ingrati, fateamur ultro,  
Hic preces vestras valuisse plane,  
Sancte Patrizi.

Sint Patri laudes, parilique Proli,  
Flamini Sancto placeant eædem,  
Alma quas Mater puerique cantent  
Omne per ævum. Amen.

III. *Tales from the German of Canon Schmidt.* Newly Translated by H. J. G. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill, 1876.)

THE good German priest, who rightly thought he was doing a holy work in satisfying usefully that craving of the child's heart: *Tell us a story!*—Canon Schmidt, filled very many large volumes with tales and plays and poems, all specially composed for the young. The fullest and best translation of his Tales is that published first by James Duffy nearly thirty years ago. The present volume contains a new and excellent version of "The Canary Bird," "The Forget-me-not," "The Rose Tree," "Trust in God," "The Dove," and some others. They read very freely and pleasantly in this version, and there can be no doubt of the wholesomeness of the lessons which they teach and of the impressions which they convey. The type is clear, large, and open; and the numerous engravings will still further attract youthful readers, and finally "precipitate the decision" of many a child hesitating in the choice of a Christmas Story-book.

IV. *Critico-Biblical Disquisition on the Time during which Christ lay in the Tomb.* By FRANCIS DE HIERONYMO JOVINO, S. J., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Maryland. (Woodstock College Print. 1875.)

THIS book, which has travelled to us across the Atlantic, belongs manifestly to the second class of books included under our title—"Other Books." It is very different indeed from the pretty Christmas tomes by which it finds itself surrounded. The author dedicates it to Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, as the first fruits of the printing press established at Woodstock, the Theological College of the Jesuits of the United States. One does not need to be so learned as the American Professor of Scriptural and Oriental Languages to be able to perceive that this is an extremely erudite disquisition, exhausting all that history, archæology and hermeneutics have to say on the subject. For the benefit of others besides those who (as has been written of some one) have a consciousness of knowing Latin in general, but whose knowledge of any particular Latin passage is not so precise as might be desired, the treatise is given in Latin and English on alternate pages; and our comparison of some pages leads us to believe that the English version has been skilfully executed.

V. Enlarged Edition of MISS MULHOLLAND'S *Prince and Saviour.* With Illustrations in Gold and Colours. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.)

THE popularity at once acquired by the sixpenny edition of "Prince and Saviour; the Story of Jesus, simply told for the Young," has suggested this new and beautiful issue. To make the original issue possible at such a price, the printing and get-up, though the one was legible and the other neat, were still very far from worthy of a little book which approached so near to being worthy of its theme. In the form in which it is brought out now, just in time for Christmas, the

paper and typography are even sumptuous. But this is not all. There are more important additions than the illustrations in gold and colours. The *Month*, in commending warmly "this very gracefully written little book," said it would be "useful for reading to children, the teacher being able to supply many details which the brevity of the work forced Miss Mulholland to omit." But, fortunately, Miss Mulholland has herself undertaken to supply these omissions in the present edition which may indeed be regarded as a new work, though it has been thought well to make use of the old name already in so short a time known so familiarly and affectionately. As we are entering on the month which leaves us adoring the Child of Bethlehem, we deem it our duty to do our part in placing in the hands of as many children as possible the book which we consider the best fitted to make them know and love their Infant Saviour. No better way of doing this occurs to us at present than to quote here the excellent notice which appeared quite recently in the *Munster News* :—

"Miss Mulholland in her tales for youthful readers has been no less successful than in her works for maturer minds. This success, we presume, has induced her to contribute the valuable book before us to a department of Catholic literature very scantily supplied—the child's library. We venture to predict that the success of this little work will be equal to that of the most popular of her already published books. It will, we hope, become a text-book for the education of Catholic children ; nowhere will they learn so easily and so agreeably the story which it most imports them to know. By the labour which she has bestowed on it, Miss Mulholland has deserved well of religion, and has added considerably to her literary reputation. It is a difficult thing to write a book which will fix the attention of children, and the difficulty increases when the book must treat a religious subject. Miss Mulholland has long since shown that she was equal to the former task, and we think that she has now successfully accomplished the latter. The incidents of our Lord's life are told in the simple language which has made us familiar even with the adventures of "Puck and Blossom." The interest of the young reader in the well known facts of the Scripture history is excited by the same lively and graceful story-telling style which interests him in the fortunes of the author's good and evil fairies, and the narrative is invested with the charm which a vivid painting of local scenery throws round a tale of romance. Told in her words, and seen by the light which she has cast about them, the details of the Saviour's life will have a reality for the young mind which they had not in the language in which it has been the custom to relate them. She has simplified the task of religious education for Catholic parents. To them, as well as to all who are charged with the instruction of youth, we heartily recommend her book. The fact that the price is fixed at sixpence is sufficient indication that it has been the author's aim to make the benefit she confers upon Catholic children as wide-spread as possible."

It is hardly necessary—but things which are hardly necessary are often very useful—and therefore we may add that the issue of this *édition de luxe* by no means abolishes the cheap issue which might be appropriately styled in the same language an *édition de propagande*.

VI. *The New Testament*. Large Quarto Edition, Illustrated with Full-page Engravings. (Dublin : M'Glashan & Gill.)

We are used to the words "A Family Bible;" the work before us may be called "A Family Testament." This splendid presentation edition of the New Testament is in many respects more suitable for



this season of gifts than a copy of the entire Holy Scriptures. In place of the microscopic type with which many editions of the New Testament are printed, we have in this ample quarto one of the finest productions of the Dublin Press, of which all the parts, paper, printing, binding, and illustrating, are excellent, each in its kind. Ireland claiming the credit of all except the beautiful designs for the pictures which we believe are specimens of German art. This is a proper occasion for the remark which has often been made, and must be often made again, that we here in Ireland do not do half enough to encourage Irish talent and industry, and that we are quite too ready to bestow our little patronage on those who would never think of returning the compliment. This is particularly the case with regard to Catholic literature. Our good people and, above all, our good priests might make it one of their New Year resolutions to do something towards setting this matter right, through themselves or others whom they may influence.

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#### WINGED WORDS.

1. Being patient is the hardest work that any of us has to do through life. Waiting is far more difficult than doing. But it is one of God's lessons all must learn, one way or another.—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

2. "I'd rather," said John Barton, "see her earning her bread by the sweat of her brow, as the Bible tells her she should do, ay, though she never got butter to her bread, than be like a do-nothing lady, worrying shopmen all morning and screeching at her pianny all afternoon, and going to bed without having done a good turn to any one of God's creatures but herself."—*The Same.*

3. Many a hasty word comes sorely back on the heart when one thinks one shall never see the person whom one has grieved again.—*The Same.*

4. The fangs of a bear and the tusks of a wild boar do not bite worse and make deeper gashes than a goose quill sometimes.—*Howel.*

5. Thought means life, since those who do not think do not live in any high or real sense.—*Alcott.*

6. It is best not to dispute where there is no possibility of convincing.—*Whitefield.*

7. The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—*Madam de Staël.*

8. Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world whereon the sheep of Christ feed quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye.—*F. W. Faber.*

9. Many great saints could have been made out of the graces which have made us only what we are.—*The Same.*

10. All grace leaves us worse if not better, harder if not softer.—*The Same.*

11. Religion has no ally one-half so valuable as common sense.—*F. W. Faber.*

12. Pride is a statue whose pedestal is ignorance—take away the pedestal and down falls the statue.—*Father Burke.*

13. No man ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself.

14. There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live in after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly corners in the heart unwarmed; but, like the other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides.—*A. Keary's "Oldbury."*

15. Life can never be completely happy, for it is not heaven, nor completely wretched, for it is the road to heaven.—*Mdme. Craven.*

16. Heaven knows we need not be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our heard hearts.—*Dickens.*

17. Even if life were long, time should be husbanded carefully in order to suffice for necessary things: but what folly to apply one's self to superfluous things, now that time is so scanty! [Some will prefer Cicero's own words: "Etiamsi longa homini vita suppeteret, tempus parce dispensandum esset ut sufficeret necessariis; nunc autem quæ dementia est supervacanea discere in tanta egestate temporis!"]

18. How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.—*Shakspeare.*

19. There is no such word as "too late" in the wide world—nay, not in the universe. What! shall we whose atom of time is but a fragment out of an ever-present eternity—shall we, so long as we live, or even at our life's ending, dare to cry out to the Eternal One: "It is too late!"—*Dinah Muloch Craik.*

20. In the morning of life, work; in the noon, give counsel; in the evening, pray.

21. Saintly souls are exceptional and beautiful appearances, colouring and brightening, like Alpine roses, the upper summits of human life.—*Anon.*

22. [Speaking of trials that are worst in apprehension]—The Juggernaut on his car towered there, a grim load. Seeing him draw nigh, burying his broad wheels in the oppressed soil, I, the prostrate votary, felt beforehand the annihilating craunch. Strange to say—strange, yet true, and owning many parallels in life's experience—that anticipatory craunch proved all—yes, nearly all the torture. The great Juggernaut in his great chariot drew on, lofty, loud, and sullen. He passed quietly like a shadow sweeping the sky at noon. Nothing but a chilling dimness was seen or felt. I looked up. Chariot and demon charioteer were gone by: the votary still survived.—*Currer Bell.*

23. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us from Heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.—*The Same.*

## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

THE following are two of many letters which lie before us, received from brave knights, from different quarters of the world. We purpose publishing these letters from time to time, and are a little puzzled to know which, among so many, to choose to begin with.

"Bombay, September 23rd.

"MY DEAR BOYS,—I send you ten rupees, which is £1. I am saving up all my annas for you, and my toys, too. I must stop now, as there is a snake in the garden and I must go and see it killed. I send my love to you all. Yours faithfully,

"J. R. O'L."

You see our little Indian friend went straight to the point and addressed the little patients themselves. It was a very good plan, indeed, and greatly delighted many children, not only the sick, but those others who serve under the same banner as our knight of Bombay, the letter having been read by the rev. chaplain at the last meeting of the Brigade. So, also, was the following, addressed to the secretary, and dated from a place much nearer home :—

"Belfast.

"DEAR SIR,—My father was removed to Belfast last week, and my address is as above. I was very glad to see the great sum of money which was collected this year. If you please, send me a collecting-book and a few tickets, and whatever other little books you have for the last month. I also would be glad if you would give me some instructions for the following year. I hope the little patients are getting on well. I should be delighted to get spending one hour with them, but it is impossible. I remain yours truly,

P.S.—Please answer soon.

"F. J. O'D."

Many other letters, quite as nice as these, were also read at the last meeting of the B. B. B., and we shall by-and-by give our little absent friends a peep at as many as we can. That was a *very* pleasant meeting, and we only wish our kind little letter-writers could have heard the charming stories told to the knights by the kind and clever chaplain of the corps. There was a great mustering of the Brigade, and all arrived, badge on shoulder, money-box in hand, looking ready to do or die for the cause, although, it must be said, some of them were so small that they had to be lifted into their places on the benches. But they are not a bit the worse, as members, for being as small and as tiny as they can be. It is well known that some of the bravest soldiers have been very little men; and so some of our most hard-working knights are among the smallest in the band.

Of course the wards were visited after the meeting was over, and the little sick ones, tired of their aching bones, and weary with lying in bed, were gladdened by the merry visitors who poured in upon them. How nice it was to see rosy faces bending over pale ones, the smile passing on from the one and settling on the other, to hear the sudden peals of laughter, and to notice the respectful delight with which the small sick creature, nothing envious, would touch and pat the soft coat or pretty dress of the sleek and well-cared-for little stranger, who had come in all the sunshine of his or her prosperity to make a pleasant picture for poor dulled eyes, and to give a taste of human sympathy to sad little half-starved hearts.

NELL:  
A STORY OF KILLOWEN POINT.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREVIL," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

IS IT JACK OR NOT ?

NELL offered a chair to the lady, and asked her to be seated. The lady sat down, and, after a glance round the kitchen, fixed her gaze upon Nell, who was standing modestly before her, wondering what she could want.

"You are the coastguard's daughter?"

"Yes."

"Your name is Nell?"

"Yes."

Nell, while waiting for another question, glanced at the quivering feathers on the lady's bonnet and the tapping toe of her elegant boot. The lady was evidently agitated in her mind, but though her nervousness might have been catching to an equal, yet Nell, feeling herself completely out of the sphere of her sympathies, only appreciated that she was distressed, and was sorry for her.

"So you are the young woman who has bewitched my son and brought sorrow into my home?" continued the lady, with a gasp that was almost a sob.

"Oh, no! No, indeed!" cried Nell, indignantly, scarcely crediting her ears. "Madam, I do not know what you mean."

Mrs. Flamborough was a lady, if a nervous one, and, making a great effort to control herself, she remained silent for some moments, and then asked for a glass of water. Nell waited on her readily, pitying the poor thing, whom she suspected to be astray in her mind. When the stranger spoke again, it was quite in a different strain.

"My good girl," she said, "sit down and talk to me. You are a pretty girl and modest-looking, and I can well imagine that you might be found lovable by anyone."

"Thank you, madam; you are very good," said Nell.

"But still, you must own, you will perhaps feel, yourself, that you are not quite fitted for the position of a gentleman's wife."

"Madam, I am engaged to a sailor, and I have not the least wish to know anything of gentlemen."

"Engaged to a sailor—then he has not undeceived you?"

Nell, drawn up to her full height, felt that she had said enough, and waited to hear more.

"As he has not done it, I must do it myself. The person you imagine to be your sailor lover is Mr. Edward Flamborough, my son."

Nell started and flushed, as if she had got a blow; then, recovering from the shock, she flung off even the supposition of the truth of what had been said. It was ridiculous, impossible. She, at least, was in her senses, and she refused to believe it. The shock, however, roused her into assuming her ordinary manner, which had been quite blotted out by politeness to her extraordinary visitor.

"Na, na," said she, "you will not get Nell to believe nonsense like that. Jack is Jack, and a sailor since he was a boy, though a wee bit Englified, I own to you, and come of very respectable people."

"You stupid girl, I tell you he is my son."

Nell put her head on one side in a reflective attitude, her little fingers passed wandringly over her own fair, round forehead, while she glanced from under her thick curled eyelashes at the wrinkled and irritated brow of the lady.

"You live over beyond Rostrevor, I believe?" said Nell, "and Jack lived four months among us here. Did a lad in a dark suit of sailor's clothes go visiting you much in the winter time, madam?"

"I tell you, child, that I will force you to listen to me. I came here for a purpose, and I will not go away till it is fulfilled. Four or five months ago my son, who was then in England, left it in company with a sailor, his foster-brother, a man named Peter Dunne. It was his fancy to dress like a sailor and pass for one; and as a sailor he took up his dwelling here. I believe he called himself Jack; and I also believe that he asked you to marry him. Now have I made myself clear to you?"

Nell was now as white as a lily, and silently she kept her eyes fixed on Mrs. Flamborough's face, as she listened to all the startling words and weighed them and tried to take them in.

"It is a strange story, ma'am," she said, at last, "most like what you would read in them London journals that Father M'Shane does be preaching so much against. But he always told us that the things they tell about there are not like real life, and are all made up out of clever people's heads. I don't rightly see how the truth can be in it, ma'am, but I'll think it over if you like; and I'll send you word when I have made up my mind."

"You are a very obstinate girl," said Mrs. Flamborough, angrily.

"Na," said Nell, "at least, maybe I am; but it's not that that's workin' me now. I like Jack—I like him well—an' if so be, he is a gentleman, and came here to make a fool of me, he's a bad man!—and it comes heavy on a poor girl's heart."

"Young men will be foolish and thoughtless, without being bad," said the mother. "It is for a girl like you to perceive how to regulate her conduct. You must send him word that you release him from his engagement. He is so honorable that he will not draw back from it unless you give him up, although common sense points out to him the folly of carrying it through. You wear a ring that he has given you. If you are an honest and right-minded girl, you will give me that ring to return to him."

At the last words a bright flame suddenly shone out in Nell's pale cheek.

"Na," she said, "I did not steal the ring, that I should be told to give it up out of rightfulness. One put it where it is that gave it to me, and till that one asks it back with his own lips it shall never leave its place at the bidding of mortal tongue. I tell you, madam, that, though I'm no lady, I know what it is to be loved by an honest man's heart; an' if he be not honest I'll have nothing to do with him, man or gentleman, whichever he may be. Let him come to me and speak to me, an' tell me what he is; and then I'll know what he means, and I'll know what I mean myself."

"He is too kind-hearted to venture on such a scene," said Mrs. Flamborough.

"I'll not trouble him much," said Nell, haughtily. "He needn't be afraid to say what he has to say to me. An' now, ma'am, if you be pleased to go away, I'll just think the matter over: and if any change comes into my mind I'll send you word."

Mrs. Flamborough, though anxious to continue the struggle, felt that she could not do so without insulting the proud distress of the poor girl, and so she took herself away with much the same feelings (to her own great surprise) which she would have expected to experience had her errand been to a lady. And Nell shut close the door that was seldom shut, and sat down to think over the news she had heard.

Why should this lady come telling her such a story if it were not true? This was the first thought that presented itself to Nell. Why, indeed, unless her mind might chance to be astray; and Nell had often heard that the Flamborough family had always been a little odd in their ways. She looked back over the few short months of her acquaintance with Jack, she remembered his sudden coming, Peter's comrade, who had sailed with him from Portsmouth in his ship. The lady had said he was Peter's foster-brother, and Nell could remember having heard that the young Mr. Flamborough had been nursed by Peter's mother, who had died long ago in her cottage on the mountain, in the neighbourhood of Rostrevor. Nell had never seen this young man, who had been educated in England; and, as she tried to picture him to herself, he would only appear to her imagination as a fine person riding a tall horse, this aspect of a gentleman being the only one tolerably familiar to her eyes.

She recalled Jack's face, and air, and manner, which, though marked by a certain superiority acknowledged by all, seemed yet to suit so exactly with the dress he had worn. Gay, and careless, and light-hearted as the breeze, he appeared to her mind's eye fit only to be that which he had declared himself to be—a sailor, born to live on the breaker and to laugh at the storm. How well he had often described to her his delight in such a life. Not Peter, nor any of the other seafaring men she had known, could describe it with such eloquence; and how, then, could any horse-riding, fine gentleman in the world have gained experience to enable him to act such a part. The more Nell dwelt upon the image of her absent sailor-lover, the more was she inclined to think that the Hon. Mrs. Flamborough must be mad. The poor lady had heard of the strange sailor who

had come wooing to Nell, and had somehow connected him with her absent son; for why, if her story were true, should that son not have come, to declare his own folly and put an end to it at once? "Oh, if Peter were only here, he could throw light on the matter at once!" thought the girl. But Peter was not there; and there was nothing to help her but the feverish discussions of her own warring thoughts.

She came to the conclusion at last that she would keep to the declaration which she had made to her unwelcome visitor, and that, until Jack himself appeared to ask for a release, she would consider herself as engaged to him, and would continue to wear the ring he had given her. She would also keep her own counsel, and would not tell any one of the errand of her visitor, or the struggle through which she had passed. And having formed this resolution, she got up and opened her door again, and went lightly about her customary tasks.

But it would not do. For three days Nell strove to baffle anxiety and banish distress, but all the time her thoughts were straining towards that noble mansion away beyond the Rostrevor woods, under whose roof must, somehow and sometime, be unravelled the mystery which was stealing all the light out of her daily life. "If he were there, he would come," she thought, "so it is impossible he can be there. If I were there, I should know, by some signs, whether Jack is really Jack, or a dishonest gentleman. But what could I say, and what could I do, if I were once for all so bold as to bring myself there?"

The idea haunted her, and she could not get rid of it; and at last one morning she stepped into her own little boat and went paddling down the bay in the direction of Rostrevor; keeping close to the shore, so that she could see the limpid, golden sea welling round the brown burly stones of the beach with a gurgling and lapping kind of music of its own, bathing the greenish russet mosses, and the grey and silver lichens, and almost wetting the roots of the big unruly trees that, in spite of all that Time could do with them, refused to keep their place in the overhanging wood, and persisted in wandering down to the very verge of the shore. The misty purple of the opposite mountains fell backward softly into the fleecy sky, and allowed delicate margins of young pasturing green to wander waywardly seaward into the sunlight; pale blue crags, hung with golden fringes, looked out of the tender leafage of the wood overhead, and Nell's dark eyes took in the beauty of it absently as she steered her course towards the sleepy, smiling distance above the foot of the bay, where lovely outlines of filmy emerald and glittering gold carried their dream-like colours into the clouds.

She moored her boat in a lonely nook under the trees, and turning her back upon it took her way up the beach and into the wood, striking out upon a skyward path that would lead her, if not to heaven, at least to the mossy walls and fantastic gates, the gardens and vineries, the pleasure and park, the turretted chimneys and balustraded doorway of one of the most noble and fairy-like homesteads in the garden-wreathed hollows of the hill country of Rostrevor. Here, amidst flowers, and sunshine, and singing birds, in the very

heart of all that was luxurious and lovely, lay hid the key of the secret that was tormenting the peasant girl's heart.

Nell reached the mansion, making her timid way by winding, sheltered, shrubby paths, entering through a back door, and being conducted by the servants' staircase into the private sanctum, where Mrs. Flamborough transacted business of a morning with such of the simpler neighbours as might desire to have a word with her. The room was empty when she was ushered into it, the lady was occupied at the moment elsewhere; and Nell took up her stand upon a certain rose on the pretty carpet, and surveyed the elegant arrangements of the room.

Her eyes, wide and dark with her own dismay and sorrow, had yet glances of girlish curiosity to cast about the chamber, glances which flew from the roses on the carpet to the butterflies on the wall, and from weird bronzes on the mantelpiece to the wet pen on the well-littered writing-table with its comfortable circular chair. The tiniest brackets holding minute scraps of china twinkled on the walls, between well-chosen photographs of scenes which make a feast for the eyes. Among the latter, and placed as if in a position of honor, hung one of a different size and subject from the rest. It was a beautifully executed vignette of the head and shoulders of a very handsome youth; and as Nell's gaze fastened on it, a sharp line of anguish cut suddenly through the dignified trouble on her brow. Her eyes were fixed on it, and did not remove themselves even when Mrs. Flamborough swept into the room. What the lady said to her, Nell did not know, and her answers were either wanting or completely astray. But the mother followed the direction of her eyes, and required no explanation of her conduct.

"That is the likeness of my son," said the great lady, with a regal wave of her hand; "I see that you recognise it and are convinced. You did well to come here and put an end to this painful affair."

Nell turned an absent glance on her for one moment and said: "I will first step across there, and make sure whether it is Jack or not."

Walking softly, as if afraid of waking some one, Nell came under the portrait and looked full in the laughing eyes. Yes, there could be no mistake; it was certainly he, looking out into a world in which she never could have part, with the self-same glad and winning gaze which she had believed could only shine upon her. Jack—yet Jack no longer; only Gentleman Edward Flamborough, smiling in utter recklessness of her existence.

The observant mother saw the dawn of her own peace of mind in the expression of Nell's proud lip, and was glad to say graciously:

"If he were at home at present, I should force him to speak to you, and apologize for his unpardonable conduct. But he is at present out on a pleasure-trip in his yacht. It is expected in the bay to-night; and perhaps——"

An involuntary gesture from Nell cut short the lady's well-meaning speech. Here, then, was the secret of his love of, and acquaintance with, the sea. Here was the cause of his absence. A yachting gen-



tleman, pleasuring in his yacht, he had commissioned his mother to do him a service in the meantime, by taking measures for the breaking of a faithful heart!

A burning blush seemed to glow through the girl's entire frame, and in an instant became extinct. She drew off the diamond ring and hung it on the cornice of the picture; and then turning slowly away, crossed the room, as if in a dream, and went out of the door in silence, completely forgetful of Mrs. Flamborough's presence. Proud, humiliated, lonely, and downcast, Nell took her way out of the mansion as quietly as she had come.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE SQUALL.

NELL's little boat brought her all too quickly back to the Point, and wakening up out of a painful dream she saw with dismay that she was close to her home. She was not willing to re-enter that home; her face would be strange, and she had no ready words with which to answer remarks that would be made. Kitty would come tripping in to question her, and she was not yet in the mood to confess her pain and amazement, not even to the trusty little friend whom she loved. She would wander about the bay a little longer, drifting aimlessly between sky and sea, in a solitude where there was no one to interfere with her grief.

So, shipping her oars, Nell put her face between her hands and allowed herself to drift with the tide. This drifting mood when indulged is apt to grow upon one, and Nell, not seeing reason for any immediate action, made no effort to shake it off. Shifting her position after a time, she hid herself in the bottom of the boat, and leaning her head upon a coil of rope, continued her reflections. All the schooling among clever people, all the reading and tutoring in the world could not have taught this ignorant girl a more useful lesson of the value of things in life than did Nature in this moment of her first cruel experience. What had seemed fair, and sweet, and delightful, was proved hollow, while that which had before appeared rugged and homely shone out now with all the glory of truth. Peter would never have behaved to her like this, was her bitter reflection; and she might have loved Peter if this other had never come in her path. But now, of her happy heart, there was nothing left to her but a wound. She was incapable of loving anything anymore.

Heavy with sorrow, and rocked by the waves as if in a cradle, her senses became dull, and she fell into a troubled sleep. While she slept, the day changed, the sparkle left the water, the soft blue veil disappeared, bit by bit, from the hills; the face of Nature became first of an ashen gray, and afterwards darkened with a terrible frown. Rain fell, and the wind rose, squall after squall coming down with fury from the top of the mountains. When Nell, shaken rudely out

of her sleep, rose up and looked around her, it was to find herself far out on the sea and in the very whirl of a storm.

Chilled and frightened, as she well might be, she was yet not paralysed with terror, as most women would have been in her place. She had strong, young arms that had been used to ply the oars since they were the arms of a child, and had rendered good service in a storm before now. Gathering up all her wit and strength, she grappled with the difficult task that lay before her, and, setting the prow of her boat towards the most approachable point of land, headed the breakers with vigilant skill. Thunder rolled along the mountains, and the dangerous lightning seemed to hiss as it flared into the seething foam. Two hours ago Nell might have asserted to herself that it mattered little what more sad things befel her; but as deep, gaping hollows of death yawned around her, and as her eye refused to look into them, but kept fixed on the glistening crests that capped them, and the still attainable green-rimmed rocks beyond them in the gloom, she was wildly conscious that there was still something precious to be clung to in life. Her father, Peter, Kitty—was she to be lost thus miserably to all these friends of her years, for the whim of a stranger whom but yesterday not one of them had ever seen? He would not be troubled for her; but oh, how these would grieve! Instinctively keeping such thoughts at bay, lest the mist of tears should blind and destroy her, she won her way steadily, bit by bit, towards land; a sob of thankfulness breaking at last from her lips as she neared the opening of the creek in which were safety and rest. A few more strong, brave strokes and she would have been landed with her boat, high and dry on the little strip of beach that looked so friendly, though lonely and far from home, when suddenly she was aware of noises reaching her ear which were not altogether the whistling and shrieking of the storm. Prolonged, steady shouts were repeated, sometimes loudly, sometimes faintly, from behind her, and carefully turning her head she beheld a sight which banished the momentary joy of relief from her heart. A ship was burning out there in the fury of the storm, near the Harbour Bar, the lightning had caught it, and it was flaming and smoking like a bonfire on the ocean; and from this fiery point of despair in the distant gloom had come those long, strange cries which had startled her ear, rending her trembling heart in the very moment when the nightmare of her own danger was past.

Nell was a coastguard's daughter, reared upon stories and experiences of danger, witness of many desperate scenes, and sharer in many efforts for the salvation of the forlorn; and in a moment she had seized upon all the points in the situation. The coastguards would be out, but their station was a long way off, and would they be in time? The ship must be a small one; or had its own boat been lost? It might be a hooker, or it might be a yacht. Good heavens had it not been said to her in the morning: "his yacht is expected in the bay to-night?" Without waiting to reason further, Nell turned her boat and began her fierce struggle with the breakers once more.

The burning vessel lay at the distance of nearly a mile out seaward,

the storm was abating, but the waves were swarming and snarling round Nell's little boat like hosts of ravening wolves. Had she stopped to think about the matter, it might have seemed hopeless to her the idea that she could again traverse a space on that angry ocean as great as that across which she had already fought her way, but she followed her impulse on the instant. This time the tide was in her favour, and she remembered, as she hurried along, that should she succeed in reaching that terrible spot the guidance of the boat on its return would fall to the share of stouter arms than hers. Cheered by this reflection she strained her anxious eyes and weary arms to the utmost, and struggling resolutely with a dizziness which threatened to overwhelm her, she felt herself swept along the waves as if some power beyond her own had impelled her. The ghastly flames loomed nearer and nearer, she felt the heat upon her face, she heard the joyful cries of those who had endured the horrors of so hideous a peril; she saw them clinging to the prow of the vessel now almost enveloped in fire, and caught the rope which they flung to her to draw the welcome footing within their reach. Three men jumped down from their perch, and Nell, having resigned the oars, fainted away quietly in the bottom of her boat.

Now in the hands of skilled sailors the boat shot away quickly from the side of the burning yacht, while the person known as Jack bathed tenderly the cold face which was unconsciously upturned to his gaze. Nell's swoon was a long one; half the journey to land had been made, and shouts of greeting had been exchanged with the coastguards, whose lifeboat had appeared, and come to meet the fugitives from death, before the girl recovered consciousness and opened her eyes. Her father's voice was the first sound she heard.

"Nell!" cried the old man, who had suffered sore anguish on her account.

"She's here all right," was the answering shout. "You would have been late."

"Why could you not do something for yourselves?" roared the coastguards.

"Our boat got adrift and was lost, and none of us can swim!"

"Good Lord!" groaned old Bart. "Will sailors ever learn to swim?"

Jack's own face was pale enough, as, obeying Nell's speechless, imploring look, he turned his eyes away from her, and left her in her weakness at peace. When the shore was reached, her father took her from the boat and led her home.

"It was accident," she explained to him, simply. "I was caught in the storm myself, and I was near them."

The old man did not invite the shipwrecked sailors to take shelter in his house, as he might have done in a different case. He had seen his child's late sorrow and was angry for its cause. More proud of her now than ever, he was anxious to keep her apart from the man for whose salvation she had endangered her life. Let the ill-omened stranger seek a lodging where he pleased.

As for Nell herself, when her weary head was resting on its pillow

in her own little room, the chief feeling in her heart was content that she had saved the life of the man whose unkindness she had so sorely resented. She recalled the bitter thoughts that had floated down with her through the sunshine before the storm came over the sea.

"If I had not tried it, I'd have felt his death upon my head!" she thought, looking upon him as a person with whom her life could have nothing further to do; never dreaming that she had done him a service that would bind him to her.

Early the next morning, however, Jack came into the coastguard's kitchen, where Nell was about her business as if nothing unusual had happened.

"My own brave little Nell," he began, eagerly.

But the girl shrank away from him, saying coldly: "You had better go home to your mother, Mr. Flamborough; and you may tell her that Nell sent you back to her without harm."

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Jack, in a tone of annoyance. "Has my mother been here?"

"She has been here, and I have been there," replied Nell, and, turning away, she stepped suddenly into her little chamber, shutting the door behind her.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### NO AND YES.

NELL was paler in these days than she used to be, and there were darker shades about her eyes, traces of the struggles through which she had passed, and of her consciousness that the neighbourhood was busy with her affairs. It was well known now that the sailor Jack who had lived among them so long, charming some and offending others, was a gentleman whose home lay almost at their doors. That Nell had been cast off by her betrothed lover, who had plighted himself to her only for a freak, and that his diamond ring had been stripped from her finger by his mother, were facts freely discussed at every cottage fireside. Truly, she had returned good for evil, in saving his life at the risk of her own; and the darkness of his ingratitude made a theme for the indignation of many friends. Old people shook their heads wisely, saying it was a misfortune when a girl set her heart too high; while young people looked on eagerly, admiring the romance of pretty Nell's hard fate. Meanwhile Nell kept her head high and bore her honors as a heroine, with a certain cool unconcern; only, when nobody else was near, she would break down on Kitty's neck, and weep plentifully out of the bitterness of her heart.

"The impudence of him!" Kitty would cry. "I wish to the Lord he had been burnt in his ship!"

A few days passed, and then came another shift in the scenery of

Nell's little romance. One morning a message came to the girl that she was wanted to speak with Mrs. Flamborough of Rostrevor, who had sent a carriage and horses to fetch her thither from the Point.

"Don't mind them, child," said old Bart. "Send them back the way they came! How dare they come following and annoying you any more?"

But Nell had her own thought about the matter—a thought which was only strengthened by her father's looks and tones. Secure in her consciousness of owing these great folks nothing, and of having done them a great service which they could never repay, she felt that she could bear to go to them, and to hear anything that their uneasiness might have to say.

"Let me go," she said, holding herself straight. "I would be glad to make them see that they cannot hurt me any more."

Nevertheless, with all Nell's high resolve, her courage failed her when she drew near to the house. She alighted at the gates, and asked to be shown the way to the gardens. She would wait till Mrs. Flamborough might come to her.

Here, wandering restlessly in and out of high-walled, mossy gardens, which, in their old-fashioned, irregular primness, were like curious chambers of flowers, Nell in her rustic simplicity made a study for a painter. In the gray print dress, little scarlet woollen cape, and coarse straw, sheltering hat, which were her holiday attire, her firm, womanly figure, and sweet, proud face harmonised well with the bowing greenness around, and with the showers of early roses that shook their butterfly blossoms above her from their ladders upon the walls. So thought Mr. Edward Flamborough, owner of gardens, walls, bowers, and roses, and, as he fancied, also of the beautiful figure which gave movement and life to the whole. For it was he and not his mother who came down the pathway to speak to her.

Nell neither trembled nor blushed, but only turned a little paler, and said quietly:

"I am waiting to speak to your mother, Mr. Flamborough."

"Nell," said the young man, gravely, "my mother shall speak to you presently, but you must hear me first. I owe you my life;—and I also owe you the most humble apology."

"Do not vex yourself with apologies," said Nell, speaking in her strange stillness of demeanour as if from behind some great barrier imperceptible to him. "What I did for you, sir, I would have done for any other fellow-creature."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Flamborough, a little disappointed. "But I am anxious to ask your pardon for what occurred in my absence. When my mother paid you that visit, it was without my knowledge or sanction."

"I am glad of that, sir,"

"She had promised to consider the matter, and to try and make up her mind to consent to my wishes. Of course they seemed very strange to her."

"I am sure they did, sir."

"I went for a cruise in my yacht to give her time. I did not write, because in a yacht one is far from the post. And now, Nell, you will forgive me and my mother, and be my wife."

Nell opened her dark eyes and looked at him in grave amazement.

"You are an honest gentleman, after all," she said, "but you shall not be taken at your word. We could not marry now."

"Why?"

"Because you do not love me, and I do not love you any more."

"You forgot me then in so short a time!" said the young man, in astonishment.

"Na," said Nell, with a sudden flash of feeling, "it was not that; I remembered well as long as there was anything to remember. When there was nothing more, I grieved; but now that is gone by me too. If you had come to me as you are, I might have learned to like yourself; I do not know. But it was Jack and not you that I gave my word to—Jack and not you that I loved."

"You are a cold-hearted girl," cried the young man, in a tone of mortification.

"Maybe I am," said Nell, "I feel like it enough; but I know very well that I am not hurting you, Mr. Flamborough. If I had not saved your life you would have troubled yourself little to come near me again."

"Why should I ask you to marry me if I did not love you?"

"Because you are generous in a way of your own, and you think I deserve a reward. You are pleased with me to-day, but you would not be pleased with me to-morrow or next year. Ah, Mr. Flamborough, do you think a girl does not know the look in a man's face when he heartily loves her? You loved me once as you loved your yacht, and many another thing. But you do not love me now."

Mr. Edward Flamborough bit his lip in anger and perplexity; and his mother came down the path with resignation upon her face.

"You have given me my son," she said to Nell, "and I can no longer refuse to receive you as my daughter."

"Madam, you are very good, but I would rather go home to my father."

The lady gazed at her, up and down, as if she could not believe the evidence of her senses.

"Upon my word you are a most sensible young woman!" she said, earnestly.

How Nell got away from that interview she scarcely knew; yet somehow or other she escaped from the painful presence of mother and son, and turned her back on the gay gardens, the fine dwelling, and all the unknown luxury and grandeur which might have been hers if she would only have opened her hand to take the gift of them.

"I never thought you would have been so fickle, Nell," said outspoken Kitty. "If you liked him poor, why couldn't you like him

rich? And, goodness, look at the way you could ha' made mother's fortune with the washing!"

"I don't know rightly what people mean by fickle," said Nell; "I used to think I knew, but now I'm not so sure. Maybe I'm fickle, an' maybe that same fickleness is more a sorrow than a sin, though it's always made out to be a disgrace. Something went out of my heart that day on the sea before the storm came on; there was a horrible while, an' it makes me cold to think of it; I thought I was dying with the misery; but when I wakened up and had to fight for my life, it was you and father I was thinking of."

"But about being a grand lady, Nell—did you never give a thought to that?"

"'Twould ha' troubled me, Kitty. I couldn't ha' put my head against yours, over the ashes, any more."

Kitty got up and put two arms round her neck. "It's true for you, Nell; and, before the Lord, you have done what is right. But I wish you would sometimes laugh the way you used to do."

The summer came round again, and if Nell did not laugh, yet her life was in all else just the same as it used to be. Her father was more carefully tended than ever, her house was neat and bright, her cow was milked up in the mountain field, and her butter was churned—with the help of Kitty and other lasses—in the shining kitchen of an evening. Her hardy little boat was plied on occasions up and down the sunny bay, the hills were climbed, and violets, and scarlet hedge-roses, and cream-like meadow-sweet scented the house. The great mansion in the flowery hill-country was shut up, and Mr. Flam-borough and his mother had gone pleasure-seeking with their fellows, across two or three seas. Nell was the old Nell, free and unmolested and unharmed by what had come and was past; and yet Kitty was still unsatisfied because she would not laugh.

It was harvest time and all the farmers and cottiers in the country were busy getting in their treasure. A great yellow moon came every night rolling up mysteriously from behind the mountains, poisoning its golden globe upon the brow of Fin-mac-Coul, and casting long glimmering glances across the bay. Its primrose light fell on the white cottages on the causeway above the Point, and away beyond upon gray gables with red stars twinkling in them, new-made hay-stacks and fragrant fields of stubble, honeysuckle hedges and gardens lined with hollyhocks. The country side was gay with little merry-makings in honor of the harvest home, and evening after evening the Point was deserted by merry-makers who took their way into the inland.

On one of these pleasant moonlight nights Nell was sitting resting in her doorway with her head against the lintel. She had watched the neighbours setting out in groups and pairs from the houses on either side, and heard their merry chatter and laughter as they passed gaily by. Even Kitty had gone with the rest, half scolded to it by Nell and half coaxed by the others. The place was completely silent except for the wistful sighing of the sea upon the shingle.

Suddenly the sound of a quick step came lightly out of the distance,

beating along the high beach; Nell could hear it ever so far away, coming, coming, below the cottages of the Point and above the sea, and she listened to it absently, noticing how very distinct was the solitary sound in the stillness. When it turned down the path that led among the cottages, she thought some one of the merry-makers was coming home alone, and, as the step came nearer and nearer along the causeway, she never thought of looking to see who it might be, till it suddenly stopped at her door. Then she raised her head quickly, and saw Peter standing before her in the yellow moonlight.

"Ah, Peter! how are you? I'm right glad to see you looking so well!"

"And I'm glad to see you, Nell—I hardly hoped it. I wasn't rightly sure if I'd find you here after all."

"Where would I have been, Peter?"

"Yonder," said Peter, gravely, signing towards Rostrevor.

Nell shook her head; "I wasn't born a lady, Peter, and I couldn't take up with gentlefolks. So you find me where I ought to be—in my father's house."

"I thought you liked him well," said Peter, in the same solemn way, as if they two had been standing over a grave.

"So I did:—are *you* going to call me fickle too? I liked Jack, the little I knew of him; I did not like the rest when I came to know it. I can't rightly explain to you, but the falsity froze in my heart someway. I'm broken and dull, and I'm hard and queer sometimes; but I amn't wishing for anything I haven't got; and I'm not a bit afeared that I've hurted anybody."

Nell turned away with a little dry sob, and leaned her cheek against the doorpost; Peter stepped forward and tried to remove with his manly trembling hand the fingers that covered her face.

"Listen to me, Nell, listen to me a moment. Stop frettin', and let bygones be bygones—and marry the man that has always loved you."

Nell drew away her hand, and holding up her head, said coldly: "No, Peter, no! I've had enough about loving and marrying. I always knew well it was no business of mine. What do you think of me, that you expect me to fly about from one to another like that?"

"I'm not goin' to hurry you," said Peter, gently. "Only give me a little weenie word of hope!"

"I couldn't," said Nell, with agony in her face, "I couldn't love anything anymore."

Peter moved away with a hard sigh, and then he came back again beside her.

"I'm going a long, long voyage," he said, "and it may be that I will never come back. If you give me one hopeful look, I'll throw this up and look out for work nearer home; but if your heart is set against me—why we never need meet again in this world any more."

Nell was silent.

"Is it go or stay?" said Peter, pleadingly.

"Go!" said Nell, and turning away her face hid it among the shadows within the doorway.



Peter gave one deep groan, and suddenly disappeared. Nell, from her hiding-place in the shadows, heard the quick, strong step going, going, as it had come, the kind step that had followed her so faithfully through life, and was now vanishing for ever from her path. It kept beating, beating, away into the distance like the throbbing of that tender, protecting heart which she had repulsed from her; away, away, heart and footstep were retreating from her, never to return towards her out of the distance and silence anymore. The last faint sound faded in the hush of the night, and Nell was again alone.

She was standing with her head leaned against the wall, cold, motionless, hard-hearted, and dreary, when suddenly a wild revulsion of feeling came over her, and she fell frantically on her knees and wept. "O my God!" she exclaimed, "he is gone, and he will never—he will never come back to me again!"

The next moment she had sprung to her feet, darted from the door, and was running along the causeway with the speed of a deer.

She had known by her ear that he had come and gone by the shore; a boat had been waiting which was now carrying him down the bay; and to the high shingly beach Nell now turned her flying steps. A cloud had come over the moon, covering the near side of the bay with shadow, and as she peered down the tide Nell could see no black object which might be a boat and a man. Nevertheless, she unmoored her own little boat from its haven by the Point, sprang into it quickly, and began pulling at the oars with all her might.

The cloud shifted on the face of the sky, and she found herself enveloped in the shadow which darkened a portion of the sea; but the shadow, as it moved, had laid bare another portion further on, and left it to be gladdened by the splendid smile of the moon. And in this brilliant, shimmering paradise of light Nell saw the object she had been looking for—the man in his boat—Peter—the friend whom she had so wickedly driven away from her.

He could not see her, and under cover of the darkness her oars gained upon his. Suddenly the man in his boat, alone, as he thought, on the sea, heard a voice calling eagerly out of the shadows: "Peter, Peter! wait for me—I am coming!"

He rested on his oars, and listened and peered around him. It must have been his fancy! But swiftly a little barque shot as if by magic into the radiance, and swung against his own; and Nell, throwing down her oars, stood up and stretched out her hands to him crying:

"O Peter, Peter, take me into your boat, and I will never vex you by word or look anymore!"

"I knew you two would come right at last!" cried Kitty, giving a hand to each friend, and congratulating them with an April face full of smiles and tears; "I always knew that you belonged to one another!"

And so there was a wedding in Killowen Church which gave great satisfaction to everybody.

## THE SONG OF REST.

A Translation of Horace's Ode to Pompeius Grosphus.

*(Carminum II. 16.)*

WHEN o'er the wild Ægean sea  
 The struggling moon gleams fitfully  
 Through storm-clouds from the west,  
 The sailor, at the dead of night,  
 Seeking in vain some beacon light,  
 Prays to his gods for Rest.

For Rest the weary Parthian prays,  
 As, armed with shaft and bow, he strays  
 O'er desert waste and wold;—  
 For Rest, that is not to be bought  
 By gems nor purple finely wrought,  
 Nor all-commanding gold.

For neither wealth nor power nor state  
 Can calm the storms of rage and hate  
 That rend the human breast.  
 Dark Care eats through the strongest walls,  
 And flits unseen round gilded halls,  
 Eternal foe to Rest!

Happy is he, and free from care,  
 Who lives content with frugal fare  
 Laid on a homely board.  
 His sleep is calm, his mind is clear  
 Alike from lust of gain and fear,  
 Of losing golden hoard.

Why do we, creatures of a day,  
 So many mighty ends essay,  
 So many dangers dare?  
 Why do we wander far from home?  
 We can't escape, where'er we roam,  
 From Self, the source of care.

Dark Care delights to climb the sides  
 Of ocean ships, and scornful rides  
 Aloft amid the shrouds:  
 Dark Care can pass the fleetest hind,  
 She can outstrip the wild east wind  
 Sweeping along the clouds.

Make not misfortune for the morrow;  
 Joy will be sent to temper sorrow;  
 Hope not for perfect Rest.  
 There is no rose without its thorn.  
 From every pleasure pain is born;  
 No one is wholly blest.

In manhood's prime Achilles died,  
 Tithonus lingered till he sighed  
 To sleep the eternal sleep.  
 Fate may have yet in store for me  
 Sources of joy denied to thee—  
 Some laugh, whilst others weep.

Thy wealth is far beyond thy need,  
 Trinacria's richest pastures feed  
 Thy countless herds of kine :  
 The fleetest steeds that gold can buy,  
 And splendid robes of purple dye,—  
 All these, and more, are thine.

Calmly I till my little farm ;  
 No vulgar terrors can alarm  
 My philosophic breast.  
 To her who doth my lay inspire,  
 The Muse who tuned the Grecian lyre,  
 I sing this Song of Rest.

WILLIAM DILLON.

## HOW STRAFFORD GOVERNED IRELAND.

(1632—1641.)

CHARLES I. ascended the throne of England in 1625. Unhappily the character of the new sovereign was ill suited to the temper of the times. His exalted notions of the divine right of kings and of the royal prerogative could hardly find favour with a generation reared in the belief, that the first and most essential of man's rights was that of private judgment even in sacred things. Piety and duplicity, violence and irresolution, were strangely combined in him. In other circumstances he might have been able to display his virtues and conceal his vices. But from the first day of his reign his unhappy destiny seemed to pursue him ; and his own faults and the blind zeal of his friends did as much to bring about his untimely end as the persevering malice of his enemies.

The first and the chief difficulty he had to contend with was an empty exchequer. James had squandered the public money on the favourites who had followed him in crowds from Scotland. Even the patrimony of the crown had been so diminished, that the usual charges of government could not be met without extraordinary aids from the people. Whatever may have been Charles' faults, prodigality could not be reckoned among them. He had dispensed in great part with the pomp that commonly attends the sovereign's coronation ; he had mortgaged the crown lands in Cornwall to the London companies ; even the King's gilt plate had been sold, and the number of servants reduced, to find "savings for more noble undertakings." The proceeds could not meet the debt of £700,000 already due by the crown ; still less could they allow the King to carry on vigorously the war undertaken by James.

The apparent object of this war was to restore the Palatinate to

the Elector Frederic, his son-in-law ; but its real purpose was to reduce, by a combination with the Protestant states of the north, the preponderance of the great Catholic powers, Austria and Spain. The war was a popular one ; for the false notions that had been spread about so industriously during the last two reigns by interested persons, had by this time entered deep into the minds of the people, and were now a part of their religious creed : the triumph of the Catholic powers meant with them nothing less than the re-establishment of Catholicity as the State Church, and the bitter persecution of all its opponents. Four months after the King's accession he summoned his first Parliament. He needed money urgently, and he set before both Houses his wants in plain terms. His appeal evoked little sympathy. A sum of £140,000 was voted ; the charge for the equipment of the navy alone amounted to £300,000 ; the necessary expenditure of the war would require seven times what was allowed. Even this small sum was granted with a bad grace ; an account was demanded of the way in which former subsidies had been employed, and a list of grievances was presented that required to be redressed. The spirit of opposition was inflamed by the report spread abroad that the Duke of Buckingham, Charles' chief favourite, who then held the office of Lord Admiral, had lent some ships to the King of France to be employed against Rochelle, the last stronghold of the French Huguenots. The plague which had followed the Parliament from Westminster to Oxford, afforded the King a good pretext for a dissolution. Recourse was now had to loans ; circular letters were sent, stating the sum required from each of those to whom they were addressed, "that which few men would deny a friend." With these contributions a fleet was equipped and an army of 10,000 men set on foot. It was hoped that if a landing could once be effected on the coast of Spain, the war would be maintained "by its own perquisites." The fleet set sail ; the troops landed ; "every man became his own vintner ;" the commander-in-chief was soon obliged to reship his bacchanalian troops, and Spain suffered no loss beyond that of a vast number of casks of wine. Sickness broke out, and the fleet returned to Plymouth with the loss of a thousand men.

Early in 1626, another Parliament was called in the midst of necessities, "that the king might know how he was to frame his course and councils." The Commons, in reply, "professed their respect for his Majesty, and their intention to assist him in such a way as to make him safe at home and feared abroad." Yet no supplies were voted. "The great evils were first to be inquired into, and the grievances redressed." Buckingham was impeached ; the King showed his regard for his favourite by imprisoning the managers of the prosecution ; and it was not until the Commons refused to proceed to further business that he consented to their release. In June the second Parliament was dissolved.

In his distress Charles turned his eyes towards Ireland ; there at least he would not find a Parliament that would oppose his wishes. Forty new boroughs had been created by Chichester in the preceding reign, many of them being only paltry villages, to overwhelm the

Catholic votes, which up to that time, in spite of persecution, held the preponderance. Henry Carey, Lord Falkland, had been sent over as Deputy in 1622. At his inauguration, Usher, then Protestant bishop of Meath and a privy councillor, preached a fanatical harangue, taking as his text the words of St. Paul: "He beareth not the sword in vain."\* The following year a proclamation was issued for the banishment of all the Popish clergy, regular and secular; they were ordered to depart from the kingdom within forty days, and no one was allowed to hold intercourse with them after that time.

Charles' accession made the Catholics hope that these hardships would cease in part if not wholly. He was known to be no fanatic. In religion he inclined more to the tolerant tenets of Episcopalianism than to the fierce doctrines of the Puritans. Besides, he had, in the very beginning of his reign, taken to wife the sister of the King of France; and one of the stipulations of the marriage was, that she and her household should be allowed the free exercise of the Catholic religion, even within the royal palaces. It was not unreasonable to hope that the influence of one so devoted to the interests of the Church as she was known to be, should obtain for those of her faith if not open toleration, at least connivance at its practice in secret. During the first two years of his reign the Irish Catholics enjoyed some little tranquillity; for this they were indebted to the King's instructions to the Deputy and council; and there is reason to believe that he would have granted them complete liberty of conscience if he had not been deterred by the outcry raised by the Protestant bishops.†

It was thought likely that the unfortunate expedition to Cadix would provoke the Spanish government to retaliate by making a descent on Ireland. The King ordered the army to be increased to 5,000 foot and 500 horse. The raising of the troops was not difficult but it was no easy matter, in the low state of the public finances, to provide for their support. In 1628, by the Deputy's invitation, the Catholic proprietors, who were still very numerous, both nobility and gentry, met in Dublin. Several Protestants of rank took part in the meeting. The assembly was conducted throughout with wisdom and moderation. A statement was drawn up in the nature of a bill of rights, putting forth the grievances that needed redress. The royal assent was to be asked to their demands; and a promise was made that, on their being granted, a voluntary assessment of £120,000 would be raised by the Catholics of Ireland for the use of the crown. Agents were chosen to proceed to London and lay before the English Privy Council the resolutions agreed to by the meeting. A report got abroad that the government was about to grant indulgence to the Catholic recusants. The Protestants took alarm. Usher who was then Primate of Ireland, assembled the bishops to the number of twelve in his own house, and drew up the following "judgment of divers of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland con-

\* See "Essays on the English State Church in Ireland," by W. Maziere Brad D.D., p. 202.

† Ware, ad ann. 1626—Grainger Biog. Hist. ii. 147.

cerning toleration of religion ;" which was signed not only by the bishops, but by Chichester, Boyle, and Parsons :—

"The religion of the Papists is superstitious and idolatrous ; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical ; their Church, in respect of both, apostatical. To give them therefore a toleration, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin, and that in two respects. For, 1st, it is to make ourselves accessory not only to their superstition, idolatry, and heresies, and, in a word, to all the abominations of Popery, but also to the sedition of the seduced people, which perish in the deluge of the Catholic apostasy. 2nd. To grant them toleration in respect of any money to be given, is to set religion to sale, and with it the souls of the people, whom Christ our Saviour hath redeemed with His most precious blood."

It concluded with a prayer "beseeching the God of truth to make them who are in authority zealous, resolute, and courageous against all Popery, superstition, and idolatry." This judgment was soon after promulgated by Downham, Bishop of Derry, in Christ Church, Dublin, before the Lord Deputy and his Council. His hearers cried out: "Amen, Amen."\*

Charles' needs were too great to allow such arguments to weigh on his mind. He accepted the offer of £120,000, to be paid in three annual instalments of £40,000 each. In return he granted fifty-one graces.† Some of these concerned Protestants as well as Catholics. By them recusants could practise henceforth in courts of law, and sue the livery of their lands out of the Court of Wards, on taking an oath of civil allegiance instead of that by which they acknowledged the king's supremacy in things spiritual ;‡ the claims of the crown should be confined to the last sixty years, and the inhabitants of Connaught allowed to make a new enrolment of their estates. A promise was made, that a Parliament should be held without delay to confirm these graces, and to establish every landholder in the undisputed possession of his lands. The delegates returned to Ireland, and were welcomed with joy by the people ; they presented to the Deputy the order of the King. Secret instructions had been sent meantime, the tenor of which was quite opposed to the promises made to the agents. The Parliament was to be called, but Falkland should see that the writs of election were informal, and that in consequence of the informality the parliament was not held. The writs were duly

\* Mant, "History of the Church of Ireland," i., 143.

† A detailed list of the "graces" will be found in Carte's "Life of Ormonde," i., 51.

‡ The Court of Wards was established by James I. in 1617. Its ostensible motive was the better collection of the revenue ; the real one, to root out the Catholic religion. All heirs to lands held of the crown—and at James' accession there was scarcely an acre in Ireland that was not so held—were obliged to sue out the livery of their lands in the Court of Wards ; and the court could not grant such livery to any one who had not previously taken the oath of supremacy, and abjured several articles of the Catholic creed. Either he must forswear his religion or forfeit his property. If the heir was a minor, the court could grant the wardship to whomsoever it pleased ; the grantee was obliged by his patent "to educate his ward in the English religion and habits of Trinity College, Dublin."—See O'Flaherty's "Iar-Connaught," annot. by Hardiman. It is obvious that in a short time every landowner in Ireland should, by the operation of this law, become a sworn Protestant ; at times it was defeated by long leases and secret trusts. See Lingard vii., 119.

issued; but as the legal requirements were not fulfilled, they were of no value. The error was proved to be intentional by the fact that a new issue in more legal form could have been made. This was not done. The confirmation of the graces by the Parliament was postponed under various pretexts. The people still relied on the King's honor; they did not know that it was his deliberate purpose to evade his promise.

Falkland seemed to the Puritans far too tolerant. To avoid the storm raised against him for the part he had taken in the matter of the "graces," he asked permission to withdraw to England for a time. In his absence, the government was entrusted to Lords Justices, Loftus, Viscount Ely, the Chancellor, and Boyle, Earl of Cork, the Lord High Treasurer. The reign of persecution began once more. A letter written at the time by one who was probably an eye-witness of what he relates, is preserved in the Franciscan archives, Dublin:—

"Our oratories began again to be opened, and in the last term before Xmas there was great resort to ye friars in Cooke-street, for that we held ourselves out of danger of ye last proclamation. But uppon St. Steevan's Day last (1630) it befell yt ye pseudo-Archbishop of Dublin and ye Mayor, a great Puritan, went with soldiours to ye said friars' howse about noone at ye day and there defaced ye autle [altar] and oratory, and weare leading away two friars which they took. The devoute women which were in ye oratory, together with young men yt came to ye crie, did so play on ye Mayor and Archbishop and their men with stones and clubs yt they were forced to take howse, and some persons weare hurt. Some Catholic aldermen who were not at all in the streets, but only in their own howse, because they gott not out to rescue ye Mayor, he putt in prison. I know not what will be ye issue. Some of our Catholics be gone with speed to Ingland; I hope yt they will be hable to divart the King's indignation. The Jesuits weare not so forward as the Friars in opening their schools and oratories, and you know they judge it prudence to suffer others to try ye forde before them."\*

The Jesuits' prudence did not save them, for their residence and oratory were ransacked the next day. The riot was duly reported to the King. In a few days an order was issued, commanding that the house should be demolished where the archbishop and mayor had received such an affront. Many religious houses, chiefly of the Franciscan Order, which by their retired situation had hitherto been saved from destruction, were now plundered and their inmates driven out. For four years the rule of the Lords Justices continued. Once they were rebuked by the King for over-zeal; but he soon repented of the short respite, and ordered the laws to be still more strictly enforced against recusants.

Charles, in the meantime, had summoned a third Parliament. Instead of obtaining the supplies he needed, he was called on to accept the Petition of Right; by which it was declared that no forced loans should be demanded, no taxes imposed without the consent of Par-

\* "Franciscan Monasteries," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan. Some writers say it was not the Franciscan but the Carmelite Church that was attacked. The mistake has arisen probably from the fact that both these Orders had churches in Cooke-street. The Bishop of Waterford, in a letter to the Propaganda, bearing date July 6th, 1630, says: "Franciscanorum domus Dublinii solo æquata et suppellex ablata."—See Dr. Moran's "*Spicilegium Ossoriense*," p. 165, and "*Foxes and Firebrands*," part 2.

liament. Other grievances, religious and political, were discussed, and a motion was made for their redress. This the Speaker refused to put from the chair. In a few days Parliament was once more dissolved; and a proclamation was issued, stating that the King intended in future to govern without parliaments. A few months before, Buckingham fell by the hand of the assassin, Felton. Laud and Wentworth were chosen to take his place and to guide the royal councils.

Thomas Wentworth, better known in history by his later title of Lord Strafford, was born in 1593. His ancestors had held the estate of Wentworth Woodhouse from the days of the Saxons, and in later times not a few had filled some of the highest offices in the State. In his youth he was carefully taught all the accomplishments suited to his rank. At Oxford, besides the usual course of study, he read with attention the best authors ancient and modern; and later he studied the great principles of law and the details of the management of an army. At the age of twenty-one, by his father's death, he entered on the possession of the family estates. In the early part of Charles' reign he did not enjoy the royal favour. In the first Parliament he was elected for York; he had twice already represented that county. During nearly all this time, he speaks of himself as being little more than "a bystander;" yet his leanings to the popular side were so well known, that it was thought desirable to prevent his re-election. This was done by appointing him Sheriff of York, an office that precluded its holder from serving in Parliament. He was one of those who in 1626 refused to advance the loan asked for by the King, and suffered imprisonment for their refusal. Again he was elected for Yorkshire; then he broke his silence, and spoke with boldness and eloquence "in defence of the ancient, lawful, and vital liberties of the people."\* In the long and arduous struggle for the Petition of Right, he was found ever in the foremost place. The King showed on many occasions a rancorous hatred towards those who had opposed his despotic conduct. To Wentworth he made secret overtures. What these were, and how they were made, is not known. He yielded to the temptation; he abandoned his principles and his party, and hated them ever after

"with all the zeal  
That young and fiery converts feel."

That hatred was repaid fully. "You are going to leave us," exclaimed Pym, one of his former political friends, "but we will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders." On the 14th of July, 1628, a patent was issued by which he was created Baron Wentworth; a few months later he was made a Viscount, a member of the Privy Council, and President of the Council of the North.

\* Isaac D'Israeli asserts, on Brodie's authority, that "the fierce patriotic speeches which have often been ascribed to Sir Thomas Wentworth, were in fact delivered by a Mr. Thomas Wentworth, member for Oxford. His own speeches were usually moderate."—See "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I." Macaulay says, "no orator of that time equalled Wentworth in force and brilliancy of expression."—Essay on "Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden."



It is beside our purpose to dwell at length on the way in which he filled the high office of President. His friend Wandesforde said, the Papists in the north, when they heard of his coming, "hung down their heads like bulrushes, and thought themselves like water spilt on the ground."

On the 12th of January, 1632, the King notified to the Lords Justices of Ireland that he had made choice of "his right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Thomas Lord Viscount Wentworth to be his Deputy and Governor-General of the kingdom of Ireland and of the army there." By the same order they were required not to pass any pardons, offices, lands, or church-livings by grant under the Great Seal of Ireland; nor to confer the honor of knighthood on any, nor to dispose of any company of horse or foot there; only in the interim to look to the ordinary administration of civil justice and to the good government of the King's subjects and of the army. Though appointed then to this high office, he did not come to Ireland until July, 1633. The interval he passed in enforcing the will of the King in the north, and in making himself acquainted with the resources and wants of the country he was about to govern. The Lords Justices were ordered, by Wentworth's desire no doubt, to send in an exact estimate of the revenue from every source, the proportion furnished by each county, the arrears due to the Crown, and its liabilities. Suggestions were to be made about the maintenance of the army, the condition of the arsenals; a detailed account given of the state of the Protestant churches and of the Castle of Dublin, the future residence of the Lord Deputy.\* He was told that the arsenals and magazines were but poorly supplied with stores; that only two pinnacles were employed to protect the coast from pirates, the country not being able to afford more, though intelligence had been received that the Turks intended to make a landing somewhere in the following summer, "Baltimore, a weak English corporation on the sea coast, in the west part of Munster, whence the Turks took the last summer above a hundred English inhabitants, being the place most likely they may attempt." The Castle of Dublin was reported to be "much decayed, and very ruinous, especially in the parts thereof used for the Deputy's habitation; so that some considerable sum of money should be set apart and destined only for the making that place fit." The parish church of St. Andrew's, in Dame-street, Dublin, in former times of disturbance, had been used as a stable for the Deputy's horses. Of the £120,000 promised to his Majesty, far the greater part would be paid in within a month, leaving little more than £13,000, due of the whole amount—a sum not sufficient to pay the army to the end of the current year. The Irish septs of Leix—the Moores,† Kellys, Lalors, Claneboys, Melaghins,

\* "Letters and Despatches of Thomas, Earl of Strafford," i. 62.

† "Leix, an exceeding pleasant locality," says Dymocke, an English traveller, who visited it about 1650. In the sixteenth century it was held by the seven tribes mentioned above. The Ard Righ dwelt at Dunamaise. The reader will find in O'Sullivan Beare's "*Historiæ Catholicæ Ibernæ Compendium*" details of the cruelties practised by the English settlers on the Catholic Irish of Leix. As a specimen,

Dorans, and Dowlings—who in Chichester's time had been transplanted into the remote seigniory of Tarbert, beyond the great mountains of Slewlogher in the county of Kerry, by Patrick Crosbie, "because in all ages they were observed much to disquiet the peace and settlement in parts of Leinster, having no estates of freehold nor real subsistence there," had by this time become many in number and of good strength; it was feared that they might take occasion thereby "to return to their former habitations and again renew their distempers in those parts." To prevent all occasion for disquiet, it was suggested that new leases should be given them of their scanty holdings. These poor exiles, in the wild mountains of Kerry, were sighing to return to their homes in the rich plains of Leix, and were wicked enough to wish to wrest what their fathers had held for centuries, from the Cosbys, the Bowens, the Breretons, and the other English settlers that had established themselves there by treachery. \*

Wentworth next submitted to the King certain propositions for the government of Ireland. They were: 1. That no reward should be granted to any one, until the revenue of Ireland should be fully able to meet every expense, and pay all debts due. 2. That no grant should be made without the knowledge of the Lord Deputy, and without first passing the Great Seal of Ireland. 3. That none but the fittest men should be allowed to sit at the Council, to fill the Bishoprics, and to sit on the Bench; that none should be appointed to fill these offices without the advice of the Lord Deputy, who was to name the most deserving men. 4. That all places, whether civil or religious, in the gift of the Lord Deputy, should be left entirely at his disposal, and that the King should refuse any request made to himself for such places. Other private propositions, all of them tending to obtain for himself, to the exclusion of others, that ample and universal authority which he was assured by Sir William Parsons was "the most short and infallible way" to his ends, were approved of and ordered to be constantly observed.

The state of affairs in England was growing serious. The opposition to the King's illegal system of government was gaining strength day by day, though the fines imposed were heavier, and the punishments more severe. The spirit of discontent was abroad, and murmurings and threats were heard throughout the land. A civil war might arise, and it would be wise to prepare in good time for the

we shall quote one fact from O'Sullivan (Lib. II., c. vi.) "Francis Cosby, the Governor of Leix, usually dwelt at Stradbally. There, in front of his door, grew a very large tree, with wide-spreading branches. From this he used to hang not only innocent men, but women, and even children. He would take incredible pleasure in looking at the women hanging, and the children holding on to their mothers' hair; and he was wont to address thus the tree when it had no bodies swinging on it: 'My dear tree, you seem to me very sad—no wonder, for you are a long time bare. I will end your sorrow: for I will load your branches in a short time with corpses.'"

\* Ferranokelle extended from the ford of Athbaiteoige to Luggacurren. In the wall of the castle of Athy there is a stone tablet bearing the following inscription: "Edwardus Gossen Præpositus Wille de Athie posuit hanc lapidem vicesimo septimo mensis Junio, Anno D. 1575, annoque Regne Regine Elizabeth decimo septimo [Molohon] O'Kelle." We give it exactly as it stands, a strange piece of Latinity.

worst. The force under arms in Ireland was but 2,000 foot and 400 horse, scattered in companies over the country to protect the English undertakers and enforce the payment of the revenues. Even these were paid irregularly. The soldiers lived as best they could—*præcario*, fetching in every morsel of bread upon their swords' points,\* very often on free quarters, plundering friend and foe alike. Of late their pay had been more regular, and enough remained of the voluntary assessment promised by the Catholic gentry, to support the standing army until December and no longer. Some temporary provision should be made to meet the demands of the army. The Lords Justices informed his Majesty, "that it was impossible to improve that part of the revenue, save only by imposing the twelve pence a Sunday on the recusants." The whole contribution would in this way be made to fall on the Catholics; it was putting into execution the 2nd of Elizabeth. The proposal was accepted by the King, and the Council were ordered to have everything in readiness to enforce payment when necessary. Wentworth did not allow his bigotry to blind him to the fact, that such a method of raising money would bring a great deal of odium on himself. "Not," he says, "but that every good Englishman ought, as well in reason of state as of conscience, to desire the kingdom were well reduced to a conformity in religion; because it is a great business, that has many roots lying deep and far within the ground, which should first be thoroughly opened before we judge what height it may shoot up to when it shall feel itself once struck at, to be loosened and pulled up." He asked the aid of Laud to convince the Irish Bishops of the impropriety of enforcing this law in the present critical condition of the King's affairs. He then sent to Ireland an agent "to feel the pulse of the people underhand." This was "a Papist, who, to divert the storm, laboured in good earnest, taking it to be a cause *pro aris et focis*." The chief instruction given him was, "to invite the recusant party to send their deputies to England, to make offer to his Majesty of half a subsidy to be paid the next year, so that all further prosecution upon the statute might be respited until his coming over; they had liberty to propound what else they conceived more for the King's service than the course now intended." The agent found "the Popish party all very willing to continue on the contribution as it was till the Deputy's coming, but unwilling to send over any deputies, pretending how ill they were dealt with by those they employed last." He was told that "this would not serve the turn, but that he must now deal effectually with them to send over their deputies presently with the offer of half a subsidy; whereupon he will use the best means he can that all proceedings may stay till his coming over, as is desired." The Catholics alarmed chose the lesser of two evils; they agreed to pay a subsidy of £20,000 in four instalments, and in this way the wants of the army for a time were provided for.

The Lords Justices little knew the manner of man they had to deal with. More than once they had passed over in silence or

disobeyed orders sent them by the King at the Deputy's suggestion. Neither their merits nor their high position shielded them from stern rebuke. "Pardon me, my Lords," writes Wentworth, "if in the discharge of my duty I be transported beyond my natural modesty and the respects I personally bear your Lordships, plainly to let you know I shall not connive at such presumption in you, thus to evacuate my master's directions, nor contain myself in silence, seeing them before my face so slighted. Therefore I must, in just contemplation of his Majesty's honor and wisdom, crave leave to advise you forthwith to amend your error."\*

Early in 1633, an order was issued that all officers belonging to the army in Ireland who were absent, should return to their duties without delay, and attend to the disciplining of their companies. Any captain absenting himself from his charge, in future, without permission of the King or the Lord Deputy, would be cashiered. Lord Mountnorris, the Vice Treasurer, thought he might pass some time more agreeably at Chester than in Ireland; he was told to depart with all possible speed.

Wentworth now prepared to set out for Ireland. He handed over the government of the North to a vice president; and he appointed his trusty friend Greenwood to take care of his estates. He sent his baggage before, intending to follow without any delay. But "lamentable news came from Ireland, what spoil is done there by the Pirates." Three vessels were cruising in the Irish sea, lying in wait for passing ships, and at times making a descent on the coast. Perhaps they had news of the Deputy's coming. They were not disappointed. "The pirate that lies before Dublin took a barque of Liverpool with goods worth £4,000, and among them as much linen as cost me £500; and in good faith I fear I have lost my apparel too. By my faith, this is but a cold welcome they bring me withal to that coast, and yet I am glad at least that they escaped my plate; but the fear I had to be thought to linger here unprofitably, forced me to make the venture; where now I wish I had had a little more care of my goods, as well as of my person." His indignation was roused in a special manner by the news that a pirate had pursued a vessel and made her run ashore near Dublin; this did not save her; she was rifled and then set on fire, "in despite of all the help the Lords Justices could give from the land." The loss is not so great, he adds, "as the scorn that such a picking villain as this should dare to do these insolences in the face of that state, and to pass away without control."† On the 23rd of July he reached Dublin, having crossed the water in the *Penelope*, and landed at Lowsie Hill, about a quarter of a mile from the Castle, "so suddenly that the Earl of Cork had scarce time to meet him as he was walking a foot, and carry him thither in his coach, which was done before the town or any of the lords and company that expected him so much as knew of his landing."

D. M.

\* "Letters and Despatches," i., 90. † Carte, i. 55.

## THE CHILDREN'S VISIT TO THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.\*

"O H, mamma," said Eily, looking up brightly from her embroidery, "Mademoiselle has been telling me about such a nice place she has been to see—a children's hospital. And she would like to take us there, if you will allow her."

"I think I have heard of it before," said Mrs. Hawthorne, "and I should like to see it myself; only I must be sure there is nothing infectious in the place before I can allow you to go."

"Oh, mamma, there is nothing but broken bones, and bad chests, and things like that. Mademoiselle says hardship, and starvation, and ill-treatment are the cause of most of the diseases you will find there," cried Eily.

"Then there can be no objection to your going," said Mrs. Hawthorne. "You may pay a visit there this afternoon."

Oh, what pleasant words were these! The children flew to get ready for their expedition, and about an hour afterwards were ascending the staircase of a large house, which was the dwelling of the sick children they had come to visit. Their hearts were beating with wonder and expectation, for they were very healthy children themselves, and did not know much about sickness. The thought of giving pleasure to other little children who were in sorrow and pain filled them with joyful excitement; and they were quite sure they were going to give pleasure, for they had paid a visit to the German Fair on their way, and each was laden with a parcel of toys. At last the door was thrown open, and they saw a great many little beds ranged round the walls of a very large room.

Well, it was a very pleasant surprise, for the place did not look dismal at all, as they had quite expected it would. The sun was shining in pleasantly through the chinks of cool blinds, and a number of little heads were popped up from the pillows to gaze at the visitors. Some of the children did not look very sick at all, although under the blankets of their little beds were very sore knees and feet and backs, which the doctors knew about and were trying to cure. The little Hawthornes were soon quite at home among them, and were hearing how Tommie had fallen downstairs, and Annie had tumbled into the fire while her mother was out; how Bill had been run over in the street where he always lived when his father was at work (his mother being

\* Doctors rarely make use of their own prescriptions; but we cannot resist the temptation to act ourselves on the suggestion which we ventured to make to others last month in our notice of the new Christmas picture-book, "Five Little Farmers." The readers of our monthly "Notes in the Big House" will detect a suspicious likeness to St. Joseph's Infirmary for Sick Children, at No. 9, Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin. Our chief motive in printing the account of this Visit here is the hope that it will make some of our young friends still more anxious to help in giving to these poor suffering children a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.—ED. J. M.

dead), and how Susie had hurt her back when she was very little by carrying a fat baby brother nearly as big as herself.

"I say, Eily," said Cyril, "don't we have better times at home than these poor little things? Look at this little chap here, who was born with his foot all twisted to one side! But they are getting it straight, you know. Isn't it well that it can be done?"

Frank and Cyril sat down beside this little man, and explained to him an ingenious game which they had brought with them; while Eily found out a very delicate boy who could not lift his head from the pillow, and sitting down beside him, she opened a pretty new story-book and showed him the coloured pictures. Sylvia, in the meantime, made her way into another room, where some little girls, who were getting well and were able to be up, were playing together in a corner at the window.

They hung their heads and looked very shy when Sylvia drew near.

"What are you playing?" asked Sylvia.

They all hung their heads very much indeed at this question, and tittered and glanced at each other out of the corners of their eyes.

"Do tell me," said Sylvia; "I want to play too."

They brightened up at hearing this, and one girl, taking courage, explained to the little lady that they were playing "Hospital." They had a number of tiny wooden dolls in a box, all laid up on little heaps of rags, and tucked round, and supposed to be in bed. One had a broken leg, another had a sore foot, another had a crooked back. Some of the little girls who made the play were nurses, others were the doctors who had come to visit the patients; and the great amusement was to try and remember and repeat the words and directions of the real doctors, whom the little girls saw every day. Sylvia was soon busily engaged in this play, having added a pretty doll, who made so large a patient that she had to get a separate box of her own for a bed.

"Oh, but her cheeks is too rosy!" lisped a pale-faced little sprite, who was gazing rapturously at the waxen beauty. "She isn't sick at all, but lovely and well, I'm sure."

"That is the high fever," explained Sylvia. "I know when people have fever their cheeks get very red."

"But hers is not hot like mine was," murmured the little convalescent, laying her hand lightly on dolly's cool face. "I'd rather have her well, miss, please. Do let her be well."

"What do the rest say?" said Sylvia, looking round. "Shall she be sick, or well?"

"Well, well!" was voted by all the voices.

"Let us set her up here in this chair then," said Sylvia, "and she shall look on at the play."

"Oh yes, and be a beautiful lady come to see the patients!" cried a little girl.

A nurse now came to bring the convalescents out to the garden, and all prepared to go except one, who looked on wistfully while the others departed.

"Why do not you go?" said Sylvia, who was thinking of asking Mademoiselle if she might also go to the garden.

The little one thrust out her feet, on which were a pair of great slippers in which it was impossible she could walk.

"I have no shoes," she said. "There are none to fit me in the house. We don't have any shoes to go out in unless kind ladies send some old ones to us. I am hoping every day that some one will send in a pair that will fit me. Then I shall be able to go out to the garden."

"I am sure mine would fit you," cried Sylvia. "I shall ask my mamma to allow me to send you a pair."

The little girl's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "And won't you come again and see how I can jump about the garden?"

Sylvia gave up the idea of going to the garden now, and sat down to amuse the poor little girl who was longing to go out and could not; and when Mademoiselle was ready to go home, Sylvia could hardly tear herself away.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" she cried, "how delightful it was! I hope mamma will send us there often. Isn't it much better than talking about finery with the Wiltons?"

"I think the Wiltons could spare some of their fal-lals to those children," said Cyril.

"What are fal-lals, Cyril?" asked Sylvia.

"Oh, gimcrack things—sashes and ribbons, and such nonsense. How many sashes have they each, Sylvia?"

"I forget; an awful lot, I know."

"Well, they might do with one or two, and give something to the little patients."

"Their old plain frocks would do to send," said Eily, "and so would ours. I am going to ask mamma if we mayn't give all the clothes we have left off."

"I have my eye on a certain pair of shoes," said Sylvia. "Somebody shall have a run in the garden in them to-morrow."

"Well, I am very glad I brought you there," said Mademoiselle. "It was good for you, and likely to be good for the little patients also, I see."

## THE CRY OF THE SOULS.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

In the morning,

When the pure air comes unbreathed, and the fresh fields lie untrod,  
 When the lark's song rises upward, and the wet flowers deck the sod :  
 In the time of earnest praying, in the hushed and holy morn,  
 Hear those voices softly pleading, hear those low words interceding,  
 From the green graves lonesome lying,  
 Evermore in sad tones crying :—

*"Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!"*

In the noontide,

When the hot earth almost slumbers and the tree-tops scarcely stir,  
 When the bee sleeps on the lily, and the hare pants by the fir ;  
 When the stream-breeze softly cools you, and the grateful shade invites :  
 While the hot skies far are glowing, think of pain no respite knowing,  
 And those prisoned fires appalling,  
 And those piteous wails still calling,

*"Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!"*

In the evening,

When the long day's cares are ended, and the home-group soon shall meet,  
 While the silent twilight deepens and comes rest for wearied feet ;  
 In the time of sad remembrance, give a prayer to old friends gone,  
 Some regret, some feelings tender, to past days and scenes surrender ;  
 Let your heart with mournful greeting  
 Hear the sad refrain repeating,

*"Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!"*

In the night-time,

When the stars are set in ether, and the white moon in a cloud,  
 When the children's hands are folded and the golden heads are bowed ;  
 Tell them of that fearful burning, of those souls in tortures dire :  
 Let their sinless hearts adoring reach Christ's throne in sweet imploring.

By those faces lost for ever,  
 By those smiles to greet thee never,  
 By the memories of past days,  
 And the kindness of old ways ;  
 By the love in life you bore them.  
 And the tears in death shed o'er them,  
 By their words and looks in dying,  
 Oh ! hear those plaintive voices crying :—

*"Have pity! you at least have pity, you my friends!"*

ALL SOULS' DAY, 1875.



## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A MESSAGE FOR AID.

"He means to visit us,  
And it is but wisdom to make strong against him :  
Therefore make haste !"

*First Part of King Henry IV.*

ALL that night Mary Dillon passed in sleepless anxiety. An undefined apprehension of coming misfortune hung over her, and made her look forward with dread to the coming of the morrow. The wind moaned round the castle walls like some weird prophet wailing over visions of approaching woes, and the waves sung a lament as if they too were in the secrets of the dismal future and were saddened by them. For hours she listened to the dirges of the winds and waters. Her sister slept, but her slumber was disturbed, and her half-uttered exclamations of terror showed that ugly spectres visited her in her dreams. After a restless night the tired watcher rose with the dawn. She threw herself on her knees before a tiny shrine of the Madonna which graced one corner of the room, and, overcome by her distress, prayed aloud to the High Queen of Heaven, whose name she bore, for strength and courage.

The sound of her voice awoke her sister.

"Are they come, Mary?" asked the child, in affright.

"No, no, all is quiet; sleep on without fear."

"Oh, I could not bear to sleep again. They are coming, they will soon be here. I have seen them riding hither, with fierce and angry faces, and red swords dripping with blood."

"Do not give credit to idle dreams, Kathleen," said her sister, reprovingly, all the while that the words of the trembling child sent a shudder through her own frame.

"Is there no way to save ourselves, Mary?"

"Alas! Kathleen, I know of no human aid within reach. We must rely on God's protection only—but that will not fail us."

"Did you not hear it said that Captain MacDermott is not far away?" pursued the child. "He is kind, and his soldiers are brave. Did not some one tell us that the Scots ran away from them? He would save us if he knew our distress."

"He could not do it, Kathleen," returned her sister, sadly. "General O'Neill, whom all the soldiers must obey, is not our friend."

"Oh, surely we have never injured General O'Neill," persisted Kathleen; "he would not prevent Captain MacDermott from helping us."

It was useless to reason with the frightened child. Besides, Mary did not at all feel that disapproval of the project which she expressed. It had already occurred to her own mind, but she could not resolve to adopt it. She half believed that the generosity of MacDermott would prevail over O'Neill's antipathy to her family, but, from motives of delicacy, she hesitated to put the chivalry of the soldier to the test. The weakest reasons will, however, decide us for a course which we are already inclined to follow, and so even Kathleen's arguments were enough to overcome her sister's scruples.

"I will try what can be done, Kathleen," she said; "rest thee yet a little longer, the morning air is very chill."

She lit a lamp, and by its light wrote a brief note to MacDermott, explaining the danger that threatened them. A troop of Parliamentary horsemen was within a few hours' ride of their lands, and they were laying waste the country as they went. Aid could scarcely reach them in time to prevent the destruction of their property, but it might come soon enough to save them from the insults they had themselves to expect, if their home could be reached by the marauders. If it lay in Captain MacDermott's power to procure them this assistance, she implored him to do so. The anxiety of her father and sister as well as her own alarm would excuse this appeal to one on whom she had no claim other than that which distress ever has on generosity.

When she had finished her note, she wrapped herself in a heavy mantle and cautiously left the room. She would not make known her project to anyone, and least of all to her father. She knew it would be galling to his pride to seek help from O'Neill, who was then at feud with their house. The Ulster General had surprised the Castle of Athlone, and deprived their relative, Viscount Costello, of the command of it; but the officer to whom he entrusted the fortress was bought over by Clanrickarde, and it had passed again into the hands of its former masters. Thus O'Neill had special reasons for his hostility to the family of Dillon, exclusive of those which embittered him against all the Lords of the Pale.

With noiseless step Mary Dillon descended the staircase leading to the basement story of the castle, and, through the gloomy passages into which the feeble rays of the daylight were struggling, made her way to the servants' quarter. The retainers of the castle were astir, early as was the hour. She bade one of them summon to her Shawn-na-Coppal, and by the same messenger she ordered a boat to wait by the river stairs. Shawn's toilet was not of the most elaborate, and in a few moments he appeared before his mistress.

"Shawn, you must bear a message for me to the camp of General O'Neill, at Ballinasloe."

"Lady, I'm ready."

"This note is for Captain MacDermott, whom you have seen at Athleag-finn; deliver it into his own hands, if you can, before the evening of to-day. Lose not a moment on your way, our lives depend on your speed."

"Holy angels, preserve us!" exclaimed Shawn, pale with terror. "I will not stop till I reach Ballinasloe. Let me begone at once."

"You have not had any breakfast, Shawn," said his mistress.

"It makes little matter, lady, I can travel without it."

"Not on such a day as this. To the kitchen: bid them give you breakfast. I myself will see that the boat is ready."

It was a dismal, chilly morning. Clouds of mingled snow and rain drifted before the biting wind. They beat on the faces of the boatmen who sat waiting by the river's stairs, and even they, inured to every vicissitude of the seasons, shuddered beneath the icy touch. Scarcely had Mary assured herself that her order, had been obeyed when her messenger was at her side, eager to begone.

"My message is a secret," whispered the lady, as Shawn descended the steps.

The boy nodded, intelligently, and threw himself into the boat. The boatmen pushed off, and were already out in the rough water, when a hurried step was heard at the castle door.

"Hold, fellows!" cried the voice of Mr. Lucas Plunkett; "I am going on shore."

The oarsmen paused at the summons.

"Go on! go on!" urged Shawn. "Let him swim if he is in a hurry."

At a sign from their mistress they put back to the stairs.

"You here, Miss Dillon!" exclaimed Plunkett, as soon as he recognised the cloaked figure standing by the water's edge. "Pardon me if I have delayed your messengers. I go on shore to look after my horses. I must endeavour to place them beyond the reach of Major Ormsby's fingers."

The lady made no reply, and Plunkett took his seat in the boat. In a few moments it was tossing and toiling through the waves, and Mary Dillon turned shivering from the water's edge, thinking how distressing it would be to be made homeless on such a day.

"A cold day for a long journey, Shawn," said Plunkett to the half-clothed horse-boy near him.

"Cold enough," assented Shawn, sulkily, his teeth chattering painful evidence of the truth of the remark.

"You are a quick traveller; you will be able to get over a great many miles of road before evening."

"Perhaps," replied Shawn, evasively.

"Unless you fall in with some of O'Neill's rogues. They think little, I believe, of a poor body's life."

"They'll think as much of it as the Sassenach gentlemen do, at any rate," answered Shawn, significantly.

Plunkett was stung by the reply. It recalled to him disagreeable reminiscences, and he was silent till they reached the shore.

Springing from the boat as soon as it touched the beach, he beckoned the horse-boy to follow him.

"I have no time to stay," replied the lad; "I carry an important message, and must begone."

"I also have a message for you," said Plunkett. "As you are in such a hurry, I will accompany you a short distance on the way and tell it you as we go."

Shawn hardly concealed his dislike for Mr. Plunkett's companionship. As, however, he could not avoid it, he contented himself with remarking: "If you are coming with me, you will have to walk quick," and started with a speed which justified the necessity of this warning. They proceeded for some time at a speed which it cost Plunkett an effort to maintain, till at length, in a retired spot in the wood, Plunkett stopped, and, seizing his companion by the arm, said to him:

"I will give you my message here, but you must stop to listen to it."

"I must not stay," cried Shawn, struggling fiercely to free himself; "there are lives depending on my haste."

"You shall even do it, my lad," returned Plunkett, composedly; "and, hark you, before I give you my commands I must know whither you are likely to carry them. I must know whither you are going."

"Let me go! let me go!" pleaded the boy. "I cannot tell you."

"We shall see," replied Plunkett, drawing a pistol from beneath his cloak. At sight of the formidable weapon the half-witted boy for a moment cowered and trembled with fear. But his devotedness finally overcame his terror, and he turned resolutely on his antagonist. His wandering and vacant look became steadied with angry determination, he clutched fiercely his formidable cudgel with his disengaged hand, and under the influence of the passion that possessed him looked so unsafe an antagonist that Plunkett determined not to practise further upon his fears.

"You are a faithful messenger, Shawn," he said, approvingly, restoring the pistol to his belt. "I meant but to try your fidelity. I know your errand already: you are going to Ballinasloe."

It was a guess, but the countenance of the boy showed that it was correct, and Plunkett now clearly understood the nature of Shawn's mission.

"You will see Captain MacDermott yourself, will you not?" he asked.

"Lady Mary bid me do so," answered the boy.

"Tell him thirty, remember *thirty* Scottish troopers will be here to-night. If he does not hurry, he may arrive to find us all swinging from the castle turrets."

He relaxed his hold, and Shawn was gone in an instant. He watched him until his uncouth figure had disappeared among the trees, and then retraced his steps along the pathway, muttering as he went: "If he comes thinking to meet but thirty, he will rue his triumph at Athliag-finn."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## FAREWELLS.

"Farewell Erin! Farewell all  
Who live to weep our fall."  
*Moore.*

O'NEILL had forced a passage across the Shannon at the cost of much blood, and his army lay at Ballinasloe, reposing after its fatigues. It was still what it had been for years, the most efficient of the Irish armies, yet it was now retiring to Ulster, there to be disbanded. The coalition of the Ormondists and Inchiquin had been powerless against the stratagetic skill of O'Neill during the campaign of the summer; he had maintained his troops for months in their midst, and in a great measure at their expense, and in his encounters with their forces, even when the odds in numbers were against him, he had been uniformly victorious. But the cold season was now come, and he dare not send his troops into winter quarters, surrounded as he was by active and exasperated enemies. Arms and money had begun to fail. He had no alternative but to retire into Ulster, and in that province, which was wholly devoted to him, await a turn in the tide of fortune.

It was the evening of the day on which Shawn-na-Coppal had been despatched to Ballinasloe. The town, as well as all the hamlets around it, was filled with troops. The streets were, however, comparatively empty. It was bitterly cold, and those whom duty did not force to encounter the chill blast remained within doors. The sentinels, wrapped in their heavy blankets, shivered at their posts. The very troop-horses seemed overpowered by the cold, the hair bristled on their skins, their eyes closed sleepily, and their heads nodded dreamily over their forage.

It was growing dark. The flames of the bivouac fires began to grow redder and redder as the sky behind them darkened, the streets became more and more silent, and night came on dark and chill, urging the few stragglers yet abroad to seek the warmth and glow of the ruddy fireside, when a small party of horsemen rode into the town. The leader was enveloped in a heavy cloak. A low, broad-brimmed hat covered his head, and at the same time partly concealed his features. Nothing about him indicated that he belonged to the military profession. He wore no arms; his horse was a light and graceful animal, much better fitted to be a lady's palfrey than a trooper's charger, and the rider sat in his saddle with the careless air of one whose attitudes are regulated by personal convenience rather than by the rules of military discipline. Behind him rode a few attendants who displayed a much more martial air than their master. The whole party was travel-stained and tired, and the military members of it, as

they passed up the principal street of the little town, ceased not to cast longing glances into the snug houses, where bright fires burned on cheerful hearths, and gay and laughing groups sat round about them.

The leader rode on, apparently heedless of this display of tempting comforts. Occasionally, when passing some more pretending tenement, he raised his head, glanced for a moment at the building, and then again hid his face behind the turned-up collar of his coat. One of these hurried glances showed him a house much larger than any of its neighbours, from the roof of which a flag was flying, and in front of which a guard was stationed. He reined in his horse, and beckoning to him one of his attendants, a youth of graceful form and jaunty carriage, addressed an order to him in a low tone. The youth at once advanced towards the guard, and inquired in an accent to which his tongue had evidently been trained south of the Shannon, if these were the quarters of General O'Neill.

"Munsterman, they are," returned the sergeant of the guard, gruffly; "what would you with him?"

"Nothing, gentle pikeman, nothing. My curiosity is amply satisfied; your courteous reply has set my mind at rest."

"Take a fool's advice, friend," replied the sergeant: "don't exercise your wit where it puts your pate in peril."

"You counsel prudently, sage warrior," returned the other, mockingly. "At what school have you learned all this wisdom?"

"Where the lessons are taught at the end of the lash," retorted the pikeman, now thoroughly roused. "Corporal, take this stripling to our lecture-room, and let him have a discourse on the impropriety of insulting the General's guard at its post."

The mandate would, in all likelihood, have been executed, had not the person by whom the youth had been despatched promptly interfered, and sharply reproving his attendant for his unseasonable pleasantry, apologised to the offended soldier and begged him to request for him an interview with General O'Neill. The sergeant, mollified by the rebuke administered to his insulter, and somewhat impressed by the courtly address of the stranger, showed himself disposed to comply with this request.

"Say that a messenger from Galway craves an audience."

The sergeant retired, and in a few minutes returned and bade the stranger follow him. He led the way through a dimly-lighted hall into a room, where, alone at a small table, sat the Ulster General, poring over a heap of papers. He raised his head as his visitor entered, and the light of the lamp beside him showed a face that wore a look of deep dejection and distress, a brow on which sorrow had traced premature furrows, a mouth to the lines of which a constant struggle with adverse fortune had given a rigidity that forbade familiarity even while it excited sympathy.

"You bring a message from the Nuncio," said O'Neill, as soon as the orderly had closed the door; "what is its import?"

"No, not a message from the Nuncio—not a message from prince or potentate of this world, but a message from the Church, to her

unworthy son—a rebuke, in the name of Religion, to the lukewarm defender of her rights.”

The cloak fell from about the shoulders of the speaker, and the spare form, pale features, and flashing eyes of Rinuccini confronted O'Neill.

“Welcomel thrice welcome, most reverend lord, on whatever errand you come,” said O'Neill, kissing on bended knee the jewel on the prelate's finger. “It grieveth me that I can but poorly provide for your Grace's accommodation. Permit me, however, to procure such refreshment as our camp can boast.”

“Stay!” cried the prelate, arresting O'Neill's hand upon the bell. “For many reasons, I would not have it known that I have made this journey. Any lodging will satisfy me; and, for refreshment, I will not any. I am not of those with whom personal convenience takes precedence of the interests of the Church.”

“I understand your Grace's meaning,” replied O'Neill, sadly; “but it serves no good purpose to discuss now the subjects to which you allude—the past cannot be mended.”

“Hear me, Owen O'Neill,” said the Bishop, with energy. “The fate of this country and of this Church hangs upon your decision now. Leave Munster in the possession of Ormonde, Inchiquin, and their despicable faction, and before those hills grow green with the verdure of spring, there will not be room for you or for me in Ireland. You have yet an army able to cope with theirs. One vigorous blow might place Kilkenny in our hands. Strike while there is yet time. If you refuse or hesitate, we are both undone.”

The soldier listened unmoved to the enthusiastic words of the prelate: only the shade of dejection deepened on his face.

“I have weighed the chances,” he answered, calmly. “I know the capabilities of my men and the strength of my foes. To follow your Grace's plan would but hasten the ruin it is your purpose to avert.”

“You will not, then, make the trial?”

“It would be madness to do it.”

“My journey has been in vain,” said the prelate, with trembling voice, vainly endeavouring to suppress the tokens of his disappointment. “Farewell, Hope! and soon, farewell, Ireland! O'Neill, to-morrow morning we part, never to meet again.”

“You will abandon us?”

“As soon as the *San Pietro* can give her sails to the wind, I will quit this wretched land where I have wasted strength and fortune, and have had but ingratitude and insult in return.”

“Believe not, my Lord Archbishop, that we are ungrateful. We have the deepest sense of your generosity to our unfortunate people, and we would express the feeling at any cost short of our own absolute ruin.”

“Express!” retorted the prelate, scornfully; “yes, it has been well expressed! My private fortune has been expended on the wants of the nation, and in return my personal effects have been seized and confiscated. My best energies have been exhausted in the attempt to free you from degradation and slavery; and my servants are now

prisoners and I myself almost an outlaw. It is true, these outrages are chargeable on the wretched sycophants who are now crouching before Ormonde's footstool; but you, even you, have I not wherewith to reproach you? You whom I have ever befriended, to whom my purse was always open so long as it contained a crown—you for whom I have braved the anger of the Council, for whose sake I ventured on that exercise of questionable jurisdiction which has stirred up against me the animosity of half the clergy of the kingdom—even you have cast me off, now that my resources are exhausted, and have sought in an alliance with the arch-traitors, Monk and Jones, the support I am unable to give you."

"It were idle now to enter into a defence of my conduct, or to explain the sacrifices I have made to second all your Grace's plans," returned O'Neill, "yet I would not that you should regard my truce with the Parliament as disloyalty to you. It is the only expedient left me to save from Ormonde and his flatterers the fast-failing race of which I am the chief. By this alliance I may yet be able to withstand the odds against me. Fortune may yet offer me an occasion of retrieving my losses. I am persuaded the occasion will come, my Lord Archbishop. Stay with us yet a little longer: your Grace's name will be a power on our side in the struggle which is at hand. Come with us to Ulster. Out of our poverty we will provide for your becoming support, and Sassenach or Scot will not venture thither to molest you."

The Nuncio shook his head, impatiently. "I will not be tempted," he replied; "I have already staked all—health, reputation, fortune—and I have lost. I can venture no more—I will not try again. The game is played out. It would be wisdom in you, too, to abandon it. It will be your ruin. Disband your forces and fly this land which God has doomed. High commands and brilliant posts in the armies and courts beyond the seas may be yours for the asking."

"Your Grace consults for my safety rather than for my honor," answered O'Neill, proudly. "I have shared in the momentary triumph of my people: I will perish with them if they must fall."

"Nobly, if not wisely answered," said Rinuccini.

"Rather, wisely because nobly," returned O'Neill.

"Be it so. I leave you with regret to the fate that awaits you."

"I trust I shall meet it firmly when and howsoever it comes."

Hurried footsteps were heard approaching the door of the apartment. The Nuncio drew his cloak about him, and had barely time to retire into a darkened corner of the room when an officer of O'Neill's cavalry entered.

"What has befallen, MacDermott?" inquired the General, somewhat alarmed by his subordinate's excited manner.

The officer addressed presented to his commander a folded note. O'Neill glanced over the contents, and, as he read, a bitter smile spread over his face.

"They do well to come to us for protection," he said, angrily. "Do you hesitate as to the answer you shall send?"



"It is not mine to answer as I would ; the reply must be dictated by you."

"Then hear it. Tell them we are at war with the Sassenach, that it is not according to the rules of war to lend assistance to a foe—that if their roofs were smoking round us and themselves hanging from the rafters, we could look on with satisfaction and think the deed well done. Add, if you will, that we ourselves shall soon be on the side of the destroyers, and that we will carry fire and sword where they have not made desolation. Tell them this, and bid them when they next address themselves to us to deprecate our vengeance rather than request our aid."

"The reply is harsh, is almost unworthy the character of The O'Neill," remarked MacDermott ; "and it is a woman that prays for help."

"Ay, a Sassenach woman, and we have been well taught how to answer such a petition. Look you ! the shrieks that shook the hoary rock of Cashel have startled this land, well accustomed to such sounds, and are even now waking echoes of horror throughout Europe—and, see, the butcher who directed the slaughter is feasted and flattered as if his hands had wrought a blessing for the nation. We have been generous too long. These scornful lords of the Pale can listen with indifference to the dying shrieks of our wives and daughters. It is time that they should learn how outrages such as we have borne can wring the heart."

"Not if we must wring our own to teach them the lesson," answered MacDermott. "I am not a friend of Sassenach or Palesman, yet I would risk the best blood within my veins to save from insult the writer of these lines. I have partaken of their hospitality, have felt their kindness, when adhesion to you made me hateful to their caste, and——"

"Though betrayed by Lucas Plunkett, have been bewitched by his cousin's bright eyes," suggested O'Neill, in a whisper, which made the blood mantle in the browned cheeks of the young soldier. "This is not the time to give way to a romantic sentiment of gallantry. We must not sacrifice our men for those who will repay our benefits with scorn, and, like the drowning cur dragged from the water-pit, turn their teeth against the hand that saves them."

The General spoke with a vehemence unusual in him, he was smarting under injuries done him by men whose lives and fortunes he had saved, and the incident which now occurred recalled to him vividly his wrongs. MacDermott began to despair of obtaining what he sought.

"General O'Neill," he persisted, "you do much mistake the character of those for whom I ask your protection. But I will not any longer solicit your interference for their sake ; I will beg it for my own. I have followed your flag with a devotedness which misfortune has not been able to shake, I have shared in all your reverses and my constancy was proof against the trial. If I have a claim on your gratitude, I urge it now. Give me but forty troopers, to sweep this

horde of marauders into the Shannon, and I will live your debtor. Say that I may begone; each moment's delay imperils lives I would give my own to save."

O'Neill was clearly perplexed by this appeal to his sense of gratitude, and his nobler nature struggled for a moment with the dark mood that was upon him. The struggle, however, was but for a moment. The look of stern resolution again settled upon his face, and he replied:

"I owe much to friendship, but I owe more to vengeance—let them perish."

MacDermott was about to expostulate afresh with his commander, but before he could speak he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and turning he encountered the dark eyes of the Papal Nuncio for Ireland fixed upon him.

"Young man," he said, with bitterness, "you have outlived the need for your services; you plead in vain. I have enticed you into this service, which is requited so badly. I give you now the opportunity of quitting it. The frigate that bore us to these ill-fated shores waits the wind in Galway Bay to bear its owner away from them again. I will restore you to your own land. I have influence enough left me in my disgrace to obtain for you in the army of King Louis a rank above that which I prevailed on you to abandon."

The sudden apparition of Rinuccini, his excited manner and vehement language, took MacDermott by surprise, and it was some time before he could collect himself sufficiently to reply to the proposal so abruptly made. When he had recovered from his surprise he replied:

"I thank your Grace for the interest you are pleased to take in my fortunes. I am bound by honor to this desperate cause. If I live, I shall be among its last defenders."

O'Neill heard the answer made by his officer, and, as he did, the angry cloud which darkened his features melted gradually away.

"MacDermott," he said, in a low voice, "you have taught me how to triumph over the promptings of passion, how to be generous at the sacrifice of self-interest. Your troop is at your disposal. Lead it to the succour of your friends. You need not return hither: await our arrival at Roscommon."

"The O'Neill is himself again," remarked MacDermott. "Au revoir, mon Général. Adieu, my Lord Archbishop; when next we meet, let us hope a brighter sun will shine on Ireland."

"Then, my son, farewell for ever," was the prelate's only answer.

## MR. GLADSTONE AND MARYLAND TOLERATION.

IT would hardly be fair to disguise by any change of name a paper that merely proposes to give the substance of a long and very valuable article bearing the above title in the December number of the *Catholic World*—a New York magazine which, especially since the recent cessation of the Last Series of *Brownson's Review*, is at the head of the Catholic Press of America. It was the duty of such an organ to encounter Mr. Gladstone boldly on the latest of those polemical raids which have beguiled the tedium of his too abundant leisure since he was relieved of the cares of office. The point attacked by him at present has a peculiar interest for American Catholics. In reprinting with his two other tracts the notorious *Quarterly Review* article on the "Discourses of Pius IX.," which people thought had been attributed to him by calumny, it seemed so unworthy of him at his worst—Mr. Gladstone takes occasion in his preface "to deny to the Catholic founders of Maryland the honorable renown accorded to them heretofore by historians with singular unanimity, of having, when in power, practised toleration towards all Christian sects, not only by their unwavering action and practice but also by giving it the stability and sanction of statute law." The American periodical proceeds to establish very fully and clearly from the highest Protestant authorities the points denied by Mr. Gladstone, who contends that the toleration practised and enacted in the Maryland State had no nobler motive than self-interest, and that it was, in any case, not the work of Catholics. These two assertions are easily shown to contradict one another, but Mr. Gladstone's critic consents to deal with them separately. As regards the first, he cites the emphatic eulogiums pronounced by Bancroft, Chalmers, Bozman, Story, Chancellor Kent, and other Protestant writers of the highest character. On the other side there is no one but the Rev. Ethan Allen and the Rev. Edward Neile, Dissenting Ministers, who have published sectarian pamphlets of a few pages, reprinted from obscure American newspapers—Mr. Gladstone's only predecessors in the daring attempt to prove that Maryland was not a Catholic colony. Probably their new ally would never have heard of these insignificant pamphleteers if some zealous anti-Romanist across the Atlantic had not bethought himself of supplying grist to his mill. He indeed cites Bancroft also, yet he ignores the conclusion of that historian's account of this interesting passage in the history of the States: "The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."

Of the thousands who have read the pages in which Mr. Gladstone strives to deprive Catholics of the credit attaching to the early history of the colony planted by the Catholic convert Lord Baltimore, how very few will read the careful and moderate refutation of this

American writer who discusses thoroughly every detail of the subject. He shows that the tolerant legislation *was* the work of the Catholics, and that the toleration Act of 1649 only confirmed what had been practised for years. He shows also that that Act was framed and enacted by Catholics, one item of his proof telling very pointedly against the Author of *Vaticanism*. Unhappily Mr. Gladstone has said that "the dogma which exempts the Virgin Mary from sin and guilt perverts Christianity into Marianism, and virtually substitutes the worship of a woman for the worship of Christ." No doubt the Protestants of Cromwell's day thought no better of the Blessed Virgin than Mr. Gladstone does. Therefore, not Protestants but Catholics passed this Maryland law, which decreed penalties against "whosoever should use or utter any reproachful words or speeches concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of our Saviour." Is this like the language of a Protestant, of that day especially? For, since then, Protestants have learned to speak very differently from Mr. Gladstone, who would no doubt censure Wordsworth for addressing the Blessed Virgin as "our tainted nature's solitary boast."

The question is settled, however, by the lists preserved of those who voted for this Act of Toleration. The writer who seems to have gone most minutely into the case is Mr. Davis, the Protestant author of "*The Day-star of American Freedom*." As he proves that Maryland was a Catholic colony from the records of courts, lawcases, wills, rent-rolls, and from the naming of the districts—five out of six being called after Saints—so on this second point, raised by Mr. Gladstone, he with the most laborious conscientiousness analyses the composition of the legislative assembly by which this famous Act of Toleration was passed, gives even a personal sketch of each member, and proves from their public acts, their deeds of conveyance, their land patents, their last wills and testaments, &c., that the majority were incontestably Catholics. This candid Protestant proves also that after many years the Protestants were only one-fourth of the colony; which fact again establishes the character of the assembly that represented them. Yet Mr. Gladstone ventures to write: "Of the small legislative body which passed it [the Maryland Act of Toleration], two-thirds of them were Protestant, the recorded numbers being sixteen and eight respectively." He has almost reversed the real numbers as given by all impartial authorities like Mr. Davis, who furthermore urges that the privy councillors were the special representatives of the Roman Catholic proprietary; and according to this arrangement we have eleven Roman Catholic against three Protestant votes. Moreover, without the authority of the lord proprietary no law could be passed; and thus again the credit of Maryland Toleration is due to this co-ordinate Catholic authority.

The historians of Maryland have been almost exclusively Protestants; and they and all writers who have treated the question have always unanimously accorded to the Catholic founders of the State the chief credit of this enlightened toleration which was so much in advance of the time. Mr. Gladstone and the two ministers whom he copies so readily are the sole dissentients. This triple alliance is

chiefly remarkable as a further revelation of the ex-Premier's unhappy pertinacity in the rôle of anti-Catholic champion. There is a story of a parson for whom the curing of corporal ailments had more interest than the cure of souls. Calling on a patient to whom he had administered a very potent dose, he found him dead; but, noticing in the room a basin which bore testimony to the efficacy of his last prescription, he consoled himself and the mourners with the remark: "Well, at any rate, it is no harm for him to have all that off his stomach, poor man! alive or dead." Some think that, since these are his real sentiments, it is well that Mr. Gladstone, whether in or out of office, should "free his soul of this perilous stuff," and show himself in this new character instead of taking the place in our history which would have been his if he had died after the passing of the Church Act and the Land Act. But for his own sake, and for the sake of the many souls whom his writings and example must influence, it is intensely to be deplored that a man so variously gifted and swayed by religious principles should have chosen such a time to league with the assailants of that venerable Church which even such men as Professor Huxley and Mr. Frederick Harrison recognise as the only formidable obstacle to the triumph of Unbelief.

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## TOO LATE !

MATT. XXV. 10—12.

THE shades of night with murky cloud  
 The hush'd and sleeping city shroud;  
 Upon the ground the snow-flakes lie,  
 And shines faint light from leaden sky.  
 The hour is strange, and strange the place,  
 For maid to speed, with fair, young face,  
 In winter's cold, through fallen snow,  
 To where the river's black waves flow.  
 Her looks are wild, her lips compress'd,  
 One hand is clasp'd upon her breast,  
 A lamp she bears: 'tis void of oil,  
 And gives no light to cheer her toil.  
 The struggling moon in heaven's rack,  
 Where loose clouds fly, dispers'd and black,  
 Emits at times a fitful ray  
 To help her on her lonely way.  
 She sees the moonbeams coldly gleam,  
 Where rapid flows the tossing stream.  
 Her cheek is blanch'd, as through the street  
 Lonely and dark, with quivering feet  
 She hurries on; her slender form  
 Can scarce resist the midnight storm,  
 That, sweeping fierce, with biting blast,  
 Chills through the robe around her cast.  
 The robe, though light, is rich and gay,  
 As if 'twere donned for bridal day.

She quits the street, the bridge she finds—  
Beneath, the river darkly winds.  
Her eager gaze the broad tide spans,  
The farther side she quickly scans;  
With wild and startled air she sees  
Red lights that flash through waving trees,  
Where palace casements softly glow  
Close by the river's ceaseless flow  
And streams a flood of light  
Through open door, on wide-spread snow—  
Lamps gleam where broods the night,  
As bridal party enters in.  
On wings of fear, the porch to win,  
The virgin flies, with heart that thrills—  
Her starting eye a strange light fills;  
In gasping haste, with figure bow'd,  
She speeds to join the joyous crowd.  
The bridge is pass'd, the gate is won!  
Swifter she flies, lest all be gone.  
Through leafless trees now greets her sight  
From open door the hall's rich light;  
Bridegroom and bride are ent'ring last.  
She cannot cry, but rushes fast  
As hart on which the hunters gain.  
Her wingéd speed is all in vain—  
The door is shut, the bridegroom gone!  
Her hour is past, she stands alone.  
Sinking to earth, she bows her head,  
And moans as one whose hope is dead.  
Then up she starts and gains the door,  
And loudly knocks, while fall once more  
The snow-flakes cold, and, whistling shrill,  
Beats on her frame the night-wind chill.  
The bridegroom's name, her frenzied call,  
Is heard within the festive hall:  
A voice replies in tone severe,  
That fills the heart with deadly fear—  
"Let outer darkness be thy lot,  
Thou foolish one! I know thee not."

MELBOURNENSIS.

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## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

### XII. ABOUT KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

THERE is no kind of knowledge held in such universal estimation as knowledge of the world. Like most general phrases it has more than one meaning in the mouths of those who use it. I wish it to be understood in this paper in a wide, if not in its very widest sense, as signifying knowledge of men and of human nature. A man may have arrived at what he himself, giving a personal application to a general principle, considers to be the "years of discretion," and he will admit without any sense of shame that there are many branches of knowledge, useful and ornamental, to the possession of which he can make no sort of pretension, but he will be mortally ashamed to be thought to have failed in graduating in the university of the street and the

market-place. Whatever else he knows or does not know, he claims, on the mere and often fallacious ground of having lived so long, to be a judge of men, a critic of human conduct, a subtle discerner of human spirits, an accurate reader in that book of which we hear so much—the book of the human heart.

And, in truth, the heart of a man is a book; nay, it is an encyclopedia of everything that has ever come within the range of its personal experience. It preserves an eternal record of all the stories in which it has played a part. It is strange what sad things may be hidden in its depths without giving any token of their existence. The heart may be gay, and may send the smile mantling to the face, but all the while you see only the topmost stratum. If the graves beneath were to give up their dead, the smiles would seem strangely out of place. It is just like this green earth of ours that renews itself year after year, and has not on its surface any token to tell what is the simple truth, that it has given graves to two hundred generations of human beings.

The heart, taking it in its widest sense, as the noblest part of man, holds fast everything with which it has come in contact. Nothing perishes. The most utterly forgotten things are only sleeping. A casual touch of anyday circumstance may wake up memories of things which, so far as consciousness was concerned, were so long dead that coming upon us now they seem like ghosts and startle us like ghosts. It is not only strange, it is even awful to think, that not a solitary experience, mental or physical; not a passing feeling that for a moment touched the heart-strings and died even as it uttered itself; not a sensation that lived in nerve or sinew or muscle; not a thought that ruffled, however lightly, the placid lake of consciousness, but are, each and all, hoarded up, readable, and to be read on some day to come. So there is more justification than ordinarily accumulates around figures of speech, for the figure that calls the heart of a man a book—nay, as I have called it, an encyclopedia of personal experience—nay, as I proceed to call it, a whole library of the strangest and most varied character; so varied that no one but ourselves could imagine that one personal identity had presided over the collecting of the volumes.

However, there are books and books. General terms are admirable packing cases for a multitude of ideas, but not everyone who possesses such a packing case has ever examined it so as to be accurately cognisant of what it contains in detail. These general terms (to vary the figure) are corks to enable drowsy human intellects, clogged with fleshly encumbrances, to swim in the vast ocean of knowledge. Some day, perhaps, we shall, in the long aftertime to be, fling them aside as useless. Hearts are books; but, I repeat, there are books and books. There are books worth reading, and books which it is a loss of time to read, and books the reading of which mark an epoch in our intellectual history, and books which leave an evil taste upon the mental palate, and leave us worse than they found us.

So, too, is it in the matter of heart-books. Some, however voluminous, are mere pamphlets devoted to the petty interests of passing

hours. One leaf is bound in with another, till they swell into a bulky volume, without a single unifying principle to make them worthy the name of a book. These are the records of makeshift lives, the flimsy reminiscences of men who, mentally and spiritually, lived from hand to mouth, each leaf of whose experience consorts with every other only on the ground that on the top of every leaf might be written in small capitals—SELF, SELF, SELF.

Other hearts are great folios devoted to world-wide interests, with great plates, and copious illustrations, and marginal notes made by many hands. Other hearts are slender octavos or duodecimos, with a name, or perhaps two names writ large upon the title page, and all between that and the little woodcut of a tombstone on page the last, that bears inscribed the word "finis"—(which, strange as it may seem, holds in such contexts the meaning of the "beginning")—simple, uneventful, and, to the general public, not interesting. That is, to the general public of this world under the sun: for, to readers in the world beyond the stars, these uneventful lines may be as interesting as any.

Do I suppose that there are such readers as these latter to whom I have referred? Well, I answer, why should there not be? We mortals feel an intelligent interest in worlds beneath us—nay, there are some who boast of it as if it were a glory, that they are interested in nothing else. "Science" potters about in the mud and in the dust, and busies itself amongst pre-Adamite fossils and the *debris* of preparatory worlds, and reads a story in a shell, or a bone, or a lump of earth. Why should not the scientific researches of higher intelligences than ours be directed to lives that are, after all, nearer akin to their own than dead matter is to our immortal spirits? And I believe that there have been lives lived upon this planet, which some human critics would call uneventful, and more utterly unsuccessful, that have drawn happy tears from angels' eyes, and almost satisfied an angel's ideal.

One of the consequences of digression is that from time to time you must repeat key notes. Accordingly I repeat—these little octavos and duodecimos are uneventful, and to the general public not interesting. For the general public does not care overmuch for our particular selves. It seems a truism when it is written down, but to many persons it is not only not a truism, but it does not strike them as a truth to the very end of their lives, and they come to the very edge of the grave in the vigorous enjoyment of the inveterate habit of thinking that others care as much about them as they care about themselves. And in such cases *that* is not a little.

However, people who have any moral stamina survive the delusion. In the early portion of their lives, when the grass is green in the pastures of youth, and flowers are frequent in the grass, they may be "hail fellow" with chance passers, and be in the habit of divining the ultimate possibilities of friendship in the last new acquaintance; but before the grass grows yellow, and the leaves get sere upon the tree of life, they begin to have their doubts, and not a vestige of the delusion lives unto the Gastermath.



So much about the instruments by which knowledge of the world is acquired. They are ubiquitous; and perhaps that is the chief reason why most people think that knowledge of the world is of easy acquirement. But it does not follow. I have known many instances of a strange delusion common enough amongst people who deal with books—the delusion that possession and power of use of a book are synonymous with possession of the knowledge which the book contains. When I was a student,—I mean in the technical sense, for in the wide sense of the word I am a student still, and hope to be, not merely to the end of life, but through all time to come—I remember fellow-students who were assiduous in their inquiries about the best authors on given subjects, procured them at great expense, deposited them upon their bookshelves, made little or no use of them, *and* imagined that the payment of the purchase-money ought to have made the knowledge as much their intellectual possession as it made the book their material property. Others there were who had a marvellous knowledge of the libraries—but they were so ambitious of knowing a great deal about the outside of the books that they never had any time to spare for cultivation of the inside. So a man may know men for years, heart-book after heart-book may pass through his hands, but he may know only the covers and the title pages, and may be profoundly unacquainted with the contents of the records. Indeed there is nothing harder than to read even the simplest seeming hearts. In one of these volumes that seem easy reading you will come suddenly upon a passage as hard to decipher as any Egyptian hieroglyphic. Strange, too, how the writing of different stages becomes *cryptograph* to a man himself. It is undoubtedly his hand, but he has quite forgotten what it meant once. Things written there in the most absolutely indelible ink grow strange and lose half or all their meaning when they are read through the haze of intervening years. There are whole pages, nay, whole chapters of life's first volume, that are written in a language that age has quite forgotten. And even if age, under some strong impulse, were to attempt a translation, it would be apt to sound to age's own ears as utter nonsense. Age is not over-fond of translating. It has new versions of its own, some of them doleful enough. Is there a sadder sight in life than that, which may be seen sometimes, of an old man sitting amid the ruins of ignoble purpose and the wrecks of base design, chewing the cud of bitter experience, to which time has brought no sweetness, racked with the heart-pain for which the world has no anodyne, and preaching to his grandchildren the lessons of crafty caution and cold distrust of men that have made him what he is?

The past of most lives is like some dead city buried beneath the dust of ages and beneath the buildings of a more recent city. I remember, when I was in Rome, nothing used to strike me more than the fact, easy enough of proof in such spots as the forum of Trajan, that the streets through which I walked were at least thirty feet above the streets in which the ancient Romans did their business and took their pleasure. Men dig down now, and strike upon the ruins of a buried past—on broken columns and forgotten tombs, on the traces-

of some temple world famous once, on the fragment of a statue that once stood proudly up to tell the story of some memorable deed, of which the world has long since lost the memory; on a palace, on a garden, on a mosaic pavement. These things were made strong to last for ever; beautiful to deserve immortality; but the hand of time wields the hammer of an iconoclast: its touch is heavy, its grasp relentless, and they perished one by one. Their ruins only remain, and above them have been built new homes of new generations.

So is it with some lives. The golden city of their lost youth lies buried beneath the accumulated experience of many a long year. A new city has been built far different from the old. But at times memory is busy and digs down, and brings to the light of later days the faded glories of our youth. The tombs, where dead hopes moulder and dead purposes lie buried—the dreams that fled, the promises that belied themselves, the shattered idols that once seemed like gods, that at first were mutely mourned, then hidden away and forgotten. The purposes of life have changed and its thoughts. Old feelings have lost their keenness and their glow. A new city has been built above the old; but believe me there is not a structure, stately or mean, but has its foundation in some fragment of the ruined city of the past.

It is strange, and as sad as it is strange, that in the common estimation knowledge of the world means, and means exclusively, knowledge of the worst part of the world, of the *seamy* side of men and things. Such an old man as I have described above will be regarded as a “past master” in the craft. The bitter knowledge of the cynic who has never risen to the level that would bring within his horizon the lofty motive that redeemed disaster, and made a glory out of a mistake, and the serene patience and heroic self-sacrifice that ennobled unsucess—this, forsooth, shall be known and held in high esteem as knowledge of the world! No, say I, the world is not so bad as that. There must have been multitudes of men better than the cynic ever knew or the world would not have lasted until now. As men who have it not in them to be authors turn critics, so the *faineants* of the world turn into *censores morum* and cynics. But *faineants* alone, were the world composed of such, would not keep human society together for a day. The cynic has been deplorably unfortunate in the people he has known; but like attracts like, and the chances are that his misfortune, besides being deplorable, is also deserved.

There are men who, without being quite cynics, have yet been cursed with a tendency to criticise, that has quite overborne any feebler tendency to admire that might have been originally a part of their intellectual outfit. They have an eye for blots, a nose for mistakes, an instinctive appreciation of weak points. Let a book be nearly perfect, yet they are engrossed with a sense of some little failure in good taste, which a kindlier critic might indeed see, but would scorn to notice. Show them a great work of art—well, it is just a little out of drawing. Place a hero before them—before being a hero, it was necessary that he should be a man, and perhaps there was some human weakness that only endears his memory to more genial hearts; but

what can the semi-cynic do but point the finger of scorn. Even nature cannot satisfy him. Mountains are a little too high or a little too low. Scenery wants this or that to be quite perfect. Switzerland is overrated—it is never done raining in Killarney—Niagara is not within some few feet of being so high as people imagine, and so on. And the worst of it is, that, truth compels me to admit, they are usually correct from their own point of view—but all the same, their point of view is simply detestable.

I think it would be doing no small service to men to enforce the protest against the notion that knowledge of the world means only or painfully knowledge of the evil that is in it; protest against the very common idea embodied in the advice not unfrequently on the lips of would-be instructors in the science, "If you want to know human nature, go to the police-courts or to the hulks," or to some other of those un-happy schools where all the examples take the negative shape of warnings. Now, I submit that there are sundry other places, not less accessible, but more, such as the ordinary homes of honest people, which have, to say the least, an equal claim to be fairly representative of average human nature, and where example may probably stimulate to imitation.

Besides the course which I reprobate seems to me (to abstract from all higher considerations) a mistake in tactics. It is not a good thing, even from a selfish point of view, to deal with men in general, as if you had the lowest possible opinion of their deserts, such as you may pick up in the kennels and gutters of great cities. As a simple matter of fact, there must have been multitudes of men better than the bad men you may have chanced upon. For my part, in dealing with men, I have always found a high opinion of them a more effective instrument than a low one. Praise fits many more human locks than blame, and opens the way far more readily into those good parts of character which even very bad men sometimes have. It is much better to expect that a man will do his duty, or at any rate *seem* to expect it, than to show any unreasonable suspicion that he will neglect it. Confidence begets fidelity, and want of confidence often goes a far way to create its own justification. If you want to make a man a rascal, take it for granted, and let him see you do, that he has in him the making of a rascal. And, remember, a man may have in him latent possibilities of rascality that will never come to anything, if this be not developed by such evil culture as I have indicated. A man often shapes his life according to the foregone conclusions which his intelligent neighbours have formed about it. This is eminently true of young persons, and it is for this reason that I am inclined to think that Mr. Worldly Wiseman, or Messrs. the Cynic and the Scoffer, are worse companions for a boy than even what I may call an honestly wicked person.

Most people like praise, indeed many more than deserve it. But when it is at all deserved, it is rarely injurious. Many people have an unreasonable fear of administering it; it is part of the puritanical dislike for anything that is agreeable—to others. When it is really deserved, most people expand under it into richer and better selves. I have

seen natures starved for want of just a little of it. Say a word of praise whenever you honestly can, and that is oftener than most people seem to imagine. It falls on the seed of good purpose like the sunshine, like the rain, like the dew, like anything that fertilises; and long after you have forgotten the words that cost you so little, they will be after helping to ripen a harvest, from the sheaves of which many a hungry heart will be fed.

When a man thinks he is reading the character of another, he is often unconsciously betraying his own; and this is especially the case with those persons whose knowledge of the world is of such sort that it results in extreme distrust of men. This is most certain in that meanest department of personal criticism—the attribution of low motive. It is a favorite weapon with those whose cause is so bad that it scarcely admits of any other; but no really high-minded man is ever seduced into its use under the smart of even the most undoubted grievance. It is grounded on a lie—namely, that one man can with certainty discern another man's motives. But if a man cannot do that, there is another purpose which he serves with scientific precision by the attribution of motive. It is, to furnish an unerring measure of his own moral nature, an unfailing test of his own character. Perhaps you have sometimes dreamt that you were reading out of some book, and that everything you read was new and strange. But all the time it could only have been the genuine product of your own mental machinery. So, when people set themselves to read other people's character by the light of motives which they divine, they are but uttering their own innermost selves. "The reason he did that was this——" Well, it may by possibility be so; but there is one thing that is more than possible, and it is, that such a motive as you have imagined would be apt to be the mainspring of your own action in a similar matter.

Yet, I find in general that the knowledge of the world most in vogue is knowledge acquired by this method of procedure—never to admit a high motive where a low one can possibly be conjectured. Take Rochefoucauld for your *vade mecum*, and nothing in human character will be a mystery to you, except the problem as to how human character ever produced anything great or noble. And, ten chances to one, you will soon proceed to solve that problem, or rather to eliminate it, by looking upon it as grounded on unverified hypothesis. Indeed, those who deal in satire are not competent judges of men. Not to them would I go for opinion or advice. Their minds and their pens have contracted an undue bias. They see nothing but things that lend themselves to satire. Horace was a *persifleur*—Juvenal, if he had had the power, would have been a worse fanatic than one of Cromwell's Ironsides.

It is with knowledge of the world as it is with knowledge of large cities. Men most largely acquainted with the latter are, after all, acquainted only with certain phases of the manifold life that is lived in them. There are whole tracts unexplored by even the policeman and the philanthropist.

Few cities strike one so forcibly as Paris at the very first sight.

Civilisation there seems to be in full flower, if not indeed advanced to the further stage of running to the seed, which produces from time to time such portentous harvests. I saw it last just before the storm of war burst upon France. Everything was gay, everything smiling. To a superficial observer, such as I confess I was, there was every appearance of stability about the then existing order of things. It seemed the easiest thing in the world to know Paris. Gay boulevards, crowded cafes, gardens in full bloom, official vigilance ubiquitous and producing the perfection of order in public places. These were on the surface. The moral filth, if such there were, was carefully kept to its own sewers, out of sight. To a stranger, Paris was delightful. Everything, or almost everything that could delight the eye could be seen for nothing and bought for money. Of course, too, the stranger would be apt to think, it was the most worldly of all cities. If ever there was a vanity fair, there it was in those piping days of peace. Manifest worldliness, probable, nay, certain crime—such might well have been the knowledge of Paris which a stranger might have carried away with him in the days before the war. But if the casual visitor while parading one of the busiest streets—the Rue du Bac—were to turn aside, as I did often, into a quiet courtyard, over which was written the modest inscription—“Missions Étrangères,” he would enlarge his knowledge of Paris in a direction that would give him better hope for Paris and for France than any he could gather from boulevard or cafe, or even from the uproar of the Bourse or the eloquence of the Chamber. On entering, he would be shown into a modest parlour on the right, and while waiting he would, probably, in the absence of a view of the street, employ himself in examining a set of plain portraits hung round the walls, in number, when I saw them, exactly twenty-four. They are all in clerical costume, and are, to a stranger, as like each other as if they were brothers. And, in truth, they are brothers, in a sense higher than could be conveyed by any tie of human relationship. Though not akin to each other, there is a “bond of blood” between them. Once they were students in this college. They grew from youth to manhood, from grace to grace within these quiet walls, within earshot of the street-cries of Paris. Cherishing a high unworldly purpose, an ambition that would have seemed madness to the streets outside, they passed the quiet years. One by one they went away, never to see the dear old college any more. And some day from China or Japan, came the news to those they left behind, that the little boys who had grown to youth and manhood under the fostering care of Alma Mater, in the Rue du Bac, who had, so short a time ago sent them with a blessing from her doors, had, in heathen lands beyond the sea, shed their blood for Christ. Yes, these twenty-four were martyr children of the house, and, I can say from personal experience, that it gives one a strange thrill to have brought home to one so forcibly an idea that had hitherto touched one as an abstract possibility, or, if at all, as a concrete fact, yet so far beyond the range of personal experience that, to all intents and purposes, it remained practically abstract. But there was more to come. On the opposite side was the Salle des Martyrs—and there you could see relics mementoes

toes of martyr students of the house—some, whose martyrdom was so recent that the blood had scarcely faded on the vestments, and the bamboos and the *cangues*, so recent, that it touched me to the quick when I was told that the coverings of some of the coffers that held the precious remains of more than one martyr had been embroidered by the hands of still living mothers and sisters of the saints. I had the happiness, once, of witnessing the departure of six newly ordained missionaries. There was a solemn Benediction in the little chapel, and an appropriate sermon, and then the young men sate on the altar, and priest and student came up and kissed reverently the feet that had elected to walk through thorny ways, on every step of which sudden and violent death would lie in wait. All the time the choir kept chanting—"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things"—and I can aver that the words have had for me since that day a more specific meaning than ever they had before. Friends, mothers and sisters were there, weeping tears half sorrowful, but wholly happy. But when all was done, these six young men walked straight from the altar with the kisses warm on their feet, and uttering not a syllable of earthly farewell to any earthly friend, they mounted the carriage that was to convey them away, and were seen no more; indeed, never to be seen again in the flesh till the great day when all shall be seen. And, in the meantime, any day at all, their souls may be in heaven long before their garments or their bones come back to dear France, and to the old House that fed and taught them. There were, at the time of which I speak, more than one hundred students, many of whom I had the happiness of counting among my friends; and it was characteristic of them and of their college, that when we came to part with mutual regrets, and mutual requests of remembrances in prayer, the one cry from each and all was—"Pray that God may give us the grace of martyrdom."

Now, I reckon all that as an important element of my knowledge of Paris; and if men were more accustomed than they are to dwell upon the good qualities they have found in men, their knowledge of the world would result in something better than cynicism. It would no longer be that evil knowledge that blossoms into scorn, the acquiring of which is like sowing salt, that not only produces no crop, but renders the soil for ever barren.

These memories have brought about a more than usually serious mood, and considering that before this page is in the reader's hands the Christmas time will have come and gone, I cannot think it out of place to close this paper with a remembrance of One who, as in other things, so also in knowledge of the world and of the human heart, surpassed all the children of men. Who knew men as He knew them? He lived their life in its every stage. He would, at the world's first Christmas time, steal into the hearts of men in a form that not the most hardened could reject—the form of a child. He would be born of a woman. He would lie helpless in the arms of a human mother. He would lay His lips on hers, would nestle close to her bosom, would stretch His hands to her with the common instinct of all the baby children of Adam, would look up into her face, and

take the law of infancy, as children take it, from a mother's eyes and from a mother's lips. He grew from babyhood to childhood, and boyhood, and youth, and manhood, gaining every day experimental knowledge of human feelings. And what was the result of His knowledge? It resulted, as all true knowledge is meant to result—in love. As none knew men better, so none ever loved them more. This is what has made His human character fascinating, even to those who are so unfortunate as not to believe in His Divinity.

He never overlooked a virtue to fasten on a weakness. He had an eye for good points in the most unpromising subjects. He it was who lifted his eyes above the surging crowd and spied Zachæus in the tree by the wayside. A sordid occupation could not hide from Him Matthew's fitness for the Apostolate. The scorn of self-righteous men only served to enhance the value of Magdalen's hot tears of penitence. He humbled to the dust in which he wrote their crimes the double-minded accusers of the sinful woman. Even when the film of death was gathering fast across His eyes, He discerned fitness for Heaven's glory in the reckless waif of Jewish society who had been a murderer and a thief.

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *Green Leaves*. A Volume of Irish Verses. By T. D. SULLIVAN. (Dublin: 90, Middle Abbey-street.)

THESE "Green Leaves" are wrapped up in a green cover of shamrocks, ferns, ivy leaves, and other pretty devices. The same variety of form, with the same pleasing monotony of hue, is found within. This well-filled shilling volume, however, ought to be regarded, we think, as merely a supplement to Mr. Sullivan's larger volume, with which it will doubtless be incorporated in some future complete edition. Even Moore's airiest political squibs have lost their interest; and too large a proportion of the present collection belongs to this class, of which the Author says in his prefatory note: "As a shell, a pebble, or a wayside flower, picked up in bygone days, often serves to remind its possessor of scenes he would not wish to forget, so perhaps these verses may serve to recal the memory of times and events that must always have a deep interest for Irishmen." At this genial Christmastide one feels disposed to turn away from sterner and more vigorous lays—in which, even if humorous, the humour is apt to be somewhat fierce and grim—to those two very different classes of poems, of which perhaps the best specimens in the previous volume referred to were that spirited and holy ballad, "The Death of King Connor MacNessa"\* (more in harmony, however, with Good Friday than with Christmas) and the excellently rhymed and excellently narrated bit of roguery, "The Cluricaune." There are several pieces almost as good as either of these in the present little volume; but we must not spoil them by

\* This poem has been brought in as a very effective illustration of the aptitude of the Irish heart to feel intensely the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

breaking them up into quotable morsels. The two which are placed last ought, we think, to have been placed first, for, though the longest, they are in many respects among the very best. "The Capture of Byzantium" is a very noble historical ballad, aiming high and not missing its aim. The concluding tale, told in heroic couplets, which Mr. Sullivan seldom uses but here uses to good purpose, has not been very happily named. It is very interesting, and told admirably; and the close is emphatic enough without the italics. Passing to lighter strains, we are tempted to give some of the amiable and musical stanzas which portray the childish graces of "Little Russet," or the song which the Cliffs of Moher ought to hear next summer about "wild and airy Lisdoonvarna." It is evidently intended for the air which has already given "Lovely Kate of Garnavilla" to immortality.

"Oh! my Lisdoonvarna dear,  
My calm and peaceful Lisdoonvarna!  
There's not a pain to vex the brain—  
Except the rain—in Lisdoonvarna."

In "O'Neill in Rome" the variety in uniformity of the chorus has a striking effect.

"But oh! for Ireland far away—  
For Ireland, dear, with all her ills—  
For Mass in fair Tyrone to-day  
Amid the circling Irish hills!"

And then after years of exile, dreaming about Benburb and the Yellow Ford, the brave old chieftain sinks at last into a foreign grave.

"But oh! for Ireland far away,  
For Irish love and holy zeal:  
Oh! for a grave in Irish clay,  
To wrap the heart of Hugh O'Neill!"

"The story of De Lesseps" comes in aptly enough after the late bargain with the Khedive about the Suez Canal. The following simple but skilful versification of an incident in the Franco-Prussian War would serve well as a Convent-school recital.

"Dead on the corpse-strewn battle plain  
Where war's dread work is done,  
She lies, amid the heaps of slain,  
The pure and holy Nun.  
She saw the stricken soldier fall,  
And, ere the strife was o'er,  
She rushed, unheeding blade or ball,  
To staunch his flowing gore;  
To gently raise his drooping head,  
To cool his lips of flame,  
To whisper, ere his spirit fled,  
The Saviour's Holy Name,  
And on from one to one to pass  
'Midst those who, living yet,  
Lay groaning on the crimsoned grass  
Their streaming blood had wet;



With saintly love and tenderness  
 Their suffering hearts to aid,  
 Whate'er the colour of the dress  
 Through which their wounds were made,  
 And—in whatever form of speech  
 They prayed to God above—  
 Unto their dying lips to reach  
 The emblem of His love.  
 But ah, the battle's thundering swell  
 Had rolled not far away,  
 And still the murderous missiles fell  
 Where dead and dying lay;  
 Bullets, ill sped, came whistling by,  
 Huge shot tore up the ground,  
 And shells, like meteors from on high,  
 Spread fresh destruction round.  
 She flinched not while they hurtled past,  
 Nor turned her head aside,  
 But when her death-wound came at last  
 She blest her God, and died."

Some of these "Green Leaves" suggest the remark that he who first balanced those adverbs in the common phrase about loving one's country "not wisely but too well" has a heavy responsibility. Many generous hearts are inclined to value sincere love, not in spite of, but in proportion to, its unwisdom. But is it not better to try ourselves to love and to teach others to love Ireland and every other proper object of love, not "too well" but both well and wisely?

II. *The Contemporary Review*. December, 1875. (London: Strahan & Co.)

WE place the last number of this clever periodical, which represents so many widely different beliefs and opinions, in a category to which it does not belong, not for the purpose of calling attention to the able paper with which it opens—Cardinal Manning's historical dissertation on "the Pope and Magna Charta"—but for the sake of quoting the verses with which it ends. Mr. Gladstone's *Hymnus Responsorius*, which he dates "November, 1875," is a rhymed Latin version of a very beautiful hymn which the late Dr. John Mason Neale adapted from the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaite. Our readers will remember how Catholic in their tone are many of Dr. Neale's writings. It is sad to think that the Author of *Hierologus* died outside the Church after all, like him who addressed the Blessed Virgin so devoutly that, when certain Loretto pupils, last summer, were weaving together a garland for their Queen out of the various languages they were learning, after Dante's *Vergine Madre, figlia del tuo Figlio*, they took as their English interpreter the Oxford Professor of Poetry:

"Ave Maria! Mother blest,  
 To whom caressing and caressed,  
 Clings the Eternal Child."\*

For the benefit of those who understand Latin of course but yet echo M. Jourdain's request, "*faites comme si je ne savais pas*," let us translate

\* Rev. John Keble's *Christian Year*.

Mr. Gladstone by placing side by side the pious and melodious stanzas which he has clothed in this monkish garb :

*Scis te lassum ? scis languentem ?*

*Lactu contristaris ?  
Audin' " Veni, viensque  
Pace perfruaris."*

*Notas habet, quas agnōrim  
Istum consecratus ?  
"Manns, plantae, cruentatae,  
Cruentatum latus."*

*Ecquid portat, pro coronā  
Quae monarchas ornat ?  
"Diadema, sed spinarum,  
Frontem hanc adornat."*

*Sin obnitar, sin attingam,  
Qui remunerabit ?  
"Luctus, fletus, ac laborum  
Largitatem dabit."*

*Sin obstrictus adhaerebo,  
Quis in fine status ?  
"Viae meta, luctus fuga,  
Labor exantlatus."*

*Si receptum supplicāssim,  
Votum exaudiret ?  
"Quamquam terra, quamquam coelum  
In ruinam iret."*

*Persistentem, perluctantem  
Certus est beare ?  
"Vates quisque, martyr, virgo,  
Angelus, testare !"*

*Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed ?  
"Come to Me," saith One, 'and coming,  
Be at rest !"*

*Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide ?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."*

*Hath He diadem as monarch  
That His brow adorns ?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."*

*If I find Him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here ?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear."*

*If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last ?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past."*

*If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay ?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."*

*Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless ?  
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins  
Answer, Yes."*

### III. *Eason's Almanac and Handbook of Ireland for the year 1876.*

(Dublin : W. H. Smith & Son. London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

A GREAT deal of careful labour has evidently been expended on the compilation of this extremely useful book. The compiler tells us that his "aim has been to supply a concise handbook of Irish facts, in which, at a trifling cost, any one interested may read the story of Irish progress from year to year, and which may be a special channel for conveying to the British Public information upon Ireland both useful and interesting." Some think that the "Story of Irish progress" is too often like what children call euphemistically "a story ;" but, however that may be, there can be no doubt that Mr. Eason has fulfilled the intention expressed in the words we have quoted. The book contains a vast mass of valuable and interesting statistics and information of every kind connected with our country, and the facts are skilfully marshalled and clearly arranged. Judicious varieties of type have been resorted to in order to utilize every page to the best advantage ; and a good index enables the reader to find what he wants to know about towns, tides, banks, pigs, churches, universities, railways, drainage, crops, fairs, emigration, workhouses, or any other of

the innumerable items in this excellent shillingsworth. *Blackwood* last month ended with a delightfully ingenious and eloquent article on "Weather." To the same inexhaustible theme, treated from a more practical point of view, some of the best pages of this Handbook are devoted—"the Barometer, the Winds, and the Weather, and how their History is told." The suggestion about weather scrap-books will, we trust, abate the postage-stamp-album nuisance. The Director of the Meteorological Office claims to have been successful in 80 per cent. of his warnings about approaching gales.

IV. *Sonnets*. By SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART. A New Edition. (London: B. M. Pickering, 1875.)

ONE of the latest works of the famous Chiswick Press is this very elegant edition of the *Sonnets* of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere. It is in every respect an exquisite volume, introduced with faultless taste and filial feeling by the much more distinguished poet who bears his father's name, and who can by no means adopt that line of the younger Racine—

"Et moi, fils inconnu d'un si glorieux père!"

He who has done more than Milton or any other to ennoble the English Sonnet, Wordsworth, ranked those of Sir Aubrey de Vere "among the most perfect of our age." Any one who is disposed to "scorn the Sonnet" in spite of Wordsworth's eloquent adjuration to the contrary will be converted by this dainty tome, especially if he begins by reading that page of the introductory memoir into which the Editor has compressed an excellent account of the theory of a form of composition, in the practice also of which he is pre-eminent. The men of Clare ought to be gratified in finding that the majority of the descriptive sonnets are devoted to the Shannon, Kilkee, Malbay, and the scenery of the Western Coast. As this and another more important work of Sir Aubrey de Vere will be brought again under the notice of our readers, we may now confine ourselves to the remark that these pages alone reveal a highly cultured poetic faculty and a truthful, generous, and thoughtful nature.

V. *The Christian Instructed in the Nature and Use of Indulgences*. By the REV. A. MAUREL, S. J. A Translation of the Fourteenth Edition, by the REV. PATRICK COSTELLO, C. C., Ballinasloe. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill, 1876.)

THIS is a work of the highest excellence and authority both in the original French and the present translation. A glance at the preliminary pages will show that nothing is wanting to secure the confidence of the reader. The cordial approval of the Bishop of the Reverend Translator, and the *Nil Obstat* of Father O'Reilly, S. J., who was the Theological Censor appointed to examine this authorised English version, are hardly needed for one who reads the Translator's Preface, which shows in what spirit he has performed his difficult and most important task. As regards the Work itself, it combines nearly all that is valuable in the "Raccolta" with the advantages of such a treatise as Bouvier on Indulgences. Theory and practice are here

treated fully, solidly, and accurately. Not only the original work but also several among the many editions which have kept pace with the number of its years have been officially examined and approved by the Roman theologians. The late Father Ambrose St. John of the Birmingham Oratory allowed Father Costello to use his version of Indulged prayers, which, besides being executed with wonderful care, have received a special authorisation on their own account in their English garb. The index at the end—which is indeed rather a table of contents—is full and clearly arranged. The priests who procure Father Costello's book for those among their pious flocks who desire to be "instructed in the nature and use of Indulgences" will join with the Bishop of Clonfert in "expressing their deep appreciation of the religious zeal with which, in the midst of his missionary duties, he has found time to give this valuable treatise to the English-reading public.

VI. *The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language.* By the REV. ULICK J. CANON BOURKE, M. R. I. A. (London: Longman, Green, and Co. Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.)

A WORK by a patriotic and learned Irish priest on Irish philology and Irish literature, which has secured the suffrages of such unprejudiced organs as the *Academy*, the *Scotsman*, the *Morning Post*, the *Hour*, and then, on our own side of the Channel, the *Mail*, the *Irish Times*, the *Belfast News-Letter*, and the *Derry Sentinel*, must have very sterling merit to recommend it. The president of St. Jarlath's College has deserved well of his country by putting forth this vigorous and erudite plea for the Keltic tongue—to spell that epithet as our author spells it—in order to ensure what he proves to be its proper pronunciation. It is indeed disgraceful that the work of Keltic research is left to the continental schools. We were told by the publisher that Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Cornhill* article on Eugene O'Curry's volumes procured purchasers for them by the hundred in Italy; but at home, how many? We trust that the present work will be an exception to a rule that is quite too general.

VII. *The Book of the Holy Indulgences.* Compiled from the Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and other approved sources. By the REV. M. COMERFORD. Dublin: James Duffy & Son. THIS is an enlarged edition of the "Directory of Indulgences," which Father Comerford previously compiled for the use of the devout faithful. It strikes us that the use of a somewhat smaller type and some other expedients might have kept it closer to the very convenient form in which the work first appeared. It has been very carefully compiled for the use of both priests and people. The Calendar of Indulgences will be found particularly useful.

VIII. *De Rationibus Festorum Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu et Purissimi Cordis Mariæ e fontibus Juris Canonici erutis Libri IV.* Auctore NICOLAO NILLES, S. J. (Oeniponte: Wagner, 1875.)

ALL the way from the mountains of the Tirol (as they spell Tyrol now-a-days) has come to us a volume to which we must give a hospi-

able reception, after so long a journey in this inclement season, though we cannot hope to make it feel at home among Irish Ballads and Irish Almanacs. More than two years ago, indeed, we, in these pages, recommended to our brethren in the priesthood this work of the learned Professor of Canon Law in the University of Innsbruck; but this *Editio quarta Sæcularis* (so called in honour of the second Centenary of the Revelation made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque in 1675) with its twelve hundred octavo pages, may be considered a distinct work from the single small volume which, even in that much less perfect form, received the highest praise for accuracy and fulness of learning from the *Civilla Cattolica* and other erudite reviews. The first two of the four books into which the work is divided collect and discuss authoritative documents bearing on the institution and nature of the Feast and Devotion to the Heart of our Divine Lord and the Immaculate Heart of His Blessed Mother. The third book (*Ascelticus*) gives all the prayers, masses, offices, hymns, and aspirations, that have been in various ways sanctioned by the Church, in connection with these Devotions; while the last book (*Litterarius*) gathers together the names and dates of all the books that, in the various languages of the world, have treated of these sacred subjects. As a specimen of the Third Book we have tried to turn into English the Sequence of the Mass *Venite* from the Paris Missal:—

Venite cuncti, currite  
Ad Cor Jesu mitissimum :  
Cunctos vocat, confidite ;  
Amoris est incendium.

Come, all! Oh! run, your refuge seek  
In Jesus' Heart most kind, most meek.  
He calleth all. Draw nigh and nigher:  
His love will set your hearts on fire.

En illa vobis panditur  
Fornax amoris ignea ;  
En militis recluditur  
Is gratiæ fons lanceâ.

Behold, Love's furnace deep and wide  
Is opened for you in His side.  
Behold, the fount of grace has here  
Gushed forth beneath the soldier's spear.

O Cor, amoris victima,  
Amore nostri saucium,  
Mortalium spes ultima,  
Solamen hîc moerentium.

Victim of Love, O Sacred Heart !  
Wounded for love of us Thou art.  
Last hope of mortals here below,  
Solace of hearts in pain and woe.

Tu Trinitatis gloria,  
Unit tibi se Filius,  
Sunt Patris in te gaudia,  
In te quiescit Spiritus.

Thou glory of the Trinity,  
The Son unites himself to thee,  
His joys in thee the Father knows,  
In thee the Spirit doth repose,

Tu portus orbi naufrago,  
Reis asylum mentibus,  
Cordi cibus famelico,  
Certa quies fidelibus.

A haven to the shipwrecked give,  
Refuge to guilty fugitive,  
Food to the hungry famished heart,  
To faithful souls sure rest impart.

Hic tuto parant milites  
Pulso pavore proelia ;  
Pax alma virtutis comes  
Hic sede regnat propria.

The soldier, safe from harm and fear,  
Makes ready for the combat here ;  
Here peace benign, the comrade meet  
Of valour, reigns on royal seat.

Quibus nitescent virgines  
Hic casta fragrant lilia ;  
Et unde fulgent martyres  
Blande rubescit purpura.

Hoc quibus mundus agitur  
Vices reguntur pectore,  
Hoc et quibus abluitur  
Manant fluentia gratiae.

O Cor, Deo par victima,  
Altare sacratissimum,  
In quo perennis hostia  
Culpas piat mortalium.

O Cor amore saucium,  
Amore corda saucia ;  
O jugis amor coelitum,  
Amore nos inebria. Amen.

Lilies that virgin-brows have crowned  
Throw their chaste fragrance here around ;  
Here is the purple torrent shed  
That dyes the martyr's robe of red.

The vast world's ever changing way  
Through time and space this Heart does sway ;  
The streams of grace which wash its stains  
Flow from this Heart's most sacred veins.

O Heart, O Victim all divine,  
O thou thrice hallowed altar-shrine !  
On which for aye that blood is spilt  
Which expiates all human guilt.

O Heart which love has wounded ! wound  
Our sinful hearts with love profound.  
Thou changeless Love of saints above !  
Inebriate us with Thy love.

M. R.

### WINGED WORDS.

1. We put a stone at the head of a grave, just as we write labels in the spring-time for the seeds we put into the earth, that we may remember what glorious flower is to spring from the little, gray, hidden handful that seems so insignificant just now.—*Anon.*

2. One day is as good as three if we do the great thing at the right time.—*Chinese Proverb.*

3. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep ; all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom ; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life or is given up, in the reciprocation of civility, to the disposal of others ; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor : we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters or which we can spend wholly at our own choice.—*Dr. Johnson.*

4. Some make use of conscience, as short-sighted people make use of a mirror in shaving—chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the precise spot where they have wounded themselves. "Prevention is better than cure." Better to avoid the gash than to stay the trickling blood ever so skilfully with sticking plaster.—*E. G. O.*

5. It is not possible for any one person thoroughly to understand the character of another.—*Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.*

6. Better the stormy sea at its wildest than the smooth approach to a whirlpool.—*Anon.*

7. Every experienced student knows that the great secret of study is to read with appetite.—*Goldwin Smith.*

8. We could make shift to live under a tyrant ; but to be ruled by a busy-body is more than human nature can bear.—*Macaulay.*

9. The priest went daily, not to console but to converse with him on his troubles : like those who lighten a boat of the bitter waters of the sea without being able to stop the leak, but only to prevent its sinking.—*Fernan Caballero.*

## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

WE have lately had many new arrivals in our wards; but, on the principle of not "taking on with the new" until we are quite "off with the old," we must tell our young readers and visitors that two of their favourites have left us and gone home cured. The first of these, the little Annie Mac——, mentioned not long ago as having made such a wonderful recovery, had grown very fond of her home with us, and had become a great pet with the other children on account of her loving, gentle disposition. She had completely won the heart of our helpless Katie by going round and round the ward, supporting the poor child's tottering steps, and helping to guide the go-cart. It was touching to see Katie's grief when she lost her little friend; she cried and sobbed so bitterly it was hard to console her.

The second of our old inhabitants who left us is Tommy, who underwent an operation in the arm while staying with us. Tommy was very proud of being our biggest boy and one of those who had been longest in the ward, and he was much impressed by being told that he was thereby bound to set a good example at all times. He tried very hard to learn to read while with us, and made great progress latterly, being helped by a little girl older than himself and confined to bed from an injury to the spine. The promise of a new prayer-book for each had been held out to mistress and pupil as a reward for their patience with one another, and with their lesson book. Both were made happy by receiving their prize a few days before Tommy left the Hospital.

We must say one word about an undertaking just commenced, which we know will greatly delight most little girls of our acquaintance. It is nothing less than the enrolment of such young friends in a society that shall render to the sick children the same good service as the famous Boys' Brigade. So many little girls appealed to us for permission to do something for the sick and sore little patients, that we had to think about the matter seriously. A circular was sent out a few weeks ago stating what we proposed to do; and in a very short time we received the names of twenty-five little girls, several of whom had already begun their work as *very* Busy Bees, and brought in a good store of honey to the hive in the shape of collected pennies. The Society will be entitled "The Little Children of Mary;" its chosen patron is the young Saint Agnes, and its badge will be the device of the cross, the lily, and the dove.

## THE WALKING TREES.

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE LITTLE FLOWER SEEKERS," &amp;c.

## PART I.

## CHAPTER I.

## LEO'S SECRET.

LEO lived in a country house with his mamma and papa and brothers and sisters; and the children had plenty of room to play and make themselves happy in the gardens, and through the lawns, and in the wood behind the house. They were all merry, romping little children, but Leo was somewhat different from the rest, for he would sometimes take quiet fits and sit at the window gazing at the sky and the distant landscape till his nurse would come and shake him up, wondering what in the world he could see so far away.

"I am watching to see if those trees will move," he said, one day.

"Of course they move, you silly boy!" said nurse. "All trees move when the wind blows."

Leo shook his head. That was not what he meant at all, but he was quite sure that nurse would never understand him; so he said no more.

Leo had a secret about these trees, and one day he whispered it fearfully to Patty, his favourite sister.

"Leo," said Patty, "*do* tell me what you see over there, and I'll give you this large piece of sugarstick."

"I don't care for the sugarstick," said Leo, gallantly; "you may keep it for yourself, Patty, and I'll tell you all the same."

"Take half, then," said the little girl, breaking it in her pinafore; and Leo took half, and, as the two sucked the sugarstick with their heads together, Leo's grand secret came out in a whisper.

"It's those trees over there, Patty," said the boy, pointing with his sticky little finger towards seven tall ash-trees which grew on a ridge of upland against the horizon. They stood at regular intervals in a row, and were crisply defined against the sky, their foliage growing somewhat fantastically, which gave them a wild, unsettled air.

"I see them," said Patty; "they are quite like the other trees."

"No," said Leo; "look how shaggy they are, as if they had just come off a long, long journey. And so they have, Patty—*they walk*."

"O Leo, you goose!"

"Very well, Patty, go away and play with the other babies. I am very sorry I took your sugarstick."

"Sulky-puss!" cried Patty, laughing, and danced off to her play again.

But Leo remained sitting at the window, his head on his little



hand, gazing over the country at the trees which so puzzled his fancy. Nurse was at her tea, so he was not disturbed, and twilight began to descend on the landscape. He looked so intently for a long time that the seven ashes began to dance before him. But he rubbed his eyes, and there they stood quite still "with all their hair on end," as he said to himself; as still as if they had never moved in their lives.

Nevertheless, Leo felt now more sure than ever that they set off every night for a long walk out over the world, and came back before people were up in the morning. They looked exactly like a file of soldiers. "One, two—one, two!" said Leo, shuffling his feet. "Oh, they won't move while I am looking. How I wish I could sit up a whole night, and then I should catch them!"

Soon after this he had to go to bed, and fell sound asleep thinking about the trees. In the middle of the night he awoke and could not go asleep again, but lay wondering whether the ash-trees were now gone off on a journey, or whether they were still standing on the upland "with their hair on end." The moonlight was shining faintly in the room, and all his little brothers were fast asleep in their cribs round the wall. Leo sat up and looked about him. From the window of the day-nursery he knew he could see all he wished to see. Could he venture out of his bed and creep in there without disturbing nurse or any of the children? All the doors were open, and he had often heard nurse declare that she "slept so light the squeak of a mouse would waken her." And the boards in the floor might squeak like a mouse. Well, let her waken and he would tell her all about it. He was not going to do any harm.

The worst she could do would be to go down to papa's study in the morning, and tell him that Master Leo was going mad about the seven trees on the hill, and that they had better be cut down before the boy grew up an idiot. Nurse was such an old nurse in the house and so good when anybody was sick, that Leo knew she could say what she liked. And then his papa would talk to him. *That* would be no trouble, at all events; he loved his papa and was not afraid of him. "So here goes!" said Leo, and the little bare feet went pattering across the bed-room floor, and the boards did not squeak, and Leo found himself at the nursery window, his face pressed to the pane, and his heart beating so hard that he could scarcely breathe.

The world outside looked very dim, for the moonshine was not strong enough to light it up. Leo rubbed the pane and made it clear and looked very hard at the ridge against the horizon. The hill was as bare as the palm of the little boy's hand. The trees were gone!

Leo drew a long breath, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again. He gazed around at the other parts of the landscape, but trees and bushes were all in their places; all were there to be seen—except the seven ash-trees on the upland, which were gone.

"Aha!" said Leo, "I have caught them!" and he felt very much astonished although he had expected to see just what he had seen: a bare hill and no trees, the trees being away, as he had known, on their midnight ramble. He sat waiting a long time hoping to see them coming back; but at last he got very cold and sleepy, and was glad

to creep into his bed. Of one thing, however, he was sure after this, that the trees did walk every night.

He said nothing to anyone about this strange discovery, for little boys do not like to be laughed at.

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## CHAPTER II.

### HE GOES OFF WITH THE TREES.

AFTER this Leo thought more and more about the seven strange ash-trees, and he never ceased wondering about where they went and what they saw on their way when they were off on their midnight excursions over the world. At last one night he could not go asleep at all for thinking, and, growing quite wild with curiosity, he got up and dressed himself, crept down-stairs, unlocked the great hall-door, though he did not reach much above the handle, and stepped out, closing it softly behind him. He was so excited at the time that he did not know he was doing a naughty thing. He meant no harm, and thought he would come back very soon after he had seen how the trees would get themselves up out of the ground, and had watched them start on their march, and observed where they went to. He flew over the lawns and up and down the smooth green slopes, climbed a ditch or two, and soon arrived panting at the foot of the hill whereon stood the curious trees.

There they were, looking more lively and intelligent than ever. They had not stirred as yet, and it was now about midnight. Leo sat down and watched them a little while, then got impatient and approached a yard or two nearer, stealing gradually up and up the hill, never taking his eyes for a moment off the seven mysterious trunks with their fantastic foliage and arms tossed this way and that way over their heads. After a time he got tired of waiting and went boldly up to the stoutest tree of the seven, which stood in the middle of the row, clasped his arms round the trunk, and laid his little cheek against the bark. He did not know exactly how he ought to speak to a tree, but he wanted to explain that he desired it to be friendly and allow him to see it set out for its nightly walk. Then he began to examine the tree and found that right above his head there was a nice roomy seat among the branches. Without stopping to think he put his foot on a twig and sprang up into this nest; and there he sat as comfortable as could be, with his back against the trunk and his arm round a stout bough at either side..

What was to happen next? He did not know, but was sure something strange was going to happen. He saw his father's house nodding good-bye at him from the distant hollow; the stars began to wink at him, and suddenly the moon rolled out from behind the chimneys with a most curious grin, such as he had never seen before, upon her face. "Something is coming!" thought little Leo, and he prepared for a shock. Suddenly he heard a peculiar sound which

made him think at first that a great wind had begun to blow; but that could not be as the leaves on the tree he sat in had not stirred. He peered backward to where the sound came from and then he saw that the first tree of the row of ashes was swaying about in the air, leaning to this side and that, and dragging its roots a little more and a little more out of the earth at each bend of its trunk. "Hallo!" cried Leo, in great delight, "here it comes! We are going to start!" and he leaned forward and watched eagerly as one after another the seven trees uprooted themselves out of the ground and stood with their roots spread upon the hill just like the claws of gigantic crabs. He felt a very odd sensation when his own tree began to perform in this way, but he held on bravely and was rewarded for his courage when he found himself carried slowly down-hill in the arms of the ash, which closed round him in the most friendly manner. "Hold on, little man!" said a burly voice, that sounded like a puff of wind, and off set the seven ash-trees, marching stoutly in single file across the country.

There was a nice opening in the branches just before Leo, so that he could see beautifully out over the world as he was carried along. The moon was so bright that he could see the rivers flowing and the houses sleeping and the fields all smiling under their load of growing grain. The walking trees kept out in the open plains as they marched along, for when moving among other trees they were apt to get their branches entangled and torn about, which was, doubtless, the reason why "their hair always stood on end," as Leo had described it to himself. A little of this annoyance they could not avoid, but they kept generally as much as possible on the edges of the forests. When they met with a river running right across their path, they stepped boldly into it and waded to the opposite bank. They crossed several mountains and passed by numerous towns in the space of half an hour, for they marched as swiftly as any giant in his boots of seven leagues. At last they came to the shores of the sea, and Leo was rather astonished to find that they were going to walk on the ocean. Into it they plunged, however, and floundered along through the waves, passing ships which hailed them through a speaking trumpet. But the trees floated on darkly in the distance without answering the greeting; and Leo was sure the people in the ships must take them for a phantom fleet such as nurse had once told him about, which had been seen by her son, who was a sailor. The trees also passed quite close by the lighthouses, not being like vessels afraid of the rocks, and they very good-naturedly stopped to let Leo look in at the lighthouse windows. A lighthouse was a thing about which Leo had often been very curious, and now, while his ash-tree stood on tip-toes on the ledge of a rock, the little boy put his face to the pane of the chamber of glass and observed all its arrangements to his fullest satisfaction. He saw first the green and then the red light turn round and glare out over the wide black desert of the sea, making the cruel foam glitter round the edges of the fatal rocks. He saw a woman sitting solitary in this lonely chamber of the air, dozing asleep with her head on her hands. Suddenly she started up and listened. No, it was a

calm night ; there were no wrecks out there on the ocean ; but she caught sight of Leo's little pale face looking in at the window and threw up her hands with a shriek. Leo was sorry for this, for he did not like to frighten her, and he tapped at the window in a friendly manner and called to her through the glass that he was only Leo. She did not understand him, however, but screamed more than ever, and fled out of the lighthouse chamber. "We had better move on, I think," said Leo, to the tree, "though I am very sorry, for I should have been glad if she had invited me in. I should not wonder at all if she took me for the ghost of some poor little drowned boy."

"I dare say she did," said the tree, who had by this time become quite conversable ; "but, if you like, we can call and apologise to her when we are coming back again."

And on they went.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### LEO ENTERS THE CLOUDS.

THEY soon reached the opposite shores of the sea and walked on and on over a beautiful mountainous country which Leo had never seen before. "You are a daring little fellow," said the ash-tree, to Leo ; "and I am going to show you some things which will be new to you." By this time they had reached the top of a very high mountain, so high that the clouds were quite next door to them.

"We have now come to the end of our journey for to-night," said the ash-tree : and the seven trees stood still on the mountain ridge in a row and stretched themselves, tossing about their branches and rubbing their little twigs against the sky. "We must stay here and rest awhile and enjoy this air which is good for our health. In the meantime you, if you like, can climb my upper branches and get into the clouds. I should like to go too, but I find myself rather clumsy. If you are not very long we will wait till you come back."

Leo was glad to obey, for he certainly had never been in the sky in his life, though he had often wondered to himself at the nursery window whether people on the tops of high mountains could not clamber up into the clouds and go where they pleased. Now he had discovered that this might be done, at least with the help of a walking ash-tree. Right above his head there was a beautiful heap of white fleecy clouds, one rolled over another like piles of snow, and with the moonlight shining faintly on them, showing their hills and hollows, and the places where a traveller ought to put his feet. Leo climbed to the topmost branch of the tree and made a spring.

Oh ! it was like jumping into an open bed of eider-down, and Leo floundered about for several minutes up to his eyes in the soft melting fleece that swelled about him and rolled over him and parted again, letting him look about him. It was some time before he could make an attempt to get on his feet, but after great struggling he found that

he could wade knee deep in the clouds ; and even this was something. He noticed that every spot that was a little darker than the rest, as if with shadow, was also a little harder, so that he could step from one of these spots to the other, and so make his way with great difficulty right up to the top of the great white bank on the edge of the sky.

Here he sat and rested himself, with his legs dangling over the clear part of the sky, which was like a beautiful dark lake with the moon an island of silver in the middle of it. "This is very jolly!" thought Leo. "Now if I could only go on an excursion over to the moon and see what it is made of. It would be the finest fun in the world to walk about in such a beautiful silver place."

This seemed likely to be a very difficult matter, for though the sky had the appearance of a lake and Leo could swim, still he was not at all sure that the lake would prove to be of anything like water, or that he would be able to float himself in it as he could in the tide where he had bathed. He might either drop down towards the earth, or fall through somewhere on the other side, and he did not feel comfortable at the thought of doing either. As he was thinking over this and wondering what he could do he suddenly perceived that the clouds around him were breaking up and taking different shapes and beginning to separate and float about, as he had often watched them doing from the nursery window at home. He got quite frightened at seeing this, for if the clouds were all going to drift away from under him he foresaw that in a few more moments he would be struggling to shift for himself in the dangerous-looking lake. He looked about anxiously for something to hold on by, and was relieved in his mind when he saw one large lump of cloud taking gradually the shape of a man, very like the picture of the genii in the story of the "Fisherman and the Genii" on the shelf in the nursery bookcase. He had a long trailing cloak, very ragged and flimsy at the end and very much spread out, and he had one arm uplifted, and kept raising it a little higher and a little higher every moment, as if pointing to something in the distance. Leo was by this time in a panic, for the last morsel of the cloud bank was just drifting from under him and he flung himself on the skirts of the majestic figure, and cried out as well as he was able :

"Oh! please, sir, will you take me with you wherever you are going?"

"You are very heavy," said the figure, without turning its head. "It would be beneath my dignity to look round at you, so you must tell me what you are and why you want to come with me."

"I came up from the world," said Leo, still holding on, "and I am very anxious to get over quite close to the moon. If I could walk about on it for a little while I should go home quite satisfied. I am what is called 'a boy.' You must have seen a good many of me if you ever looked down on the earth."

"I have no time for such idleness," said the cloudman, loftily, and he raised his arm a little higher than before, taking a still more sublime attitude. "The only thing I know about you is that you are heavy. I never stay long in one shape, and I am very easily dragged

to pieces. I shall break up very soon, even without your help, and if you hold on to me I shall be scattered all the sooner. However, if you like to take the risk of clinging to me you may. I have no objection to steer my course right towards the moon for your accommodation; only I cannot answer for what may happen to you if I should chance to split up before we reach your destination."

"All right!" said Leo; "I can't be worse off than I am." And away they went sailing across the sky.

Leo was nestled in the folds of the cloudman's cloak, and he held on as fast as he was able with both his little fists. It was very hard work, for the cloudman was melting and shifting every moment, and pieces of him were coming off continually in Leo's hands. According as they broke away, Leo grasped at other parts of him, but he did not find it at all a comfortable voyage, and peeped out very anxiously now and again to see if they were coming near the moon. Still his fears did not prevent him from longing for a little news about the cloudman's manner of life.

"Will you kindly tell me a little about yourself," he said, "and where you are going, and where you had been before I met you?"

"A few minutes ago I was fast asleep on the edge of the sky," said the cloudman. "One must have a little rest sometimes. I am going now a long way off to meet the sun who will be arriving by-and-by and must be properly attended."

"But if you go to pieces so fast," said Leo, "what will there be left of you at the end of so long a journey? I wonder why you don't try to hold yourself together."

The cloudman laughed a hollow sort of laugh, and a large piece of his mantle broke off and floated away in the shape of a bird.

"Heavy creatures like you," he said, "must of course be stupid. Can't you understand that I can gather myself up again as fast as I go to pieces? Only it is my nature to keep changing my shape. After I have taken the form of a man for awhile, I must dissolve away into a thousand little pieces. When it is time for me to assume the form of anything large again, the bits all come together. Sometimes I am an elephant, sometimes a dog, often a flock of birds, and it has also been said that I looked very like a whale."

"I have heard of that certainly," said Leo.

At this moment a slight film came between them and the moon. Leo looked up quickly and saw the figure of a beautiful woman hanging in the air close by, with one hand extended, as if to say "hush!" while she gazed down watchfully towards the earth. The moon shone on her face, which was very lovely, and on the dark veil which was drawn over her head and covered her brows. Her garments were dark and gauze-like, and were folded closely round her figure. A little animal was carried under one arm, and its nose peeped forth at Leo, who could not make out whether it was a mouse or a squirrel. She looked so beautiful and peaceful that Leo gazed at her in delight.

"Who is she?" asked Leo of the cloudman.

"She? Why she is an hour, to be sure!" said the cloudman.

"An hour!" repeated Leo, amazed.

"Yes, she is the Third Hour of the night," said the cloudman.

"Well, that is wonderful!" said Leo. "I always knew there were hours, you know, twelve in the day and twelve in the night, but I never knew that they were flying about in the sky like this so that a person could see them."

"There is many a thing you don't know," said the cloudman.

"Tell me some more," said Leo. "What is she doing there? She looks as if she was watching something."

"So she is," said the cloudman. "She is watching the flight of Time and keeping note of him."

"Oh!" cried Leo, "how extraordinary! And can she see Time really—and what is he like?"

"I can't tell you what he is like," said the cloudman. "I never saw him and neither can you, but it's different with her. She keeps her eye on him, and that's what she's there for. If she lost sight of him for a moment, the whole world could not catch him again. And then there would be confusion for you."

"Does she stay there for ever?" asked Leo, looking back at her admiringly as they floated far away and left her.

"Only for as long as herself," answered the cloudman. "Did I not tell you she was an hour? When she is worn out, she will begin to fade, and if you were beside her then you would see her vanish like a light that is blown out. And then there is another one in her place. Perhaps you may meet the fourth hour. But, hallo! you had better look out for yourself, for I am going to pieces!"

Indeed the cloudman had been breaking up rapidly during the last few minutes. Pieces of him, large and small, had floated off every second in the shape of little animals, shells, flowers, and wisps of hay; and now he suddenly split up the back, and one part of him turned into the bough of a tree, while the other became a church-steeple, and both glided away. Nothing was left stationary but his arm, which had grown wonderfully large, and now changed into a little boat with a silver prow. Leo had just time to jump from the branch into the boat before it also began to float away quite in the opposite direction from the moon.

"Well, well!" said Leo, "I am in for adventures, it seems, so I may as well make the best of it. If I don't get to the moon, I suppose I shall come to some other place. If the boat will only hold me in till I reach something else!"

Away scudded the boat as if a puff of wind had impelled it; when to Leo's horror he found the bottom give way, and his two legs went right through and hung downwards in the air. He now expected nothing but to tumble down through the air and got dizzy at the thought, when suddenly he saw right before him a figure which he guessed at once to be the fourth hour of the night. She was even a more beautiful creature than the other, her dress was lighter and more silvery, her veil was thrown back, and her hair was rippling like gold over her shoulders in the moonlight. Her gaze was not so fixed, her face was more smiling than that of the other hour he had seen; and she carried an eagle with folded wings on one of her snow-white arms.

Leo had just time to spring towards her and lay hold of one of her shining white feet before the last fragment of his boat melted to powder and drifted away like a shower of sleet across the sky.

"Oh, save me, dear lady!" cried Leo, delighted to find that she kept quite steady and was not dragged down by his weight. "Save me, and I will bless the hour!" Leo had often heard people blessing the hour when things happened to them, and he kept on saying, "I will bless the hour—I will bless THE HOUR!"

"What is this that is dragging at me?" said the Hour, in a silvery voice. "It must be either grief or idleness or guilt, for only one of these three could make an Hour so intolerably heavy."

"I hope she won't kick me off," cried Leo. "O madam! I am neither grief nor idleness nor guilt, I assure you. Oh, do take pity on me and leave me on a lump of cloud somewhere, if not on the moon; or else I shall tumble down on the earth and be killed."

"Do I know you at all?" asked the Hour. "Oh, I can see a face looking up at me now! Are you not one of those little cherubs that are in pictures? I think I knew you in the gallery where I am hanging on the wall the best part of my time."

"No," said Leo, humbly, "I am not a cherub, though I have seen the ones you mean leaning over the edge of a cloud. I wish indeed I were one of them, for they have got only heads and wings, and can live in the skies. It is my great heavy body and my arms and legs that weigh me down. I am sorry to say you don't know me at all, for I am always asleep in my crib at this hour of the night—I beg your pardon, madam—I mean while you are flying about this way watching the time."

"It is very odd," said the Hour. "I never knew the like of it before; but then I only live the length of myself once in every journey that the sun makes round the world; so my experience of things in general is not very great. Get on my eagle's back, little face, and he will carry you so far as the Dawn, where you will be sure to find some pretty solid clouds for a while."

The eagle at once dropped from her arm and Leo found himself astride on its back in a twinkling.

"Make haste to return," cried the Hour to the eagle, "for my time is nearly up."

And off flew the eagle with Leo on its back, far away from the moon, which had grown very dim by this time and had somehow fallen quite down to one side of the sky.



## CHAPTER IV.

## HE ARRIVES AT THE GATES OF SUNRISE.

THE eagle flew so swiftly across the sky that Leo quite lost his breath. He was just able to gasp out, "What in the world are you?" and the eagle to answer, "I am only a Moment," before the journey was at an end, and the little boy was lying in a heap of clouds so deep and solid that it seemed pretty sure they would be a resting-place for him for a considerable time to come. It was well he was safe, for Leo had lost his senses from the rapidity of his voyage, and lay for a long time quite unconscious among the clouds.

When he recovered, he found that the whole scene had changed. He sat up and looked around him and saw that the moon had disappeared, and the dark lake in which the clouds were floating had turned grey. There was a pale white light over everything, and Leo said to himself, "I suppose it is morning."

He soon saw that there was a great bustle going on in the sky, and turning his eyes to the east beheld the most wonderful sight he had ever looked upon. One magnificent pillar of a great gate was already standing and the other was getting quickly built. He could not see who was building it or where it was coming from, but it was rising and growing before his eyes, and in a few more moments it was complete. This gate was made of gigantic pearls, mingled with diamonds and other precious stones, and silver palm-trees stood behind each pillar spreading their wide and delicate leaves above it. The bars of the gate were of gold, and it was shut. Outside the gate a crowd of countless figures were pressing towards it. Some knelt in groups together with their arms interlaced, some stood still with their faces raised and their hands clasped. Some lay flat on their faces, and others had their arms outstretched to the gate, and numbers kept moving and shifting and changing their position every instant.

"What *can* they be expecting?" thought Leo. "Something will come out of that gate, I dare say, and I shall see it, if the clouds will only keep steady long enough. Oh, I hope they will. I want so much to see what will come out."

The clouds seemed quite firm and quiet just at present; so Leo got his chin well up above the highest lump and kept gazing with all his might at the gate.

Suddenly all the assembled crowd of people began to blush greatly as it seemed to Leo. Their faces got very red and their arms and hands, and presently their very clothes got red. They nearly all wore some kind of very long skirts or trains or mantles, and, wonderful to tell, these draperies all turned as red as their faces!

"Well," said Leo, "I have often seen people getting red in the face, but I never knew that clothes could blush before."

Redder and redder the people grew, however, and then Leo looked at the gate, which was also now glowing in the most beautiful crimson

light. The precious stones flashed, and the palm-trees twinkled, and Leo could scarcely look at them they were so dazzlingly bright. Then he glanced back at the crowd of people. Some were falling on their knees and others were springing up. Some dropped back and sank away as if they had died or fainted, and some stood up on the shoulders of the rest waving banners which turned to gold as they raised them. At the same time he noticed that the people were differently dressed from what they had been. At first they had been all robed in silver grey; after the blushing began they had seemed to be clad in rose-colour; but now many of them had got mantles of the most gorgeous purple dye and also head-dresses of gold. He began now to distinguish the people better, and saw kings and queens and knights and beautiful ladies and little children. Some of them carried gold baskets full of fruit and flowers upon their heads, some strewed gold and precious stones over the sky, and some kept waving draperies and long branches of palm. There were also very poor-looking people among the crowd, a good many with crutches, with tied-up heads and legs, and hands out-stretched as if for alms; but even these had a dash of gold about them somewhere, so that they looked very magnificent for beggars, and not at all like those whom you see on the earth. Away behind the crowd Leo fancied he saw gilded towers shining, and beautiful woods of golden trees, and the shimmering of many colours as if there were gardens and orchards and tawny meadows in the distance.

"I suppose," said Leo, to himself, "that is where these wonderful people live. What a curious place this sky-country is! Now, if I could only know what it is that they have all come out to look at."

He turned once more to the gate, and was just in time to see it part slowly, slowly, till it stood wide open, and the next instant a river of gold poured out through the opening and flooded the sky. It did not seem to hurt or wet the people, though it flowed just like water, but it sprinkled them all over with golden spray, so that they glittered a thousand times more than they had glittered before. Then figures began to march slowly through the gate. First, came ten splendid purple giants waving gold banners, next twelve crimson knights blowing golden bugles, then twenty tiny gold and silver dwarfs, rolling and frolicking and tumbling head over heels as they came along. After these walked a hundred silver virgins with lamps in their hands burning with an orange flame, and following these, a thousand fiery youths swinging censers. Then came a leash of wild horses, snow-white, with golden manes and scarlet hoofs, and a little cherub with wings flew along with them, holding them all in his hand by a silver thread. A team of purple oxen came next with gilded horns and their necks wreathed with flowers, and a fool in a scarlet cap and jingling bells was dragging them along. Then came an enormous waggon of golden hay, drawn by butterflies as large as ships in full sail, and another waggon of fruit borne by snails as large as horses. Last of all came twenty thousand golden guards with lances glittering and silver shields. And then there was a pause. The dazzling procession which had poured through the gate marched across the sky,

broke up, and dispersed, the new arrivals mingling with the crowd outside the gate. The gate grew brighter and brighter, the opening behind it began to burn with so red a gold that Leo's eyes ached, and he had to cover them with his hand. When he was able to look again, he saw the most curious sight.

"The sun! the sun!" cried Leo as an enormous ball of fire rolled slowly through the gate. "A ball of fire!" thought Leo, as he peered at it cautiously between his fingers. "Yes, but is it not certainly something more besides that? It is a face, a fiery face, and I declare it walks upon legs!"

And so it did, indeed. There were two slender black legs like those of a spider straying down to the ground from under the sun's red face, and there were little arms of the same description, which flourished about. As he walked in through the gate, Leo noticed a whole circle of long golden spears which were ranged all round the sun with the points outward. They appeared short at first, but shot suddenly out all over the sky, and Leo got a little stab from them in one of his eyes which shut it up completely. He covered the eye with his hand and made the best use he could of his other eye, trying to save it from the spears while he watched the movements of the sun.

The sun had curious little round eyes and a wide mouth, and as he rolled his face from side to side he grinned in the broadest manner, and Leo saw that it was this grin of his which shed the bright light all over the sky and poured down what we call sunshine on the earth. As Leo was observing this, the sun caught sight of his little head peeping out of the clouds and winked at him. The violence of this wink quite blinded Leo's second eye, and just as the sun marched away across the sky on his little spider legs among the crowds of his attendants, the little boy fell back into the clouds, unable to see anything more.

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## HURRIED TO REST.

SO late upon our hearths he stood, the priest of God, the friend of Art;  
So late we met his smiling eyes, the gentleman of tender heart!  
But yesterday we touched his hand, and heard his laughter blithe and free;  
But yesterday—and yet this morn began his fair Eternity!

Serenely shone the winter sun upon Saint Brendan's altar stone,  
And sweetly piped the winter bird that perched upon its cross alone,  
When that pure soul came forth to pray and lay his hope before the Lord,  
Nor knew it was the festal hour that gained to him the great reward.

Oh, harsh and bitter is to us his death upon the stony sod,  
But good and strong it seemed to him that brought him swiftly unto God.  
Now chant, ye anointed saintly choirs, and wave your censers round his head—  
He hears diviner melodies than your sweet psalms above the dead!

We scarce believe him gone from us, who yet are thrilling with the sense  
Of that electric life that lived, and moved, and spoke with soul intense,  
That fed our faith, and warmed our love, and richly swelled our fancy's store  
With thought and deed of bard and saint long buried in forgotten lore.

For dear to him were distant song of bard and scribe in Erin's land,  
And dear the storied fane and shrine fair-sprung from many a kingly hand ;  
But dearer still the Cross's gleam on martyred brow and saintly breast,  
Far-reaching down the ages long, soft-shining o'er the world's unrest.

Oh, proud and joyful was the heart that bore him towards the stranger's clime,  
To track the snow-white print of feet that left our land in olden time,  
With holy stones for foreign earth, and sacred fire to strike a flame  
In alien hearts that leaped to hear sweet promise in the Saviour's name!

Neath softer skies their graves are made who bore those early beacon-lights,  
And lit the lamp in sullen glooms, and swung the bell on dizzy heights ;  
And he, their kin by birth and vow, with loving zeal went forth to trace  
The godlike marks they left on earth, those heroes of the dear old race.

Still musing o'er their works of might he tracks their glorious flight to Heaven!  
And renders up the unfinished task to Him by whom the task was given,  
Now numbered in their blissful band, he leaves for other lips to tell  
Fair news from o'er the centuries of those who served the Lord so well.

Oh! Motherland has many a son with genial heart and spirit true,  
And many a son with brain of power for noble work she has to do ;  
But none more good to love while here, more fit to mourn when passed away,  
Than the pure soul that sped to heaven so swiftly on this winter day!

January 4, 1876.

R. M.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

1776.

**I**N the lifetime of the human race, a century is a span. There have been centuries seemingly flowing in a noiseless current, like the tacit stream of the Liris, celebrated by Horace: "*Quæ Liris quietâ mordet aquâ laciturnus amnis.*" But as to the hundred years which now lie behind us, few epochs so eventful have been seen by man. They begin with the great American revolution ; they embrace the enormous convulsion of France, which, like a vast chasm, separates the past from the present and future of Europe. They witnessed the miraculous rise and fall of the great Napoleon, and, again, the rise and fall, almost as wonderful, of his nephew. They have brought us to the establishment in the heart of Europe of an arrogant and overbearing military monarchy, tyrannous in principle and design ; at this hour a standing menace to all liberties, civil and religious. Two or three centuries at most, could be chosen among all the ages of an importance at all commensurate. Edmund Burke, writing in 1796, says of the political contests of his earlier years: "These things then seemed great which the revolutions of our time have reduced to parochial importance!" And Byron, more than twenty years after, says, in a letter to Scott: "Remember that we have lived in gigantic and exaggerated times,

which make all below Gog and Magog seem pygmean." The fifty and odd years which have elapsed since Byron wrote, have been of scarcely less magnitude. And this, not in the fields of war and conquest alone, but in the silent growth of states; in the world of science, in the mass of inventions undreamed of by our ancestors; in the rapid advance of the arts of peace and war; in all the circumstances and surroundings which makes the life, habits, and usages of men so different from those of their grandsires.

In youth the most fascinating study is biography. In mature age we are won by the deeper and more comprehensive charm of history. When a long life of hope and possible achievement appears to lie before us, we love to dwell on the actions, thoughts, and passions of individual men, examples or beacons to ourselves. Afterwards, when the littleness of individual man is brought painfully home to us, we turn with increasing interest to the great drama which the evolution of ages presents, affecting the family of mankind. We range in thought epoch after epoch, tracing the germinating seeds of good and evil till they bear their destined fruit.

It is not intended in this paper to give any sketch, however slight, of the marvellous events which the past century has brought forth. Our idea is a much humbler one. We ask our readers to cast with us their eyes back for a hundred years, to survey briefly the state of the world as it then existed, and by that survey to form a measure of the changes wrought in the interval. Our theme is simply the year 1776.

THE EMPIRE.—And to begin with the state of Europe. How much is said when we say that *the Empire* was still subsisting—the German Empire, as it was popularly but erroneously called, its true name being *the Holy Roman Empire*. It subsisted in form such as the middle ages had transmitted it. From the coronation of Charlemagne in the year 800, it counted a duration of nigh a thousand years. And slight, indeed, was the idea that its days were numbered, and that in thirty years more (1806) it would be shattered by the mighty hand of a new Charlemagne, who at the time we write of was a boy of seven years of age, the son of a Corsican attorney. At the head of the Holy Roman Empire was *the Emperor*, not, as now, one Emperor among many, but the *Kaiser*, the so deemed representative of the ancient Cæsars of Rome. The sovereigns of Russia and of Turkey were, it is true, sometimes named Emperors, but the one was only a Tartar Czar, the other an Asiatic Sultan. The Emperor held, by universal consent, the first place among the princes of Europe. In theory, the office was not hereditary but elective. The electors were nine, three spiritual, the Archbishops of Cologne, Mayence and Treves; six temporal, the Elector King of Bohemia, head of the house of Austria, the Elector of Brandenburg, who was king of Prussia, the Elector of Saxony, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, the Elector of Bavaria, and the Elector of Hanover, who was George III., King of England. So high was the Electoral dignity reputed that the title took precedence of every other title below that of king. Thus, the Grand Dukes of Bavaria and Saxony were styled Electors, not Grand Dukes. It was the same with Brandenburg and Hanover, till these sovereigns

became kings. But although the Imperial office was thus nominally elective, it had for centuries past been, with slight interruptions, hereditary in the House of Austria—the family of the Hapsburgs. At the date of which we are treating, however, the actual Emperor was not yet the head of the House of Austria. That head was a woman, the great Maria Theresa, the famous Empress Queen, Empress Dowager since the death of her husband, Francis II. In her own right she was Queen of Hungary, Queen of Bohemia, Arch-Duchess of Austria, and Sovereign of all the possessions which at this day form the Austrian Empire, as well as of Belgium and the Milanese, since torn from it. Her career had been a glorious one. It is six-and-thirty years since (in 1740) her father, the Emperor Charles, died, after having, with infinite labour, bound every State in Europe by solemn treaty, as if with a triple cord, to respect and abide by his Pragmatic Sanction, under which his daughter was to be recognised as heiress of all his hereditary dominions. Old Prince Eugene told him in vain that a good army and a well-filled chest would be of more avail to protect his daughter's rights than all the sworn treaties on earth. No sooner was the Emperor dead than almost all Europe—Prussia, Bavaria, France—all set upon her to tear her dominions to pieces. The Elector of Bavaria was made Emperor for a season.

“The bold Bavarian in a luckless hour  
Tried the dread summits of Cæsarean power.”

Maria Theresa—a young wife and mother—for the time almost knew not where to lay her head. But she appealed to her subjects, and they responded enthusiastically, the Hungarians crying, *Mori-mur pro rege nostro*. “Let us die for our KING, Maria Theresa.” And a king she proved herself, beating and baffling all her enemies with one exception, Frederick of Prussia, who held with desperate tenacity, and whose representatives still hold, the plundered province of Silesia. She succeeded in dethroning the Bavarian, and having her own husband, Francis of Lorraine, made Emperor. She is now, in 1776, a broken-hearted widow, inconsolable for the death of her husband. Every month she gives a whole day to seclusion and prayer for him, and once every year, on the anniversary of his death, she descends into the vaults and spends the day beside his tomb. The actual Emperor is her son, Joseph II., a young man of thirty-five, heir-apparent of the Austrian dominions, already by his mother's act associated with her in the Government, and tending more and more to monopolize it. To that position he owed the substantial power which he enjoyed, for the authority of the Emperor merely as such had become the shadow of a shade. All the German States were theoretically feudatories of the Empire, but all of them, great and small (and some were of the smallest), claimed and exercised a real independence. The greatest was Prussia—then Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, Baden—then a host of Princelets and Dukelets and Land-graves reigning over fragments of States which had been parcelled out from time to time as appanages for younger sons, according to a custom which for centuries prevented the unity and sapped the

strength of Germany. In addition to these little secular sovereignties there were very considerable territories in the hands of spiritual rulers. The three Archbishop Electors of Cologne, Mentz and Treves, the Bishops of Salzburg, Hamburg, Liege, and several others, governed the territories annexed to their Sees, with full civil as well as ecclesiastical dominion. This state of things, far removed as it is from the centralizing ideas of the present day, was by no means wholly vicious. The multitude of little capitals, with their little courts, were at least so many independent centres of life, preventing the cities from sinking into the dull deadness of mere provincial towns; and the smaller States acted as *corps d'amortissement*—buffers, so to speak, softening the fierce collisions of their more powerful neighbours. In the ecclesiastical territories, especially, the sway was in the main just and kindly, according to the proverb, *vivitur bene sub baculo*—it is good to live under the crozier. Taxes were light, prices low, and social life marked by a simplicity and ease almost unknown in our days of endless struggle and competition. Not that ambition then, more than at any other age of the world, was wanting among the greater rulers of mankind. Joseph II. himself was inordinately ambitious. He desired to incorporate Bavaria with Austria, and would have done so but for the resolute opposition of Frederick of Prussia. He desired to gain exclusive command of the Scheldt, shutting out the Dutch. He desired to be an ecclesiastical reformer, according to his own ideas, which were half Jansenistical, half tinged with the prevalent infidelity which Voltaire had sown broadcast. He attempted all these things and failed in all. When he died in 1790, at the age of 50, he directed that there should be inscribed upon his tomb, "Here lies Joseph II., who succeeded in nothing which he undertook." But at the period we now treat of he was universally regarded as a prince of the highest promise and the fairest outlooks. Frederick II. had a picture of him which he always kept in his private room, saying: "He is a young man I must keep an eye on"—*Que je ne dois pas perdre de vue*. He added with sarcasm, all the more telling for its truth, "He has great abilities, but has the capital fault of taking the second step before he has taken the first." Joseph's prime minister and right hand man was Prince Kaunitz, a name now almost totally forgotten, and yet as familiar in men's mouths a hundred years ago as Prince Bismarck's is at this day. Kaunitz passed for the very king of diplomatists and statesmen, but no opinion could approach that which he had of himself. He was one of those men of intense conceit—

"whose visages.

Do cream and mantle, like a standing pool,  
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my mouth let no dog bark."

To his schemes more than perhaps to any other cause the partition of Poland may be attributed.

PRUSSIA.—Next comes Prussia, a name of no small significance at this day. Frederick of Prussia is now sixty-four years of age. It is thirteen years since his last war, the terrible war of seven years, in which he

had defied all Europe, and defended himself desperately, like a wolf at bay, ready to be torn to pieces, rather than yield a particle of his stolen goods. Europe was wearied out at last, and, after seven years of frightful warfare, Prussia was left bleeding at every pore, but still in possession of the province of Silesia, which, without a tittle of just right, had been invaded by Frederick in his youth and conquered from Austria. Since 1763 Frederick had clung as eagerly to peace as formerly he had been ardent for war. He described himself as an old dog badly bitten in fight, who sits licking his wounds. Totally destitute of religion, hardly even sharing the faint Deism of Voltaire, time and the political necessity of his position had greatly softened not only his active hostility but even his satirical vein against Christianity. He constantly remonstrated on this subject with Voltaire, whose hatred of religion seemed only to grow more virulent as the grave drew nigh. The suppression of the Jesuits—the work of the House of Bourbon—Frederick looked on with undisguised contempt. Why, he said, with profound truth, why destroy anything that has life? And after his own fashion he made use of the event to provide teachers and trainers for the Catholic youth of Prussia out of the members of the dispersed order. Here is his own declaration made to the Pope: "His Prussian Majesty would by no means renounce his own interest, but combine it with that of the Pope, and meant, by suffering the Jesuits to reside in his dominions, not to permit the existence of the Society but the utility of its members. The most important object of a sovereign has always been public education. In a State like Prussia, where there are so many different sects and religions, *education must be various*, and the instruction of a million and a half of Catholics, which are in different parts of Prussia, is no small concern."

RUSSIA.—In the north of Europe the Czarina or Empress of all the Russias, Catherine II., reigned supreme. She was now in her forty-seventh year (born in 1729). She was the daughter of one of the pettiest of German princelets, the Duke of Anhalt-Zerbst. She had been brought in her girlhood to St. Petersburg to marry the then heir of all the Russias, afterwards Peter II., a weak, wild, well-meaning, but dissipated and half-crazed youth, and she changed her original Lutheran religion for the Greek Church without a moment's scruple, as indeed scruples were never her foible. She had undoubtedly great abilities. She relates in her own memoirs—brought to light a few years ago—how at the age of fifteen or sixteen, and in the midst of the despicable atmosphere around her, she devoted several hours daily to the study of Tacitus, and learned to discern that things are not as they seem, and how warily it behoves one to tread the pavements of Imperial Courts. Her husband's reign was brief. He was deposed and strangled, if not by her design at least with her connivance, and she stepped into his place as autocrat. She was full of a certain grandiose ambition. She made incessant and most sanguinary wars upon the Turks, and at a later period christened one of her grandsons Constantine, in the hope (not yet realized, though possibly soon to be) that the Russian banner would float in Constantinople. Her private life was simply infamous, and is a subject upon



which, as Dante says, *il tacere è bello*—silence is pleasant. As beseeemed her, she made much of the French *philosophes*, and invited the atheist Diderot to her Court. What a contrast does she present to her great contemporary, the Catholic Empress, the tender and devoted wife and mother, the stainless, devout, and magnanimous Maria Theresa.

POLAND.—But in those northern parts the great object of interest was still the first partition of Poland, effected five years ago (1771). 16,000 square miles of territory were torn from Poland and divided among her three neighbours, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. This was the first partition. The second came twenty years after, totally extinguishing Poland. The world of western Europe, which had no share in the spoil, has been unanimous from that day to this in denouncing the proceeding as an act of barefaced and high-handed robbery. The spoilers have been eager then and ever since to show that their rapacity was a work of necessity, and even of charity towards their victims. We can hardly take up a German novel at this day without finding the Polish character handled pretty much as the Irish character has been by the English. It would be unjust to the great Maria Theresa not to mention her energetic protest against this act, which in the face of her son and his unscrupulous minister she was powerless to prevent. Here are her own words :

“When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not where in the world I should find a place to be brought to bed in, I relied on my good right and the help of God. But in this thing, where not only public law cries to Heaven against us, but also all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess never in my life to have been in such trouble, and am ashamed to show my face. Let the Prince (Kaunitz) consider what an example we are giving to all the world, if for a miserable piece of Poland or Wallachia we throw our honour and reputation to the winds. I see well that I am alone, and no more in vigour, therefore I must, though to my very great sorrow, let things take their course.”

And some days afterwards, here is her majesty's official assent : “Be it so, since so many great and learned men will have it so ; but long after I am dead it will be known what this violation of all that was hitherto held sacred and just will give rise to.”

What prophetic words ! A century has rolled by, and the example thus set of violating all that was sacred and just has been followed in Italy, in Germany, in France, till at this hour there is hardly a pretence of the existence of public law more than in the days of Brennus or Attila.

FRANCE.—France in 1776 was full of the brightest hopes and aspirations. The old king, Louis XV., whose life and reign had been so vicious and disastrous, was two years dead, and in his stead reigned a young king of two-and-twenty, with his queen, one year younger, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, Maria Theresa's daughter. Both were virtuous, generous, devoted to their people—both, as we know, destined in years to come to a most miserable fate. But that future was now all hidden in the golden flush of hope. France was at profound peace with all the world, a peace of no long duration, for her heart beat high on looking to the west, and contemplating the great events transacted there. That was indeed the spectacle which at the hour we write of the whole world hung upon with wonder and expectation, the momen-

ous struggle between England and her colonies. In France itself, as we can now discern, the germs of the forthcoming revolution were fast fomenting. Chief among these must be named unbelief in religion among the educated classes (the work of Voltaire), and a fanatical opinion as to the perfectibility of men through the medium of political institutions (the work of Rousseau). Theoretically, the king was absolute, but the old provinces remained, several of which had time-honoured privileges; and the *parlements* of Paris and the provincial cities (which for the most part had sunk into mere law courts) could still assert and did assert, when public opinion was at their back, the right to invalidate an edict of the king, by refusing to register it. The Bastille still stood, but of late scarcely any one had been sent there. Of the changes which time had brought about no better proof can be given than that in this very year, Necker, a Genevese Protestant, was appointed superintendent of the finances, i.e. chancellor of the exchequer in France.

ENGLAND.—As to England, nothing was thought of but the war with America. If Nicholas of Russia termed the Crimean war of 1854 the war of incapacities, the American war of 1775 might be styled the war of mulish obstinacy and folly. It was essentially the war of King George III. No doubt, there was what Shakspeare calls "a semblable coherence" between his views and those of the unreasoning and unreflecting mass of the English nation; but certain it is that, if the nation had at its head a king less dogged, the American dispute would have been settled without bloodshed, and the separation sure to come in course of time, might have been effected without bitterness or violence. The causes of quarrel were practically nothing, but were in principle everything, and it is in great degree a measure of the political advancement and capacity of a people when they resist for sake of a principle rather than from the pressure of a grievance. The grievance was really nothing in itself to a thriving community. First, an insignificant stamp tax, and when that was withdrawn, a trifling duty on imported tea; but, in either case, the Americans saw nothing but the intolerable pretension to tax them without their own consent. So the taxed tea was thrown into Boston harbour, and the principles asserted on either side being absolutely irreconcilable, war was the only issue. It is remarkable that the two men of indisputably the greatest genius then living in England—the great Earl of Chatham in the House of Lords, the great Edmund Burke in the House of Commons—adopted warmly the American side, and vehemently advocated conciliation according to the American views, but in vain. The former who, at the close of George II.'s reign, had rescued England from defeat and degradation and raised her to an unprecedented height of success and splendour, was to the dull mind of George III. only a "trumpet of sedition;" and in the latter, whose every utterance has been stamped by time as the expression of profound political wisdom, he could see nothing but "the heated imagination of Mr. Burke." George III. is a typical instance of the evil which a good and moral, not ill-intentioned, but thoroughly narrow and vulgar-minded man, placed in a high position, may inflict

upon his kind. He lost America ; he was afterwards on the point of losing Ireland, and for the evil relations existing at this day between England and Ireland, his obstinacy and bigotry are mainly to blame.

AMERICA.—But, to return to America and the epoch we are now considering. Both parties were anxious to escape the responsibility of the spilling of blood, and the first collisions at Lexington and Concord were mainly accidental. Blood however was spilled and the parties committed to the strife. These were followed by the famous battle on the heights of Bunker's Hill, above Boston. Then came an act of the utmost daring and resolution on the part of the Americans. They determined no longer to stand on the defensive, but to show that they were belligerents in the widest sense of the word, and they invaded Canada. Their general in that invasion was an Irishman, Montgomery, who, if his life had been spared, would have possibly eclipsed Washington as a commander in the revolutionary war. He led his forces with wonderful skill and success to the very walls of Quebec, but in the assault on that city, which was gallantly defended by the English under General Carleton, Montgomery fell, and with him the American enterprise upon Canada. This was on the last day of the year 1775. There is a poem of Burns' upon the American war, in which this exploit is summarized in the spirited lines:—

"Then through the brakes Montgomery takes,  
I wot he was na' slaw, man,  
At Lowry burn he took a turn,  
And Carleton did ca', man,  
But yet what reck !—he at Quebec  
Montgomery-like did fa', man,  
With sword in hand before his band  
Amang his enemies a', man."

Up to this time the Americans, though at war with the English, were fighting ostensibly not for independence of English connection but for independence of English taxation. But, in the May of the year we are now entering on, 1776, they flung away the scabbard and promulgated the famous Declaration of Independence, the centenary of which will, in a few months, be celebrated throughout all the United States with triumph and jubilee. Into the abstract principles asserted by that famous Declaration we decline to enter, nor will we further glance at the events of the war, which was brought to a successful termination by the aid of France, and concluded six years later (1782) by the Peace of Paris, in which England was compelled to recognise the independence of America. Certain it is, the American revolution was the immediate cause (whatever may have been the remoter ones) of the stupendous French Revolution of 1789, and that in two ways: First, by the *retentissement* of the principles it embodied, acting on a state of opinion but too well prepared to receive them ; and, secondly, by the prodigious increase of the French debt occasioned by the war, and the consequent embarrassment of the French finances, necessitating the calling together of their states-general in 1789. All this, however, lay in the future.

IRELAND.—But neither in America nor France, nor in any country on the face of the globe, have the changes wrought within

a century been so vast and striking as in our own. In 1776, Ireland contained about two millions and a half of inhabitants, two millions of Catholics, half-a-million of Protestants of all denominations. The penal laws were still in full force. It has been said that they were not executed, and as regards direct religious persecution, the saying, in a certain sense, is true. If the letter of the law, as it then stood, had been rigorously carried out, Mass could not have been said, nor a single Catholic rite performed in Ireland; for all these acts were crimes, subjecting the priest who solemnized them to banishment or transportation, and if he returned again into the country, to the penalties of high treason. Notwithstanding this state of the laws, there was undoubtedly a connivance\* at the exercise of the Catholic religion, and, except now and again, in the case of a priest who had made himself obnoxious to the governing faction, the penalties enacted against the mere exercise of religion were not enforced. That there should have been even this poor connivance has excited the wrath and disgust of Mr. Froude, who has discerned clearly enough that the aim of the governing minority was not to make the Catholics Protestants, which would have entailed as a consequence the transfer of power and property to the mass of the people, but was to hold all the power and property in their own hands, dealing with the mass of the people as subjugated serfs. But there is another fact to which Mr. Froude does not advert, namely, that the strict execution of the laws was impossible. The least consideration will make this manifest. If the governments of England and of Ireland had been really actuated to the uttermost by the spirit which animates Mr. Froude, and determined to extirpate the Catholic religion by transporting or hanging every priest who said Mass, how were they to effect it? They would have required to maintain in Ireland a Protestant army of at least a hundred thousand men. Fancy England, engaged in a series of foreign wars, and often at her wits' end for a supply of soldiers, affording such an army for such a purpose! Why, in the year we write of, Lord North, in the British House of Commons, spoke of enlisting Irish Catholics as a mode of recruiting soldiers to fight the Americans—an idea which happily proved futile. The connivance at the exercise of the Catholic religion not only fell in with the policy of the governing body, but was commanded by necessity. The other class of penal laws—those which debarred Catholics from all political power, all acquisition of property, all access to the professions—were enforced with the utmost rigour. Up to the time we write of, but two statutes had passed, having even the semblance of mitigation: one an Act of 1772, enabling Papists to take a lease of sixty-one years of unprofitable bog, to reclaim it for their landlords; the other, an Act of 1774, not conferring any right upon Catholics, but recognising their existence, by enabling them to take an oath of allegiance to his majesty. But how little the savage spirit of the laws was softened may be seen by an Act passed in the very year preceding the year we now enter upon, an

\*Connivance is the mitigation of slavery, not the definition of liberty."—*Edmund Burke*.

Act of the year 1775, by which magistrates were empowered to enter the house of any Papist to search for and take away his arms. The pretence for this arose from the disturbances of the wretched Whiteboys, the mere wild outbreak of oppressed human nature distorted and magnified into a Popish conspiracy. The Whiteboys certainly were guilty of many atrocious acts, and they were dealt with as atrociously. We see from the *Annual Register* of 1775 that several of these wretches, tried by special commission at Clonmel, and convicted late at night, were not even allowed an hour for repentance, but were immediately hanged and quartered by torchlight at the court-house door.

**THE JESUITS.**—To turn from events affecting particular States to the world-wide Church. Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) had died in the course of the preceding year, and Pius VI. (Braschi) was the Sovereign Pontiff. The great event still agitating the Church was the suppression of the Jesuits. That act was, we repeat, the work of the House of Bourbon. It had been begun by the Portuguese minister, Pombal, and, so far as Portugal was concerned, carried out with horrors of injustice and atrocity at which the world then and ever since has shuddered. Portugal, however, was a comparatively insignificant corner of Christendom. It was only when the immense family faction, the Bourbons in France, in Spain, and in Naples combined in threatening no less than schism if the obnoxious Order were not suppressed, that Clement XIV. was obliged reluctantly to yield. When at this day the House of Bourbon lies dethroned and contemned, it should not be forgotten of what sour fruit the parents had eaten that the teeth of the children should thus be set on edge. When the outcry against the Jesuits is examined and scrutinised one stands absolutely amazed at the absence of any ground of indictment. The late learned Father Theiner has written the life of Clement XIV. in a spirit of enthusiastic veneration towards the memory of that Pontiff, and certainly in a spirit of scarcely disguised bitterness and animosity towards the Order of the Jesuits. Unquestionably if a crime could have been brought home to the Jesuit body, justifying in the slightest degree the violent action of the Latin States against them, Father Theiner would not have failed to display it in the severest light. His work remains, therefore, a far greater vindication of the Jesuits than it is of Clement XIV. The Pope yielded with pain and reluctance to what he deemed an overpowering necessity, as the captain of a ship hews down mast and yard when the barque is struggling with the tempest. Clement XIV. died in 1775. His successor, Pius VI., had too many difficulties of his own to contend with to be in a position to reverse the policy of his predecessor. In a few years (a thing unexampled) he had to set out from Rome and journey to Vienna to implore the Emperor Joseph II. to hold his hand in the suicidal course of suppressing religious houses which that Emperor had fatally entered upon. This strange journey of Pius VI. curiously accords with the title of *Peregrinus Apostolus* which the prophecy of St. Malachy bestows upon him almost as curiously as the title of *Aquila Rapax* fits his successor, Pius VII., whom the rapacious Imperial eagle tore from the throne in Rome to his prison in Fontainebleau.

**DISTINGUISHED MEN, &c.**—It remains only to note a few things indicative of the time. And first, as to the distinguished men then living and their ages. Dr. Johnson was 67 years of age, Voltaire 82, Rousseau 64, Benjamin Franklin 71, Edmund Burke 47, Sheridan 26, Curran the same age, Grattan 31, Fox 29, William Pitt a lad of 19, the great Napoleon a child of seven years, and the great O'Connell a baby of a few months. How far the social habits of the time differed from ours may be seen in the novels of Richardson and Miss Burney. The fashionable hour of dinner was three, or, at latest, four o'clock. A certain stately ceremony presided over the social intercourse of strangers and even of intimates, very different from our free-and-easy fashions. Friends addressed one another as "sir" or "dear sir;" young ladies were taught to "*bridle*," that is, first holding themselves stiff and erect, to bend their knees and head and raise themselves again with formal courtesy. The empire of fashion was such as it has ever been. The men wore the dress which is so familiar to us in Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits—the same indeed as the court dress of to-day. The ladies had sweeping trains, and on their heads cumbrous and stately plumes of feathers, so ridiculous as to make our *chignons* venial in comparison.

J. O. H.

## THE K— DORCAS SOCIETY.

BY M. C. BISHOP.

**M**Y last contribution to this Magazine described days spent in the south of Italy.\* I will hope that notes taken of "things heard and seen" during a late visit to an Irish county some twenty miles from Dublin may not be altogether uninteresting.

The village of K—, like many other Irish villages, creeps down a hill, across a valley, and up the bluff at the other side of a bridge more or less important, now for traffic, but in former times as a military post. And like many other Irish villages, K— possesses numerous public-houses, which appear more thriving than the other cabins. Its street is irregularly edged by two lines of thatched roofs in various stages of decay, but from their first winter stained with damp until in lapse of years they become mere slopes of dank moss. Half a dozen of "Emporiums" and establishments for the sale of soft goods display their dusty and mouldy wares behind windows closely nailed down, but over their sunken doorway is advertised in too many cases their license to sell spirits as well as other "groceries." There is little to relieve the *teints dégradés* of moist decay, and the usual swarms of muddy children are for the most part dressed in clothes that in ragged edge and colour are more like brown seaweed wrack than aught textile. Yet there are indications here and there of lessened squalor—red geraniums and pots of mignonette have been seen behind some window-panes, and there is little if any begging when travellers halt at the inn.

\* "A Visit to Pompeii and the Author of *Flourange*." IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. III. p. 380.

Meantime I am aware that these slimy roofs cover half a dozen embodied virtues, not so prevalent in other countries; and no one dares to doubt of the Irish æsthetic capacity. But the struggle for mere existence has crushed all thought of comfort, and hope of material beauty out of the very poor; and it is by the poor in Ireland that the key-note of national feeling is set. The grey limestone and green fields are chilling, and probably in no country is there so little to rouse the sense of agreeable colour as in Irish foregrounds. Chaucer might have been pleased by the supremacy of leaf over flower in them, and certainly the delight of the eye is sternly kept in check, to the increase, let us hope, of the theological virtues. On their development a well-wisher to Ireland must needs dwell, for there is little satisfactory in the apparent conditions of life. Why the many sporadic attempts to give Irish cottiers self-helping habits have failed as they have to supply the needed backbone, is one of the mysteries of the British Empire. The Union, the Famine, Emancipation, Disestablishment, Land Bills, and Shannon Navigation, leave the village of K—— much the same as in Arthur Young's time. There is one notable exception: the Church of the nation has become a visible as it was ever an invisible success at K——, and the fine building reared within the past seven years, mainly by the parishioners, checks the depression which the cabins might cause. But before its erection there was small sign of life much less of the progress which should mark all Christian communities in healthy climates. There is a fair sprinkling of resident gentry in the neighbourhood, but K—— was until lately "no affair of theirs." The landlord of the village is an absentee, and so its poverty, if not greater, grew more startling as recent years brought improvement into neighbouring estates.

Who can fix exactly the date or even the parentage of a successful idea? About nine years ago two ladies who occasionally drove through K——, and drove slowly because of its double hill, were seized with the wish to do something for the more miserable of the cottagers. These good intentions were quickened by the recurrence of one of those bad seasons which are periodical in Ireland. Mrs. W. and Lady H., who happened to be the nearest residents, considered if some help more permanent than the mere distribution of coals and blankets could be given, and their idea has fructified and developed into the charitable work of which I should like to tell the readers of this Magazine, and all who are interested in the solid welfare of Ireland even in its slightest indications.

No one who knows Ireland but must agree that Irish regeneration can only be from within. Whatever education can best supply "character" is the one needed, and want of it brings Irishmen at times very low, as the statistics of English and American cities painfully attest. Habits of foresight, self-denial, and practical calculation of the results that follow certain causes, are more wanted than even the three Rs. So, it would seem, thought Mrs. W. and Lady H., and when they considered how to provide coal for the shivering and clothes for the ragged, they contrived a scheme by which their help should be conditional on certain prepayments and on perseverance in knitting and needlework.

Penny and clothing clubs are common enough, but the founders of the K— Dorcas Society had larger plans that were based on a wider benevolence than those of ordinary money-giving souls. But Archimedes required leverage to lift the world, and the reforming Dorcas of K— needed both the moral support of the chief residents near the scene of their experiment and at least enough money to buy coals and wool, and to provide a place to keep them. The Carragh Camp being near and more or less cosmopolitan and liberal in its social feelings, fond of a "function" and readily accepting occasions to display the training of its bands and the merits of its staff, was chosen as the place for a bazaar that should be the starting point of the K. D. S. A kindly colonel of dragoons gave all needful facilities for the affair, and it proved a success, producing over a hundred pounds for Dorcas uses at (let us hope) the least possible expense of conscience, the fewest dishonesties, and the most innocent flirtations possible under the bewitching circumstances.

With such a working capital many enthusiastic persons might have grown proud and extravagant; not so the committee of the K. D. S., now reinforced by various ladies of the district. A very humble cottage, no better than its neighbours, was hired in the village. It was repaired and cleaned sufficiently that one of its rooms might be a store and office, and the rest let as decent lodgings, in which certain simple rules were enforced to the satisfaction and improvement of the poor souls who hired them. It is in towns and crowded lodgings that the Irish are at their worst. Yet to no Europeans is home so necessary, and by none is it more passionately valued; and to teach Irishwomen the rudiments of such home economy as is always possible even in a lodging, is of evident use. However slight and imperfect the attempt of the K. D. S., it is certainly commendable, and particularly when such training is unaccompanied by intrusion or dictation and when the habits of the people are sufficiently respected.

Possessed of "premises," the K. D. S. enlarged its sphere and appointed its officers. Four or five working directors undertook different departments as their genius led them, whether to true judgment in stockings, or stern justice in the administration of coals—to a nice taste in unbleached calico, or a correct eye for seams. By general consent a brilliant authoress was appointed secretary, and Mrs. W., the chief originator of the Society, was the obvious treasurer. As sound principles of finance were so studied in its scheme, hers was the most difficult and important office. After one of the weekly meetings she has told me of hours she has spent in regulating accounts and combining new financial plans. It must be hoped that she may infect the poorer members of the Society with some of her foresight and management. But his own interest is what an Irishman often takes least interest in; so that at once delicate handling and firm perseverance were needed by the model "chancellor" of the K. D. S. exchequer. Traditional failure has saturated us with fatalistic indifference, and, wanting the dignity of success, in all classes we are apt to be apathetic. Memories of a nobler past and of a code that has never been altogether abandoned in the manners of the



peasantry, dreams of a glorious future dashed by consciousness of present weakness, paralyse the action of those even who hardly know why they are inert. A simple plan to do some small but practical and immediate good has few charms and seldom opens our purses. Therefore had the treasurer of the K. D. S. sufficiently up-hill work both with the poor and the rich, in persuading them to be wise. Even to observe that K—— needed reform is in the highest degree creditable to the Anglo-Irish squires of the neighbourhood. There is such wealth of self-satisfaction among us that few see any necessity for a greater prosperity. We sedulously ignore disagreeable truths, and we love to walk in a dream-light of rhetoric and flattery. As follows, naturally, there is nowhere more tall talk about improvement than in Ireland, but the efforts in that direction have been mainly towards getting rid of the poor rather than curing their poverty.

The K. D. S. does more solid good in its modest way. Indeed half the value of the work is in its very modesty. It deals simply but directly, within its small capacity, not only with the poverty but with the causes of poverty in K——, which is a fair sample of an Irish village. Quite unostentatiously it is an educational charity, and by practical lessons it tries to persuade its members that self-help is at the root of all social progress, a fact that enters little into our national ideas though we are always ready to help some one else. It has been said that he would be a great statesman who induced an Irishman to take his hands out of his pockets, and he would be a wise despot who forbid pockets altogether until there was something besides hands to put in them. The K. D. S. tries at least to play the statesman—it resists the popular temptation of agreeable giving, and dares to be just and to find necessary fault. It even attempts to teach the rudiments of trade, and that there can and should be a system of credit that is alike independent of good-nature and of gambling. Rules encouraging good work and good manners have fostered a sort of embryo public opinion, not indeed by direct objurgation, as if grown up and elderly women were children to be preached at, but by examples of success and failure.

The sympathy of the upper class was essential to the K. D. S.; yet many excellent schemes fall through in Ireland, because if they are started by the gentry they are apt to be impracticable; and to satisfy so quickwitted a people as the Irish there must be no illogical compromises or they will not risk money, however ready with flattery on the merits of a new system. On the other hand, the wisdom of Adam Smith and the reforms of a Gladstone would remain inoperative in an Irish neighbourhood if the social chiefs of it do not win the confidence of Biddy or Anty in such reforms. Now it is a question perhaps better left unanswered, in how many neighbourhoods are the social chiefs possessed of perseverance, good sense, respect for the faith and patience to humour the foibles of our good country folk sufficiently to play the part of the K—— Dorcas Committee?

Its work is as purely mundane as any work running up into true principles of economy can be, and it is necessarily neutral, but it has secured the approval of the parish priest.

So nine years ago, the K. D. S. established itself. For an Irish work that is kept up neither by political nor religious energy, this is already a respectable antiquity and title. But seeing is believing, and I spent an hour or two at a weekly meeting of the committee last November, to judge of its labours for myself, and see how far its plans were likely to be successful.

The first cottage that had been swept and garnished for offices and lodging had long since been found inconvenient. It was retained as a humble model to its neighbour cabins, and a vigorous whip in the neighbourhood enabled the Society to build a more substantial house, at a cost of about three hundred pounds. Upstairs this house is arranged for lodgers; behind is a yard and the coal store, where the "one just person" of K. officiates in weighing. On the ground floor is a co-operative shop—ambitious effort, of which more anon—and at the other side of the passage is the Dorcas office furnished with counters and cupboards, where once a-week, during the winter months, the committee carry on their work.

To the imaginative mind that likes to deal with thousands, but has little acquaintance with the discreet management of hundreds, the balance sheet of the K. D. S. for 1875, may seem trivial. But it has particular interest in showing how the income of the Society, about forty pounds in subscriptions, can feed many separate good works. Three pounds seventeen shillings and a penny halfpenny (to be particular) were spent in sheer alms; the rest was given as a premium in proportion to the industry and foresight of the poor women—the wretchedest and poorest in K——, who worked and saved their pence.

Simplest and most popular of the departments is the coal and blanket charity. Hard as saving is, harder as is making substantial deposits early in the season, to learn to work neatly is hardest of all, and most of the women had to be taught the A B C of sewing and knitting; but with some recalcitration, even this branch of the charity is taking firm root. Not only the clothes supplied to the members are made by themselves at fixed prices and under careful inspection of "band, and gusset, and seam," but orders from the outer world of poor clothes or house linen can be executed with neatness and dispatch. A practical and self-supporting school of needlework is established, and anyone who wants hand-knitted stockings or socks can do no better than try those of the K. D. S., which are commendable both for workmanship, good wool, and pleasant colours. Orders from London and elsewhere are coming in as their merits are known, and the sale of work has trebled itself in the past year—work, the reader will observe, that is not at the mercy of fashion or useless to the people themselves; for, let us hope, socks, and shirts, and linsey petticoats may never cease to be necessities of K——.

The K. D. S. had its early struggles, and they were sometimes sufficiently humorous. There was plenty of individuality among both rich and poor, and "scenes" were not unknown. Some of the workers were disposed to bully, and pathetic and blustering appeals were tried on the weaker vessels of the committee, while there were hints that the ladies were making a "good thing" of the concern.

Partiality being an avowed duty in Ireland, it was conceived impossible that there could be straightforward justice done on the merits of each case unaffected by collateral issues. Temper and tact were very necessary for the founders; and, perhaps, it was fortunate that one of them had a pretty skill in doctoring, and that her advice gratis was an attraction. Indeed, at one time, the committee-room seemed likely to become the resort of all the sore legs, scalded children, and cripples of the village. But, as pure economics are better comprehended by the people, this tendency to dispensary work diminished, all inclination to untimely pity is repressed among the committee, and, probably, the lesson of not giving lavishly is harder to learn than that of not begging. In short, the discipline of the Society is severe, and its members have to do real work, and not play at charity. The day I was present at its labours, one lady examined the titles of some forty odd applicants for coal at half price, distinguished those who by virtue of an early deposit were to have it at a further reduction of eighteen per cent, made due entries and received much copper coin, some of it slowly and reluctantly produced from the recesses of the claimants' mouths. At another counter, the brilliant secretary, being tall and having long arms, measured linen diligently, an order for sheeting having come in from a neighbouring family, and another lady took the directions of a very big woman who wished the underclothes she had bespoken to be "clever in the tail."

"I *wish* I could allow you more," says one of the soft-hearted committee ladies, almost with tears in her eyes, to a needlewoman. But the treasurer is inexorable in her rules, and the rules enjoin various penalties on bad or dirty work. There is a "slow and sure" lady repeating directions as she gives out needlework, until the phrases, "This is to be top-sewn" and "This need not be top-sewn," sound like bits of a litany. Packets of wool heaped up beside a pair of scales are under the supervision of a lady cunning in "turning the heel" and other mysteries of knitted socks. Imperfect ribs, deformed toes, and insufficiently developed calves are sternly refused, sent back to be made over again if possible: if not, ends of wool are always useful in teaching children, and the bad workers are fined. When orders are plenty, yarn enough for a pair of knickerbocker stockings is given as material for about a week's work; but, as custom increases, more can be allowed to each woman. The knitting skill increases fast, and though at first the K. D. S. stockings seemed subject to all the ills that stockings are heir to, very few are now relegated to the drawer for incurables. Even for the incurables the treasurer has discovered a market in the English midland counties where, it would seem, buyers are less sensitive to the strange anatomy of their hose. On the whole the school of work is a humble but important success. How to make a shirt, a set of baby clothes, or a "clever" linsey gown is no longer a mystery to the poorest woman at K——, and a taste for neat clothes and even an appreciation of sheets, now that they have decent blankets, is growing. Anything like "uniform" in the cut and colour of the dresses is avoided as much as may be, seeing the dislike to any distinctive pattern by which "Dorcas women" might become remarkable.

Besides these works the leading spirits of the K. D. S. are full of tentative enterprise, always, however, making towards self-help and training in economics. Since the pay of a matron has been found within the means of the Society, dinners are given on stated days of hot meat and vegetables well cooked. Each is calculated to cost fourpence-halfpenny, of which twopence-halfpenny is paid by the recipient, who may take away her portion if she choose, and the said portion forms no small help in her family meal. Here is the beginning of a school of cookery, an art less known for obvious historical reasons in Ireland than in probably any other European country. It is this year proposed to take in two or more girls for some hours every day, and train them as far as Dorcas means admit.

Now for all this it becomes necessary to have a trustworthy and efficient matron, for though at first the ladies did all the controlling work themselves, the new developments of their charity require a resident. And so it becomes possible to attempt the last most ambitious experiment of a ready-money shop in which the poor of K—— are offered the latest advantages of the co-operative system and even the coupons of the General Expenditure Assurance Company. Any one who is conversant with the ways and manners of an Irish village may despondingly ask what hope can there be of success in this direction; and indeed success is less evident in this than in the other branches of the Dorcas work. How to persuade the poor that "ladyships" can without occult and evil purposes condescend to shop-keeping, how bring wary old souls to think that pure sugar sweetens better at the price than the rich brown stuff largely flavoured with tropical insect remains, to which they are accustomed, is equally difficult; and they do not yet discern the merits of unfaced tea and comparatively odourless tallow candles and soap. Even if the ladies could be forgiven and the shop could win favour, still the whole plan of trade in K—— would have to be remodelled; and, however desirable, that is a "big thing" to attempt. The K. D. S. is meantime leading a brave, forlorn hope to the attack of the octopus Debt. Of course nearly every poor soul is deep in the books of the small traders, who in their turn are hardly better off than their customers and also in debt for their stock in trade. Ready money is in all transactions the hitch, and in bad seasons the cottagers are often in straits, when they might starve if the shop would not give credit till spring work or the pig lets them pay up. Thankful to get through anyhow, the prices and the qualities of their "eaten bread" are little examined. The people are generous and reckless, and it would be "mean" to forget the various glasses of whiskey taken in good fellowship over the counters, when the usual obligations of customer and seller are reversed.

The K. D. S. shop is a nearly untenable position, but one that if it can be maintained may be of very great service and by no means injure the traders. It is right that the better system of ready money should have a trial, and it is unfair to the people that they should have no chance of profiting by the benefits offered in larger communities to the provident. There need be no unkind competition with the village shopkeepers, who as it is, get little if any custom from the neighbour-

ing gentry ; and it is chiefly the upper class who would be for some time the supporters of the co-operative shop. Their example might gradually set the fashion of short accounts and pure groceries. All this is serious good work, though it is unpretending, and it is good for rich and poor in its reality. The brilliant secretary, it is true, cannot always repress her wit. When required to draw up rules and advertisements she breaks into poetry and art. Sugar was announced in the shop by a picture of two enormous loaves between which a child sat in ecstatic joy. A vast teapot advertised tea, while the head of Queen Elizabeth in a ruff of the period suggested starch. A bee and an ant of large dimensions illustrated the rules of work, but the artist was a trifle discouraged by an inquiry what the "cock roach" was meant to symbolise, her industrious ant having failed to explain itself to the un-entomological natives. And with all their sense of humour the Irish are inclined to resent aught like child's play, for to them life is grave enough, and they are sensitive on many points that require a nice tact to avoid. For nine years, however, the K. D. S. has done sound and earnest work. It is no light thing to influence the women in about fifty families towards self-respect. To give them work in winter time is an excellent charity, but to teach them how to do that work is yet better ; and that such work should be of a kind unaffected by fashion and specially useful in home economy, is its best recommendation. The K. D. S. sticks to sound principles, and its progress has been very sure if not so rapidly brilliant as some lace-making and embroidery schools. A notable improvement has taken place in the manners of the Dorcas women. At first the committee had to bear occasional rough language and very unpleasant elbowing, while once or twice tipsey women appeared on the scene, for it is the very poorest and lowest that the Society invite to their house. But now there is seldom any attempt to break the by-laws and the members are ready to follow advice about their dropped stitches or untidy hems, and even to feel legitimate pride in a good deposit of money.

It would be affectation to say that a certain distrust and dislike of order and punctuality does not exist among both administrators and administratees ; but good that is good has been done, and if no serious change occur in the elements of the committee, the work is likely to take root downwards and spread goodly branches upwards.

One of its offshoots, among others that I have not mentioned, is a humble flower-show, in which the poorer members are invited to compete. Each must produce three plants in pots that have been in her possession for six months. Prizes are also given for bouquets of wild flowers, in which considerable taste and knowledge of the neighbouring flora are shown.

The reader will think that the little income of the Charity, which is "passing rich on forty pounds a-year," is not ill applied ; but the treasurer is sanguine of still greater things. With more orders from the outer world for its work—for instance from ladies charitably disposed for its poor clothes—with a better trade for its shop, the K.D.S. may become entirely self-supporting as to money.

But whether equally wise and energetic successors will be found for the actual committee is another thing. Meantime their attempt to

dogood on wider principles and with larger aims than usual deserves mention. It need hardly be said that it is quite unsectarian, and Catholic and Protestant unite in the work. But, while we confess that no work is likely to prosper in Ireland that does not perfectly accord with the spiritual virtues of the nation, yet from various causes the practical qualities of character which improve the homes and so secure the national stability of a people need cultivation, and that may best be done by their social superiors. Many impediments have hitherto reversed the right action of society in Ireland. The effort I have sketched is on a small scale, but it should be matter of congratulation that it has been so far successful in a village of the common type, and one possessed of an absentee landlord, as well as of other Irish disabilities. To do good that does not harm the receiver, is a troublesome enigma now-a-days. Lessons in kindly sympathy and prudence are more needed by rich and poor than any amount of book-learning, and for these lessons the village system is better than any "national system" of education.

Above all, that the upper class should persevere, take personal trouble, and abstain from spasmodic generosity in their charities is gain. The ladies of the K. D. S., struggling against many discouragements, and the hints of candid friends and pick-hole neighbours, have, to some degree, shaken off the well-nigh incurable inertia common to high and low. Meantime there is little beggary in K—. Fewer ragged figures lounge about. The church and convent flourish as they should, and it is well that by their side cottages should be happier homes, and that thrift and order should help to raise our fellow-countrymen to the place that ought to be theirs in the European world; which they have earned by many noble virtues, but just miss because of some too obvious errors of daily life.

I subjoin the last balance sheet of the K. D. S., which will more than confirm what I have written.

BALANCE SHEET.

<i>Receipts.</i>			<i>Expenditure.</i>		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance from last year	8	7 0	Rents, from May 1st, '74, to May 1st, '75	9	6 2½
Rent, from May 1st, '74, to May 1st, '75	21	6 8	Manager's Salary	10	0 0
Rent, from Co-operative Shop	2	4 0	Donation to Manager	1	0 0
Subscriptions	40	0 0	County Cess	1	9 4
Coal sold at full price	8	17 0	Poor Rates	1	7 7½
Coal sold to poor	22	17 11	Repairs to Old Dorcas House	2	10 6½
Cheap clothes and blankets sold to poor	13	10 8½	Stools for Work School	0	3 0
From Lady A. L., for blankets	0	10 0	Drawing and storing coal	1	0 2
Received for work	4	11 3	Giving out coal	1	17 6
Do. for last year's coal	0	3 3½	Prizes, Flower Show, 1874	2	0 0
Do. for suits, from children at work school	0	10 0	License for Hawker	0	5 6
Goods sold at Dorcas	36	0 11	Insurance	0	15 6
Do. sold at Co-operative Shop	198	6 4½	Camphor for wool, brushes, &c.	0	4 8
	357	5 7	Advertisements, printing, stamps, telegrams	1	3 4
Stock in hand	30	0 0	Carriage of parcels	2	1 3
Total Receipts	357	5 7	Food, clothes, and coal to poor	3	17 1½
Total Expenditure	344	11 1	Coal	42	0 0
Balance in hands	£13	14 6	Work	8	16 0
			Knitting	8	16 5
			Wool	11	6 6
			Linen, calico, flannel, and all materials	233	12 2
			Returned money for returned goods	0	18 4
				£344	11 1

These Accounts were Audited and found correct.

## THE POOR.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

THEIR lot is hard, their pleasures few,  
 Their lives one page of toil;  
 With morning's dawn and evening's dew,  
 Still tired hands till rough soil.  
 With want and pain and care untold,  
 Their daily path is spread;  
 Through sun and heat, through frost and cold,  
 The poor must work for bread.

Then let your ways be kind and sweet,  
 Forbearing evermore—  
 For ah! God knows, enough they meet  
 To make a strong heart sore.  
 Be gentle in each word and deed,  
 Attentive while they speak,  
 And give them help in sorest need  
 When they and theirs are weak.

But some can ne'er their wants make known,  
 With natures proud and shy,  
 They'd walk their hungry way alone,  
 Enduring till they die.  
 Oh! seek out these and give them aid,  
 And give it with sweet grace,—  
 You'll yet a thousandfold be paid:  
 Their angels see God's face.

A swaying leaf will crush a flower,  
 A deed unkind the heart,  
 And wounds are made in one short hour,  
 That for a life may smart.  
 And thoughtless words can give deep pain,  
 And opens scars unseen:  
 For feelings quick the poor retain,  
 Full sensitive and keen.

The children, too, that toil all day,  
 With small hands hard and brown,  
 That should be in the fields at play,  
 Where merry feet run down.  
 With faces pinched from want and woe,  
 Sad, prematurely old—  
 Alas! alas! it must be so,  
 For bread their youth is sold.

Ah! pity them so young and weak,  
 So fragile and so small;  
 Be tender in your ways and seek  
 Their soul's good over all.  
 For Jesus keeps each kindness shown  
 Deep in His Heart, be sure,  
 To these His chosen ones, His own,  
 His blessed, suffering poor.

No need to seek Him far away,  
 He dwells where they remain,  
 With humble souls He loves to stay  
 'Mid sickness, want, and pain.  
 The poor, the friendless, and despised—  
 The outcast and the low :  
 Make these your friends, you'll be surprised  
 How holy soon you'll grow.

God bless the poor man and his home,  
 His little ones and all !  
 God bless his steps where'er he roam,  
 At Labour's ceaseless call.  
 God bless his toil and bless his rest,  
 His life and daily part :  
 'Tis such that Jesus loves the best,  
 The favourites of His Heart.

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## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A MARAUDING PARTY.

“ Whispering with white lips, ‘The foe—they come, they come!’ ”  
*Childe Harold.*

FROM the apartment of O'Neill we pass to a council-chamber of a different character. It is not a very dignified one, albeit the members of the council are, some of them, of high military rank. It is, in fact, a cattle-shed from which the four-footed occupants have been lately ejected. There is neither chair nor table within it. The president of the council, a tall man, in the uniform of an officer of cuirassiers, is standing by the door, the polished surface of his pouldron indented in the moist earthen wall of the ricketty building, his eyes fixed on the streams of muddy water which a heavy shower had sent coursing across the farm-yard. His subordinates occupy the interior of the shed, seated or stretched on piles of straw in various attitudes of negligent ease.

“What i' the devil's name tempted our worthy Lord President to send us on this fool's errand?” asked the officer by the doorway, in a fretful tone. “The cattle are not worth the trouble of driving away, and that old otter's den in the river is unreachable, and were not worth the trouble of rifling, could we get at it.”

The question was not directed specially to any individual present. A gray-bearded veteran who was making futile attempts to maintain the dignity of a major of horse on a pile of litter, undertook the responsibility of answering.

“Not without deep reason have we been despatched hither, Major Ormsby,” he said, gravely. “It hath gone abroad through the land that even within this house sojourneth a recusant priest—a minister



of false doctrine, who instructeth the people unto death, and doth mightily uphold the abominations of Baal against the light of the New Gospel."

The first speaker smiled grimly at the explanation of his superior's conduct suggested by his confederate.

"I deny not, Storey," he replied, with some irony, "that Sir Charles is a man of zeal exceeding great, and that he has laboured, not without fruit, for the spreading abroad of the truth. But I doubt if his zeal would induce him to send three squadrons of horse a distance of fifty miles, merely to deliver the true Church from the attacks of an old monk, whose most dangerous operations are the *aves* he recites for the downfall of heresy and the exaltation of the Pope."

"Thou dost measure the works of light by the erring standard of the wisdom of the flesh," responded the other, solemnly. "Better, yea, better far is he who hast destroyed even the least pillar of the great iniquity of Rome, than he who, in the power of the sword, shall have taken many walled cities."

"Your arguments have their plausibility," returned Ormsby, "and could, at the proper time, much comfort the hearts of our troopers to whom you break the bread of the Word. I am content, if you will, to believe that Sir Charles has sent us hither specially on the pious mission which you mention. I fear me, however, that we shall not be able to render to the Gospel the service demanded of us. The priest is just so far removed that our arms are not long enough to reach him. If it will make amends for this disappointment to know that this visit is likely to cause his reverence and his entertainers to enjoy an early Lent, I can promise you that their fasts will begin very soon. When we have rested long enough to go, we will not leave behind us on this spot food for a sparrow or shelter for a hound."

"Therein wilt thou have done a goodly work," answered the veteran. "Natheless, unwillingly do I forego the merit of cutting off another of them which scatter tares in the wheat-field of the Lord."

"And be there not treasures, too, within those ugly walls which might gladden carnal eyes that have not yet opened to the light?" laughingly inquired a young cornet, stretched at full length on the straw. "I am yet of the unconverted, and I would venture on a raft across the flood to yon wild eyrie to get a glimpse of the doves that they say are caged within it. If thou wilt hazard for the uprooting of the congregation of Satan, as much as I will in a less holy cause, we may even yet compass the capture of the island. What say you, worthy Major?" asked the challenger, raising himself from his indolent posture. "Doth the Sampson of Israel shrink from the challenge of the Philistine? Has the mighty one of Judah been vanquished by the uncircumcised?"

The challenge excited the attention and provoked the merriment of the officers assembled. The major was nettled by the tone of banter in which he was addressed, and piqued to observe that the profanity of his subordinate found favour in the eyes of his comrades. Twisting his gray moustaches, he answered:

"It is written that a stripling prevailed against the giant; yet did

he this in the might of the Lord, not in the puffing up of carnal passion. Young man, I will go forth with thee against the walls of this Popish Jerico. But, even as it was commanded to the chosen ones of old, so shalt thou mortify thy carnal vanity before we blow our trumpets at its gates. Hope not," he added, sternly, "to indulge thy follies when thou drawest the sword with me. Should the walls fall before us, I will myself lead forth the Canaanites whom we do not smite with the edge of the sword."

A smile played on the bronzed and rugged features of the group of officers. It was shrewdly suspected that, notwithstanding his professions of austere piety, the major could play the gallant when it did not interfere with his mission of edifying the lambs of the flock. On the present occasion, his determination to encourage self-denial in his associate was not attributed by his friends to disinterested zeal; and this suspicion was plainly expressed upon their features. Considerably amused by the challenge so strangely given and accepted, and interested in the result of the adventure, most of the officers quitted the stable to assist in the execution of it. Trunks of trees were rolled down to the water's edge, lashed together with ropes, and planks torn from the buildings of the farm-yard were nailed over them. The work went on rapidly, and soon several rafts, capable of carrying a large storming party, were ready. The wind had fallen, the transit could be effected without much risk. The castle had no cannon to render the approach perilous, and once in the shallow water, a score of iron-covered cavaliers would easily dispose of the mob of servants by which it was garrisoned.

By the inmates of the castle these preparations were viewed with the utmost consternation. The inhuman cruelty with which the roving bands of Parliamentary horse treated the mere Irish who fell into their hands was well known to them, and the prospect of meeting with these dreaded marauders inspired the handful of servants by whom the house was defended with the wildest terror. Nor was gentle birth and high rank always a protection against the violence of the lawless soldiery. The master of Duneevin castle and his family had therefore, much reason to fear for their own personal safety, if the attack which was preparing succeeded.

"I will go and offer them the plunder of the house!" exclaimed Arthur Dillon to his daughter. "It is useless to attempt resistance. Lives will be lost, and we shall be robbed all the same."

"Do not go! Do not go, father!" cried his younger daughter, clasping his hand with frenzied passion. "They will kill you. I have seen it in my dreams—I did not say it before. Oh! it was dreadful! Do not go! Do not go, I implore you!"

"Have no fear, Kathleen," returned her father, caressing the child while he spoke. "They seek our property, not our lives. You must not be frightened if some of these rough soldiers accompany me when I return."

"No, no, do not leave us!" moaned the child, heedless of the encouraging words, and occupied only with the picture which filled her excited fancy. "The cries they raised were piercing, and so sad, so

very sad! They are ringing in my ears, the wind has been repeating them ever since."

It was only with an effort, that Arthur Dillon could shake off the ominous feeling which came over him at his daughter's words.

"Talk your sister into reason, Mary," he said, with an effort to be cheerful. "I will return soon to drive these dark fancies from her head. Good-bye, Kathleen, try to have a smiling face to meet me when I come back."

The child tried to respond to these cheering words with a smile, but it was useless, she could not force even a counterfeit look of hope or pleasure into her pale features. She hid her face on her sister's breast, and did not raise it again till the boat that carried her father had quitted the island.

Arthur Dillon was a good deal surprised to observe that the preparations which had forced him to the step he was taking were abandoned almost as soon as he quitted the castle stairs. The half-finished rafts were left floating in the water, the troopers engaged in the construction of them retired into the wood, and soon the glancing of their armour at different points along the shore showed that they thought not of resuming their task. He concluded that the purport of his coming had been understood, and that the storming party had given up their preparations because they perceived them to be unnecessary.

A conversation which had meantime occurred in the stable where the attack was concerted will better explain why it was abandoned.

Whilst his officers were busy by the shore of the lake, the Parliamentary commander remained alone in the shed. He was comparatively indifferent to the success of the adventure. The taking of the castle might somewhat increase the booty he would carry off; but as a military fortress the building was worthless. It was too small to accommodate an effective force, and its garrison, if the country around were occupied by an enemy, could easily be starved into surrender. Thinking over this he determined, if it fell into his hands, to secure all the plunder it offered, and to leave the inhabitants who might survive the eventualities of the attack to enjoy the comforts of bleak walls and empty larders when he had gone.

He was busy at his calculations when a gentleman in the dress of a civilian entered. Raising his eyes so as to catch a glimpse of his visitor, the Parliamentary officer observed, carelessly: "They are going to intrude on your friend's solitude, Plunkett, to force him out of his reserve. Storey and young Crosby intend to cross on rafts with a storming party."

"You dare not permit it," answered Plunkett, excitedly. "It is more than your orders warrant you in doing."

"*Dare* is a bold word," returned the officer, superciliously. "I do sometimes dare strange things without the orders, and even contrary to the wishes of the Lord President. If the armed hand has sometimes carried its rose\* behind the coot, it does not for that reason owe to any one an explanation of every blow it strikes, and believe me that wily bird is far too prudent to ask it."

\* An allusion to the crest of the Ormsbys.

"It is superfluous to discuss the point," said Plunkett. "There is no time to execute your plan. Your outposts have signalled the approach of the Irish."

"What is deferred is not abandoned," remarked the officer, evidently unwilling to forget the slight put upon his authority by the allusion to his dependence on Sir Charles Coote. "What is the number of the rebels?"

"They cannot be more than two squadrons—about forty cuirassiers."

"It is well," said the officer, adjusting his sword. "I go to make arrangements for their becoming reception. Bid Major Storey attend me," he continued, raising his voice and addressing the orderly in waiting. "The officers of his troop will lead their men, on foot, to the verge of the wood, and there await further orders. Captain Hamilton will mount his Lancers, and hold them in readiness to act on a moment's notice."

Obedient to the summons, Major Storey promptly appeared before his commander.

"A troop of O'Neill's *hobellers* is coming to interrupt your diversions, major," observed Ormsby. "I have devised a pleasant surprise for them."

He whispered a few words in the ear of his confederate, and a smile of satisfaction distorted the features of the pious veteran.

"Perhaps," observed Plunkett, "it will interest Major Storey to know that the leader of the rebel troop is one to whom he became debtor on a certain occasion on which I myself had the honour of serving under him."

"And on which thou didst flee with exceeding speed, yea, even as the evil one fleeth before the prayers of the saints," retorted the major, maliciously.

"Wherein I did but obey the orders and imitate the example of my commander," rejoined Plunkett.

"Verily it did please the Lord to humble us. But great is His mercy who doth now deliver into our hands him who hath rubbed shame on the faces of the chosen ones."

The two officers accompanied by Plunkett left the farmyard. The men under their command followed in a short time; and, when Arthur Dillon arrived, there was no indication of the presence of the large force which had been entertaining itself at his expense other than about two score troop-horses, picketed in the wood and guarded by a few lounging troopers.

One of these latter informed Dillon that Major Ormsby had found employment for his men on the border of the wood, and intimated that he might find that officer himself in the direction he pointed out, if only he would risk the consequences of disturbing him in his occupations. Regardless of the hint conveyed in the last words, Dillon took the path indicated. A walk of ten minutes brought him upon a squadron of Lancers stationed at the foot of a rising ground on the verge of the wood. In reply to the challenge of the officer in command he explained the object for which he came, and was directed to

the spot where he should find Major Ormsby. That worthy soldier he discovered standing behind a clump of furze in company with some of his brother officers; and Dillon was not a little surprised to observe that his cousin Plunkett, who had quitted him on the previous day, was of the group, apparently on familiar terms with those about him.

As soon as Dillon approached, his kinsman stepped forward to meet him, and presented him to the Parliamentary commander.

"You are tardy to exchange greetings with us, Mr. Dillon," said Ormsby, coldly. "Had you waited a little longer, we would probably have spared you the inconvenience of your present journey. We would have striven to pay our respects to you within the walls of your own mansion."

"You will excuse me, if I am unable to appreciate your jocoseness," returned Dillon. "Your object is plunder. Spare my family insult, and take what you will."

"So spontaneous an offer does infinite credit to your courtesy," rejoined Ormsby, with insulting irony. "We have not leisure now to consider it, but we will do so later on. Meanwhile I shall so far take advantage of your generosity as to sacrifice to the service of the Parliament a few of the offices of your farmyard. We are playing here an interesting little game. As you will have to bear the expense of the torches, it would be unjust not to give you a view of the sport."

He beckoned to him a grim-visaged subaltern who stood at a little distance.

"Sergeant Lovegrace, I commend this gentleman to your safe keeping. Take him to the top of the hill, and from behind the fence let him see what is going forward. I must, however, caution you against interfering with the play," he continued, addressing Dillon, with an ugly smile. "The sergeant," with an expressive nod to that individual, "would be obliged to prevent any such intermeddling by means which it would be uncourteous to name. Both of you understand me. We shall meet again when the entertainment is over."

"It would be imprudent to permit him to return," he continued, turning to his associates. "He might even yet warn the birds before they get within our nets."

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## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FAIRIES' PASS.

"Sisters! I from Ireland came!  
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,  
I triumphed o'er the setting sun!  
And all the while the work was done.  
On as I strode with my huge strides  
I flung back my head and I held my sides  
It was so rare a piece of fun  
To see the sweltered cattle run  
With uncouth gallop through the night,  
Scared by the red and noisy light.  
By the light of his own blazing cot  
Was many a naked rebel shot."

*Coleridge.*

FROM the spot to which he was conducted Arthur Dillon could obtain a view of the road that led southwards along the Shannon in the

direction of Athlone. About a quarter of a mile in front of the position he occupied, the road passed through a defile, the sides of which were covered with brushwood and withered ferns. It was a picturesque spot, one which he had sometimes visited when his daughters accompanied him on shore, and which, from the legends connected with it, was known in the country round as "The Fairies' Pass." Authentic narratives from the lips of a hundred wandering story-tellers averred that the ferns which clothed its sides gave shelter to innumerable tribes of tiny elves, and it was well ascertained that, in the bright moonlight, dapper troops of these diminutive beings came forth from their hiding-places, and danced odd dances on the open space between the furze-bushes.

From his post of observation, Dillon perceived that the pass was likely soon to be invested with an interest greater than that which it derived from being the haunt of the fairies. His elevated position enabled him to command a view of the entire defile; he was surprised to observe that scores of dismounted troopers crouched behind the brush-wood which crept up its sides. His eye sought the broad open country visible through the pass, and in the distance he perceived a column of horse moving towards it at a rapid pace. At the head of the column a ragged youth bounded along beside the leader's horse with a lightness which only the practised horse-boy could command. Dillon strained his eyes to distinguish the approaching figures, and at last convinced himself that the guide of the advancing column was no other than his own singular domestic, Shawn-na-Coppal. He understood the situation now, and his heart sank within him as he saw the fate that awaited his deliverers. The clanking of their armour was already audible at the spot where he stood, and the dull sound of their horses' hoofs upon the soft earth smote upon his ear with a hollow, grave-like cadence that made him shudder. However, there was yet a hope. Knowing they were in the neighbourhood of a hostile force these friendly cavaliers, whoever they were, would perhaps distrust the defile, and distrust for them meant safety. But as yet they gave no sign of suspicion; they rode on at a steady pace, their guide maintaining his position in front; the stillness of death reigned in and around the pass, not a sight or a sound was there to awaken distrust in those for whom the ambush was laid. What if they disregarded in this instance the rules of military prudence? Should they perish without a warning? A signal, a shout, the waving of a handkerchief would arrest them in their fatal career. But how to make it? His life he knew would pay the forfeit of any attempt to give the warning. The eyes of his grim-featured guardian were upon him, and he felt that the veteran would not hesitate to execute the significant order he had received. Yet did not gratitude oblige him to risk his life? True; but if he fell—what of his children? The thought was harrowing; he stood riveted to the spot, distracted by the opposing claims of grateful generosity and paternal love, gazing in helpless, heart-rending suspense at the approaching horsemen. But, see! Suspicion of some kind has crossed the mind of their leader. As he nears the entrance of the fatal pass, he gradually slackens his

speed, and at length halts within gunshot of the lurking place of his foes. Thank Heaven!—he is saved. The silence became, if possible, deeper and more painful, during the momentary suspense that ensued. The commander of the detachment of cavalry conversed eagerly with some of his followers near him, while the Parliamentary soldiers bent low behind the furze-bushes.

All at once a rushing sound came from the direction of the farm-yard. A huge column of smoke rose into the air, bright tongues of flame shot up above the tree-tops, and the cries of men and animals mingling in wild confusion came from the scene of the fire.

The ruse was successful. Shewn-na-Coppal brandished his long hunting pole, uttering frantic cries of distress and impatience, and seizing the bridle of the captain of the troop endeavoured to urge forward his horse towards the pass. The soldier needed no such persuasions. The tokens of the devastation which was in progress seemed to make him forget his precautions, or perhaps made him think them unnecessary. He settled himself in his saddle, and with a hoarse command to his men to follow, and a warning cry to the lad who still held his bridle, he dashed towards the defile. He was already within a few strides of the entrance. Dillon could mark the eagerness with which the officer bent forward over his charger's neck and struck his spurs into the animal's panting sides. Arthur Dillon was not a daring man, perhaps not even a brave one, in the ordinary sense of the word, but the spectacle of these strangers advancing to certain though unexpected death for his sake, their eagerness excited by what they believed to be his danger, the reckless impetuosity with which they advanced, while the cold, glittering pistol-barrels of their concealed foes rising slowly to a level with the tops of the furze-bushes marked them out for death—all this made him for the moment a hero, oblivious of himself and his kindred. He cleared the fence before him at a bound, waved his hat above his head, and uttered one loud, warning shout which woke the echoes of wood and defile for miles around. He had not time to repeat the signal, there was a flash from the thicket behind him, a sharp report,—he staggered, and face downwards he fell to the earth.

The warning which it cost him so much to give came almost too late. The shout he uttered checked the horsemen in their swift career, but that single pistol-shot which followed was the signal for dozens of others directed upon the astonished troopers by dozens of unseen weapons from out the brushwood on both sides. They were thrown into confusion for a moment, more than one saddle was emptied by the volley, and, to add to their dismay, a strong detachment of Parliamentary Lancers suddenly appeared on the crest of the hill before them, and began descending the slope at headlong speed.

The Irish leader was not unequal to the emergency. With a steady voice which reassured his followers, he gave the order to retire. His lieutenant led the retreat, he himself, according to the rules of war, brought up the rear. The order was executed with the promptitude and steadiness for which O'Neill's cavalry were remarkable. But the movement which was the saving of his men placed the Irish leader

himself in the power of his enemies. His horse had been crippled by a pistol shot, and could no longer keep pace with the troop. He saw himself outdistanced by his men, and he heard more and more distinct behind him the clatter of the pursuing Lancers. To no one would he give notice of his distress—his first duty was to save the soldiers entrusted to him.

"Bayard is failing fast," remarked the trumpeter of the captain's squadron, who was reining in his own horse, in order not to pass ahead of his commander.

"Poor brute!" said the officer, in a troubled voice, patting fondly the neck of the noble steed he rode, "he has led his last charge."

The wounded animal, encouraged by the voice and caresses of his master, and conscious of the sympathy he excited, struggled to regain his place in the rear of the retreating column.

"It is hopeless, Bayard, it is hopeless," said his rider, despondingly, feeling the agonized quivering of the sinewy frame that bore him along. "Ride on, O'Duigenan; rejoin the troop. I will empty one Sassenach saddle before I go down."

"Leave Bayard to me," rejoined the trooper, pretending not to have heard the command; "there is strength in him yet. I know him well, and could lift him across the ground better than you. Quick! quick!" he cried, impatiently. "These Sassenach devils will be on us in a few minutes."

"Thanks, O'Duigenan! it must not be," replied the officer, who saw through the generous plan of his subordinate. "Ride on, I command you. Wait not for me!"

The honest trooper was perplexed by the order. His soldier's instinct inclined him to obey; his attachment to the leader whom he had followed for years, who had been always kind and considerate towards him, and who was, moreover, one of the "old family" which his fathers had served for centuries, prompted him to remain. He made no answer, but he did not increase his speed.

"Have you heard my orders?" asked his commander, sternly. "Go on!"

The soldier made a feint of obeying. He took the lead by a few score yards, but almost at every stride he turned to observe the progress of the chase behind him. He saw poor Bayard's speed decrease more and more. He turned away his head for an instant to regulate the motions of his own steed. He looked back again in time to see Bayard stumble and fall, crushing his rider under him.

In an instant he was on foot, rushing to the assistance of his commander. His disobedience met with no rebuke, the fallen man lay stunned and insensible under his dying steed.

"My God! they will ride over him," cried O'Duigenan, in deep distress, as he saw the Parliamentary Lancers bear down upon them at headlong speed.

Not so, faithful servant. It is hard to drive humanity from human breasts; and, though you know it not, there is gentle feeling lurking yet beneath the iron corselet of him who commands these lawless horsemen. With something of generous pity, and much of generous admiration,



the officer in command of the pursuing Lancers had observed the distress of his enemy and the fidelity of the Irish soldier to his commander. He turned aside from his course to avoid his helpless foe, bade two of his followers fall out of the ranks and secure the prisoners, and then rode on in pursuit of the fugitive troop, now far away on the level moors.

When MacDermott recovered consciousness, the sound of strange voices was in his ears, and strange figures moved about the grassy spot on the hill-side where he lay. He had been divested of his armour, and his left arm was wrapped in coarse bandages. He attempted to rise, but a thrill of pain shot through him, and he perceived that in the fall his arm had been broken. Near him, on the grass, lay another wounded man. He could not distinguish his features; a group of Parliamentary soldiers stood round him, but he could hear his laboured breathing, and low, painful moaning—indications that life was waning. A man in civilian's dress knelt beside him.

"I am failing fast—it begins to grow dark," gasped the dying man. "You will watch over them, Plunkett. I leave them to your care. They have no friends to whom I would commit them nearer at hand than their mother's relatives in Limerick. Convey them thither. They will there find a home, till Duneevin can be inhabited again——"

"While I can call a roof-tree my own, they shall seek no other home than mine. Have no anxiety about their safety," replied a voice which MacDermott recognised as that of the man whose life he had once spared, and to whose treachery he now owed his wound and his captivity. Unconscious of the pain caused by his broken limb, he sprang to his feet, and, before the soldier, who was at the same time his attendant and his guard, could interfere, he stood over the man who had betrayed him. Seizing him by the coat-collar with his uninjured hand, he flung him a distance of several yards with a violence which sent the astonished Plunkett headlong to the ground.

"Reptile!" he cried, his face pale with mental excitement as well as bodily pain, "will your treachery not spare the dying? If you have a trust to confide," he continued, wildly, addressing the wounded man, "confide it to your worst enemy, charge with it the men who have murdered you, rather than the ignoble traitor to whom we owe the whole of this day's disaster."

The sufferer was already too far away from earth to understand the import of mortal speech. His glazed eyes opened on the excited soldier, and, for a moment, a look of intelligence flared within the dull orbs.

"Thanks! thanks!" he murmured, with an effort. "I would have saved you. O God! Have pity! My children, my ——"

The word died away upon the blue lips, the eyes fixed a stony, immovable look upon the dark sky far above; the chest heaved and quivered, and Arthur Dillon was dead.

"Your prisoners are but indifferently guarded," remarked Lucas Plunkett, with a grin, as Major Ormsby turned away from the scene

we have been describing. The rugged lines of the veteran's features had softened under the momentary influence of pity, and, it might be, of remorse. He was glad of an opportunity of concealing an emotion he did not care to acknowledge.

"Is it thus you discharge your duty, knave?" he asked, fiercely, addressing the soldier to whose care MacDermott had been committed. "Secure your prisoner, and keep stricter watch upon him till we require him, if you would avoid the tipstaves of the Provost Marshall."

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

### LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

THE question concerning the nature and influence of conscience naturally enough connects itself with that of *liberty of conscience*, of which Dr. Newman took occasion to speak in this context, and of which I also will say something.

What then is meant by *Liberty of Conscience*? It is, in general terms, the recognised right to hold, profess, and practice any one of all or several Religions. This may seem, and will turn out to be, a somewhat vague definition. No other than a vague definition can be given; because liberty of conscience has ever so many degrees and phases. Of course, *absolute* liberty of conscience would be the unlimited right to hold, and to profess, and to practise any religion or so-called religion. Why the name of liberty of conscience should be given to such a right—restricted or not—is quite another affair. But no one will, I apprehend, controvert the popular and received signification of the phrase. First of all, liberty of conscience is a recognised right, or, more properly perhaps, the recognition of a right, whether the right itself really exists or not as a genuine rational claim. By whom is this recognition supposed to be accorded? Is it by writers and talkers, by public opinion, by sects or sections of religionists or their theologians, or by governments? Governments alone can effectually recognise the right, so as to give it legal force in civil society. But the other classes can affirm the right to be inherent in men. They may even go so far as to assert that everyone is free to *think* what he likes in religious matters, to suit his own taste, to make his religion for himself, that he is not tied up in this by God, and ought not to be meddled with by his fellowmen. This is a length to which anyone professing to believe in God will hardly go in words, but how far some stop short of it we cannot always easily tell. Christians even of the loosest sort confine themselves to saying that men are justified in holding what they think is the truth that comes to them from God. How far this is tenable depends on what is meant by *thinking*. Whoever is in *invincible* error is not guilty

in his holding, because *invincible* and *inculpable* are convertible terms. But every error is not invincible, and no other is excusable.

But liberty of conscience is chiefly understood to imply not a much holding only, as professing and openly practising, and, again this liberty is spoken of in relation to one's fellowmen and not to God. That is to say, the theory is that men have no business to interfere with other men as to their creed, except so far as those other men have voluntarily undertaken to join in a particular religious profession. Even then the interference ought to be of a very confined and mitigated character. A sectarian who breaks through the rules of his sect and deserts its belief may be discarded by the sect. If he is a minister, his ministrations may be dispensed with, and even if a mere member, he may no longer be treated as a religious brother. Though indeed the laxity allowed and maintained under this respect is often exceedingly great, and, in some instances, is carried very far, even in the Church of England, which is held up as a model of *Protestant*—or, as some of its members would say, *Catholic*—orthodoxy. An Anglican parson is not easily got rid of; indeed not at all so easily as many a dissenting minister. The law of the land, which gives so much respectability to the establishment, often stands effectually to heterodox clergymen and bishops.

Well then, the theory is that men have not, outside of contracts, any business to interfere with other men in religious matters. To God alone are they accountable in this department. No man, it is said, has a right to go between God and his neighbour's conscience. This is a high-sounding, solemn, and it may be somewhat plausible axiom, the value of which we may test a little further on. We are not, however, to imagine that all advocates of liberty of conscience give the benefit of that liberty to *all* religions; that the freedom of worship they proclaim is universal. Many of them would confine it to *Christians*—a very wide term, no doubt, as things go now-a-days, yet one which conveys a limitation. Many of them too would be very glad to cut out the largest Christian denomination, the Catholic Church, though often they have a certain delicacy about saying so. Yet writers and talkers and public opinion—that great potentate of our times—and sects and divines cannot *give* liberty of conscience nor take it away. This function rests with civil governments. These have no immediate concern with interior belief or opinions; but they have with the profession of religious doctrines and the practice of religious worship. The degrees of religious liberty as granted by the State in different countries have been and are very various. They are various as to the religious bodies so favoured; they are various as to the amount of public worship allowed; they are various as to the ecclesiastical authority permitted to be exercised within the bodies; they are various as to the civil rights enjoyed by the members; they are various as to the *status* which the religions hold in the country. We know that in this empire, long after Catholicity ceased to be directly punishable as a felony or a misdemeanour, its professors were rigorously excluded from the participation of many civil rights; that even now the crown cannot be worn by a Catholic, nor, I believe, certain

civil offices held by Catholics, though indeed there are scarcely any from which they are *certainly* excluded. In England still, and in Scotland, there are established churches with prerogatives not shared by the Catholic Church. Even in Ireland, the exercise of Papal jurisdiction is not only not recognised, but, according to high authorities, positively illegal; and religious corporations of men are in a true sense proscribed. We know likewise how the Catholic Church is treated in Germany, in Switzerland, and elsewhere.

Liberty of conscience as regards Christians was for a long time after the Reformation unknown in these countries of ours. Catholics were fiercely persecuted by the State. Even still, our liberty is not under all respects complete, though our legal position is immensely improved, and we cannot be said to be groaning under disabilities. As to Christianity itself as such, a wonderful change has come over its relations to the State in this empire. "When I was young," says Dr. Newman, "the state had a conscience, and the Chief Justice of the day pronounced, not as a point of obsolete law, but as an energetic living truth, that Christianity was the law of the land."\* This we know is not the case now. As Dr. Newman had said a few lines above the words quoted: "Could *savants* in that day insinuate what their hearers mistook for atheism in scientific assemblies, and artisans practise it in the centres of political action? Could public prints day after day, or week after week, carry on a war against religion natural and revealed, as now is the case. No; law or public opinion would not suffer it."† Undoubtedly law would not suffer it. We may safely say that Christianity is no longer the law of the land, though there is still an air of Christianity about it, and so much the better.

My definition of liberty of conscience was this: Liberty of conscience is, in general terms, the recognised right to hold, profess, practise any one of all or several religions. I will now give another definition more restricted and more suited to my immediate purpose; namely, Liberty of Conscience is the recognition by the State of each man's right to profess and practise any religion, with or without certain exceptions. The exceptions alluded to in the last clause, where such exist, limit liberty of conscience and prevent its being *absolute* but do not completely destroy it. I have in both definitions inserted the terms *professing* and *practising*; I have not introduced another which may have some claim to a place, that is *propagating*. Certainly, the right of propagating a religion, bringing others to the adoption of it, belongs to the fullness of the liberty of conscience, as popularly understood, and this on two grounds—first, because the right to make converts to a particular creed widens the scope of religious action on the part of those who already profess it; and secondly, because the right of embracing a different religion from that previously professed, belongs to the liberty of conscience of those who are allowed to make the change. In every case, whether the right of propagation is conceded or not, free profession

\* "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," p. 68.

† *Ibid.*

and practice of a religion will lead to actual propagation, unless the demerits of the religion stand in the way.

But why is liberty of professing or practising, or propagating the religion of our choice called *Liberty of Conscience*? I shall be answered by thousands telling me that the thing is obvious—that liberty of conscience is liberty of acting according to one's conscience—that religion is a matter of conscience, and therefore liberty of conscience is liberty of professing and practising whatever religion one pleases. Liberty of conscience, I rejoin, may mean liberty of acting according to one's conscience, and religion may be a matter of conscience. But, is it the *only* matter of conscience? I freely admit that in one sense this is so, because all moral obligations, with which alone conscience has to do, belong to religion, as I have myself stated and briefly proved elsewhere in these papers.\* But this is not the sense in which the answerers speak. They do not look on all moral obligations as belonging to religion, when they say that liberty of conscience is liberty of religion. They mean, so far as they themselves know what they mean, distinctive theological doctrines in matters which do not in the ideas of the speakers affect the common concerns of human life; they mean, too, worship, devotional practices. Then, I ask whether the claim to liberty of conscience is based on the general principle that a man should be allowed to follow his conscience in everything, or on a special principle regarding religion in the sense in which they take it? Is every man entitled to do whatever he likes in all manner of things, and say he is acting up to his conscience? Surely not, they will reply, such liberty would upset society in a day. Then, I say in my turn, the principle must be a special one for Religion, and Religion, I add, is not, after all, any more a matter of conscience than those other things which they would not include under the name of Religion. Possibly I may be told that, though other things besides Religion belong to conscience, Religion belongs to conscience *alone*, while other things do not belong to conscience alone. If a man kills or robs his neighbour, the perpetrator's conscience is certainly concerned, unless he be insane. That conscience is presumed to condemn the act, but may *possibly* approve it, and even justify it. But the State and society do not and cannot go into that question. Public order and the safety of men's lives and properties, and the laws of God and man, demand that he should be punished. On the other hand, whether he admits seven sacraments, or two, or none, whether he holds there are three Persons in God or only one, or even that there is no Personal God, is a matter that regards his conscience alone, and therefore he is entitled to follow his own way without hindrance. He may settle the question with his Creator—if there be such a Being—he is not accountable to his brethren on earth. Is not this satisfactory? Am I not content yet? No, I am not. I hold out still. I say that Religion does *not* concern conscience alone. The true Religion, whichever it is—if there be a true Religion—is an objective reality, not a mental creation

\* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. I., p. 316 and following.

of any man or number of men, not dependent for its existence or its truth on their consciences. They will be judged, no doubt, individually by the Almighty according to their consciences, and so will the slayer or despoiler of his fellow man ; but the true Religion is imposed on men by an exteriorly promulgated Divine law, and furthermore, it deeply concerns civil society. It is certain and is generally admitted now, and was till a short time since still more generally admitted, that society cannot stand without some Religion, true or false, one or manifold ; and no State has ever had at least any appreciable duration without it ; and undoubtedly the true Religion is that which God has appointed to do this work for society.\*

Not to deal in generalities, I come to the Catholic Religion. I have all along, in these papers, been speaking to Catholics, though sometimes meeting arguments of Protestants, and in a degree, if I may say so, digressing to speak to them. But it is to Catholics I am mainly addressing myself. Besides, even as regards Protestants or others outside the Catholic Church, it is of no small moment they should understand that we Catholics are consistent, and that certain tenets of ours are not excrescences but appertain to the substance of our Religion. Some of these adversaries would say : so much the worse ; for these tenets show what sort the Religion is. I can't prevent those who choose from saying this ; but what would they say in another view—what do they say when the Pope in condemning a proposition proclaims what they consider to be an arbitrary appendix to our Religion ? Let us hold to our Religion as it is, and not shirk difficulties. Well then, the Catholic Religion was revealed by God to be the Religion of all men, to be bound up with civil society, not to be subject to State authorities, but to be cherished and supported by them, and to cherish and support them in turn, to uphold their legitimate authority. I have spoken of this elsewhere somewhat more at length, and I do not wish to burden my readers with repetitions.† Suppose the Catholic Religion to be the Religion of all men, as God wished it to be. Suppose the Catholic Religion to be recognised as Divinely true by all sovereigns, as God wished it to be. Suppose the Catholic Religion to be united with every State in friendly alliance, as God wished it to be. Suppose further, that in the midst of this condition of things a few men, or even not so very few, rose up in some country and sought to disturb this Divinely appointed system, would they, or ought they to have been left free to do so ? Certainly not. God's plan would not have been reasonably or legitimately sacrificed to their fancies. That plan was not carried out to the full, nor nearly to the full throughout the world, God Himself so permitting. It is not to be seen at present completely realised in any country. In ages gone by, and not so very long gone by, it was in operation in several countries—countries exclusively Catholic—and this state of things lasted we may say, though not in its fulness, down to our own times in Spain and Portugal and their dependencies and in Italy. Nor can it be considered as yet obsolete in those coun-

\* See *IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. II. pp. 53, 54.

† *Ibid.* p. 50 and following.

tries. It is the undoubted duty of Catholic governments to protect the Catholic Religion, to promote its interests, to guard their subjects against the encroachments of heresy, so far as circumstances permit. The followers of false religions may sometimes have acquired such a footing in the country that they cannot be legitimately disturbed. Civil toleration and an equality of rights may have become necessary in many places. Certainly Catholics, and the Catholic Church, are not disposed to preach a crusade against Protestants settled in any country, even where they would prevail in the attempt. But the theory that unbounded liberty of conscience, in the received sense of the phrase, in other words, unbounded liberty of religious profession and worship, the theory, I say, that this liberty is a thing originally and fundamentally right, is a false theory. In this statement I have with me all those Protestants who would deny the liberty in question to non-Christians—not to speak of those who would deny it to some sections of Christians. I have them with me, I say, not only in what they formally hold, but also in a true sense, in what they may choose to reject. For if the principle be once admitted, so far as non-Christians are concerned, its limits cannot be fixed there; since Christianity, as such, and as including all who call themselves Christians, is not one Religion, and the various creeds comprised under the name cannot be all true or divine, and cannot consequently have a common prerogative based on the supposition of truth or divinity; and if supposed truth or divinity be not the basis, why should non-Christian Religions be excluded?

I can easily understand that many outside the Church and some within its pale will demur to my assertion. They will look on it as illiberal, as unworthy of the nineteenth century—the century of progress, the century of free institutions, the century of everything generous and unbogoted, and so forth. But, be the century what it may, a Divine Religion revealed for the benefit of all men and proclaimed to the whole world is fundamentally entitled to protection and maintenance by the State, and the population of the State are entitled to protection from pernicious error, to protection against the enemies of truth, and also against the probable results of their own weakness. This could not now be done everywhere, and will be done nowhere, because there is not a thoroughly Catholic Government on the face of the earth. I will not delay here to prove my position, which could be proved no doubt at great length, but does not seem to need proof, if the real nature and intent of the Christian Revelation be once understood. I prefer dwelling a little on another kind of difficulty which may be raised both by Protestants and Catholics, though in a different way by the two classes.

It comes to this. If Catholic Governments have a right to exclude Protestantism, and to maintain Catholicity against it, Protestant Governments have the same right in the opposite direction; or, at any rate, cannot be effectually called to account for acting as if they had. We Catholics might say to a Protestant sovereign or prime minister: Our Religion is true and Divine; your's is not; therefore you have no right to exclude or restrain us. I beg your pardon, he would reply,

my Religion is the true one; at least I think *it* is, as you think *yours* is, and I have as good a title to protect my own as you have to protect yours. Satisfy me, if you can, that the Catholic Religion as it stands is from God, and then I will let you have your way. So, until Catholics convert Protestant statesmen to their faith they have nothing to say, no conclusive argument to advance why they should not be treated as a Catholic sovereign is warranted and even called on to treat Protestants, where they have not a civil right to hold their ground, as to their public religious profession and worship. The difficulty, I have said, would be put somewhat differently by Catholics and by Protestants. Protestants would upbraid me for dealing out a measure to them which I should complain of if dealt out to myself. What claim have I to be admitted to full fellowship with them, seeing that I would not do likewise by them? Catholics, on the other hand, would say: Take care what you are about, don't spoil our cause. It is our interest to take our stand on the broad principle of liberty of conscience for all, on the doctrine that differences of religion are not to be minded by Governments, that they are to be settled with God not with man.

I freely admit that this doctrine is convenient for Catholics who have to do with Protestant Governments. The principle of liberty of conscience, unbounded liberty of conscience, once admitted, is a strong shield and a powerful weapon against oppression of Catholics. The unexclusiveness of the principle commends it to many an adversary of our faith. Hence it is that Catholics have been led to proclaim it, emphasise it, and extol it in the most eloquent terms. I do not mean to imply that the Catholics I allude to consciously put forward a false theory for a purpose. They sincerely adopt it. Besides, the plausible abstract reasonings whereby it is defended, men are easily led to generalise what fits their own circumstances. One who finds tropical heat serve his health, would be apt enough to set down a high temperature as the most wholesome generally. The convenience of the ultra-tolerant theory we have been considering commends it to those circumstanced as Catholics are in these countries, and helps to make many of them *believe it*; while, on the other hand, they are disposed to look on an opposite view as not only incorrect but dangerous. But, for all that, the principle is not true, and we must not sacrifice truth to convenience, not even to what may seem to be the public good. The principle is one which is not, and never has been, and never will be approved by the Church of Christ. Those propositions of the Syllabus which regard this matter may, no doubt, be misunderstood or distorted by our opponents, and need to be carefully considered, and not crudely explained; but they do, so far as they go, represent the principle, and that condemnation which their insertion in the Syllabus involves, whatever be its degree and precise character, is undoubtedly an echo of the doctrine of the Church—a doctrine adverse to the principle of so-called liberty of conscience.\*

\* *Syllabus*. 77—"In this our age, it is no longer expedient that the Catholic Religion should be considered (*haberi*) as the only Religion of the State, to the exclu-



No convenience can warrant our departure from the Church's doctrine. This departure would not, in the long run, be even politic, because we should be constantly liable to the reproach of gainsaying the Church whose guidance we profess to accept. We should be driven to saying either that we disagreed with the Church—which God forbid—or that the Church did not mean what she said and did.

But what about the difficulty? Is it unanswerable? Surely not. Before suggesting its true solution, I must repeat, that circumstances vary very much the application of what I hold to be the undoubtedly true doctrine, or, more correctly, that the doctrine itself fully developed makes allowance for circumstances and embodies exceptions which do not appear on the face of a statement of it. As the Divine commandment—*Thou shalt not kill*—does not, when fully explained, convey an universal prohibition to kill men in all combinations of circumstances, though such may seem to be its meaning, so the equally Divine Law which commands the exclusive maintenance of the Catholic Religion does not comprise all possible or actual cases. I will even go so far as to say that the question we are dealing with is at the present day in large measure speculative.

Now, how is the difficulty to be solved? More or less, this way: The position of a Catholic Government of a Catholic country with reference to the Catholic religion is totally different from that of a Protestant Government even of a Protestant country, with reference to the Protestant religion, or rather any phase of Protestantism, for there is in reality no such *Religion*, true or false, as the Protestant Religion, any more than there is such a *Religion* as common Christianity. There may be Protestant Religions, in the plural number, there is not *one* in the singular. But this by the way. The great reason of this difference of positions of Catholic and Protestant Governments with reference to the Catholic Religion and any Protestant Religion is, that the Catholic Religion is presented as a Divinely revealed Religion committed to the care of a Divinely instituted and Infallible Church, which Church definitely declares the details of belief and practice contained in the Revelation, superadding her own laws and ordinances in virtue of her own divinely revealed commission; while each particular form of Protestantism is confessedly a digest of dogmas and practices said to be contained in the Christian revelation, but made by fallible men according to their lights, with the addition of laws and ordinances enacted by themselves without the semblance of any such Divine commission as is claimed by the Catholic Church. If any of them do pretend to a Divine commission, they do not pre-

sion of all other religions (*cultibus*) whatsoever." 78—"Hence it has been laudably provided in some Catholic countries (*Catholici nominis regionibus*), that persons immigrating into them should be allowed the public exercise of each one's religion." 79—"Indeed it is false that the civil liberty accorded to every religion, and likewise the full power allowed to all, of openly and publicly manifesting whatever opinions and thoughts they entertain, conduces to render more easy the corruption of the morals and minds of populations, and to the propagation of the pestilence of indifference."

tend to be infallible in claiming it, nor to have the guarantee of any infallible person or body for their possession of it.

A Catholic Government recognises the Divine Revelation of the Catholic Religion and the Divine institution and commission of the Catholic Church, both of which are likewise recognised by the Catholic people. A Protestant Government embraces a particular set of *theological opinions*—to give them the most respectable name that I can—and charters, in some shape, the body of divines who hold those opinions. The Protestant Government does not any more than the Catholic attribute infallibility to itself. The Protestant Government does not acknowledge infallibility in the pastors who propound those particular doctrines which distinguish the sect. The whole *status* of the religion comes from the divines and the Government, a great deal of it from the latter, and the Government exercises a very effectual supervision over doctrines and discipline. In the one case the government accepts a religion presented as divine and divinely provided with all religious appliances, and absolutely repudiating all subordination to the State—the *Religion*, I say, and its professors too, *as such*—in the other the State sets its seal on a Religion which, as to its particular form, is unmistakably a human institution. As I remarked in a preceding paper, Anglicans do not pretend to believe with *Divine Faith* that Anglicanism—which is, after all, among the best of the sects called Protestant—is as to its particular doctrines and form *the true Religion*.\*

It comes to this, then, that each particular form of Protestantism, and the whole of Protestantism as contra-distinguished to Catholicity, is but a set of opinions. Whatever may be the actual adhesion of kings or people to them, their outward *status* is that of opinions, as they are avowedly fallible explanations of, or deductions from, the Christian Revelation. Now, surely there is the greatest difference between exclusively protecting and maintaining a Religion presented as revealed by God, and as proposed in detail by an Infallible Church, and similarly protecting and maintaining a Religion which in its distinctive shape is the work of those who hold it or of some among them.

Add to this that all Protestants admit in effect the right of private judgment, not perhaps always under that name, nor in the same extravagant way as some of the first Reformers, but in reality and in substance. For they all deny a permanent infallible authority, and all take their respective systems of belief from a comprehensive, complicated mass of revelation, obscure in many parts, and open to discussion about its real meaning in many others; all, I say, take their system of belief from this revelation *as they understand it*. If controversies arise, these are left unsettled, or are settled either by each man for himself or at best by an accommodating assent to the decision of some conventional tribunal for the sake of outward concord. Here we have private judgment without any mistake. Now, I say, once private judgment is admitted in the formation of systems of belief, the at-

tempt to deny to Catholics the right of understanding revelation otherwise than Protestants understand it, and of professing and preaching conformably to their system, is arbitrary and inconsistent. In the same Revelation which Protestants claim to explain according to their respective lights, Catholics see the institution of an Infallible Church from which the details of doctrine are to be accepted, and from this Church they do accept their doctrines. In this what business have Protestants to stop them? Certainly none.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

REV. JAMES GAFFNEY.

**I**RELAND, no matter in what way fortune afflicted her—and she has had her share of many ills—has never been left without one supreme consolation. The love and devotion which her sorrows, her constancy, and her genius have been so calculated to awaken in the generous heart, have never failed her. She has always had sons to render her that perfect, priceless service, which is “all for love and nothing for reward;” and in the worst times, when the children of the household were stricken and dispersed, sons of adoption rose up to pay her a chivalrous homage, and share the tribulation they could not shield her from. It is characteristic of Ireland that the affection she inspires is at once lover-like in intensity, filial in devotion, martyr-like in endurance, and graced with the tender, pathetic feeling which the old Bard so well expresses in his beautiful address to “The Dark Rosaleen.”

Even now, when Providence manifestly leads Ireland forth to a happier destiny, her children are still called upon to serve her in the antique spirit: to toil in dark places, seeking long-buried treasures, and to lay the foundations on which others, it may be, will raise a monument to their own fame. And though it may not any longer be “treason to love her, and death to defend,” true patriotism must ever bear the type of a yet higher service; and those who would work for Ireland must do so without stimulus from selfish interests, and in that spirit of sacrifice which ennobles the least pretentious deed.

To say that we have many such men in Ireland is no more than to say that the salt of the earth has not lost its savour; and that Hope, having seen the streaks of morning light, now watches for the noon. But we have not so many, that we can well spare one; and there was a great deal of this feeling in the wide-spread regret expressed when early last month the death of the Rev. James Gaffney, of St. Brendan's, Coolock, was announced.

Love of country consorts well, in Ireland especially, with the priestly character; and the scholar and gentleman whose loss we deplore, was at once a zealous minister of the Church and an ardent lover of the Land. He had large opportunities of influencing others,

and the good cause was safe in his hands. His liberal education and refined tastes ; his love of books and art ; the solid, practical sense that distinguished him ; his thorough appreciation of other men's work and his delight in their success ; his kindly ways and frank address, combined to make his company attractive and to render intercourse with him profitable and instructive. Beneath the reserve which became his sacred character, those who conversed with him felt the presence of an ardent nature and an affectionate heart ; the balance of a well ordered character held impetuosity in check and restrained enthusiasm within a channel safe though deep ; and the influence exercised by a genuine, disciplined nature was at the same time sensibly felt and cordially acknowledged. Honest directness of speech had a charm in him whose tone was always in accord with Christian moderation. And this clear, vigorous speech, so pleasant and effective in familiar talk, gave a certain originality to his pulpit discourses which were not so much sermons as homilies—models in their way of conciseness, aptness of illustration, and thoroughly practical instruction. Even his appearance, his air and address, bespoke the inward man—thoughtful, decisive, frank, and helpful. One could not be many minutes in his company without receiving something worth retaining from his stock of knowledge, or catching up a reflection of his enthusiasm for what is noble, true and good. Hence, wherever Father Gaffney appeared he received a welcome, and whatever company he quitted retained of him a kindly recollection.

Well read and widely sympathetic as the good priest was, all his earthly interests centred in one subject—the past, the present, and the future of his country. Irish history and archæology were his favourite studies ; the great men who had done service or honour to Ireland retained the first place in his regard ; his delight was to pore over some precious relic transmitted to us of the transcriber's skill or the illuminator's art ; and one of his greatest enjoyments was to spend an evening in the society of friends who would sing for him the national melodies, or play over the exquisite Irish airs that are found in Petrie's and Bunting's collections. Whenever he travelled abroad, his tour became a pilgrimage to the shrines of Irish saints ; he followed with exulting heart the foot-prints they have left on Continental soil, and lingered with intensified devotion in the churches that commemorate the monks of Erin, who, self-exiled from the Island of Saints, became the apostles of distant pagan lands.

Father Gaffney's life was uneventful, as indeed the most useful lives frequently are. He was born in the city of Kilkenny, and his baptism is registered in the books of St. Mary's parish on the 31st August, 1824. He was for some time in a boarding-school at Thomastown, and entered in still very early youth as an ecclesiastical student the diocesan college of St. Kyrán. In due course he went to Maynooth to follow the higher classes, and there he had a distinguished career. He was elected on the Dunboyne establishment, and in the second year of his studentship in that Foundation was ordained a priest. In 1851, having been affiliated into the archdiocese of Dublin, he was appointed to a curacy in the parish of Bray ; whence after a

time he was transferred to Athy. Subsequently he officiated in the parishes of Lusk, Swords, and Clontarf. For several years preceding his death he had charge of the district of Coolock, in the last-named parish; and his home was the modest presbytery within the enclosure that circles the village church.

Seeing Father Gaffney in this secluded peaceful post, one could not but remember Lacordaire's ideal of what was elevated and desirable, namely "a great heart in a small house." The priest was well placed beside the little church, and surrounded by the poor who loved him, and among whom, literally, he was to breathe his last. Nor did the place ill-become a man given to serious study and literary pursuits. Christian simplicity reigned there in an intellectual atmosphere. The good Father's genial hospitality drew round him often times a group of friends who will long remember the hours they spent in the house of the curate of Coolock. These and similar reunions in the houses of his brother priests—brothers in views and tastes as well as in vocation—were a source of great enjoyment to him. Nor was he insensible to the attraction of a wider social circle in which men of different views, but of serious pursuits and high culture were to be met. He was one of a numerous class who appreciate the charm of intellectual intercourse; but he also belonged to a much smaller class who propagate good, and do honour to the Christian name wherever they go.

The proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy had a special interest for Father Gaffney; he attended the meetings of the society from the time he became a member of that distinguished body; and in his writings utilised a portion of the treasures that lie stored in its valuable library. The constant, onerous duties of his sacred calling left little time for authorship, but the intervals of leisure he enjoyed were eagerly availed of to embody in permanent form the results of reflexion and reading. Possibly, had he been longer spared, he would, by a still more rigid economy of time, have succeeded in accomplishing a greater amount of literary work. For no one knew better than he how important to Catholic Ireland at the present hour is the cultivation of sound taste, and the production of a pure, healthy, national literature; and Father Gaffney was not the man to recognise a pressing need without giving some help. The writings which he has left in print are few, but far from unimportant. In 1863 he published in book-form a learned and highly interesting essay entitled, "The Early Irish Church," which speaks in the very first paragraph of that love of fatherland which "refuses to blot out the characteristics of its own national existence, and seeks, amidst its trials and tears, to preserve the national language, traditions, and history." Two years later from the same pen, but without the writer's name, appeared an interesting and erudite pamphlet, "St. Patrick's Cathedral: How it was Restored;" and in 1872, a lecture which he had read for the Young Men's Society of his native city, on "Edmund Burke: His Life and Times," was printed in the *Ecclesiastical Record*. In this we have a miniature biography executed in masterly style.

The circumstances attending Father Gaffney's death were very sad.

On the 4th of January as he was proceeding in his croydon, about half-past one o'clock, along the high road between Sutton and Howth, his horse became restive, plunged violently, and overturned the vehicle. Father Gaffney was thrown on a heap of loose sharp stones, and received so severe an injury of the head that he did not survive more than an hour. He expired in the cottage of a poor widow close by the roadside. Though speechless from the moment the accident occurred, the Rev. Mr. Cuddihy, who had hastened to the spot, was satisfied that the sufferer retained consciousness until the last rites of the Church had been administered to him.

The sudden painful death of so esteemed a priest and so worthy a citizen caused universal sorrow. The intensity of public feeling was shown in the only way then possible, by the immense number of the clergy who, with the Cardinal Archbishop, attended the office for the repose of his soul in the parish Church of Clontarf, and the multitude of people of every rank who followed his remains to the grave. In many a heart the memory of that sad day will long remain impressed. By the road that skirts the shore the lengthened procession wound its way, heedless of the bitter blast that swept across the sullen sea; yet noticing, perhaps, the grey shrunken outline of the mountains, and the slank gleams falling on them from broken clouds—pale intimations of a distant hidden brightness.

The subjects that occupied the good Father's mind during the days immediately preceding his melancholy death, and the engagements which he looked forward to fulfilling, are not without a deep interest for all who know him. On the day that he lay dead at St. Brendan's, he was to have taken part, as a member of the Grattan Memorial Committee, in the ceremonial of unveiling Foley's matchless statue of the leader of '82. Two days later he was to address the Association of the Sacred Heart at Fairview; the subject he chose for his discourse being "The Life of St. Columba," a most congenial theme. One can fancy how tersely yet eloquently he would have sketched the monk of Iona, whose passionate love for Ireland was shown in such affecting deeds and sung in such melodious verse; who thought "death in faultless Eire," better than "life without end in Albyn;" who, self-exiled to the "sea-spent Hebrides," could not rest in any spot whence a glimpse of his loved island could be caught; whose gray eye moistened even at the sight of the sea, because the white waves broke upon the Irish shore. It is a strange coincidence that St. Columba was strongly in the mind of another ardent lover of Ireland shortly before his tragic end. One of the last poems written by Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, and published but a few days before he fell by the assassin's hand, was on the beautiful legend that tells how St. Columba received the dove that flew across the waters from Ireland to Iona, and began with the lines—

"Cling to my breast, my Irish bird,  
Poor storm-toss'd stranger, sore afraid!"

When the day arrived on which the members of the Fairview association were to have listened to the story of St. Columba's life,

the earnest voice of scholar and priest was stilled : Father Gaffney was in Glasnevin, sleeping with the faithful dead.

Another and a kindred subject likewise had a large share in his thoughts, and occupied much of his spare time during the last weeks of his life. This was a detailed account of a visit which he made during his last summer's vacation to the church of St. James in Ratisbon. His attention had been directed on that occasion to some beautiful Celtic stone carvings on one of the portals and on several of the pillars and balustrades of the Church. He took copious notes on the spot ; a priest of the cathedral, Herr Töngler, a great architect and antiquary, who superintended the restoration of the church, gave him much highly valuable information ; and this was supplemented on his return to Dublin by researches made in the Royal Irish Academy. The results of Father Gaffney's observations and studies it was his purpose to embody in a lecture and read on the 11th of January at a meeting of the Metropolitan branch of the Catholic Union. With characteristic care Father Gaffney had prepared a well digested paper on the subject ; and with a kindness which has now a twofold value in our eyes, destined it for publication in the pages of the IRISH MONTHLY. In our next number we shall print this paper.

How gladly we should have received this valuable contribution from his own hand, and how heartily we should have offered our thanks with an earnest *au revoir* !

Now, alas ! we can do no more than whisper the final earthly adieu—the sadly murmured *REQUITUSCAT*.

## NO CARD SENT.

### AN APOLOGY.

CHRISTMAS pass'd by, you waited patiently  
My Christmas greeting, but it never came.  
The New Year dawn'd, and still you had no sign  
That I was mindful of the gracious time.  
Hear my excuse :

Why should I say to you  
"A happy Christmas"—I who wish your life  
Were all one perfect round of happiness ?  
And year may follow year, but no year finds,  
In what I feel for you, a change in me,  
Whose fondest wish is that the new-born year  
May be as the old years that have been *ours*.

J. F.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Centulle: A Tale of Pau.* By DENYS SHYNE LAWLOR, Author of "Pilgrimages in the Pyrenees and Landes." (London: Longman's.)

MR. LAWLOR assigns to a French friend of his the merit of the general scope and plan of this book, which aims at combining the attractions of a novel with the accurate details of a guide-book. The story increases in interest as it proceeds, and certainly there is no dearth of incident. But too many different subjects are attempted which could not possibly be treated satisfactorily together. There is, for instance, a minute history of "Our Lady of Lourdes," with an account of the language and country of the Basques, and of the customs and languages of the Gipsies; and all the changes of the story are interspersed with descriptions of Biarritz, Pau, Eaux-Bonnes, and other resorts of the health-seeker and pleasure-seeker. By the way, *apropos* of one of those subjects, can it be true that in the Basque language the same word stands for a fountain, a vineyard, or the summit of a mountain, and that that one word is *ardlanzesaregarenenituristicabarua*? If so, it is no wonder that Scaliger, on first hearing the language spoken, said: "They pretend to understand one another, but I don't believe they do."

- II. *The English Religion. Letters addressed to an Irish Gentleman.* By A. M. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill. 1876.)

THIS shilling pamphlet of the very newest and freshest controversy is eminently readable, thanks partly to the large, clear type with which it is printed, but chiefly to the terse incisiveness of the style and the sound originality of the matter. There are nine of these letters, some of them quite too short, discussing the latest phases of the ever-changing "English Religion" in a way which will often provoke the remark: "This must be by the author of the *Comedy of Convocation*."\* Although the Letters are addressed to an Irish gentleman and will be useful to those who are *within* the one Home of Faith, they would be studied with still greater profit by those who are without, and all the more so because there is no violence or bitterness, and the earnestness of tone is only relieved occasionally by a little gentle sarcasm.

- III. *Legend Lays of Ireland.* By LAGENIENSIS. (Dublin: Mullany.)
- THIS collection of Irish Legends, told in verse by "Lageniensis," is unlike "our Lagenian mine," in this respect, that it sparkles less on the surface, and the deeper you go the more you discover of solid merit. The Legends themselves are very interesting, and are here gracefully versified; but many will read with even greater pleasure the copious annotations and illustrations which display such a profound and loving acquaintance with Irish scenery and history. The preface gives a very complete account of the legendary poetry of Ireland; and to each

\* We have since seen the accuracy of this conjecture acknowledged in an advertisement of the work.



poem notes are appended, full of minute and careful information about each of the places and persons mentioned in the text.

IV. *Five Lectures on the City of Ancient Rome and her Empire over the Nations, the Divinely-sent Pioneer of the Catholic Church.* By the Rev. HENRY FORMBY. (London: Burns, Oates & Co.)

THOUGH the space that remains at our disposal hardly allows more than a *catalogue raisonné* of the books that await notice, we will introduce each briefly to our readers, hoping to be able perhaps to return to some of them again. The English priest, to whose zeal we owe the "Pictorial Bible Stories," and other works of similar aim, has here given us five lectures which were read before the Dominican Fathers of Woodchester, on the providential part played in history by the ancient and modern City of Rome. That part is described in the title of this volume, which develops with much ingenuity and learning a view for which, of course, the author does not claim originality, referring it at the outset to Eusebius and St. Leo, and among late writers to M. de Champagny. Amid the great variety of testimonies gathered from poets, orators, historians and philosophers, we note a lively passage from *Les Césars* of the writer just mentioned, which begins: "Romulus est frère de John Bull, leur ressemblance m'a toujours frappé." Some points of the parallel which he proceeds to institute would be disputed by John Bull's neighbours.

We may be allowed to mention that this book is itself the "pioneer" of a much more important work on the Roman Empire and the Christian Martyrs, which is to be illustrated by such distinguished Catholic artists as Mr. C. Goldie and Mr. Westlake. We hope that this pious design may be accomplished as speedily as a work of such difficulty permits.

V. *Elements of Gregorian or Plain Chant, and Modern Music.* By the Professor of Music, and Organist, in All Hallows College. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.)

FOR those who are interested in the subject of this little treatise, it will be enough to transcribe the title-page, and to add that the work is printed very clearly and attractively. In a cheap and convenient form it gives manifestly the fruit of much study and care, and of long practical experience.

VI. *History of the Catholic Schools of Kilkenny.* By an OSSORY PRIEST. (Dublin: W. B. Kelly.)

THE filial piety of an Ossory Priest towards his *Alma Mater* has furnished us with this very interesting and useful contribution towards the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. On the principle of the division of labour it is well that histories of the various dioceses and diocesan institutions should be written by some of the learned ecclesiastics who are connected with them as it were by ties of blood. This department of our literature is very scantily provided. Meath has found an historian in the late Rev. Antony Cogan; and we were promised a history of the diocese of Limerick from a highly competent pen. St.

Kyran's is, we think, the first of the Catholic colleges to have its story told; and this is fitting, since it claims the honour of being (even in its present form) the oldest Catholic educational establishment in Ireland, tracing its pedigree in other forms back to Father Peter White's School in 1558. When shall the history be written of the greatest Catholic college of all, on whose prosperity the future of the Irish Church most of all depends—in which every Irish mother, whose proudest hope is to see her son a priest, must take a personal interest—the learned and venerable College of Maynooth, which, when the feast of its patron and of the patron of Ireland comes round next month, will appeal to all Irish Catholics to prove their love for Ireland and the Catholic Faith and the Irish priesthood and the beauty of God's house, by contributing generously towards the worthy completion of the new collegiate church wherewith the genius, faith, and patriotism of MacCarthy will crown nobly the work of the great Pugin?

VII. *Judgments of Mr. Justice Barry, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, and Mr. Justice O'Brien in the case of the Rev. R. O'Keeffe v. Cardinal Cullen.* (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.)

THIS is the latest addition to the already extensive literature of this important lawsuit. It is a full and authorised report of each of the judgments delivered by their lordships. Judge Fitzgerald merely expresses briefly his concurrence with the arguments and conclusions advanced at great length and with consummate ability by Judge Barry; but it does not need much legal acumen to perceive that the last of the judgments, Mr. Justice O'Brien's, has a distinct and very great value of its own. It is well that we possess these important documents in so satisfactory a form.

VIII. *The Angel of the Altar; or, the Love of the Most Adorable and Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By the Rev. T. H. KINANE. (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.)

WE had a word of welcome for this excellent little work on its first appearance. Meanwhile it has reached its sixth issue and is destined in many new editions to inspire the hearts of the faithful with a warmer love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It contains a rich store of solid and devout matter, not only on the title-subject of the volume but on the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the life of Blessed Margaret Mary, &c.; and prayers and practical exercises of piety are appended to each section. The zealous Author, whom his Archbishop has just appointed Administrator of Thurles, has drawn an additional blessing on his work by incurring the toil of presenting to Our Lady of Lourdes a splendid lamp which she will value less for the four hundred ounces of solid silver which it contains than for the devotion of the Irish hearts that send it as a token of their love to burn perpetually before that favoured shrine.

## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

### CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

As the happy Christmastide drew near, there was much excitement and speculation among our little people. Some children, who were nearly quite well, became a little nervous lest they should be sent home before the great day arrived. It was hoped that the festive decorations, and the erection of a crib in each ward might be accomplished on Christmas Eve while the tiny inmates were asleep ; but every movement was watched by more than one pair of bright eyes, and every now and again an excited little head would pop up from its pillow to take a survey of what was going on around. However, the little wide-awakes lost the wonderful pleasure and surprise enjoyed next morning by the drowsy heads, who, on awaking, found before their eyes a beautiful crib already lighted up with many-coloured tapers hung in the green branches, and saw hanging from all the gasaliers and pictures wonderful flowery wreaths and festoons of holly and ivy.

When all the convalescents were dressed, it was a touching sight to see them standing round the crib, singing their Christmas hymn in the early morning light. Then came breakfast, in itself a second surprise ; for, instead of the usual cocoa, there was " real tea," a great treat to our little men and women.

As dinner hour in the Big House is so unfashionably early, we did not devote as much time and thought as other people do to that important part of the Christmas celebrations. Nevertheless, the little inmates did justice to their roast beef and potatoes, while looking forward to a luncheon of fruit and cakes and a lottery of toys in the afternoon. All the children who could be moved were put into the back ward, while preparations for the feast and lottery were being made in the front room ; all, except " Beauty," who, trotting about in her little cap, superintended everything, and would not be kept out. Great was the impatience of the little mob in the back room while they were kept waiting, and equally great was their delight when they were admitted to the enchanting scene.

A strange little party they looked tumbling in, some on crutches, some with patches on their eyes, or with their heads bound up as if they had been in the wars, but all with happy faces, and all with merry voices, except our deaf and dumb child, who is having her little crooked foot made straight, and who, though she could not express her pleasure, was happy too in her own way with some nice toys spread before her on the bed. In the drawing of prizes every child was fortunate and all were pleased. After the feast was over the two cribs were once more lighted up, and the children sang again and again all the hymns they had ever learned or heard ; and so Christmas Day ended as it began, with the sick children singing the praises of that Infant Saviour, to whose loving Heart in their suffering and their innocence they are doubly dear.

# THE WALKING TREES.

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE LITTLE FLOWER SEEKERS," &c.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER V.

LEO IS SHOT ACROSS THE SKY.

LEO sank away down through the heap of clouds, quite powerless to hold himself up any longer. He thought he was going to be smothered, but instead of that he found himself very comfortable in the middle of the cloud. There was a dew in it which oozed into his eyes and cured them both. This was very delightful, but it was not so pleasant when the cloud began to part and float off in pieces just as the other clouds had done, and as it seemed all clouds must keep on doing, no matter how steady they looked. This time the heap divided suddenly down the middle, and Leo rolled off and was just falling sheer down into nowhere, when he struck against a third Hour, another beautiful creature who was hovering in the air right beneath the cloud. She had white draperies hanging about her and bright hair spread over her shoulders, and was swinging a golden censer full of fire. Leo nearly fell head foremost into the censer, which would have been worse than dropping down nowhere, but the beautiful creature caught him by the curls on the top of his head and held him upright in the air.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Leo, "though it does hurt a little. It is better than slipping down through the air, and falling on a church steeple or something. I suppose you are another Hour?"

"Yes, I belong to the morning," said the beautiful creature; "and you had a narrow escape, I can tell you. What am I to do with you now, I wonder?"

"Oh!" said Leo, "you know the kind of thing I am, I see. I had to explain myself to the hours of the night and to the cloudman. They did not know anything about boys at all."

"That is because it is always dark when they are about, I belong to the day and can see down on the earth. I have often seen boys, and I know very well that it is very dangerous for them to be tumbling about in the sky, where nothing is solid enough for them to walk upon. My advice to you is to get down again to the earth as fast as you can."

"I'd rather see a little more since I am here," said Leo; "besides, I don't know how it could be done. You couldn't fly down with me, I suppose?"

"No," said the Hour, "I couldn't indeed; any more than you can

walk on the air. I have no wings and I cannot leave the spot where I am placed. I am hung here like a lamp, and when I am finished I go out."

"And if you were to drop me now, what would happen to me?" asked Leo.

"You would be rubbed into powder by passing through the air," said the Hour. "Not a scrap of you would remain even to light on a church steeple. Perhaps you would be blown away in dust over the deserts; that is if the winds got hold of you. But why cannot you get down the way you came up?"

"The ash-trees carried me to the top of a mountain," said Leo, "and I crept up, but I have lost the place altogether, and I don't know where to look for it. I must shift for myself as well as I can until I find it again."

"Well," said the Hour, "there is only one thing I can do for you," and she turned her censer right upside down, so that all the fire fell out of it. "I will try and get you over to that opposite bank of clouds, and when you are there you must make the best of your time before they move. Get in here quickly," and she put Leo into the censer, doubled up like a ball. "Now I am going to fling you across, like a stone out of a sling. Are you afraid?"

"Not at all," said Leo; "but what will you do for your fire? Somebody will be angry with you, perhaps, for throwing it away."

"Don't be uneasy about that," said the Hour. "I have only to fling the censer over at the sun and it will come back again full of fire. Are you ready now, for my arms are tired? One—two—three—and away!"

She gave the censer a tremendous swing, and then let it suddenly loose on its long chains, and Leo was tilted out of it with great violence and sent spinning across the sky quite to the other side of the horizon, where he lit on a great soft bed of cloud, and lay panting and winking, with his heart beating so that he could hardly breathe.

He came with such a shock upon the clouds that they heaved under him, and he feared that they were about to split right down, as the others had done. A deep groan came from beneath him, and Leo rolled over saying, "Oh, dear me, I hope I am not hurting anything!"

"You have wakened me," said a voice, which Leo recognised as that of the cloudman.

"Oh," cried Leo, "you are here, are you?"

"I might say *you* are here, are you?" said the voice.

"I thought you went to attend on the sun," said Leo. "I wish you would come out and let me see what shape you are in at present."

"I did attend on the sun," said the voice, "and that is why I am so tired and need a little rest."

"You are always taking little rests," said Leo. "Clouds must be very lazy things, I think. And pray what were you like when you followed the sun? I saw the procession, and I dare say I was looking at you."

"I was a wild horse," said the cloudman's voice. "I had to fly

along very fast, and I kicked a great deal, and so it is no wonder I am so lazy now."

"You had a gold mane and scarlet hoofs," said Leo. "You were a very grand fellow. And what became of the little cherub with the wings who was leading you all by a silver thread?"

"How do I know where he is or what he is?" said the voice. "But pray where were you, and how have you kept yourself alive here so long?"

"The hours have been very good to me," said Leo. "A great deal more civil than you. One of them flung me over here out of her censer or I should have been rubbed into powder through the air long ago."

"Oh! is that what would have happened to you?" said the voice. "I have been wondering since I saw you what was the worst that you had to fear. As you are not a cloud, you know, I could not imagine. And where were you while the procession was going on?"

"On a cloud at the other side of the sky," said Leo. "Does this wonderful procession take place every morning?"

"Of course it does," said the cloud voice. "The sun must be properly attended."

"He is a very strange-looking old fellow," said Leo. "I never knew before that he had legs and arms. We don't know anything about that down on the earth. People think he is a world. They have very little idea that he can grin the way he does. I have often watched him out of our nursery-window coming out from behind the clouds in the mornings, but I never knew he walked. I could not have believed that there was such a crowd of beautiful people and horses and oxen and waggons and flowers and fruit and all kinds of fine things really waiting in the sky to receive him. I sometimes have thought I saw pictures in the clouds a little like these things, but I did not think it was reality."

"I told you once before that you don't know much," said the cloud voice. "If you stay up here much longer, you shall see still queerer things than you have dreamed of yet."

"Shall I, indeed?" said Leo; "then I hope I may be able to hold myself up. I am fond of seeing queer things. I wish you would come out now and let me see you again. What do you intend to be next?"

"I don't know," said the cloud voice, "and it is better for you that I am inclined to stay where I am. If I came out of this heap, the whole would split up, as you have seen us do pretty often, and you would be in as bad a plight as ever. I wonder you don't learn a little sense by experience."

"I wonder I don't," said Leo; "I might have remembered; but I am very much obliged to you for thinking of me."

"Hold your tongue, then," said the cloud voice, "and let me go to sleep." And Leo said no more, but began to gaze curiously around the sky.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SUMMER-CLOUD CHILDREN.

THE sky was now like the most exquisite blue sea, with golden islands scattered about in it, and Leo shaded his eyes with his hands to gaze across at these islands, which were covered with woods and villages and seemed to have people moving about on them. The houses were thatched with gold, he thought, and the walls were white tinged with pink. The trees glittered as if made of gold, and there seemed to be animals among them and birds and flowers. Leo spent a long time studying these islands, with his shaded eyes intently fixed on them, and he became convinced at last that he saw children at play.

"How I wish I were over there," thought Leo. "It would be much better fun than lying here in these sleepy clouds. I see one of the islands like a village, with a long street and gardens, and a castle with three towers, and a church, and a whole fleet of little boats in the blue bay by the golden shore. I am sure I see little children running in and out of the houses, and strange large animals walking about in the fields. Oh, dear, how I wish I had even a telescope!"

Just as Leo, spoke a great shoal of little cloud things came drifting along in the blue sky sea beside his hand. There were little fishes and fern-leaves, and slippers and fans and long grasses, and a great many other odds and ends made of bits of gold cloud, which looked as if they had just been swept out of the door of some genii of the sky who had been tidying up his house and garden. Among these things were a pair of little wings—beautiful feathery white wings all tinged and tipped with gold, and Leo said to himself, as he saw them coming towards him :

"Oh, now, if these were only real wings that I could fly with!" and he stretched out his hands as they went past and caught them. Strange to say they did not melt away from him as the other cloud things always did, but seemed to turn into real wings while he looked at them. Finding this, he tried to fasten them on his shoulders, and was astonished to feel them fastening themselves on and remaining as if they had grown there.

"Good gracious!" said Leo, "perhaps I can fly!" and he made a little movement upwards, just only to try if this were possible. The next moment he found himself hovering in the air with his wings spread, exactly as if he had been changed into a bird. He flew up and flew down, and flapped his wings, and could scarcely believe his senses for delight.

He flew down through the beautiful blue air, and tried to see the earth, and his father's house and the trees and gardens, but it was all such a long way off that he could distinguish nothing. He heard a loud sound of singing, coming nearer to him every moment, and saw a lark soaring towards him so very fast that it struck against his breast before it had time to see him.

"I beg your pardon," cried Leo, "but I have only just got on

wings for the first time, and I am rather awkward with them. I could not get out of your way in time."

"What kind of bird are you?" asked the lark, when he had recovered from the shaking he had got. "I never met you before."

"I am not a bird at all," said Leo; "I am a boy."

"That is ridiculous," said the lark. "I know boys very well, for I build my nest in the grass. Indeed I know them to my cost, for they robbed me and my wife of a fine family of eggs the other day. You certainly are *like* a boy, but boys do not fly about in the air."

"I ought to know best," said Leo, rather insulted.

"I know a bird when I see him," said the lark; "and I can tell you you are a bird. You are probably some new species, and have not yet got accustomed to yourself. I often hear men talking in the fields, and I know there are a great many queer discoveries going on now-a-days. You are one of them, I dare say, and that is why neither I nor yourself know you."

"Perhaps it is," said Leo, who was beginning to get bewildered.

"I dare say they will call you 'the boy-bird,'" said the lark, "from your likeness to a boy."

"That would do very well," said Leo, "as well as the blackbird or the blue-bird or the humming-bird."

"Of course you can sing?" said the lark.

"Oh, yes!" said Leo; "I can sing nursery rhymes."

"What kind of a note is that?" asked the lark. "Let me hear you," and Leo began to sing with all his might—

"Where are you going, Old Woman? says I,  
Where are you going, you're going so high?  
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,  
And I will be with you by-and-by."

"Very good," said the lark. "Yours is a peculiar voice for a bird. The boy likeness shows itself there also. But who was the Old Woman?"

"I don't know, really," said Leo; "I never thought of that before. I wonder who she was."

"I know," said the lark, after a moment's reflection. "She was the moon."

"But the moon is a world!" said Leo: "a beautiful silver world."

"You're wrong," said the lark. "Look at her well the next time you see her, and you'll find she's an old woman. People down on the earth spy up through telescopes, and think they see a great deal, but if they flew as high as a lark does they would know more about things."

"I wish it was night," said Leo, "and I'd fly right up to her and find out for myself."

"By the way, where do you intend to build your nest?" asked the lark. "As you are a new species, I am curious to know."

"I think I shall make it in one of those golden islands," replied Leo. "At all events I shall fly over and see what they are like."

"Good-bye, then," said the lark. "We may meet again; and I



shall be glad to introduce you to the other birds. I am going to tell everyone I meet about you."

And then the lark suddenly broke out into a perfect rage of singing and flew away.

"That is all nonsense about my being a bird, I am sure," said Leo, as he went flying across the sky; "however, I shall know better after a while."

Just then he lit upon the largest and most magnificent of the islands, the one on which he had seen the village with the long street, the gardens, the castle with the three towers, and the church. He perched upon a lovely gold strand round which the blue sky sea flowed, and when he found that he could stand on his feet for the present he took off his wings, feeling rather anxious to assure himself that he really was not a bird after all. He folded up the wings very tightly, and squeezed them together and tried to put them in his pocket; but to his great surprise and vexation they melted away between his fingers into something like smoke—and they were gone.

"That is very provoking," said Leo. "I wish I had kept them on. However, perhaps, some other way of getting along will turn up for me by the time I want to leave this place. It seems pretty solid under foot for the present."

He had hardly gone a few steps towards the street with the gold-thatched houses and the gardens, when he saw a whole troop of little soft, fluffy-looking children, made of white cloud, coming running very fast down through the cloud fields to meet him. They crowded round Leo and pushed him about and rubbed themselves against him, and when they pressed on him very hard he found to his amazement that he broke them in pieces and passed through them. They joined their pieces together again on the other side of him and came back as if nothing had happened.

"What *can* you be made of?" said a little cloud girl, hovering off from Leo and looking at him wonderingly. "You are so hard and stiff. Do you never melt at all?"

"Never," said Leo; "I should be very sorry if I did."

"How very strange!" said all the children.

"And what do you play at?" asked the little cloud girl; "for that makes half our fun."

"Why, I play at ball, and tops, and I am learning cricket," said Leo.

"We never heard of those games," said the little girl; "but come along with us now, and we will show you what we play at."

They all began to run up the field, and Leo ran after them, and they all went through a gate, which melted away to let them pass and built itself up again afterwards. Then they were in the village street, and Leo was quite astonished to see how very small the houses were although they showed so plainly at a distance.

"How in the world do you get into these houses?" asked Leo. "You are taller than they are, and the doors are so small."

"That is part of our fun," said the little cloud girl. "Come in and have some breakfast."

"They all stooped their heads and went in as easily as possible;

but when it came to be Leo's turn, he looked in at the door in dismay, and cried :

"Oh, please, don't ask me to go in. You don't know how difficult it would be to me. Besides, I am so hard I should break down the house. I shall just sit on the doorstep here and you can hand something out to me."

"That will not do at all," said the cloud children from within. "Come in ! come in ! and never mind about the house. What is the good of a house unless you can break it as often as you please ?"

After this invitation Leo did not hesitate any longer. He put his foot on the threshold and walked boldly forward, carrying away the whole upper wall of the house on his head. He went into a parlour where all the cloud children were sitting at a long table, with their heads in the upper storey, the ceiling being pushed out of the way for the time. When Leo sat down, his head stayed upstairs like the others, and by-and-by the fragments that remained of the ceiling retreated up to the roof and allowed the children to see each other. The eatables on the table were of course made of cloud, and they melted down the children's throats as fast as they were raised to their lips. Leo found them very unsatisfying indeed, for he never felt as if he had got a mouthful of anything. He was very glad when the breakfast was over and the children proposed to take him all over the house. Then they went running about pushing aside cloud walls and rolling away cloud staircases, which seemed to be the only way they had of going over the house. They broke it all to pieces and trod on it, and then they floated off laughing and left the house to build itself up again as soon as it pleased.

The children next danced into the garden, and began to play a most curious game with the flowers, changing themselves into rose-bushes and clumps of lilies, and then back again into children. "This is the way we amuse ourselves," said the little cloud girl, "and you may look on at us as you don't know how to melt. How awfully stupid it must be to be always the same thing !"

While Leo was watching them, he also saw people of all kinds going up and down the street, old people and young people in every kind of strange dress, and they had all the same rolling or floating manner of walking, and he noticed that when two met full in the face they did not step aside and pass as other people would do, but they rolled right into one another and sometimes they never got disentangled again. A man and a woman would stumble against each other, melt into one another, and become an elephant or a camel ; then the camel or the elephant would roll on, and without going much further would swallow a few men, and perhaps before he got to the end of the street he would meet a waggon, which would tumble through him and break him up into a couple of asses, or dogs, or a flock of pigeons.

It happened that, just as Leo stared at all these things, a lumbering cloud-waggon came rolling along, and the mischief-loving cloud-children hustled Leo into it, drawing the cloud-curtains round him, and shoving the waggon on its way. Leo was quite in the dark now.

and could not see anything, only felt himself tumbling about in soft, fluffy darkness, while the silvery laughter of the summer cloud-children rang like musical bells in his ears.

By-and-by the laughter ceased, and Leo saw and heard nothing more. He was floating, floating away somewhere, till his head became dizzy; and then, all at once, the wrappings parted from around him, and he perceived that the children, and the village, and the fields and gardens, had all completely disappeared.

He was sitting on a desert island of cloud, all alone.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### BAD-WEATHER COUNTRY.

THE sky looked cold and gray all around him, the sun had disappeared, the beautiful golden islands were gone, and in their place were large, dark tracts of cloud, like deserts and wildernesses. Leo had scarcely time to feel vexed at this change when he felt a sudden blow on his back, and was lifted up by a squall of wind and spun across the sky, as if he had been a flash of lightning. He was flung with far greater violence than when he had been carried on the Moment's back or shot from the censer. He was dashed not only across the sky, but through and through the clouds at the other side of the horizon, so far that he made a great hole, which seemed a mile deep; and when he, at last, ceased moving, he found himself struggling to swim in a great sea, where everything was dark round the shores.

"Well, well!" thought Leo, "it seems the weather has changed. Now I am going to see where the rain and the storm come from! That blow the wind gave me was pretty well as a beginning. A sturdy chap he must be, wherever he has puffed to. I wish he had spoken to me!"

His eyes began to get accustomed to this new region, and after a time he perceived that the shores were not all blank, dark mounds, as he at first supposed, but were covered with groups of people who were coming and going, plunging into the water, and hurrying over the verge of the distant hills. Leo made great efforts to reach the shores, as the water felt cold, and he was anxious to know what these people could be about.

When he touched the shore he found that it was hard as iron and icy cold; it seemed to be altogether a mass of ice. The people were men with large beards hanging with icicles, and women wrapped in long dark cloaks and streaming veils, and they were busy making up large balls of ice and snow and flinging them down into the dark lake where they melted away and disappeared immediately. Dark, heavy-looking children were also engaged in the same employment, and sometimes they quarrelled and pelted each other with the balls of ice. Leo made his way to where they were, and sat down among

them, and asked them questions about who they might be, and what they were doing.

"This is Bad-Weather Country," they said. "We are the children of the bad weather, and we are sending rains and floods and torrents down upon the earth."

"Oh, are you, indeed?" said Leo. "So I may thank you for the dreadful wet days, when one can only sit staring out of the nursery-window, and must not dare to take a step out of doors."

"Just so," said the children.

"Oh, I say!" shouted Leo, "stop that fellow over there! Hallo!"

"What do you mean?" said the children.

"Why there's a fellow tumbled into the lake after his ball," cried Leo. "Oh, I declare, he's vanished! He's drowned!"

The children laughed, a pattering, chilly kind of laugh, that sounded like rain falling on window panes.

"Oh, you stupid!" they said. "Don't you know that is part of his business."

"No, I don't," said Leo. "Nobody has any business to drown himself, I know."

The children laughed still more loudly. "We don't know anything about drowning here," they said. "It is only on earth that such silly things happen."

"Then what has become of the chap?" asked Leo.

"Oh, he's only gone down below to superintend some of the works," said the children.

"Indeed!" said Leo.

"Yes, to be sure."

"And will he ever come back?"

"Of course he will come back. Why, you are the most ignorant creature we ever came across."

"Don't be so hard upon a fellow!" said Leo. "I am a stranger here, you know. I came up from the earth."

"Oh, that accounts for it. Well, do you see those people over there in the distance who are constantly coming over the hills and scattering themselves on the shores? Those are some of our folks who have gone down through the lake, and have come up again with their business done. Do you see them?"

Leo looked, and as his eyes had got accustomed to the foggy twilight of the place he saw distinctly all that was going on around him. The people on the shores—men, women, and children—were continually flinging themselves into the lake, and disappearing, and at the same time figures as if made of mist were constantly arriving over hills of mist away behind in the clouds, and coming down to the shores, becoming more solid every moment, till they at last appeared just the same as the others who were at work.

"And are those really the same chaps who plunged into the lake?" asked Leo; "and where have they been, and what have they been doing? Oh, but I'm sure you are joking. I really can't believe it, you know!"

"We will show you whether we are joking or not," said the chil-

dren. "Half a dozen of us will go down through the lake this very moment, and you wait here till we come back. Then we will tell you what we have been doing."

"Very well," said Leo. "That will be capital."

"I shall take a snow-storm with me," said one of the children.

"And I, a flood," said another.

"And I shall bring frost to nip the fruit blossoms," said a third.

"Oh, dear," said Leo, "can you do nothing but mischief?"

"We intend to bring gentle rains and dew," said the other three children, "and we will tell you what we do with them as soon as we come back."

As they spoke, all six of them rolled into the gloomy lake, and they kissed hands to Leo, just as the waters closed over their heads.

Leo gazed after them as long as a vestige of them was to be seen, and then he sat down, quite still, in profound astonishment.

"To think of all these things going on up here," reflected he, "and how little about anything we know down there in that foolish world of ours! It ought to be put in the Geography, it ought! I'll ask papa to write to the newspapers about it, as soon as I go home."

Leo sat waiting in anxious expectation of the return of his clever little friends. He took care not to quit the spot where they had left him, lest he might miss them in the crowd and never be able to find them again. He amused himself, meanwhile, by watching the movements of the other people round him, and the time passed so quickly that it seemed only a few minutes till he saw them coming racing towards him over the hills of mist, themselves all softened into mist, and melting and rolling about in the strangest manner possible.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have been down on the earth, since?" said Leo.

"Haven't we, indeed?" cried the children. "We think we have, rather!"

"Well, there is one thing," said Leo, "you cannot have been doing much, either good or bad, while you were away, after all your boasting, for you have not had time."

"Oh, didn't we, though? And why shouldn't we have time in the course of a year?"

"A year!" cried Leo. "Why you are only gone from here about a quarter of an hour."

A wild chorus of their own peculiar pattering laughter broke from the rain-children, and they rolled about and spread themselves over everything, so dreadfully like mere fragments of mist that Leo became quite nervous lest they should never be able to pick themselves up and gather themselves together again. However, his mind was soon relieved in this respect, for they presently not only settled themselves into proper shape, but hardened themselves gradually into ice. Then they all sat round him to tell their adventures.

## OUR RECEPTION AT PORT ELIZABETH AND GRAHAMSTOWN.

BY A MISSIONARY.

WE left Dartmouth on Thursday, September 23, 1875, on board the *Edinburgh Castle*. Touching at Madeira, where we availed ourselves of the few hours' stay to visit the cathedral and other places of interest, we again proceeded on our way; and after a pleasant and prosperous voyage, we at last arrived at Cape Town about three o'clock on Sunday evening, October 17. Here we were met by his lordship, Dr. Leonard, and his clergy. The Bishop conducted us to his own residence where a sumptuous dinner had been provided. We remained at Cape Town until the following Thursday the guests of Dr. Leonard, who entertained us with that warm-hearted hospitality which is characteristic of the Irish nation. We visited the convent adjoining the Bishop's house, where the children gave a very pleasing little entertainment in honour of Dr. Ricards and those whom he had brought with him from Europe. We also visited the good nuns at Springfield, in the Wynberg district, where there is a flourishing convent and boarding school; and we found time likewise to inspect the Observatory, the Museum, and the Botanic Gardens, of which Cape Town is justly proud. Nor did we forget to call upon the good Marist Brothers, who, besides having the care of the parish schools, have also an excellent Academy with ninety-eight pupils.

On Thursday evening the *Edinburgh Castle* set sail for Port Elizabeth; and after a rapid and delightful passage we arrived in Algoa Bay at about eight o'clock on the morning of Saturday, October 23. At Cape Town we had heard some faint rumours of the preparations which were being made at Port Elizabeth for the reception of Dr. Ricards\* and his companions; but the event far surpassed all expectation. As soon as the steamer was signalled from the lighthouse, the bell of St. Augustine's Church announced the fact to the hundreds that were expecting her; and immediately a deputation of clergy and laity proceeded to the steamer. As soon as they came on board, they warmly welcomed his lordship and the priests and nuns whom he had brought with him. Meanwhile the members of St. Patrick's Society assembled in St. Augustine's Hall, and, having donned their green and white sashes, marched down to the jetty, ready to meet his lordship as soon as he set foot on shore. They were indeed a splendid sight, those fine stalwart Irishmen, their faces beaming with sincere and enthusiastic joy at again seeing him who truly reigns as a father among his devoted and loving children. As soon as the anchor-boat

\* Our readers will recognise one of the three names recently submitted to the Holy See by the clergy of Ferns as worthy to fill the void left by the death of their saintly Bishop, Dr. Furlong. This mention of Ferns accounts for the appearance of St. Aidan at Grahamstown later on.

bearing the long expected company had left the *Edinburgh Castle*, with three times three for her excellent captain, and had come within hail from the shore, a cheer of welcome rose from those who thronged the shore; and the good priests and nuns who had just finished their long voyage felt that they had come amongst a people who knew right well how to love those who devoted themselves to the care of their souls. As soon as all were landed, the Sisters and ladies seated themselves in the carriages that had been prepared, while the Bishop and clergy, arranging themselves in order, walked at the head of the procession to St. Augustine's. They were soon met by the boys and girls who had formed themselves at the entrance of the church. Ample room had been provided in the church by the removal of all the benches. As soon as his lordship entered, he was greeted with "See the conquering hero comes!"

The services were short: Benediction and solemn *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God for the safe return of his lordship and for the success of his mission to Europe. And then the procession formed again and moved on to visit Rosary Convent, where the school-children sang a very pretty hymn of welcome, and presented an affectionate address to his lordship.

In the evening, about eight o'clock, a long procession issued from the doors of St. Augustine's Hall, nearly all bearing lights of some kind or other—Roman candles, Chinese lanterns, &c. Headed by the Volunteer Band they proceeded to the front of the presbytery, where they commenced a fine display of fireworks, and then marched along Main-street and the other chief streets of the town, which were brilliantly illuminated. The steamers in the bay took part in the general rejoicings, sending up their rockets and blue lights. It was not until within an hour of midnight that the town returned to its usual quiet.

The next day being Sunday, there was solemn High Mass at St. Augustine's, celebrated by the Bishop, who preached a most eloquent and touching sermon on the Gospel of the day, defending the Church from the charge of superstition, and showing the necessity of that child-like faith manifested by the woman who did but touch the hem of Christ's garment and was healed.

In the afternoon an address was presented to his lordship by the members of St. Augustine's congregation, in the Town Hall, which was filled to overflowing. Those at home may perhaps not be aware of the state of things in South Africa; but certainly if they had witnessed the meeting in the Town Hall of Port Elizabeth, they would have seen that South Africa can compare well with the best congregations in Europe. Soon after three o'clock, the Bishop, wearing the insignia of the episcopal office, appeared on the platform, and was greeted with an enthusiastic outburst of cheering. At the conclusion of the address Dr. Ricards spoke at great length, describing all the difficulties which he had encountered in the accomplishment of the objects for which he had gone to Europe. Those objects were to procure a new supply of missionaries and nuns, and to secure a staff of professors for the college of St. Aidan's in Grahamstown. Thanks

to the prayers of those present and of the rest of the Vicariate he had been eminently successful in everything that he had proposed to himself. After the speeches usual on such occasions, the whole audience knelt down and received the episcopal blessing.

Nothing indeed could express the kindness and generosity with which the Catholics of Port Elizabeth welcomed the new priests and students. The convent at the north end of the town, to which the sisters from the other end go daily to teach, was given up to them, and strict orders were given that they were not to pay any of their own expenses until they were safely settled in Grahamstown. The entire party, to the number of thirteen, were guests for a whole week, and they had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. One of the most charming entertainments provided for them was given by the children of the convent. English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and Italian airs were played to welcome the priests and nuns of different nations, and, among the rest, some beautiful verses in honour of St. Ignatius, were recited to welcome the Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus.

At last we set out for Grahamstown, which is about eighty miles distant from Port Elizabeth, and spent Friday night at the bazaar, or hotel on the road. Unfortunately the next day was rainy, our first rainy day since we left England; and so our entry into Grahamstown was not all that had been intended.

About two miles from the city we were met by St. Patrick's Society of Grahamstown and the boys of the school. An address was read welcoming their beloved Bishop home again; and, after a few words of reply, all ascended the carriages which had been provided and a triumphal procession was formed. The whole city came out to meet his lordship. On arriving at the Church where the convent children assembled, the cavalcade of horsemen accompanying the procession drew up in fine order, and passing through the enthusiastic crowd the Bishop and priests entered the church where a solemn "Te Deum" was sung. At the conclusion of the service the procession was again formed, and conducted the Bishop and his clergy to the episcopal residence. "God bless our Bishop," "Welcome home," was seen all along the road. Banners and flags floated everywhere; and amid enthusiastic cheering, the new-comers entered the Bishop's house. Towards night a torchlight procession marched from the Albany Hall to the Bishop's residence to escort the newly-arrived professors to St. Aidan's College. In the distance the college could be seen, in the midst of a perfect blaze of light. At the entrance into the college grounds a magnificent triumphal arch had been erected, decorated with flowers, evergreens, flags, coloured lanterns, &c. On the left of the archway was a full-length transparency of St. Ignatius, and on the right one of St. Aidan. Over the archway in large letters, profusely decorated with birds, flowers, trees, and shrubs peculiar to South Africa, the word "Welcome" was seen. Banners, flags, and streamers of every variety and colour and in great profusion floated in the air. The windows of the college were lit up with transparencies, the most beautiful of which were the work of a good Protestant lady. In the



window on the right of the front entrance was one representing St. Francis Xavier preaching the gospel to the heathen; on the left was another representing St. Aloysius, the patron of youth; and in another window was a life-size transparency of his lordship, Dr. Ricards. Over the entrance in the central window of the upper story was an exquisite transparency with the letters "I. H. S." surmounted by a cross and surrounded by a wreath of thorns and passion flowers. Various appropriate mottoes were to be seen everywhere. On arriving at the college, the processionists lined each side of the avenue, and the Fathers drove up amid deafening cheers. The Bishop, standing at the door, received and welcomed each Father and Brother in turn with that cordial and fatherly kindness which has endeared him to so many hearts.

This account of a Catholic bishop's "welcome home" to his flock, minute as it may seem, has omitted many matters as important as the circumstance that at least in two instances—with Father Farrelly's congregation at the Dutch town of Uitenhage and with the convent-children of St. Catherine's and St. Joseph's\*—the addresses of affectionate welcome were accompanied by offerings of seventy and eighty pounds. Our little sketch will help at least to show the warmth of Catholic hearts and the strength of those bonds of love that bind the children of the Church to their pastors not only at home in the dear old country but down here in Southern Africa and all the world over.

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## HEAVEN.

WITHIN the archives of my mind are stored  
 The mem'ries sweet of blissful days gone by;  
 And never miser guarded glittering hoard  
 With heart more thrall'd, or more enraptur'd eye.  
 These tear-bleached scrolls unfold a tale of joy  
 And upward yearnings, and the dazzling dreams  
 That fed my greedy fancy when a boy,  
 Since found but bubbles in life's morning beams:  
 They tell of kindness—greater earth ne'er saw—  
 Of sympathy that beamed from eloquent eyes,  
 And burning love, that owned no other law  
 Than making Earth the Gate of Paradise.  
 How shall we sound the depths of that above,  
 "When this we wot of is but earthly love?"

D. G.

\* These, and Rosary Convent mentioned earlier, are flourishing offshoots from St. Catherine's Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

## XIII.—ABOUT LIFE.

IT is not without a certain amount of deliberateness that I usually select for these papers very general titles. It is my purpose to give myself room—to make provision for any number of thoughts that may happen to present themselves—to lay the ground-plan so large that any kind of mansion may be erected upon it. To be sure my plan has its own inconveniences, and they are such as will forcibly strike a not uncommon class of minds. Vagueness of title leads to vagueness of treatment, thoughts therefrom resulting move in very irregular curves; nothing is proved, nothing directly taught. But, I submit, I am not bound to teach anyone. There are teachers enough in all conscience to let people of my turn enjoy a different vocation. There is scarcely any obligation that need press so lightly in these days as the obligation of setting up to teach the world. Then as to vagueness of treatment. Well, *suum cuique*. Pure intellect usually advances in straight lines, secures behind it every position, and makes its advances with syllogistic pomp. But the intellect, great as are the uses it subserves, is, after all, but a small part of the very composite being called man; and it is not *it* that secures, nor, I add, ought to secure the largest share in the interest that one man bestows upon another. “*Homo sum, et nil humani a me alienum puto*” has been a million times quoted, thereby vindicating its claim to a place among the common thoughts of men. But might I be permitted to vary on the well-worn theme, I would say thus: “*Homo sum, et nil mei ab homine alienum puto.*” I am a man, and consequently nothing of mine but may prove interesting to other men. I have with the race the bond of a common nature, and so far from the pleading of that bond being a mark of presumption, I think on the other hand that it would be the height of impudence in me, or in any man, to consider himself so different from his fellow-men as that he should expect to reach them through any other road.

Now most of the things and thoughts that interest men may find a place in a talk about life. Life is the thing we all have in common. In whatever else one man may differ from another, in this we are all alike, that, in some way or other, we all live. Most people have the wish, most diversely coloured according to the quality of the knowledge from which it springs, to make the most of their lives. But not to speak of the cases which, measured by lofty standards, are simple failures worthily to realise any such wish, it is certain that, judged even by their own deliberately selected standards, most lives are more or less failures. They had the wish to make the most of it, but they have not succeeded. Life was too hurried a business to permit any adequate adjustment of means to ends. They had glimpses, by some sort of intermittent intellectual moonlight, of the straight road to

the desired end. But one thing or another drew them aside into by-paths—some one plucked them by the sleeve and suggested that on one side or on the other there was something that it was necessary to do—that done, they might begin to live. But somehow either that was never so done as to give them leisure for the real work of living, or, if it were done, other somethings started up importunate by the wayside, and life became a very puzzle of blind by-paths leading no-whither. And in the end these good folk get tired, and perhaps sit down with folded hands to wait for the great dawn that will not find them here.

Life is the common possession, but it comes to men under very different guises, so different that it hardly seems to mean the same thing to one man and to another. I do not intend to dwell upon differences that are only skin deep, such as those that arise from rank and wealth. Beneath every skin—however variously coloured, or with whatever diverse histories written over, you will find—a man—a human body giving a home to a human soul. In this all men are the same—but men are not, so far as one can see, equally weighted in the race of life. This very body of ours has not been made so absolutely for us, as that it altogether began to be when it was wanted for our use. It has come to us through human generations that have left upon it legible marks of their passing, nay, that have left on it to eyes that were qualified to read them whole histories of lives long gone. Bethink you what a difference it makes to a man whether the body with which he begins life is healthy or not; whether it has come to him with only the common motions of the race written upon it, or whether it hoards up in the form of predispositions memories of special habitudes imposed upon it ages ago. These may not be able to touch the inner soul, certainly are not able to destroy the imperial sovereignty of the will, but most assuredly they will do battle for a home in the new individual in whom they find themselves located. The body is something to the soul that cannot be adequately expressed under the formula—"as the clothes to the body, so the body to the soul." There is a subtle interpenetration, the laws of which have not yet been ascertained, but over which it is necessary to believe man's royal will presides with a sway which no disinterested judge will call into question.

The "*corpus sanum*" is then a preliminary element of great value in the life of a man—not only a body organically sound, but, if I may so speak, instrumentally sound. For the body is, in most things, the instrument of the soul. It has communication with the soul, and it is of the last importance that the channels of communication be duly open. Now it seems certain that these may, to some extent at any rate, be clogged without the obstruction or its situation revealing itself to the keenest tests which the physiologist has yet been able to apply. A man is mad—surely his soul is not mad. A child develops into an idiot; his soul is at no time idiotic. In the case of decided madness or idiotcy skilled experts say that physical lesion can almost always be discovered. But there are cases less decided, ranging through many degrees, where no such lesion is dis-

coverable by mortal instruments. Perhaps it is true that not only "*semel insanivimus omnes*:" "we have all been mad once," but that every man is a little mad on some point or other. A little tiny pebble has lodged itself at some point of intercommunication, and ruffled, to an extent more or less perceptible, the man's whole nature.

Assuredly the sound body is devoutly to be wished for, but it cannot be originally acquired by any striving of our own. Indeed we are beyond our own control in matters anterior to the possession of any body at all. The most fundamental of all pre-requisites to life is, to be born at all, and it is settled without us. Settled, too, are the country and the climate and the social condition and the general and particular circumstances into which we are born. All these things, however, quite beyond the control of the individual whom they so much concern, are, not merely the foundation on which character is to be built, but the soil from which character is to grow, and as such, have their inevitable influence upon leaves and flowers and fruit.

So that, long before we were born, many more threads of circumstance than we can even imagine had gone to make the groundwork on which *we*, having at length arrived, "*per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum*," through so many risks indeed that a full knowledge of them would give us palpitation of the heart, are to paint in the picture of our earthly destiny. Then, as I said, we come, first, into the possession of a body. It is a small affair enough at first,—but do not despise it. Small as it is, it has won its way into existence by a fight protracted for many ages. Besides its various organs it has a general condition which physiologists call temperament; and this temperament may have been, and probably was determined by antecedent physical conditions that had place in remote ages past. Now who has ever been able to estimate the part played by mere temperament in the history of any human being? This body, being such as it is, is intimately bound up with the soul, and has an appreciable influence on that soul. The nature of this influence, and the mode of its exercise, may be a mystery, but the influence itself is open, at all times, to experimental test.

When we come to speak of the soul, we tread upon more dangerous ground. It is not easy to express even what we seem to ourselves to know, because the language in which we must seek to express it has taken so much of its colouring from the physical organs through which it flows, has been so saturated with relations to things material, that, applied to a soul, it is inevitably on the one side or the other of perfect truth and perfect accuracy. In anything I say, or seem to say, on this head, let me have the benefit of the modifying influence of this indisputable fact. Does it not, then, seem as if something in the soul were inherited too? Family traits of mind as well as of body run down through generations. Certain habits of soul that any individual has seem to have been formed in the course of more than one life. I do not mean to say that the soul is derived from parents in anything like the same sense in which the body is; but that mental and moral features of soul are, in some sort, transmitted, will fall in with the experience of anyone who has lived long enough to have had

personal knowledge of more than one generation of the same family. Indeed I have often thought that, if the life of some keen observer were in our days to be prolonged to the prediluvian standard, he would pass for a magician or a prophet; so much light would the past throw upon the future where so large a past had concentrated itself in one intelligence.

All this is difficult to trace in individuals because we know comparatively little of their inner life *in itself*; and in their case the time has not yet come when inner life could be read *in its results*, as it assuredly could when the results would have had time to develop themselves fully. This is the very just reason why common sense and right feeling are so extremely jealous of any attempt to deal scientifically with individual free intelligence. But common sense abandons that jealousy when the range of observation is so extended as to give full swing to the law of averages. When it comes to a question of *races*, the transmission not merely of physical but of non-physical characteristics seems beyond all question. Now I am inclined to think that if a sufficiently high intelligence, say, an angel of the higher choirs, were scientifically to examine a newly-born child, and bring to bear the acuteness of his spiritual vision upon the conditions of its existence, he could divine its future life with a very high degree of probability. Nor do I think that this divination, however high might be the degree of its probability, would be a difficulty precisely against the orthodox doctrine of free will. It would be a difficulty against quite another thing, namely, our ability to understand or explain the operation of free will. But to me, at any rate, the difficulty is there in any case; for, while nothing is so simply or so forcibly brought home to me than that I have free will, few things are more mysterious to me than the mode of its operation; few things less capable of explanation than how that erratic line finds its place through the uninterrupted order that seems to reign over everything that God has created. So, for myself, I may say, I have never been in anywise troubled by the formidable array of facts brought forward by those who would fain treat history scientifically. They hardly increase by one iota a difficulty with which I was familiar before ever I heard them—namely, *how* a man is free; but, as I have derived the knowledge of his freedom not from facts external to myself, but from consciousness, the doctrine stands upon an elevation which no possible accumulation of such facts can ever reach.

Having a body and a soul, it is, next, of the last importance into what sort of training they are put. There are educational moulds of all sorts, and not one of them, good or bad, but does its work. Here again is a matter in which we have, personally, little or no choice. Hence, take any grown man, and there are quite a number of things, beyond the range of his largest ken, that must necessarily qualify his individual responsibility.

It would pain me beyond what words could express, that anyone should for a moment imagine that I wish to say anything that would be calculated to weaken in the simplest soul the great sense of responsibility, which I take to be in the moral world what gravitation

is in the physical. A man is not his body, nor his soul alone, nor is a man his circumstances. He is an individual made up of these and modified by the conditions of his existence. But being what he is, he is such a man as no one but himself ever was, or ever will be. No right-minded man will be ever led from considerations derived from conditions *outside* his inner conscious self, to shirk the responsibility that his personality has brought with it. Nor do I believe that any man ever initiated a course of evil doing by a denial of his personal responsibility. He was bad through many degrees before he came *to that*. It was not a motive but an afterthought.

But my design in all I have been saying is a very practical one. We know what is good and what is evil. The broad principles of right and wrong stand out so clearly in the soul and in the world, that unless a man wilfully shut his eyes, he cannot fail to see them. No one will ever, by subtlest argument, be juggled out of this knowledge. We know, or the theologians can tell us, what a "human act" (the sole matter of human responsibility) is and presupposes. But when we have with scientific precision laid down our moral theories, we must always add, on the principle of the immortal Bunsby—(a principle, which, to my mind, fully justifies Captain Cuttle's belief in the philosophic character of his friend)—"the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it, that ain't no part of our duty, awast then, keep a bright look out for'ard, and good luck to you."

To be serious; in these matters personal application of principle belongs in the last resort to Him who alone has sufficient knowledge to guarantee correctness of application—that is, to God. For us, mortals, when it comes to the judging of any single act of another—or even of our own—it is the case of Shylock over again. Whatever rights we may claim in the subject of the act, nay, whatever knowledge of theological anatomy we may possibly possess, we cannot hope to cut away our pound of flesh neither more nor less; nor can we hope to cut it away without shedding blood which it was not in our bond to shed. Hence my most practical conclusion is this—it is not only the most uncharitable, but the most audacious and most unjustifiable of all acts, to sit in judgment upon the life of any fellow mortal. Of course I do not mean that men are not sometimes called upon by their office to pronounce judgment upon particular acts, nor do I intend to convey that what is manifestly right or manifestly wrong is not to be called by its proper name; but I do mean that where judgment is not an act of office, it is in nine cases out of ten an act of presumption, and that even where judgment is lawful it can never, when exercised by a mere mortal, go so far as accurately to determine the *degree* of guilt, or the precise *amount* of responsibility incurred by particular acts of particular men.

So from the depths of the metaphysical ocean into which I have been diving, I emerge to the surface with one pearl of great price, which, indeed, I might more easily have found, where all such pearls are, on the very surface of the gospel. It is this: "Judge not."

Having life given to us, it is the greatest of all occupations to manage it rightly. Nor does the greatness depend so much upon

the external dignity or humanly-estimated importance of the life to be managed, as upon success in managing it rightly such as it may happen to be. Each one has his life, his little foothold between two eternities, by a title that none can gainsay. Let him make the most of it, remembering always that the successful management of two talents got exactly the same commendation, and in precisely the same words, as the management of five. There is this advantage in the lowly, uneventful lives that fall to the lot of the great bulk of mankind, that one can make more sure that they are rightly ordered. It is a problem whether Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Buonaparte more served or injured mankind. Debate and settle it how you will. But there is no problem at all as to whether the man who has tilled the rugged soil and coaxed the furrow into fruitfulness, has been a benefactor to his race. But these are lowly services compared to those which even the men who spend their lives at them can render in nobler orders. What a noble service a man does to the world by sending into it to redress the perilous preponderance of evil, a well reared family. How a man purifies the moral atmosphere around him by rightly ordering his personal concerns both as they affect himself and as they bear relation to his neighbours. Nay, even a single good word or kindly deed, or the frown that shames an evil speaker into unwonted modesty, may have harvests richer than have come from any great man's deed that is gathered into the pages of Plutarch.

You, young man or maiden, complain that you have no sphere worthy of your budding powers, no scope for the energies with which your youth is rich. What a mistake! Go out in the morning of any single day, and do the simple common offices that fit themselves to your hand almost in spite of yourself, and you shall at night come home, though home mean only a cabin, laden with spoils, if invisible yet not less real, and far more precious than the spoils of wealth that the far East has yielded to adventurous spirits, or the spoils of knowledge that the patient industry of the scholar has won from ponderous tomes.

Nothing is great in itself, it is only the doing of it that makes it great; and to such greatness the commonest actions lend themselves equally as the rarest of human achievements.

Ordinary men see only the superficial outlines of a new country. It needs the eye of the engineer to divine its latent capabilities for commerce, or the eye of a practised miner to discern the treasure that hides beneath the surface. So, too, it is only the instructed eye that can conjecture the vast possibilities of ordinary life. The finest faculties may spend themselves, nor complain of being wasted, upon the duties of a common day. Intellect may find its work—and it has none in kind nobler—in discerning simple ends and adjusting to them adequate means. Will can exert itself quite as forcibly, and, so far as we are personally concerned, quite as profitably in the street or in the workshop, as in the battlefield or the senate. Or are you fool enough to think that God cares for mere results? Could He not have them without you, as many as He pleased? But what He will not have without you is the nice workmanship which your human

personality can lavish upon that rough material of everyday life from which all results are born. What did those care for mere gold who employed Benvenuto Cellini? They had enough and to spare. At all events they did not expect from him that he should make it more. But his cunning hand gave it values hitherto undreamt of. We, you and I, and all—are God's artists, working as the case may be, in gold or brass, or ivory, or common clay—no matter, there is no material so common as that genius cannot transfigure it with beauty. Now the genius of right acting is, if he will but use it, in the possession of every moral agent.

Nothing is more difficult than to give rules for the management of life. Cases are so different that rules will not equally apply. Besides, a rule, to be of any worth, ought to be the outgrowth of one's own character and circumstances. The most anyone can do is to indicate rules which he himself may have found beneficial, and the chances are that he is not so exceptional a human being as that others will not find his experience of use to themselves. However, it is such a delicate matter, and we are all so prone to imagine ourselves without sufficient grounds, born legislators—for others—that I shall only, and that with great diffidence, indicate one very general rule. It seems to me to be a good rule—to live each day, for the day. It is quite as much as the wisest of us can manage commodiously. Indeed nature seems to give us a hint in this direction by giving even our single days in infinitesimally minute instalments. Of course I do not mean that an occasional retrospect and an intelligent onlook are things to be neglected. But I do say that, at any given time, our chief business is to manage the day that we have. We may sentimentalise about the past or speculate about the future, but always we deal only with an everflowing present.

But we grasp at shadows. No present, however rich in possibilities, is enough to content our lofty, and, I add, our lazy ambition. We are fools of time at both extremities of life. When we are young we are dupes of the future from whence come songs falser and more fatal than the songs of the Sirens. In age we are slaves of the past, and sometimes it is a bondage very bitter and hard to bear. We have spent our wealth and used our gifts—but it was said of old "the gods give nothing without a price," and we pay penalty long before we die. Cords of our own twisting are round our limbs and have eaten to the bone. There is nothing to be done but wait for death.

Dupes of the future, slaves of the past, I know not which condition is farther removed from real wisdom. "Carpe diem" is a good motto, nor need it have the Epicurean colouring that discredits it. Not in wine but in wisdom, not with garlands of flowers that wither, but with wreaths that will keep their lustre to all eternity, may the day be put to use.

What a grand thing it is to be young—to have all the world before us, and within us the upspringing energy that seems capable of every thing. But not every one who has a treasure has the wisdom to put it to proper use. Youth looks about—thinks the time for real doing has not come yet—and lavishes its priceless wealth of time and energy



upon a day dream. But—"sufficient for the day is the evil thereof"—and the good is sufficient too, if you only do it. It is your present business to do the present good, even though God means you to do better things by-and-by. Indeed the obligation of doing good, in some sort, is so universally acknowledged that no one would be willing to admit that his life was utterly worthless. The worst man, and the most incapable will plume himself on being good for something or other. Not the apostle only, but nature and society cry out—"if any man will not work, neither let him eat." And even though he does, as indeed he sometimes does, contrive to eat without working, yet an avenging dyspepsia dogs him from the table. Youth, at all events, is not slow to admit the obligation of doing good in the world.

In truth, the danger lies for youth in the extreme of not thinking highly enough of the good that is at its hand to do, but stretching forward in imagination to fairer and loftier things than circumstances have yet brought within its reach. There are those who are not satisfied with the good they might be doing for themselves and for their families, but will entertain lofty projects of doing good to society, to their town, or their county, or their native land, or the whole human race. It is found especially in youth, and it is a noble and a graceful thing in youth, that when a young man standing upon the threshold of the world in whose work he is about to take a part, sees the many wrong and hateful and unjust things that are being daily done under the sun, he feels the heart within him expanding with a love of justice and a hatred of oppression; and he will, at any rate, glow with the desire to raise up the oppressed and to do battle for the fallen, and to hasten by the shout of his mouth, and if need and opportunity were, by the stroke of his right hand, the reign of justice in this weary world. It is a grand spring-tide of sentiment—and none but one who was never capable of the feeling that fuses honesty into heroism, will scoff at the unthinking enthusiasm of those who have not yet convinced themselves that injustice and wrong will touch upon the very dawn of the day of doom. It is, I say, a noble feeling that stirs the blood in generous young hearts. But it has its danger. It is this that so often throws young men into the hands of colder and more crafty spirits, who, professing a sympathy they are incapable of feeling, with the aspirations of youthful enthusiasm in which they are skilled to traffic, seek to use its unsuspecting ardour for the furtherance of selfish ends and dangerous designs.

There are always men, and in those latter years they are numerous and noisy, who single themselves out from their fellow-men, and proclaim that they have some great plan to set the whole world right. And their clap-trap professions too often cajole the young and the unwary; for youth, though mostly honest, is often foolish, and lies at the mercy of the crafty brain and the flattering tongue. To such young men, ardent, unselfish, enthusiastic, who, with their beautiful illusions and their impracticable dreams, are the salt of the present, and the hope of the future; who feel their hearts hot with indignation at the wrongs which they see or have imagined; who long to rush into the press of battle, and make the bad world good by very

force and compulsion—to such, could I assemble them around me, I would speak thus :

“The feeling that prompts you is a noble feeling. Hate injustice and wrong as much as you will ; never can you too much hate them. You want to make the bad world good—it is a noble wish ; cherish it as you cherish the apple of your eye. But remember this, each of you. Your voice is weak, and your arm is not far-reaching, and you may strike and shout till strength and voice be gone, and very little impression will you make on the large world that lies outside your father’s house, outside your town, your parish, your native land. But be not discouraged. Do not think that this noble hatred of wrong and this noble love of justice were given to you in vain. There is a thing that you can do. Begin to make things better, not at a distance which your voice and hand may never reach, but in your own heart, in your own home. Begin not with impossible dreams of making the great world better, but begin to make better that little spot of it where God has posted you to do His work and to fight His battles. Begin to put your vigour and your enthusiasm into the doing of the little homely duties that meet you every day. Be better sons to your parents, better brothers to your sisters, better neighbours to your fellows, more forbearing towards each other, more charitable to the poor, better Christians, better Catholics, more loyal and devoted children to the Church, your mother. When you have gone nigh to exhaust the possibilities of perfection in these things, then, but scarcely until then, seek to make better the far-spreading world. But, meantime, as you value truth, do not juggle with your common sense by supposing that you can make up for failure in those ‘few things,’ by your ardour in politics or your professions of patriotism. Is there a more hateful or a more despicable thing in all the broad world than to see a man come forward with his plans and projects for the regeneration of his country and his kind, while he is doing absolutely nothing to regenerate himself?”

The world swings on in its daily course, and a busy place it is. There are a thousand things to be done, and the world applauds the noisy ways of doing them. But surely one must think sometimes of Him who had the fullest knowledge of the evils that afflict mankind, and the fullest power and the most ardent will to remedy them all. And is it not a striking fact that out of thirty-three years of the most perfect and most serviceable life that can ever be lived on earth, no less than thirty were spent in the obscurity of an Eastern village, in the common pursuits of common men, their whole history summed up in just three words that embody an ideal with which the world would have no patience—*Erat subditus illis*. “He was subject to them.”

## THE DREADED HOUR.

I LOOKED one morn with a peering eye  
 Along the far reaches of earth and sky,  
 And out of the mists of futurity  
 I saw an hour that was travelling towards me.

Its form was gloomy, and sad, and weird,  
 And my heart within me grew sore afeard;  
 Oh, why through the mists of the morning dim  
 Did I search and seek for a shape so grim?

I dreamed in the night of its noiseless tread,  
 And wakened at morning and cried and prayed :  
 "O God give me courage and God give me power  
 When I shall go forth and shall meet that hour!"

For quick in the meadow and slow through the wood,  
 And swift on the river and strong in the flood,  
 And climbing the mountain and swimming the sea,  
 I knew that dark hour was travelling towards me.

So its shadow fell on my summer days,  
 And its menace frightened my peaceful ways;  
 In the song of the bird and the bloom of the flower  
 I knew but the dread of that darksome hour.

I said "O my heart, thou must quick forget  
 This gloomy cause of thy fear and fret;  
 Arise and mix in the brilliant strife,  
 And carol and dance at the feast of life!"

But in pause of dance and in break of song  
 The fear within me grew wild and strong,  
 And long remembrance was lighter pain  
 Than forgetting and calling to mind again.

Then made I a cell for my timorous heart  
 Where I and my terror lived all apart;  
 Till my soul grew stronger with thought and prayer,  
 For the Saviour of life He looked on me there.

The years went by and the hour drew near  
 And kneeling I said, "It will soon be here!"  
 And my soul fell down in the swoon of death  
 When I heard its heart-beat and felt its breath!

I cried, "O God, give me strength and power,  
 For I must go forth and meet that hour!"  
 And I went and stood in my rightful place—  
 Till it raised its veil and looked in my face.

It raised the veil and it gazed on me;  
 And my soul leaped up into ecstasy,  
 (Oh, the Lord of life he is strange and good!)  
 For the face of an angel was under its hood.

## HOW STRAFFORD GOVERNED IRELAND.

(1632—1641.)

THE precise day of Wentworth's landing in Ireland is not known; it must have been between July 16th and August 3rd, 1633; for on the former date he was at Chester, the port from which he set sail, and we have a letter of his written on the latter of these dates from Dublin.\*

He took up his dwelling in the Castle. The report of the Lords Justices had warned him that his official residence was in a most ruinous condition, one of the worst parts of it being appointed for the Deputy; that it was no sooner repaired in one place than it became decayed in another, and that it could be rendered habitable only by the outlay of a large sum of money.† Shortly before his arrival, while it was inhabited by Loftus, the Chancellor, one of the great towers fell, and well nigh crushed several of his grandchildren. To avoid any such danger, Wentworth had the other tower pulled down. He represented to the King the ruinous condition of his residence, and obtained £2,000 for its repair. The bakehouse, which was immediately under his study, and the wood-rick, in front of a gallery built by Lord Falkland, were transferred elsewhere; and stables were built for the horses, which up to that time found shelter in the ruined church of St. Andrew. His family came to live with him in the Castle; his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, whom he had married shortly before he left England, his only son William, "Sweet Will," as he is called by his father in the touching letter written just before his execution, and his little daughters, "Mistress Anne," whom he often commended for her skill in dancing and her knowledge of housekeeping, and Arabella. His own portrait, and those of his children, painted by Van Dyke, still hang in the ancient hall of Petworth. In the bosom of his family he found relaxation from the heavy cares of State; and surrounded by his children and a few intimate friends, the haughty Lord Deputy displayed all the virtues of a fond parent and a genial host. He soon set about building a more healthful residence. About a mile from the town of Naas, on the Limerick road, the traveller sees the ruins of a spacious mansion; this is Jigginstown, Black Tom's Castle it is called by the country people, who tell strange stories of the cruel rapacity of the owner. It was not finished at Wentworth's death, yet the walls and vaulted cellars, from the excellent quality of the bricks and cement, are still in a perfect state. He also built a hunting-seat at Shillelagh, in the county Wicklow, which he had wrested from the O'Byrnes. This place he called Fairwood.‡ Here he used to retire

\* Carte says he landed July 23rd.—"Life of Ormonde," I. 55.

† Letter of the Lords Justices to the Lord Deputy, "Strafford's Letters," I. 68.

‡ Shillelagh, is by some translated "fair wood," by others "descendants of Elagh," one of the ancestors of the O'Gahan family, who was known as Ely of the Wood. It was formerly celebrated for its oak-woods; hence the origin of the name Shillelagh, which is given to an oak-stick.—See *Kilkenny Arch. Jour.*, III. 235.

at times and indulge in his favourite field sports. Many of his letters are written from Cosba, the park of oaks.\* Sir William Brereton, who visited the place in 1634, describes the park as "7 miles round, and containing a great store of red and fallow deer." A few years later, he told Laud that he had given instructions to erect a fine house, "a frame of wood" there, where he might take his recreation for a month or two in the year. Writing from Fairwood in 1639, he says: "I am seeking less my own pleasure in forming a residence there than in accommodating for my son a place which, in the kind I take to be, the noblest one of them in the King's dominions, and where a grass-time may be passed with more pleasure of that kind. I will build him a good house, and, by God's help, leave him, I think, near £3,000 a year, and wood on the ground, as much, I dare say, as, if near London, would yield £50,000." It is doubtful whether he carried out this intention of erecting a mansion there; no trace is left at Fairwood of the wooden house, nor does tradition say where it stood. Hawking was a favourite amusement of his. Writing to Lord Cottington about State matters, he speaks of his disappointment: "Your defeat of your hawking sport in Wiltshire is nothing like to mine, for here hath not been a partridge in the memory of man. So as having a passing high-flying tassel, I am even setting him down, and to-morrow purpose, with a cast or two of sparrowhawks, to betake myself to fly at blackbirds, ever and anon taking them in the pate with a trunk. It is excellent sport, there being sometimes two hundred horse on the field looking upon us."† Hunting and fishing too he indulged in, and he used to send presents of fish and game to Laud. Once he presented him with "four score and twelve marten skins, scarce as many as to fur a gown, but as much as he could procure for love or money."‡

He surrounded himself with a pomp and ceremonial almost regal. A bodyguard was stationed in the Castle, a thing hitherto unknown. At his own cost he maintained a retinue of fifty attendants, all "magnificently attired;" his troop he increased to sixty, and later to one hundred, "such horses as Ireland had not seen for many a day. Other deputies kept never a horse in their stables, and put up the King's pay for their troop and company in a manner clear into their purses, infinitely to his Majesty's disservice in the example. I have three score good horse in mine, which will stand me £1,200 a year, and a guard of fifty foot waiting on his Majesty's Deputy every Sunday, personable men and well appointed. Other deputies have kept their tables for £30 a week. Upon my faith it stands me, besides my table, in three score and ten pounds when it is at least. My charge, I dare say, is far greater in each respect than any of the five who went before me, an expense not of vanity neither, but of necessity, judging it not to become me, having the great honour to represent his Majesty's sacred person, to set it forth, no, not in any one circumstance

\* "A fine, mountainous, solitary place."—*Laud's Letter to the Deputy*, II. 262.

† Letters, &c., I. 162. See Mr. Trenchard's Paper on "Hawking in Ireland," *Kilkenny Arch. Jour.* II. 144.

‡ *Ibid.* II. 273.

in a penurious and mean manner before the eyes of a wild and rude people."\*

His first public act was to pay a visit to the Lords Justices, to show his reverence for authority. On the afternoon of the same day he took the oaths, and was solemnly invested with the Sword of State as the King's representative. Then began that system of government to which he gave the name of "thorough." Ireland he looked on as a conquered country, whose inhabitants had forfeited all the rights of citizens. The royal favour, the will of the King, was to be his sole guide in his dealings with them. The highest in the land, the Lords Justices themselves, must bow to his arbitrary rule.

"Four days after his arrival," says Carte, "he summoned the Council by a pursuivant, according to the usual manner in that point; but only a particular number, as if he intended to consult with a committee rather than the whole body of it; this disobliged all that were omitted in the summons. The few indeed that were called were the most distinguished by their qualities, dignity, and capacity, yet they were offended by a neglect which they thought unbecoming his lordship to offer or themselves to bear. They assembled at two o'clock according to their summons; but the Lord Deputy, whether out of an affectation of state or not attending to the hour through a more agreeable cause, made them wait two hours or more before he came to them; and then the business, under pretence of which they were summoned, was not handled as they expected."†

The judges also were ordered to attend the Council; they were about to go on circuit. To each of them he handed a letter pointing out the means to be adopted for the securing of a fixed revenue; this letter was to be read publicly at the next assizes. The last contribution raised by the Catholics was only £20,000; it was given by them to prevent the imposition of the Sunday tax, and to meet the demands of the army, until a plan could be laid down for raising a permanent revenue for its support. Another document of far greater importance was given to them for publication in the different counties; it was a notice stating that the King had appointed a commission to inquire into the legal tenure of the titles to estates. The Irish people had already sad experience of the nature and result of these inquiries. By such means James the First had seized on the six counties of Ulster, on Longford, Wicklow, and on a considerable part of Wexford and of the Queen's County.‡ Many estates had come down from

\* Letters, &c., I. 139.

† Life of Ormonde, I. 57.

‡ "There are not wanting proofs of the most iniquitous practices of hardened cruelty, of vile perjury, and scandalous subornation employed to despoil the fair and unfortunate proprietor of his inheritance."—Leland, "History of England," IV. 8. See also O'Connell's "Memoir of Ireland," p. 161, where an account is given of the manner in which the O'Byrnes of Ranelagh were robbed of their property. The reason assigned in James' proclamation for seizing on Ulster, after the flight of O'Neill and O'Donnell, is, that "these persons had not their creations or possessions in regard of any lineal or lawful descent from ancestors of blood or virtue; but only preferred by the late Queen (Elizabeth), our sister of famous memory, and by ourselves for reasons of State." The proclamation will be found in O'Connell's "Memoir," p. 167.

father to son in an unbroken line for centuries without any other title than that of uninterrupted possession. The deeds of other estates had been lost during the civil wars and commotions of the preceding century. Even those proprietors whose titles were beyond all cavil, would be alarmed at the expense they should incur in proving their rights to the satisfaction of bribed judges and partisan juries.

The judges were ordered to withdraw. Wentworth then pointed out to the Council that the last contribution was nearly expended; he asked what means they would propose for the support of the army until the revenues of the Crown were sufficient for the purpose. Those who held commands were told that their pay could not be continued as things stood at present, but that, if they exerted themselves to increase the revenue, not only would their pay be raised, but heavy arrears due to them for past services should be settled.

A second time, five days later, the Council was called to consider the question of supplies for the army. Loftus, the Lord Chancellor, in the name of the rest, advised that the contribution should be asked for another year, with the understanding that a Parliament should be called not merely to raise money, but to redress grievances. But Wentworth, with a sneer at their "straining of courtesy," told them plainly that "it was not necessity which induced him to take them to counsel in that business; for that rather than fail in so necessary a duty to his master, he would undertake upon the peril of his head to make the King's army able to subsist and provide for themselves among them, without their help. But that he had sought their advice, that they might share the glory of aiding the King and procure a voluntary subsidy from the Protestants this year, as he had from the Catholics the preceding year, who ought not to be permitted to be more forward than the Protestants in their cheerfulness and readiness to serve the King." If they would do this, he would make known to the King both their offer and their wish to have a Parliament called. In his letter to the English Secretary of State he gives an account of his success. "They are so horribly afraid," he writes, "that the contribution money should be set as an annual charge upon their inheritances, that they would redeem it at any rate; so as upon the name of a Parliament thus proposed, it was something strange to see how instantly they gave consent to this proposition, with all cheerfulness possible, and agreed to have the letter drawn which you have here signed with all their hands.\* In your next letter, be pleased to give a touch with your pen concerning Sir Adam Loftus, such as I might show him, for he deserves it; and it will encourage the well-affected and affright the others, when they shall see their actions are rightly understood by his Majesty. And also some good words for the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Cork, the Lord of Ormond, and Lord Mountnorris; and chiefly to express that his Majesty will think of their desire for a Parliament, and between this and Christmas give them a fair and gracious answer. For the very hope of it will give them great contentment, and make them go on very willingly

with their payment." Another year's contribution from the Protestants was secured. He now set about gaining over the Catholics by the same lure, the promise of a Parliament: "my next labour must be to get, through the whole kingdom, the hands of the Popish party to the like offer, which I hope to have within a few weeks."\*

He had told the Council that he could raise a sufficient revenue without their aid. During his stay at Chester, while waiting to cross to Ireland, the thought occurred to him that the Spanish fleets, trading between Spain and the West Indies, could draw their supplies from Ireland at a lower rate and with more readiness than from Hamburg, from which place they were then obtained. He wrote to Charles that the commissioner of the King of Spain approved of the plan, and that his Sovereign had given all permission necessary to carry it out; the treaty was ready, and he only waited till his arrival in Ireland to settle the prices and quantities of the various articles, and the times and places of their delivery. "The people seem now," he wrote to the King, "only to want foreign commerce to make them a civil, rich, and contented people, and consequently more easily governed by your Majesty's Ministers under the dictates of your wisdom, and more profitably for your crown, than in a savage and poor condition."† The cultivation of flax and the manufacture of hemp he would also make a staple of Ireland. But other interests, far more important in his eyes than the welfare of Ireland, were not to be lost sight of. Wool was produced in very large quantities in Ireland; and the manufacture of Irish cloths, it was supposed, would interfere with English trade. Salt too was a commodity much needed in Ireland to cure the exports demanded by the Spaniards, as well as the provisions, especially the fish, needed by the inhabitants for their own support. A salt tax was to be paid to the King; the whole salt trade was to become royal monopoly. Certain persons who held patents were to be got rid of under various pretexts—the inferior quality of the salt produced by them, which was not fit for dry provisions, and their inability to meet the increased demand. The object he had in view in preparing such measures is set down distinctly in his letters to the King. "We must not only endeavour," he says, "to enrich them, but make sure still to hold them dependent upon the Crown and not able to subsist without us, which will be effected by wholly laying aside the manufacture of wools into cloths or stuff there, and by furnishing them from this kingdom, and making your Majesty sole merchant of salt on this side. For thus not only shall they have their clothing, the improvement of all their native commodities, which are principally preserved by salt, and their victual itself from hence—strong ties and enforcements upon their allegiance and obedience to your Majesty—but a means found, I trust, much to advance your Majesty's revenue upon salt, and to improve your customs; the wools there grown and the clothes there worn, thus paying double duties to your Crown in both kingdoms, and the salt outward here, both inward and outward there.‡ And in a report to the King and Council he says: "I am of opinion

\* "Letters," &amp;c., I. 99.

† *Ibid.* I. 93.‡ *Ibid.*



that all wisdom advises us to keep this kingdom as much subordinate and dependent on England as possible; and holding them from the manufacture of wool, which, unless otherwise directed, I shall by all means discourage, and then enforcing them to fetch their clothing from thence, and to take their salt from the King, being that which preserves and gives value to all their staple commodities, how can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary? Which in itself is so weighty a consideration as a small profit shall not bear it down.\* The salt monopoly was not taken up by the Crown; it was thought that the profits would not repay the outlay needed to establish the manufacture. The civil war that arose in England soon after prevented his suggestions from being thoroughly carried out then; but they were not lost sight of. In June, 1698, the English House of Commons presented an address to King William, complaining of the increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland, "which it became them, like their ancestors, to be jealous of, and to use their utmost endeavours to prevent." William's well-known reply was: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland."†

One difficulty yet remained before this brilliant idea could be realised, and Ireland made a prosperous draw-farm for the sister country. Incessant wars between the different nations of Europe had given rise to an organised system of piracy on every sea. Each of the belligerents sent out privateers with letters of marque, licensing them to plunder without mercy the enemy's ships; even those that sailed under a neutral flag were seized under various pretexts. A war was at this time raging between Spain and Holland. From the ports of the Bay of Biscay and from Dunkirk Spanish privateers issued forth in full force. But the Isle of Man‡ was their favourite resort; from thence they could watch all the vessels that passed on the way to these countries, and seize them with impunity; the governor of the island was even suspected of being a sharer in the spoil in return for his kind offices. Of course, the Dutch were the principal sufferers; the whole of the trade between Ireland and the continent was in their hands; but of late they found it hardly worth their while to incur the risks of the voyage. The English navy was entirely under the control of the Lords of the Admiralty; and their disregard for the interests of the public was so great, that the vessels appointed to protect the coast were often obliged to remain at anchor in the harbours, while the enemy, well equipped, scoured the seas and seized their prey under the eyes of the coastguards. The Lords, in reply to most urgent entreaties, after much delay, sent an agent to equip the ships; Wentworth advanced him money. But when the stores were provided, they were found so bad that many of the seamen fell ill, and the rest were

\* Letters, &c. II.

† Argument for Ireland, by John O'Connell, Appendix IV. p. 135, "The Commercial Injustices done by England to Ireland."

‡ The Isle of Man at this time belonged to the Earl of Derby; it was given to William Stanley in 1403 by Henry IV. It passed from the Stanley family into the possession of James, second Duke of Athol, who was descended from the youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Derby. In 1764, the Duke of Athol sold his sovereign rights over the island to the British Government for £70,000.

driven to the verge of mutiny. "Thus," he writes to the Secretary of State, "are we used by your officers of the navy, and have no power to help ourselves, the King's guard lying idle in the harbour while the subject is pilfered hourly in every creek. I dare affirm, once for all, that had the Deputy the power over the ships appointed for this service, the Admiralty should not lose so much in honour as the King's affairs gain of advantage. It grieves me to the soul to see the commerce of this kingdom run immediately and fatally thus to ruin before mine eyes, and that there should be no means afforded me at all to remedy it, at least as far as I might be able." Wentworth advised the King to adopt the bold course of declaring that all hostilities between the contending nations should cease in the seas within his dominions, and that whoever broke this law, an ancient right of England, should, friend or foe, be regarded as an enemy and treated accordingly. This was a fatal blow to privateering. To complete his work, he petitioned the Lords of the Admiralty to create him vice-admiral of Munster; the patent was granted to him a few months after. He chose two ships, and ordered them to be ready to put to sea early in spring; from which time until the middle of October they were to cruise about. He conferred on the captain of one the honour of knighthood, "both to encourage his industry, and to invite others to be more diligent in what they go about for the King's service." One of the vessels was set to watch the western coast, the other cruised in St. George's Channel; and so successful was this plan that, in the course of a few months, the Channel was wholly rid of pirates, and the western coast was not once molested by them.

The Protestant Church in Ireland next attracted his attention; it stood sadly in need of reform. Many of the clergy were ignorant; the churches and parsonages were mostly in ruins; the revenues were hired out to laymen, the moneys destined for the support of charitable institutions were seized on and converted to private uses. The vaults under the church where the Deputy himself went to pray were turned into an ale and tobacco shop. "The people," he says, "are pouring in or out there drink-offerings and incense, whilst we above are serving the high God."\* The Bishops were the chief offenders. It was their custom to let the see-lands on lease for long periods, often for a term of sixty years, and receive a heavy fine in return. Wentworth took advice with Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. They had met at the Council board four years before. The intimacy begun then grew into a friendship that continued ever after unbroken. He pointed out to Wentworth the forlorn state of the Church in Ireland: St. Andrew's Church, used as a stable for the Deputy's horses, a school kept in Londonderry by a Jew for English pupils, a debt due by the Bishop of Waterford to St. John's College, legacies left to found vicarages which were seized by the Puritans and employed to support their preachers.† But caution was needed in dealing with abuses of such long standing and so widely spread. Wentworth, less eager than Laud, proposed that a High Commission should be ap-

\* "Letters," &amp;c. I. 173.

† *Ibid.*, I. 32.

pointed to enforce the observance of the canons of the Church of England, and to examine into the state of the revenues; to deprive of their benefices all clergymen whose wives or children were recusants, above all to put a stop to the exercise of the Pope's jurisdiction in Ireland. Laud had no faith in commissions. "Where many are employed at once," he says, "there usually proves to be in some a fretting cankerworm of ambition, and that, for particular aims, makes such a decision as gives far greater impediment to the greatest affairs than any want of sufficiency can make. As to finding a body of men all able and none caring for any ends, so the King may be served, that is but a branch of Plato's commonwealth, that flourishes nowhere but in Utopia."\* A Commission, however, was appointed by the King to examine into the condition of all alienated property. The worst cases were to be dealt with immediately. The Bishop of Killala attempted secretly to sell a lease of his lands. The attempt was discovered; he was called into the Deputy's presence and charged with "betraying his bishopric;" he was told that "he deserved to have his rochet pulled over his ears, and to be turned to a stipend of four nobles a year."† He confessed his guilt, gave up the lease, and promised in future to promote the cause of the Church with all possible diligence.

Another and a far greater delinquent was Boyle, Earl of Cork. For several years he and his son-in-law, Lord Ely, had held the government of the country; he was still Lord Treasurer, the richest subject in the kingdom, the most respected for his sagacity and experience. He was one of "those sacrilegious lords who combined together to carry away the patrimony of the Church, and by that means to leave God's portion naked and desolate to posterity." By Wentworth's directions he was indicted before the High Court of Castle Chamber, Dublin, for procuring and keeping illegal possession of the College of Youghal and its revenues; the Earl's kinsmen, the Bishops of Cork and Waterford, were at the same time charged with aiding and abetting him in his evil purpose. The indictment set forth that he had, for £28, gotten possession of the College from William Jones, who held it for Sir Walter Raleigh; that he had prevailed on the Bishop of Cork to deliver up the seal, charter, and other records of the College to him, and had procured a deed of conveyance from him of the College and its revenues; that he himself used the College as a dwelling. By all which and other methods he still continued in possession of its revenues to the value of £800 a year, besides the advowsons and oblations of the churches. On receiving notice of this charge, the Earl, not being ready to meet it, pleaded his privilege as a peer of the realm, as the Parliament was sitting; the suit was therefore deferred until the next term. The issue of the proceedings was the Earl's submission to the Deputy's arbitration. He was condemned to pay £15,000 fine to the King for the profits of the College during thirty-six years. The College House

\* Letter of Archbishop Laud to the Lord Deputy, I. 133.

† "Letters," I. 171.

and some demesnes belonging to it were left to him ; but the advowsons and patronages of the livings hitherto annexed to the foundation were taken into the hands of the Crown.\*

Laud's joy was very great at the successful issue of the suit. "My Lord," he writes to Wentworth, "I did not take you to be so good a physician before as I now see you are ; for the truth is, a great many church cormorants have fed so full upon it that they are fallen into a fever; and for that no physic is better than a vomit, if it be given in time. And therefore you have taken a very judicious course to administer one so early to my Lord of Cork. I hope it will do him good, though perchance he thinks not so. Go on, my Lord, I must say this is thorough indeed, and so is your physic too."† It would seem that Boyle was not the only one who was forced to deliver up what he had taken from the Church, for Windebank, writing from London to the Deputy about the same time, says : "there never appeared a worse face under a cork upon a bottle,‡ than your Lordship hath caused some to make in disgorging such Church livings as their zeal hath eaten up."

Though the Catholics were no longer persecuted with the same ardour as formerly,§ a strict watch was kept on them everywhere. Mr. Justice Cressy, when going on circuit to Wexford, had been told to inquire into the state of religion there. The judge's report must have given serious alarm to all who had the Protestant interest at heart. He found the people of that county—nearly all English planters, who a short time before had been most eager to profess their adhesion to the reformed religion—now become "principally Romish and Popish ; having among them a Romish hierarchy of their own, bishops, vicars-general, and parochial priests." He felt himself bound in conscience to declare to the grand jury the fearful consequences that would ensue from their allegiance to the Pope. But he spoke to deaf ears, for there was not one Protestant among them. He tried to get hold of the Bishop ; but his effort was in vain.¶ An attempt was even made to convert the good judge : for he tells how a professor of law bade him look to himself, as he was far advanced in years and likely to lay his bones among them ; he even offered to send a priest to confer with him on his spiritual interests,—a proposal not at all to the judge's taste.¶ The account given by Bedell, Bishop

\* "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Youghal," by the Rev. S. Hayman, in *Kilkenny Arch. Jour.* IV. 20. Carte's "Life of Ormonde," I. 67. We purpose giving in another issue of this Magazine a detailed account of the Boyle family.

† "Letters," &c. I. 156.

‡ *Ibid.*, I. 161. An allusion to the "greybeards," or bottles with hideous bearded face fashioned upon the neck. They were also called "Bellarmines," in odium fidei, no doubt.—See Wilde's "Catalogue of Antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy."

§ *Quieti vivimus in privato exercitio conscientiae ac ministerii nostri.* Letter of the Bishop of Ferns to the Propaganda, Nov. 18th, 1633.—*Spicileg. Ossor.* I. 190.

¶ The Bishop to whose zeal Judge Cressy attributes the bringing over of the Protestants to the true faith, was Dr. John Roche ; he occupied the See of Ferns from 1626 to 1636.—See "Collections on Irish Church History," edited by the Rev. Dr. M'Carthy, II. 5.

¶ "Letters," &c. I. 102.

of Kilmore, was not more cheering. He had been accused of trying to prevent any contribution being raised for the support of the army, and he would throw the blame off his own shoulders on the poor Papists. "I know," he writes to the Deputy, "that in this kingdom of his Majesty, the Pope hath another kingdom far greater in number and constantly guided and directed by the orders of the new Congregation (*de Propaganda fide*) lately erected at Rome, and by means of the Pope's nuncio residing at Brussels or Paris; that the Pope hath here a clergy, if I may guess by my own diocese, double in number to us, the heads of which are by corporal oath bound to him to maintain him and his regalities *contra omnem hominem*, and to execute his mandates to their utmost forces. I know that there is in this kingdom for the moulding of the people to the Pope's obedience a rabble of irregular regulars, commonly younger brothers of good houses . . . . I know that his Holiness hath created a new University at Dublin to confront his Majesty's College there, and to breed up the youth of this kingdom to his devotion. . . . . I know and have given advertisement to the State that these regulars dare erect new friaries in the country since the dissolving of those in the city."\*

(*To be continued.*)

D. M.

## "A PAINFULLY ENGLISH IDIOM."†

### A DIALOGUE.

*Modern Tutor*—I find, my young friend, a painfully English idiom in your Latin composition, "*Liberalibus disciplinis excultus*!" This is, I repeat, a painfully English idiom.

*Hedge Schoolboy*—Musha, thin, if that's English, it isn't much English of that kind we hear in Cork. Arrah, now, mightn't it be Latin too?

*M. T.*—The words are doubtless Latin; but the *idiom* I tell you is English, quite painfully so.

*H. S.*—Maybe now the idiom itself isn't so bad afther all. Didn't Tully himself call a man *Excultus*? Sure 'tis your rivirince yerself remembers well that beautiful passage in Cicero in his book "*De Claris Oratoribus*": *Caiusque Tuditanus cum omni vita atque victu excultus atque expolitus, tum ejus elegans est habitum etiam orationis genus.*

*M. T.*—Your Cicero is very good; but your application of it is, I regret to say, unfortunate. Cicero *did* say of a man that he was

\* Letter of Bedell to the Lord Deputy. If this letter was a true expression of Bedell's sentiments, it is hard to see why "the Romish cut-throats" showed him such affection or why one of those who assisted at his burial uttered the prayer "*Anima mea sit cum Bedello.*"—See Mant's "*History of the Church of Ireland*," I. 566.

† See a review of the "*Final Reliques of Father Prout*" in the *Academy* for December 25, 1875.

*excultus*, but you have said of a man that he was *Liberalibus disciplinis excultus*; and it is this, I repeat, that is a painfully English idiom.

H. S.—Thru for you, sir; so I did. Might I make so bould as to look at your dictionary there? White and Riddle's! Oh! see here! Undher *Excolo*; *Ingenia disciplinā exculta*. In the *Orator*, xv. 48! And now I'll lave it to yerself. Isn't *Ingenia disciplinā exculta* mighty like intirely what I said myself?

M. T. (smiling).—Unfortunately not. Cicero talks of *Ingenia disciplinā exculta*, and he applies this epithet *excultus* to a man; and I cannot object to its having in one case as in the other *disciplinā* as its complement. But I do object to its having *Liberalibus disciplinis* as its complement. This is painfully English.

H. S.—Arrah, is it the plural you're afraid of? Throth an' you needn't. Faix it's wan love an' liking the ould Romans had for *Disciplina* and *Disciplinae*, singular and plural. Little's the differ they made between them. Now of course in *De Divinatione* you'll find *Disciplina et scientia Magorum*. I don't know the exact place, but I'm sure you'll find it indicated nicely in Robertus Stephanus. But thin if you take up the very first of the *Academicæ Quaestiones*, jist pass over the first chapter an' its three paragraphs, an' go on to the second chapter, an' afore you come into the second paragraph of that same second chapter you'll hit upon *Artibus et disciplinis*. Here's the very words, for I know more than *that* of the Academicals by heart myself: *Sin a Graecorum artibus et disciplinis abhorerent*. Aye, or go to the second book, *De Finibus*, chapter wan an' twenty. Afore you read three lines of the second paragraph *there*, an' that's paragraph sixty-eight of the book itself, I remember the number well, you'll find the words: *Ab his philosophiam et omnes ingenuas disciplinas habemus*.

M. T.—This is really too absurd. My young friend, you are confounding what should be most carefully distinguished. There is no doubt, whatever, that both *Disciplina* and *Disciplinae* are good Latin. But these words have primary and secondary senses. You will find them well defined in that admirable modern dictionary of White and Riddle which you have been so anxious to examine. The primary sense is *Instruction, teaching*; the secondary is the effect for the cause, *All that is taught*. In the first sense, the sense of Active Training, we find the word in the singular and joined to *Excultus*. In the second sense, the sense of Erudition, we find the word both in the singular and in the plural, and not joined to *Excultus*.

H. S.—Let me look at the book myself. Look here, in the first sense, *Pueritiae disciplinae*! Doesn't that look like a plural?

M. T. (laughing). That is unluckily a misquotation, surviving even in the third edition of this very valuable work. The true reading of the passage referred to, is, *E'ludo atque pueritiae disciplinā*.

H. S.—Thru for you, an' so it is. I larned the passage by heart myself out of Wheeler's Anthon. But lave me the dictionary. Maybe I'll find out something better. Look here at *Excolo*. Here's *Excultus doctrinā* given, and there's no mistake here. It's Tusc., 1, 2, 4. See now isn't that all right? Maybe there's something to be said against that. But we have in the "Archias," vi. 12: *Animos*

*nostros doctrinā excolamus*. I know the passage. There, *Doctrina* has what you call the secondary sense of *Disciplina*. So you may safely use *Excultus* with either the wan or the other.

M. T.—This is—

H. S. (interrupting)—By yer lave, if you plaze, a moment more. As there's a mistake in this iligant dictionary, I'll thry if there mightn't be another. That's all right. And now—Oh, by the powdherers of war!

M. T.—Don't swear, please.

H. S.—I umbly beg yir rivirince's pardon, indeed. But the long and the short, and the up and the down, and the fact of the whole matter is this, that Tully didn't say *Ingenia disciplinā exculta* at all, but *Disciplinis*. Oh, more power to you, Cicero, for a man of taste! It's you that knew well that sorra a hair the ould Romans cared which they got, singular or plural discipline, when there was question of *Excultus*. Here's Tully talking of *Ingenia* and saying that they are *Disciplinis exculta*. Here's the whole passage for yer rivirince: *Nihil enim est feracius ingeniis, iis praesertim quae disciplinis exculta sunt*. There it is for you in Cicero's "Orator," chapter xv.; or if you like to count by paragraphs, number 48. There you have *Excultus disciplinis* jist in the sense in which the same Cicero applies *Excultus* to Tuditanus. *Disciplinis excultus* applied to a man must be all right, yer rivirince. And now I'll engage the dictionary is not wrong as you say it is. I'll engage the dictionary men read in the Manilian: *E ludo atque pueritiæ disciplinis*, and quote the passage shortly as authority for *Pueritiæ disciplinae*. I'll engage that's their way.

M. T. (looking serious).—This is all beside the point. There's no use in running on in this very unnecessary, very uncalled for, very unusual, I was almost going to say, very foolish way. It is the word *Liberalibus* that is wrong.

H. S.—Well now, that word's right any way. I'll make bould and jist peep agaiŋ into yer iligant dictionary. Oh, now, look here! Just listen, agra! (reads). "Liberalis II. Meton:" here's "*Artes liberales* C. Inv.," aye, and *doctrinae* too. "*Liberales doctrinae atque ingenuae* . . . C. de Or. aye; and more, even "*de artificiiis et quaestibus qui liberales habendi*;" aye, and "*Liberalissimis studiis*, C. Arch." Now, sure any adjective that suits *Artes* and *Studia*, *Artificia* and *Doctrinae* might pass for *Disciplinae* too. Sure Cicero used to string *Artes* and *Disciplinae* together like two cockleshells. Besides what I already said, we have in "Archias:" *Italia plena Graecarum artium ac disciplinarum*. And do you tell me that a man may put *Liberalibus* with *Artibus*, *Studiis*, *Artificiis*, *Doctrinis*, and not with *Disciplinis*?

M. T. (brightening up).—Precisely so. That's exactly my point. We find the adjective with the four first mentioned words, but not with the last. Here we find it a painfully English idiom.

H. S.—Begorra, after this I'll never put any adjective beside a noun, until I find that Tully did the same afore me. Ah, thin it's you that's the sharp an' able critic!

M. T.—My dear sir, scholarship is now-a-days acute and wide-spread, and, I will add, popular. Look at this number of the London

journal, *The Academy*. Its date is last Christmas. It appears that a Mr. Mahony, whose biography is there reviewed, made the same blunder as you in using the words, *Liberalibus disciplinis excultus*. And the reviewer condemns it as I have done, calling it, as I have called it, "a painfully English idiom," while he moreover explains very interestingly how Mr. Mahony, a man otherwise of education and quite capable of writing as good an article as any in *The Academy*, came to commit himself in so very extraordinary a manner. He got his first taste for the classics, as the reviewer well remarks, "probably" from one of "the hedge schoolmasters of Ireland, who had wonderful, ill-assorted stores of knowledge in their minds, were almost always ridiculous pedants, and were generally the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood," yet, for all that, "discovered and fostered literary genius among the Irish peasants." But he most certainly, as the reviewer tells us positively, acquired in later years with regard to Latin "a frequent habit of speaking it at the Jesuit College of Amiens. But the very habit of constantly speaking Latin," continues the reviewer, "the familiarity with monkish terms and idioms marred the really classical flavour of his compositions." Verily those French colleges, and that Gallican or rather that Ultramontane training, are evil things in every point of view.

H. S.—I believe indeed 'tis the London newspapers we must go to for learning afther all.

M. T.—The reviewer, my dear young friend, notices a still more extraordinary slip of the writer of whom I speak. In some Latin of Mr. Mahony's, after *blandus* is found the word *comus*, though this word, as the reviewer well observes, "will in vain be sought, not merely in Facciolati, but in the infamous Latinity of Ducange."

H. S.—Well now, that bates! Ah, come now, don't be purtendin'. Sure you know as well as me that *comus* is a misprint or a "lapsus calami" for *comis*. Sure a baby in arms would be able to tell you that, if it had only the laste taste in life of Latin schooling.

M. T.—On the contrary, the article regards *comus* as evidently a blundering formation from *comiter*, which was clearly in Mr. Mahony's head.

H. S.—Well now, to think of that! Arrah, why should the man be thinking more of *comiter* than of *comis*? Sure it was *comis* was in the man's head; aye, and in his handwriting too, I'll engage. And to think that the London newspaper was hunting for *comus* in Fashul-laty and Jew Cange! Oh, wasn't that a purty innocent!

M. T.—No, no, my young friend; we must take these things strictly.

H. S.—Faith 'en, yer rivirince, you must be a regular slasher. It's yerself can give hard measure whin you like. May good betide the poor young men that have to go up to you to be examined. It's you that's able to settle them. (*Is going, but pauses*). What's this? A Stephanus! Poor ould Robert! Well to be sure! Av coorse those ancients is no good now-a-days. But jist for ould acquaintance sake I'll look at it if you plaze . . . Och, murder in Irish! This is too bad, intirely!



*M. T.*—What is the matter?

*H. S.*—What's the matther? Wait till you hear what is undher *Ingenuus*! (reads) *Artes Ingenuae sive Disciplinae i. e. Liberales*. There's the painfully English idiom itself. Oh, Roberte Stephane, after that I give you up!

*M. T.*—No doubt, Robert Etienne was not what would be considered a finished scholar now-a days.

*H. S.*—Oh, thin indeed he wasn't. Etienne, indeed! I don't believe he was a Frinchman at all. He was an Englishman, and his name was Steevens. He called himself Stephanus to consale his country (good rayson he had to be ashamed of it), but you see you've the intarior evidence of his nationality in his painfully English idiom.

## NEW BOOKS.

*I. Life of Pius VII.* By MARY H. ALLIES. (London: Burns and Oates.)

THIS is the last of the four volumes which the year 1875 added to the Quarterly Series which for the last four years has appeared under the general editorship of Father Coleridge, and which thus consists already of sixteen original works varying in price from four to ten shillings. We are delighted to perceive that some of the earlier volumes have reached a third edition. The successful management of this enterprise is perhaps the greatest of many services which Father Coleridge has conferred on Catholic literature. His own "Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier" and the great "Life of our Lord," of which the third and fourth volumes are announced for next year, are by far the most valuable of the series. This new volume is worthy even of such companionship. Anyone recalling the outline of the Pontificate of the Seventh Pius will be prepared for the almost dramatic interest of the story told very gracefully in these pages by one who seems to have inherited more than the name of the author of the "Formation of Christendom." Mr. Allies has prefaced his daughter's work with a few very vigorous pages which point the moral of the story very aptly by referring to the sufferings of another Pius who is still dearer to Catholic hearts.

An amicable controversy has lately been maintained by the correspondents of a Catholic newspaper as to the "Great Want of Catholic Literature." In our opinion the great want of Catholic literature is—buyers. Catholic books, as well as other books, are like the Newcastle razors—"made to sell." Do these correspondents who make so many complaints and propose so many improvements, buy many Catholic books and subscribe to Catholic periodicals? Let them show their zeal for Catholic literature by subscribing (for instance) to this Quarterly Series which is eminently worthy of the warmest encouragement.

II. *The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac for the United States, for the Year 1876.* (New York: Catholic Publication Society.)

THERE is quite a wonderful amount of interesting matter crammed into this book which is very prettily got out. The place that "Ireland of the dispersion" holds in the American Church is indicated by the number of Irish items that are here served up, such as the sketch of Eugene O'Curry, and the picture and description of the ruins of St. Colman's Church, Innisboffin. The compilers have not mentioned that Mr. Aubrey de Vere's exquisite poem, "Pastor Æternus," is taken from the pages of the *IRISH MONTHLY*. Even for the Irish at home—and God grant that they may be able to stay at home—there is deep interest in all that concerns the Church in America. President Grant would do well to study in these pages or elsewhere the address of the American Catholics to Washington and Washington's reply. We extract a few remarkable statistics from "Then and Now—a Contrast :"—

"The population of the thirteen colonies in 1775, at the outbreak of the Revolution, was about 2,800,000 (one and a half millions less than that of New York State in 1870.) The population of the United States in 1870 was 38,555,983, of which 5,566,546 were foreign born. The ten principal cities possessed the following populations in 1870: New York, 942,292, of which 202,000 were Irish; Philadelphia, 674,022, Irish, 96,698; Brooklyn, 376,099, Irish, 73,985; St. Louis, 310,864, Irish, 32,239; Chicago, 298,977, Irish, 40,000; Baltimore, 267,354, Irish, 15,223; Boston, 250,526, Irish, 56,900; Cincinnati, 216,239, Irish, 18,624; New Orleans, 191,418, Irish, 14,693; San Francisco, 149,473, Irish, 25,864. Of persons born in Ireland, there were residing in the United States in 1870, 1,855,779, of which 528,806 resided in the State of New York. When, in 1784, Father John Carroll, S.J., was consecrated in England first bishop for the United States, there were not above six Catholic churches in the country. In 1874 there were 6,920 churches, chapels, and stations. In 1785 Bishop Carroll estimated (doubtless too low) the Catholic population "in Maryland at 16,000, in Pennsylvania over 7,000, and, as far as information could be obtained, in other States about 15,000." In 1875 the Catholic population was over 6,000,000. On December 7, 1800, was consecrated the first bishop in the United States—Right Rev. Leonard Neale. In 1875 the American hierarchy numbered one cardinal-archbishop, ten archbishops, and fifty-six bishoprics, and vicariates-apostolic. On May 25, 1793, was ordained the first priest in the United States—Rev. Stephen T. Badin. In 1874 there were 4,873 priests."

III. *Burning Questions.* By WILLIAM MOLITOR. (London: Burns and Oates.)

THIS is a cleverly executed translation of a German work written with great ability and in an excellent spirit. The *questions brulantes* of contemporary controversy, those especially which regard Church and State, are discussed with liveliness, and at the same time with solidity, in a series of conversations between some friends, representatives of various nationalities, who chance to be gathered together in a country-house on the border of one of the Italian lakes. There may be some doubt, as the author confesses, about the judiciousness of the form in which the work is cast; but as to the excellence and opportuneness of the work itself there can be no doubt whatever.

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

"Oh ! wearily the night moaned on—  
 Oh ! wearily dawned the light—  
 Oh ! wearily the watcher looked,  
 Upon that wretched night."

*I. S. Varian.*

It is painful to keep vigil by the side of the dead, doubly painful when the couch by which we watch bears a form that we have loved through life. It is hard to see the lips that have lavished a thousand endearments upon us set in pale rigidity, never to open again ; to see the eyes that have looked love into our own, dimmed and glassy, closed to the world which they made bright for us ; to see the hand that fondled us so often lie stiff and cold upon the white coverlet, not thrilled into motion by our own impassioned clasp. We find it almost impossible to realise the awful fact that all now remaining of the being we have venerated, loved, idolised for years, is a mass of senseless clay, indifferent to our caresses as to our sorrow. To one who has not felt it no effort of imagination can picture the overwhelming loneliness which seizes upon the heart by the death-couch of those we have loved, the unutterable sense of separation which benumbs the soul in the icy presence of the cherished dead. To think that we may call aloud, and strain our voices till they crack, but that the ears into which we have poured the secrets of our life's joys and sorrows shall hear us no more ! To think that they are gone from us on whom we have ever leaned, and that now we must plod on our desolate path alone ! We cannot believe it, we turn away, try to shut out the painful vision that would force itself upon us, and in tumultuous grief seek to dull the keen sense of our bereavement.

Such is, at least, the usual resource to which sorrowing affection betakes itself in presence of the dull clay from which death has stolen the spirit that made it man. But not with such a grief was Arthur Dillon mourned in the chamber where he lay. Kathleen's strange misgivings had prepared her for the blow that had fallen upon them, and she received it with a subdued, despairing sorrow when it came. She sat beside the couch on which the body of her father lay. Her long hair streamed in bright waves over the velvet pall, bright and shining as the emblazoning on the funereal draperies ; she clasped in hers the cold hand of the dead man ; at intervals she touched with her lips the white fingers she held within her own, and then gave utterance to her grief in a low, plaintive cry of anguish more pitiful than the wildest burst of sorrow.

There was no one to offer comfort to the helpless little mourner. Her sister sat near her, absorbed in her own grief, heedless for once

of Kathleen's distress. She had chosen to watch by her father's body, and she would admit no one but her sister to share her vigil. For hours she had been sitting motionless by the bedside, oppressed by an affliction too great for tears or wailings to express. Yet all her thoughts were not concentrated on her own bereavement. Even here, within the chamber of death, the question rose to her mind: "what had become of those who had attempted their deliverance?" She did not know the full details of the tragedy of the morning. The sounds of the combat on shore had been borne faintly to her ears, and soon after, the boat in which her father had quitted the castle returned bearing his lifeless body. It was manned by the troopers of the Parliament. But they offered insult or violence to no one. They departed as they came, leaving it to Lucas Plunkett, who accompanied them, to explain, as he chose, to the orphan girls the circumstances of their father's murder.

She could not now recall the confused story poured into her ear during the first moments of her sorrow. She could recollect that a detachment of Irish horse had come to their assistance; that her father had endeavoured to give them warning of an ambuscade that waited for them, and that he had lost his life in the attempt. What had been the fate of the Irish she had not heard, nor had she then stayed to inquire. But now, in the dread silence of that lonely room, the thought came to distract her in her mourning. What had befallen the men who had come to their rescue? They had not won the day. The Parliamentarians had not quitted their bivouac of the night before; she had seen them come and go when the engagement was over, and from the spot where she sat, she could even now see their watch-fires gleaming through the trees. Had other lives, then, besides this precious one been sacrificed in their defence? Had the generous soldier who so promptly obeyed her request perished with the rest? Had she summoned him to an inglorious death—to be shot from behind a hedge by a hidden enemy? Had he died a stranger in a strange land, for her deliverance, and at her entreaty? As often as she hid her face in her hands and shut out the absorbing vision of the pallid form that lay before her, these questions rose to her mind. But there was no one who could give an answer to them. Her cousin had been absent for hours, she knew not where, and none of the domestics would venture on shore to make inquiries; the half-witted horseboy who perhaps would have undertaken even this service, she had not seen since he departed on the errand which had resulted so fatally.

It was growing dark, the tall candles that blazed round the bier began to cast a stronger light on the rough wainscoting of the room, and to lend a ghastlier pallor to the features of the dead man, when the door opened noiselessly, and Lucas Plunkett, with soft step, approached the spot where Mary was sitting.

"Pardon me, Miss Dillon," he began, in his mildest and most sympathetic tones, "if I intrude upon your grief. Nothing but the most urgent necessity could force me to disturb you at this moment with the mention of matters which must increase your distress."

"Do not fear to speak, sir," returned the lady, sadly; "it will be difficult to add to our sorrows."

"It has become my duty now," pursued Plunkett, "to provide for your safety and that of your sister; that duty obliges me to make immediate arrangements for Mr. Dillon's funeral, and to convey you to a place of greater safety than Duneevin."

Kathleen caught the words, and clinging to her dead father's hand, exclaimed with passionate sobs:

"No, no! he shall not leave us."

"Alas! *that* is not he any longer, Kathleen," said Plunkett, pointing to the lifeless figure.

"Oh! it is very like him," sobbed the child. "You will not take him away."

"We are grateful for the kindness which prompts you to charge yourself with our protection, Mr. Plunkett," Mary interposed, "and will appeal to it when we stand in need of it. For the present, we are safe within these walls. My father's assassins show no disposition to molest us, and we have no other enemy to fear. There is nothing to prevent us from paying becoming honour to his remains."

There was a quiet air of determined authority in her words which showed that the change which had made her fatherless had developed in her the energy of a strong and decided character.

"You must not remain here," urged Plunkett. "By to-morrow evening O'Neill's savage bands may encamp in yonder woods. I shudder to think of you falling into their hands. You must quit Duneevin for a time. Major Ormsby promises to provide us with an escort through the disturbed border of the Pale. Once beyond Annally, friends will welcome us at every stage, and in my home you will be secure from rebel Scots and rebel Irish alike."

"Again I thank you for your kindness," returned Mary, "but must decline to profit by it at this moment. I do not dread the dangers you speak of. We have little cause for confidence in Major Ormsby, and O'Neill's followers have surely not deserved, from us at least, the title of savages."

"You know them not," he answered, "they have the savage's thirst for plunder and for blood; and I have reason to know that upon their arrival here their fiercest and most vengeful instincts will be called into full play."

"We have done nothing to provoke their hatred, and need not therefore dread it. In the defeat of their comrades we have had no share; they have nothing else to avenge."

"You do not know how stands the case," whispered Plunkett. "The Parliamentarians have captured a few of the *hobellers*; as they cannot encumber themselves with the prisoners on their march, they will execute them before they leave. When O'Neill's followers hear this news, it will fare ill with the Sassenachs who happen to be in the vicinity. Do you understand now the risk you run by remaining here."

The face of the lady grew deadly pale at this announcement. Plunkett attributed this change of countenance to the terror his words

inspired. He was deceived. After a moment's silence, she answered calmly:

"I am persuaded, that not even on such provocation would O'Neill offer insult or injury to two unprotected girls. In any case, I had rather trust myself to his fury than to Major Ormsby's compassion. I will not quit Duneevin."

"Your better sense deserts you, Miss Dillon," said Plunkett, impatiently. "You oblige me to use an authority which I would fain not produce at this moment. With his last words your father entrusted you to me. I would willingly defer in everything to your wishes, but the duties of this sacred trust oblige me to provide for your safety, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure."

"And you think to fulfil my father's last wish by tearing us from his grave and giving us up to the keeping of his murderers?"

"You employ harsh language, Miss Dillon, to describe the service I would do you. I feel that I am but discharging a sacred duty in insisting that you shall quit this place. I will not pain you any further by this conversation which is equally disagreeable to us both. I will leave you and go to make preparations for the funeral ceremonies, and for the journey which we shall begin immediately after."

With these words Plunkett withdrew. Mary Dillon had maintained a dignified calmness during the interview; but her firmness deserted her as the door closed behind her new guardian. The sense of her helplessness overpowered her; she threw herself on her knees, and with a flood of bitter tears bewailed the loss of him who lay before her, unconscious of her distress and insensible to her lamentations. A long time she maintained this prostrate attitude, not noting how the night gathered dark and murky outside, and how the wind rose in sobbing gusts sweeping over the lake as if charged with the wailings of the many houses of mourning it had passed over on its evening journey. At length she was roused by a gentle tugging at her robe, and turning she beheld Shawn-na-Coppal crouching on his knees by her side. His shaggy hair, damped by the rain, hung in clotted masses round his face, and his scanty clothing, saturated with water, stuck close to his shivering frame. His face was pale as her own, and his eyes, as they were raised to hers, had in them that look of helpless pleading peculiar to the distress of the half-witted.

"Lady!" he whispered, in a choking voice, "they are going to shoot him!"

"Whom?" asked his mistress, with a shudder.

"*Him*—Captain MacDermott," replied the boy, hoarsely. "I saw him dragged into the farmyard with his broken arm hanging by his side. They told him he was to be tried. But it is settled. I listened when he passed. I heard them say that he must be shot, they cannot take him with them."

The words of the simpleton verified a painful presentiment that had haunted Mary's mind since her interview with her cousin. She sickened at the prospect of another scene of blood, wildly pressed her hands to her head to crush the hideous picture from her brain,

and sank into a chair by the bedside. Her weakness lasted only for a moment. When she turned again to her faithful attendant her pale features wore a fixed and resolute look betraying nothing of the agony of her mind.

"He shall not die," she said, with set lips.

The horseboy gazed with perplexed and wondering stare at his mistress.

"How came you hither?" she asked, in a low whisper.

"I paddled over in a boat I found on the beach."

"Could you guide it back again, think you?"

"Easily, lady. The wind blows towards the shore."

"Come with me then. Kathleen," she whispered, bending over her sister, "will you keep watch alone for a short time? You will not be afraid to remain here by yourself?"

"I shall not be alone," answered the child. "*He* will be with me."

Mary kissed the child's pale cheek and left the room. At the door she left Shawn standing alone in the darkness; but a few minutes later she returned to him wrapped in a long, heavy mantle, such as was worn by the peasant girls of the time. She led the way to the water stairs. The wind was high, and the white crests of the waves glistened threateningly far out in the darkness. She seated herself in the boat and motioned to her docile companion to take his place in the stern.

"What am I to do, lady?" asked the bewildered boy.

"Push off, and make straight for the spot where yonder fires are burning."

A few strokes of the paddle sent the boat out into the waves. It was caught up by the strong east wind, and in its sturdy arms was borne rapidly towards the shore.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### TRIED FOR LIFE.

"And should this last dark chance befall,  
Even that shall welcome be;  
In death I'll love thee best of all,  
*A outside geat mo chroidhe?*"

*Irish Ballad.*

It is somewhat at variance with the modern rules of war that prisoners taken in battle should undergo trial by court-martial. Armed opposition to a public cause, when openly professed and widely supported, has ceased to be considered an indictable offence. No tribunal is appointed to judge it; there is no hostility against the captive any more than against the dead. But in the civil dissensions with which Ireland was torn asunder during the seventeenth century, this etiquette of war was neither so clearly defined nor so nicely observed. Many

instances are recorded in which prisoners, made on the field or at the surrender of a fortress, were arraigned before a military committee selected from the conquering army, tried without regard to any system of law, and executed without respect for any principle of justice.

When, then, Heber MacDermott and his fellow prisoner were led into a cattle shed in the farmyard of Duneevin Castle to confront a tribunal of Parliamentary officers, to hear themselves charged with offences which were criminal only because committed against their accusers, and then to receive a sentence of death from which there was no appeal, they could hardly complain that their case was exceptionally hard. It was a fate to which many of those who before them had defended the same cause, had heroically submitted, and, though they knew it not, it was a fate that awaited many of the gallant leaders who commanded the forces then marshalled under the "Red Hand."

Major Ormsby stood in the centre of a group of officers, leaning on his sword. He took no notice of the prisoners when they were brought into the presence of the tribunal over which he presided. He continued to converse carelessly with the officers near him. The insulting manner in which he was received roused MacDermott, and a flush of anger burned in his face as he stood with his guard, in silence, near the door. On his fellow-prisoner no such impression was produced. He preserved even here his self-possessed and jocular air, surveyed the interior of the shed with a careless glance, and then confidently informed his guard, and any others who cared to hear him, that he thought the court eminently worthy of the judges.

"I am surprised that Hamilton has not returned," remarked Major Ormsby. "He could not have possibly got himself into the clutches of the Irish. Can it be that he has lost his way? We must send out parties to look for him. But first, I believe, there is some business to be despatched here. Major Storey, thou hast, an I err not, drawn up in due form the offences with which these rebels stand charged. Let them be read over that we may adjudge upon them."

Major Storey prided himself no less upon his accomplishments as a legal scribe than on his gifts as a preacher. The solemnity of the phraseology of law had for him the same charm as the sonorous phrases of puritanical cant, and he addressed himself to the framing of a legal document with the same satisfaction with which he vented his zeal in a spiritual outpouring. It is hardly a matter of surprise that his legal diction should have been largely tinged with the peculiarities of style which marked his devout discourses.

From the bulky paper which the major produced at the command of his superior, it appeared that the culprits arraigned before the military court had been taken in open war against the sacred authority of the Parliament of England. They had been guilty of the damnable crime of resisting them who had come to take possession of the land in the name and by the authority of the Most High. The unbelievers had come up against the chosen people even as the Amorrite, the Pherezite, the Hethite, and those who dwelt over against the south side of Ceneroth had come up against Israel, and they should perish even as perished the allies of Canaan. To his favoured soldiers the



Lord had addressed the order. "You shall pursue after your enemies and kill all the hindermost of them as they flee." But on that day one from amongst their captains had been unfaithful to the divine command, and had spared the idolators who had been delivered into his hand. It was for them to cut off the Amalekites whom they held captive, as Saul, upon his repentance, did unto Agag in Galgal. He, the major, was no Samuel, yet he would not hesitate to rebuke them in the words of the prophet—"The Lord sent thee on the way and said: Go kill the sinners of Amalec and thou shalt fight against them until thou hast utterly destroyed them. Why then didst thou not hearken to the voice of the Lord?"

"We have sinned," said the major, in conclusion, "by transgressing the commandment of the Lord; let us turn unto Him again by repentance and fit atonement. Let His enemies die the death."

His colleagues heard the major's indictment with unmoved countenances. They were accustomed to his manner of speech, the grotesqueness of his scriptural jargon could not provoke them to smile. MacDermott listened to the plea for his murder in silence, nor did he offer any comment upon it when it was finished. A smile of contempt curled his lip and concealed, as he wished it, the tokens of acute suffering which his features must otherwise have betrayed. When the president of the tribunal demanded if the prisoners had anything to urge in extenuation of their offences, anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, he replied with haughty scorn:

"Nothing! A gentleman and a soldier is no adviser for a gang of assassins."

His fellow-prisoner bore not so calmly the ordeal of mock justice to which he was subjected. He commented freely on the major's bill of indictment while the document was being read. His observations would have been amusing, had there been any place for mirth. The major's quotation of the order to "kill the hindermost of them as they flee," drew from him the assurance that the major himself would never fall amongst the champions thus slain. The name of the King of Amalec suggested to him a fervent prayer that the devil would gag all ranting Sassenachs, "or," as he expressed it, "to give the devil his due, Sassenachs of every profession." To the question why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he had a word to say; and, in spite of the remonstrating glances of his fellow-captive, he said:

"I am no gentleman," he began, "and if being a gentleman would force me to be silent now, I am glad that I am not. My breast-plate is iron, my head-piece the same, I cannot therefore know what it is that makes the gentleman; in proof of my ignorance, I always imagined that the cowardly cutting of undefended throats was not a practice of the class. Do not think that I wish to shame you into sparing my life. I defy and scorn you as heartily as my commander. I am an Irishman and a Catholic; I can expect no mercy and I do not ask for any. But for the sake of the country that some of you belong to, and for the sake of the profession that most of you

disgrace, do not murder the officer at my side. He is a stranger amongst us; he has not dabbled in the blood that has been shed in holes and corners throughout the land during the last five years. If he has done you wrong, it has been in fair and open war. Since he has fallen into your hands, let him have the treatment of an honourable soldier, if you have any idea what that may mean. This much I ask you for the sake of the nation you belong to and the profession you follow. For myself I ask nothing. Do your worst; I despise, but I do not fear you."

These bold words brought a scowl to every bronzed face in the group before him, and to some a flush of something resembling shame. In appealing to their professional pride, O'Duigenan had touched a chord that had remained sensitive when every finer sense of their nature had been blunted by the brutalising occupations of their daily life.

"You speak insolently, rebel," said Ormsby, "and deserve to have your offensive jabbering cut short with a sword-thrust. But work of that kind we leave to the pistols of our troopers. Do all concur in the sentence Major Storey asks us to pronounce?" he inquired, looking round the faces of his colleagues.

Contrary to his expectations, they were not unanimous. O'Duigenan's taunting language had roused within some of those ruthless breasts scruples which had long been strangers there; and some there were who essayed to moderate Storey's half-fanatic, half-revengeful eagerness for the blood of the prisoners. This unexpected opposition only served to rouse fully the religious energies of the major. With a headlong torrent of his choicest eloquence he rebuked the contumacious among his associates and denounced their backsliding, at the same time that he pointed out the inconvenience of charging themselves with a wounded man at a moment when they would require all the speed of movement they could command to escape from O'Neill. His exhortations and his arguments at last prevailed; the repugnance of his comrades to the deed of blood he advocated slowly gave way before his enthusiasm and his reasonings.

"Speak," he cried, with exultation, observing that he was winning the day, "ye who ride on fair horses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk in the way, shall the sword we have girded to our thigh remain rusting in the scabbard whilst the necks of the enemies of the Covenant are bared before us? Chiefs of the army of Israel, go and set your feet upon the necks of them lying under ye, and when ye have put your feet upon them, strike and slay, and let them be hanged upon gibbets until the evening."

The Parliamentary officers conferred for a few moments together. When their deliberations were at an end, Ormsby addressed the prisoners.

"In the opinion of this court you are adjudged worthy of death. It is our award that you be now led from this spot, and that, one hour hence, you be shot dead on the space in front of this cabin. Let the prisoners be removed."

MacDermott deigned no reply to the brutal sentence.

"And if," added the devout Storey, "the ministrations of so humble a vessel as myself be acceptable, I will, for the coming hour, wrestle with them in prayer, that they may be delivered at the last from the power of the evil one."

MacDermott replied to the suggestion by a look of cold disdain, and leaning on the arm of his fellow-prisoner turned to go. The indignity contained in the major's proposal was, however, too much for O'Duigenan to bear in silence.

"Keep your prayers for yourself, canting blood-sucker," he cried, looking back over his shoulder, "and take a parting advice from me. In the wrestling match look well to your points; the devil will trip you up before many rounds are over."

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

### XXII.\*—THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

WHEN treating of the Definition of Papal Infallibility, and not long after entering on that subject, I alluded to the Councils of Pisa and Constance, "of which latter," I added, "I will say more hereafter."† I have not yet fulfilled this promise. I was taken up first with the development of views concerning the Infallibility, then, following a natural connection, with "Obedience due to the Pope," out of which arose a statement on "Conscience," and out of this arose again another on "Liberty of Conscience." It is time I should say what I have to say about the Council of Constance. It will not, after all, be very much; for though a great deal has been written on the subject and a great deal consequently could be set down here regarding it, and though it could be treated at considerable length without ground being afforded for a charge of superfluity, yet this would be out of proportion with the scale on which I am proceeding, and is besides not at all necessary for the solution of any difficulty which has arisen out of the decrees or action of the Council of Constance.

I might indeed spare myself the trouble of treating the question at all, and refer my readers to the able answers already given by Dr. Kavanagh and Canon Neville—by the former in "A Reply to Mr. Gladstone's Vaticanism;"‡ by the latter in "Some Remarks on Vaticanism,"§ subjoined to a second edition of "A few Comments on Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation." But, as I have promised, I must perform.

\* This is the *true* number of the present paper, counting all those that have preceded, though through mistake the numbers of some of them do not accord with it.

† IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. II. p. 413.

‡ Page 48 and following.

§ Page 111, and following (of third edition, which I have before me).

Mr. Gladstone has made great capital of the Council of Constance against the Pope's Infallibility, and his supreme authority over the Church collectively, and over a General Council. He does not argue so much from that Council taken by itself, with its confirmation by Martin V., as from the diametrical opposition he sees between it and the Vatican Council.

"It is not," he says, "my object to attempt a general appreciation of the Council of Constance. There is much against it to be said from many points of view, if there be more for it. But I point out that for the matter now in hand the questions of fact are clear, and that its decrees are in flat and diametrical contradiction to those of the Vatican. This of itself would not constitute any difficulty for Roman theology, and would give no proof of its breach with history. It is admitted on all or nearly all hands that a Council, however great its authority may be, is not of itself infallible. What really involves a fatal breach with history is when a body, which professes to appeal to it, having proclaimed a certain organ to be infallible, then proceeds to ascribe to it to-day an utterance contradictory to its utterance of yesterday; and thus depriving it not only of all certainty, but of all confidence, lays its honour prostrate in the dust. This can only be brought home to the Roman Church, if two of her Councils, contradicting one another in the subject matter of faith or morals, have each respectively been confirmed by the Pope, and have thus obtained, in Roman eyes, the stamp of infallibility. Now this is what I charge in the present instance."\*

Mr. Gladstone then goes on to develop his arguments in an exulting and triumphant strain. His glee and buoyancy are quite soul-stirring and almost cheering, antagonist though he be; and we can afford to enjoy the rushing of this torrent, which we know after all to be harmless. Everything depends on the view to be taken of the Council of Constance and its decrees and subsequent confirmation by the Roman Pontiff; and the whole of this is a matter of old standing, often discussed and sufficiently settled long before the Vatican definition, and still more thoroughly settled since. No doubt the contrast and asserted mutual contradiction *between the decisions of the two Councils* is new—that is not of earlier date than 1870—but the character and sense and position of the decrees of the earlier Council, and their consequent bearing on the Pope's Infallibility and supreme authority, have been before the world in general, and the theological world in particular, for more than four centuries; they have not stood in the way of innumerable defenders of that doctrine which the later Council solemnly sanctioned five years ago, men who had the same ideas about General Councils that we have, and the same absolute belief of the infallibility of a General Council in conjunction with the Pope that we have, and had before the Vatican Council was thought of. They knew likewise as well, at least, as Mr. Gladstone, what was the state of facts as to the Council of Constance. No doubt there were others, in much smaller number, who impugned the Pope's pre-

\* "Vaticanism," pp. 57, 58.

rogatives from the decrees of Constance, but did not for the most part regard the so-called Ultramontanes as heretics. It is rather too late to make the discovery that a definition such as that of the Vatican Council, embodying doctrines so extensively maintained in the Church, must necessarily be irreconcilable with a previous declaration with which all were acquainted.

Suppose the Vatican Council had issued no definition or had not existed at all, would the defenders of the Pope's infallibility and supreme authority over General Councils be justly branded as rebels to the Teaching Church and to an approved General Council? Were they so regarded by the Gallican school—by which phrase I mean to designate those writers who, while they restricted, and even unduly restricted, the Pope's prerogatives, were recognised generally through the Church as still Catholics? Most undoubtedly not. Now *the opposition* between the Vatican Council and that of Constance—if there be any opposition—is not greater than the opposition between the defenders of the Papal claims in question and the same Council of Constance. A Council's definition is something more serious than a Theological assertion or even a Theological treatise. But an assertion merely made by any writer is as much or as little *opposed* to a given definition as the same assertion would be if *it* too was defined. If the Pope's fallibility and his inferiority to a General Council had been effectually defined by a General Council, confirmed *in this* by the Roman Pontiff, all contraveners of these doctrines would have been, according to Catholic principles, maintainers of heresy; and it is presumable that this would have been found out in the course of four centuries.

So much for a general answer to Mr. Gladstone's argument, and the alleged collision between two General Councils on a point of dogma. I will now come down to particulars. And first, we shall be helped by considering the circumstances which led to the holding of the Council of Constance. On the death of Gregory XI. (which took place at Rome, whither he had gone from Avignon, where he and several of his predecessors had successively lived and kept their court, though, of course, Bishops of Rome) in 1378, the Cardinals then in the city—sixteen out of twenty-three then constituting the Sacred College—went into Conclave and elected Pope the Archbishop of Bari, a Neapolitan, who took the name of Urban the Sixth. At the time of the election there was a good deal of tumult and commotion at Rome, and a stormy demand for the creation of a Roman or at least an Italian (some say a *Roman* absolutely—and this point is to be noted)\* to the exclusion of foreigners, and, I should say, specially Frenchmen. Soon after the instalment of the Pontiff, twelve of the

\* The importance of the distinction—so far as it is important—lies in this, that if the crowd demanded a *Roman* absolutely, the Cardinals did not yield to the popular clamour by electing a *Neapolitan*, but went against it, and thus acted with more palpable liberty than if by electing an *Italian* not a *Roman*, they had in some degree fulfilled the desire of the turbulent party. The Cardinals, after having elected the Archbishop of Bari, being invaded by a mob, pretended that they had elected a certain Roman Cardinal, who, however, a little later informed the people it was not so.

Cardinals who had formed the conclave and one who had not been then in Rome assembled at Anagni, and protested against the election as not free, and a little later, with three others who had formed part of the conclave—in all again sixteen—met at Fondi, and elected a Pope, who called himself Clement VII. Though the election of Urban is now generally considered to have been valid, there was colourable ground for viewing it otherwise, and for regarding Clement as the true Pope. Each of these claimants had his College of Cardinals. On the death of each of the claimants a successor was elected by the Cardinals of *his obedience*, as the supporters of the respective claimants were termed. The successor of Urban was Boniface IX., who was succeeded in his turn by Innocent VII., and he again by Gregory XII. The only successor of Clement VII.—that is, the only one of whom any account is to be made—was Peter de Luna, who was called Benedict XIII. In the year 1409 the Cardinals of both obediences—that of Gregory XII. and that of Benedict XIII.—united in calling a General Council to meet at Pisa and settle the question of the Papacy. A Council accordingly assembled, Gregory and Benedict were summoned to appear before it, and, not appearing, were eventually deprived and deposed by the Council. After this the Cardinals assembled in conclave and elected Cardinal Filargi Pope. He took the name of Alexander V. Gregory and Benedict still held their ground, so that there were three claiming the Papacy—Gregory as the legitimate successor of Urban VI., whom he maintained to have been legitimately elected and truly Pope; Benedict as the legitimate successor of Clement VII., who, *he* contended, was truly Pope, and Alexander as elected to fill the chair made vacant by the deposition of Gregory and Benedict. Alexander died, and was succeeded by John XXIII. This Pope called the Council of Constance, in some sort as a continuation of that of Pisa, but still by a sufficient distinct convocation. The Council assembled in 1414. Such were the circumstances under which the Council of Constance commenced.

We may here stop to inquire what is to be said of the position, at that time, of the three claimants, and their rights with regard to the Papacy. In the first place, there was all through from the death of Gregory XI. in 1378 a Pope—with the exception, of course, of the intervals between deaths and elections to fill up the vacancies thereby created. There was, I say, at every given time a Pope, really invested with the dignity of Vicar of Christ and Head of the Church, whatever opinions might exist among many as to his genuineness; not that an interregnum covering the whole period would have been impossible or inconsistent with the promises of Christ, for this is by no means manifest, but that, as a matter of fact, there was not such an interregnum. Next, it seems pretty well established that Urban VI. and *his* successors, including Gregory XII., were true Popes; that Gregory continued so till his deposition in the Council of Pisa; that he then ceased to be Pope; that Alexander V. on his election became really Pope, and after him John XXIII., who convoked the Council of Constance. Still, the right of Gregory XII. up to the Council of Pisa, depending as that right did on the valid election of Urban, is

not quite evident; and, on the other hand, the cessation of his Pontificate through the action of the Council of Pisa admits of some doubt, as it is not demonstrated that that Council was really ecumenical, even so far as it could be ecumenical without conjunction with a Pope. If the deposition of Gregory was void, he continued Pope till after the assembly of the Council of Constance. The same is true of Benedict XIII. in the less probable hypothesis that *he*, and not Gregory, was really Pope at the time of the meeting of the Council of Pisa.

Certain it is that, at the commencement of the Council of Constance, Gregory and Benedict respectively claimed the Pontifical dignity, and that neither they nor their adherents acknowledged the legitimacy of the Council nor took part in its earlier sessions. Hence the ecumenicity of the Council at this period has been questioned, not so much on the ground of any doubt of the competence of John to call a Council as on that of the absence of those Bishops who sided with Gregory and Benedict, denying as they did the right of John to the Papal dignity, and with some colour of title to do so. Such was the state of things in the fourth and fifth sessions in which the famous decrees were passed.

In the twelfth session, John, not actually present at the time, was deposed by the Council, and accepted his deposition, when notified to him, laying aside the Papal insignia. In the fourteenth session, Gregory, not present but represented by deputies whom he fully authorised for the purpose, first convoked the Council afresh and then resigned the Papal dignity. In a General Congregation held between the twentieth and twenty-first sessions certain articles were approved in which it was provided, among other things, that there should be a fresh convocation addressed to the adherents of Benedict. In the twenty-second session these articles began to be carried out, and Benedict was deserted by almost all his adherents, so that the Council became as ecumenical as it could be without a Pope. In the thirty-seventh session Benedict was finally deposed. In the forty-first session Martin V. was elected in a conclave comprising the twenty-three Cardinals who were there and thirty other electors added by the Council with the consent of the Cardinals. The election took place on the 11th of November, 1417, thirty-nine years after the commencement of the schism which was thus substantially at an end. Peter de Luna, calling himself Benedict XIII., held out till his death in 1424, and even enjoined on his two Cardinals to elect a successor, which they did. But this successor resigned in 1429, and his so-called Cardinals, by his direction, elected—as far as in them lay—the existing Pope Martin V.

From what has been said it appears, first, that before the election of Martin V., two of the three claimants had abdicated; secondly, that the final deposition of Benedict, who most probably never had been really Pope, was pronounced by a Council as thoroughly ecumenical as a Council could be without the Pope.

It is not certain that any vacancy of the Papal throne between the death of Gregory XI. and the election of Martin V. was absolutely

*dependent* on the act of *any* Council, as some would contend that Gregory XII., who is supposed to have been at first really Sovereign Pontiff, was not effectually deposed by the Council of Pisa and continued Head of the Church until the Council of Constance. Whatever may be said on this point, it is very much more probable than not, that the vacancy which gave room to the election of Martin V. was not absolutely dependent on the action of the Council of *Constance*. For the claim of Benedict rested on far weaker grounds than that of John and even of Gregory. Now, as to John and Gregory the vacancy was not dependent on the action of the Council. For John accepted his deposition, and thus equivalently abdicated, and this cession was studiously obtained by the Council; and Gregory was not deposed by the Council, but himself renounced the Papal dignity. Next, as to the election of Martin, it does not seem to have been absolutely dependent on the action of the Council. It was immediately the work of the Cardinals, associated, by their own consent, with other electors, and, as it was unanimous, or at least voted by two-thirds of *the Cardinals*,\* it could stand irrespectively of the votes of the other electors if they be considered superfluous. I make these remarks, not because they are *necessary* for the main object I have in view, but to show that the authority of the Council of Constance is somewhat unduly extolled on the ground precisely of its connection and identification with the legitimacy of Martin's election. I certainly do not doubt for a moment that the Council of Constance was ecumenical *in its celebration*, if not from the beginning, at least before the election of Martin—so far as it could be such without the Pope—that it was most fully ecumenical in its celebration during the sessions in which he presided, and that it was ecumenical in its exit or termination.

I most fully admit, too, that the Council of Constance was the means of putting an end to that terrible schism which had afflicted the Church so long, a schism without parallel in ecclesiastical history. There had been anti-popes before from time to time, but never for such a continuance, nor ever with such obscurity as to who was the rightful Pontiff, nor ever with such a following. A General Council was the proper remedy, or rather the proper road to a remedy. Clearly the Church, when destitute of a Head, or of a certain unquestioned Head, has the right and the power to provide for herself, and determine on a course which seems fit to furnish her with a Supreme Pontiff, and the course maturely taken is to be considered as Divinely authorised. The Pope does not derive his jurisdiction from the Church; but the determination of the person who is to possess that jurisdiction coming from God, is effected by men, according to rules laid down by the supreme authority in the Church, that is, by existing Popes, and supplementarily, where necessary, by a General Council, or even perhaps by the College of Cardinals. If it should happen that there are one or more doubtful Popes, whose pretensions are an obstacle to the government of the Church by one universally recognised Vicar of Christ on earth, a General Council can set aside the obstacle. A doubtful Pope *may be* really invested

\* This (usual) condition was maintained by the Council.



with the requisite power ; but he has not practically in relation to the Church the same rights as a certain Pope. He is not entitled to be acknowledged as Head of the Church, and may be legitimately compelled to desist from his claim.

The great schism of the West suggests to me a reflection which I take the liberty of expressing here. If this schism had not occurred, the hypothesis of such a thing happening would appear to many chimerical. They would say it could not be ; God would not permit his Church to come into so unhappy a situation. Heresies might spring up and spread and last painfully long, through the fault and to the perdition of their authors and abettors, to the great distress too of the faithful, increased by actual persecution in many places where the heretics were dominant. But that Catholics should be divided on the question of who was Pontiff, that the true Church should remain between thirty and forty years without a thoroughly ascertained Head, and representative of Christ on earth, this would not be. Yet *it has been*, and we have no guarantee that it will not be again, though we may fervently hope otherwise. What I would infer is, that we must not be too ready to pronounce on what God may permit. We know with absolute certainty that He will fulfil His promises ; that He will not allow anything to occur at variance with them ; that He will sustain His Church and enable her to triumph over all enemies and all difficulties ; that He will give to each of the faithful those graces which are needed for each one's service of Him and attainment of salvation, as He did during the great schism we have been considering, and in all the sufferings and trials which the Church has passed through from the beginning. We may also trust that He will do a great deal more than what He has bound Himself to by His promises. We may look forward with a cheering probability to exemption for the future from some of the troubles and misfortunes that have befallen in the past. But we, or our successors in future generations of Christians, shall perhaps see stranger evils than have yet been experienced, even before the immediate approach of that great winding up of all things on earth that will precede the day of judgment. I am not setting up for a prophet, nor pretending to foresee unhappy wonders, of which I have no knowledge whatever. All I mean to convey is that contingencies regarding the Church, not excluded by the Divine promises, cannot be regarded as practically impossible, because they would be terrible and distressing in a very high degree.

It is time to come to the Decrees of Constance, which Mr. Gladstone so confidently pits against those of the Vatican. The Decrees are two, the first of which was passed in the Fourth Session, the second in the Fifth. But they may be considered as forming one, though I shall speak of them as two. They are as follows : First Decree, passed in the Fourth Session : " This Holy Synod of Constance, making (constituting) a General Council for the extirpation of the present schism, and effecting the Union and Reformation of the Church of God, in (its) Head and members, to the praise of Almighty God, being legitimately assembled in the Holy Ghost,

in order to attain more easily, more securely, more freely, and more abundantly the union and reformation of the Church of God, ordains, disposes, lays down, and decrees as follows :—

“And first, that the same Synod, legitimately assembled in the Holy Ghost, making a General Council representing the Catholic Church militant, has power immediately from Christ, which everyone, of whatever state and dignity he may be, even Papal, is obliged to obey in those things which belong to Faith and the extirpation of the said schism, and the general reformation of the Church of God in (its) Head and members.”

Second Decree, passed in the Fifth Session : “It (the Synod) also declares that whatsoever person, of whatsoever condition, state, dignity, even Papal, shall contumaciously, with contempt, decline to obey (*obedire contumaciter contempserit*) the mandates or precepts (whether already made or to be made hereafter) of this Holy Synod, and of any other General Council legitimately assembled, concerning the premisses or other things thereunto belonging, is, unless he repents, to be subjected to penance, and duly punished, with recourse, if necessary, to other helps of the law.”

Mr. Gladstone, speaking of these Decrees—or this Decree—in itself, and in contrast with the Vatican definition, says : “It therefore seems to follow by a demonstration perfectly rigorous—

“1. That Pope Martin V. confirmed (or adopted) a Decree, which declares the judgments and proceedings of the Pope, in matters of faith, without exception, to be reformable, and therefore fallible.

“2. That Pope Pius IX. confirmed (and proposed) a Decree, which declares certain judgments of the Pope in matters of faith and morals, to be infallible ; and these, with his other judgments in faith, morals, and the discipline and government of the Church, to be irreformable.

“3. That the new oracle contradicts the old, and again the Roman Church has broken with history in contradicting itself.

“4. That no oracle, which contradicts itself, is an infallible oracle.

“5. That a so-called Ecumenical Council of the Roman Church, confirmed or non-confirmed by the Pope, has, upon its own showing, no valid claim to infallible authority.”\*

To this overwhelming argument I reply, 1st, that the Decrees of Constance do not express or imply what Mr. Gladstone understands them to mean, nor anything else at variance with the Vatican definition ; and 2ndly, that those Decrees were not confirmed by Martin V. Now as to the first point of my answer. First of all, the Council describes itself as congregated and existing *for the extirpation of the present schism, and the union . . . of the Church of God*. This is the first object, marking as a distinctive character of that Council, that it was emphatically ordained to the extinction of the schism, and the union of the different sections into which the Church had been divided by the schism. The Council had likewise for its object *the reformation of the Church of God in its Head*. This was to be effected by giving to the

\* “Vaticanism,” p. 61.

Church an undoubted Head, and a fit one. John XXIII. was neither undoubted nor fit. He was unhappily not a man of distinguished virtue. This alone would not have been ground enough for deposing him, unless so far as it included the guilt of heresy. As a matter of fact, he was accused of heresy, though in what this was supposed to consist is not clear; and the absence of sufficient proof of it appears to have been a reason with the Council for being anxious to obtain from John an acceptance of their sentence of deposition; and this they took care to secure before pronouncing the sentence.

There is question here of *personal external* heresy on the part of a true Pope, not of heretical teaching *ex cathedra*, which is impossible. The Canon Law, in the chapter *Si Papa*, contemplates the case hypothetically, and theologians commonly treat it as possible; many of them, however, of whom Bellarmine is one, holding that God would not permit it, though there is no promise. If the case occurred, the delinquent would have to be set aside. Bellarmine—rightly or wrongly—believes that Pope Liberius, though not in his mind a heretic, still in consequence of his external assent to a heretical proceeding, *did* actually fall from the Papal dignity, was succeeded by Felix II. (who had been previously an anti-pope), and, on the death of Felix, was again raised to the Pontifical throne, so that he was twice Pope.\*

Assuredly the setting aside of a doubtful Head, especially with a prohibition to re-elect him (which prohibition the Council imposed), or the setting aside of a heretic would be a reformation of the Church in its Head. Then, as to the reformation of the Church *in its members*, there is not much difficulty. The members were subject to the Council, and what was done in their regard could not be rightly resisted by the Head, nor validly resisted by a Head who was under the control of the Council as doubtful. It is further said in the first Decree, that *the same Synod . . . has power immediately from Christ*, which was true of *that* Synod assembled for the termination of a schism between contending claimants to the Papacy, and also so far as there might be question of pronouncing a Pope to be a heretic. It is further again declared that *everyone, of whatever state and dignity he may be, even Papal, is obliged to obey* the Council. A person may be of Papal dignity in different ways; namely, either an undoubted Pope, or a doubtful Pope, or even one who is pretty well known not to be really Pope, but yet pretends to be such, and is acknowledged by many through perversity or mistake. At the time when the decree was passed there were two claimants less probably entitled to the dignity than not, and of these one less probably still than the other; but neither without some colour of right, and both, too, having many Catholic adherents; and there was one, namely John, with a better title, whom the Council itself was disposed to regard as really Pope, yet not quite certainly so, and who was impeached of heresy. Such holders of Papal dignity might be obliged to obey the Council. It is to be sedulously noted that in this Decree the Council speaks of *itself* only, and with relation to existing circumstances. There is not a tittle of generalization. The Council says *it* is to be obeyed by all

\* "*De Rom. Pont.*," Lib. IV. cap. 9.

such parties as now exist, that is by the faithful generally, by individual bishops, &c., and even by those who *now* hold even the Papal dignity, as they now hold it.

And in what are they bound to obey? *In those things which belong to Faith and the extirpation of the said schism, and the general Reformation of the Church of God in (its) Head and members.* It is to be observed that the mention of *Faith* does not occur in the earlier extant copies of this decree. But its mention causes no serious difficulty. There need be no question of final definitions of Faith by the Council, but only of *causes* regarding Faith—trials of persons even of Papal dignity, on charges appertaining to Faith—the enforcement of former definitions, &c. The other words concern disciplinary matters.

The whole, then, of the first decree, comes to this: that this particular Council, under existing circumstances, is Divinely authorized to settle all that now requires to be settled, including very specially the termination of the schism and all steps needed for this object, and among the rest the setting aside of doubtful Popes, or of a Pope convicted of heresy; and that, with relation to this object, all, even of Papal dignity, are obliged to obey the Council, that is all those persons who are at present in any way invested with Papal dignity are so bound.

The second Decree (passed in the fifth session) extends to any other Council the right to be obeyed by all. But here there is question of another Council *legitimately assembled* and, of course, legitimately sitting, there is question too of *mandates and precepts concerning the premisses or other things thereunto belonging*. Now this may be well understood of another Council called to put an end to *this schism*, or at most, a similar schism. The Council of Constance was the second General Council which had been convoked for the purpose of extinguishing *this particular schism*, and it was far from clear that one or more additional Councils might not still be required for the same purpose. John had, at this time, fled from the Council, called, as it was, and opened, by himself, and there might be reason to apprehend that he would try to put an end to it.

The words of the decrees admit of the explanation I have given of them, and therefore they *may* at least be so taken. Add to this that the Council, circumstanced as it was, can hardly be presumed to have set about defining a doctrine which neither concerned the actual state of things nor belonged to any controversy with the heretics of the period, a doctrine too that had much appearance of novelty and was never dominant in the Church before or since. It was not unnatural, on the other hand, that the Council should lay down what regarded its own authority for the time being, and in as strong and comprehensive terms as could well be employed. The statement contained in the decrees is, no doubt, emphatic and full and impressive in the variety and legal formality of its terms, and no wonder, if we consider its bearing with reference to the Council's action. I will say more later on of the precise character and nature of this statement; I do not mean as to its truth nor as to its sense—though the sense is hence

illustrated—but as to its object in the mind of the Council, and its dogmatic position.

Now, turning for a moment to the Vatican definition ; this definition treats of the Roman Pontiff in what may be called his normal state, that is to say, where he is the undoubtedly genuine Vicar of Christ, whether good or bad as to his conduct, provided he be not personally an external heretic. The sense of the Vatican definition regarding the Pope's Infallibility and his superiority over the Church and its other pastors, distributively and collectively, and over Councils, is unmistakable. The Decrees of Constance *ought*, or at the very least *can*, be understood of doubtful Popes. The Vatican definition, as a matter of course, regards certain and not doubtful Popes and must be understood of the infallibility of such Popes and *their* superiority over Councils, &c. In all this there is no mutually destructive opposition between decrees and decrees.

## THE CANTICLE OF THE VOWS.

(From the French.)

FOR ever, when of this glad feast, to me unworthy given,  
 More vivid comes the memory which ne'er can be forgot,  
 My heart and tongue shall never tire of asking Earth and Heaven  
 To bless my God for sending me such glorious, happy lot.  
 O sacred fetters, bind me well, my rapture and my crown !  
 The union I have vowed to-day not death itself shall sever.  
 If all the crowns of earth were mine, I'd gladly fling them down  
 To bind myself to Jesus' Heart for ever and for ever.

For ever and for ever, O POVERTY, my mother !  
 I'll cling with trustful fondness to thy hallowing embrace.  
 The shrinking and the cowardice of nature I will smother  
 By gazing on the smile that lights thy pale, ethereal face.  
 And if, O sacred Poverty, thou biddest me to seek  
 From door to door my daily bread, I'll cheerfully endeavour,  
 Though I should be all shelterless and none a kind word speak,  
 Still, as my mother, thee to love for ever and for ever.

For ever, Virtue fair and sweet, O thou whose peerless beauty  
 Makes dim the whitest lilies that o'er limpid waters shine—  
 For ever in my heart, absorbed in prayer and cheerful duty,  
 Serenely thou shalt reign as queen, O PURITY divine !  
 Beloved and prized thou needs must be by ev'ry child of Mary,  
 With love like that wherewith on high the blessed thrill and quiver ;  
 And, in a world whose evil charms ensnare so oft th' unwary,  
 May my poor heart be true to thee and cherish thee for ever !

For ever and for ever unto Thy will most holy  
 OBEDIENCE, O almighty Lord ! my heart and mind shall pay :  
 Without delay or pause or fear, at Thy soft whisper solely,  
 My will and judgment unto Thee I'll immolate for aye.  
 Jesus, my King ! ah, grant that I may be at all times faithful—  
 Obeying Thee, my God, in all, through love alone for ever.  
 Yes, rather let me die than live rebellious and ungrateful—  
 Dispute Thy slightest wish or word ? Dear Jesus, never ! never !

For ever, Mother Mary, beneath thy sheltering wing  
I'll place these holy, happy vows which I have vowed to-day.  
O faithful guardian! still to thee I'll humbly, fondly cling,  
And may the gen'rous hopes I feel fade not with time away!  
Ah! sinful earth is still around, and earth and hell and sin  
From heaven above and God and thee will strive my soul to sever:  
Be thou, O Virgin! my defence, and I shall surely win,  
And I shall love thee then indeed for ever and for ever.]

M. R.

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## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

NEVER were our wards more full than just now, and never did they look brighter and pleasanter. It is always a nice time with us when we have a good many convalescents hopping about, and sitting up ready to look round the world (our own little world) and be amused at everything. Our little friends at a distance would like to see Mary K——, who for six months lay unable to move on her couch in one of the windows, now sitting up, dressed, with her crutches by her side, and such a bright, happy face! What do you think but Mary was heard to whisper a wish for a game of "blind man's buff" the other day. It couldn't be thought of, you know, for the doctor is still very careful of Mary's back, but the poor little woman felt quite eager to enter into the fun of the game.

Another sight our young protectors would be glad to see is our little deaf and dumb child who has had a crooked foot made straight, and is constantly trotting about the wards after a go-cart. Though she cannot speak she can shriek her delight at the exercise, and is very quick to understand signs that are made to her. She is a dear little intelligent creature, and the doctors, I am glad to say, have some slight hope that her deafness may not be incurable.

Jamie, one of our nicest little cripples, has gone home, having made his First Communion with us. He was very earnest about this, and learned eagerly of holy things. The New Testament stories were a great delight to him, and he specially loved to hear about "David and Goliath." I venture to say that Jamie would have dearly loved to have thrown that famous stone himself!

We have news of two little patients who had left us. One went to heaven the other day; and the other came to see us, having passed through hard usage, poor little chap, since last we had seen his face. Thin and white he looked, and no wonder, for he had had his arm taken off in another hospital. Wasn't he glad to see us? and weren't his old little friends in the cribs delighted to have a peep at him—looking like a soldier from the wars, with his empty sleeve pinned across his jacket!

We have had two great field-days at the Big House since last these notes were written to you. One was the first meeting of the "Little Children of Mary," a society which gives our little girl-benefactors

equal rights and privileges with the members of the "Boys' Brigade." Small maidens who wish to join this merry little band can now send in their names, and having been elected at one of the meetings, will receive the pretty lily-badge which they are to wear on the shoulder. At the great meeting the other day the Rev. Chaplain spoke beautifully to the children, and told them many interesting stories. There was a great crowd of little rosy faces round him, and all listened with eager attention to his words.

Yesterday, a good number of knights met in spite of the wet weather, and over fourteen pounds were placed in the treasurer's hands. Some very interesting letters were read from knights in the country and abroad. We find that a truly ardent spirit is firing the hearts of the Brigade. No Red-Cross Knight, or Irish Knight at Fontenoy, ever fought better than many of these brave boys are fighting with the world for their suffering fellow-children. We cannot help wishing again our oft-repeated wish, that the dear zealous brigadiers who are far away could visit us sometimes and see the effect of their work.

I must tell you that we got a delightful surprise the other day when a wonderful box arrived from London, full of exquisitely dressed dolls, and a quantity of doll's clothing most prettily made. Many of you know and enjoy the children's magazine called *Little Folks*. Our box was sent to us by the Editor of *Little Folks*, and the dolls had been dressed by industrious little girls who are fond of reading his magazine. Prizes were given to these clever little girls, and a share of their work was sent to us.

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# THE WALKING TREES.

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE LITTLE FLOWER SEEKERS," &c.

### PART III.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### ADVENTURES OF THE RAIN-CHILDREN.

"You chap with the snow-storm," said Leo, "do you speak first, and tell us what you did with it? I must say you are a very small fellow to carry about a snow-storm in your pocket."

"When I passed down through the lake," said the rain-child, "I came out at the bottom of the clouds that hang above your earth. Then I floated about a long time, and hovered away over the world, growing larger as I went along, and spreading myself out into great trails of mist. At last I came and paused above a beautiful mountainous country called Switzerland—have you ever heard of it?"

"I should think so," said Leo. "My mamma and papa were there lately, and have just come home."

"Well, I came and took up my station behind a mountain peak, just over a pretty little village which lay at its foot. I waited there a long time, curled round a high crag and basking in the sunshine, and I gazed down into the village and soon came to know every creature that lived in it, and all their occupations and affairs. I knew all the village children particularly well, and there were two nice little things who played about together, and I took a great fancy to them, and used to watch them at all their games. They were not dark, heavy lumps of children, like us up here, but had nice rosy cheeks, like yours, and bright eyes and soft skins. Their mother and father lived in a pretty little house a short way above the village, and the children were fond of roaming up the mountains as far as their little wandering feet would carry them. Their father was a chamois hunter, and they loved to climb the crags to meet him on his way home.

"One day I thought I had hung about the mountain peaks long enough, and that it was high time to see about business; so I began to puff and blow, and spread myself out till I darkened the sun and covered the whole of the blue sky with threatening clouds. Then I let loose the snow-storm over the world, and it fell, and fell, till the houses in the village were nearly covered up, and the mountains were awfully sheeted in white. On the first evening of the fall I looked down and laughed to see the children all flying home, shouting and shrieking with glee——"

"Such fun!" cried Leo. "Don't I wish I had been there!"

"Yes, it was great fun for awhile," continued the rain-child; "but very soon everybody was safely shut up indoors, and then I gave way



to my most fantastic gambols, "and danced and whirled and spun round the world."

"I know the way," said Leo, "I have seen you at it many a time; though I didn't know it was you, you know!"

"I kept on like that," said the rain-child, "till the mountains completely lost their senses, and the earth fell into a swoon. Then I held my breath a little, and peered down through the hurly-burly; and what do you think I saw then?"

"I don't know," said Leo, eagerly.

"Ah," said the rain-child, "there I saw my two little favourite children from the village, wandering along in the wilderness of snow, very far from home, staggering and falling, and struggling upon their feet again, and clinging together and crying and moaning. They had come out to meet their father, as usual, and lost their way in the snow. Nobody was near them, and they were almost worn out with cold and fatigue and terror."

"Oh, dear," said Leo, "this is dreadful! I hope they didn't die. If you killed them, I can never speak to you again."

"You needn't talk like that," said the rain-child. "I was quite as sorry about it as you can be, but I don't know what you could do yourself, if you had a snow-storm to work with."

"That is true," said Leo; "but do go on."

"I was in such a state of distress," said the rain-child, "that I howled and shrieked frantically all round the mountains, but that did no good at all."

"No," said Leo.

"At last the poor little things fell down and dropped asleep."

"That was good," said Leo.

"No, indeed, it was the worst thing could happen. They were sure to sleep themselves to death. I tore myself to pieces a thousand times in my despair over them; till at last, oh! what joy I felt when I heard the dear, friendly bark of a dog, and saw one coming scouring along, snuffing and puffing with his warm breath streaming on the air, and a lantern round his neck. He soon found the children, and began licking them all over, and barking to waken them; and quickly following him came their father, the chamois-hunter, and some of his friends. They carried my little darlings home, and put them in bed, and they were soon as well as if nothing had happened. The storm went on, of course—I couldn't stop it; but I can tell you I shrieked and laughed my delight round the mountains for three whole days without stopping after that."

"I am so glad the children were saved," said Leo. "But what did the people think of your laughing?"

"Oh, they didn't know the difference," said the rain-child. "They only said: 'What a savage snow-storm!'"

"And are you sure the children are quite well now?" asked Leo.

"The last thing I did before I left the country," said the rain-child, "was to look down at the dear little pair at their play. I should never have been happy again if I had taken the beautiful rosy colour out of their lips for ever, and the sparkle out of their eyes."

"You're not a bad fellow, I see," said Leo, "though at first I was afraid you were. But I hope you didn't frighten the poor little things again by looking down at them."

"No, I was wrapped up in a lovely white cloud then," said the rain-child, "as soft and bright as could be. Nobody could be afraid of me then. But now my brothers must tell you their stories."

"Mine is a terrible story," said the second rain-child, "and I would rather not say much about it. I brought a torrent with me, you know, and I can tell you it did not scruple to do damage. We swept away a whole village in one night—men, women, and children, houses, trees, cattle, everything was destroyed by the morning's dawn."

Leo shrank away and covered his face with his hands.

"You cruel creature!" he said, "how could you do such a dreadful thing?"

"You needn't blame me," said the second rain-child, "I only perform my appointed work. I should have been very glad, indeed, if anything could have saved the people. I'm not at all proud of what I have done, and shall be glad if my next brother has got something more pleasant to tell."

"I haven't much to say, good or bad," said the third rain-child. "I nipped the fruit-blossoms with the frost, as I said I should, and I pinched people's noses shockingly; but I also sweetened the air for spring, and made beautiful pictures for the children on their window-panes."

"I'd like to hear what these three others have been doing," said Leo. "They seemed to have better hearts than yours when you were all setting out."

"Hearts have nothing to do with it," said the fourth rain-child. "Our hearts are all good enough, but we must do our duty. Your mother's heart is very good, although sometimes she must punish you. I, for one, am right glad when I get a happy task to do, and so also, I am sure, are my brothers."

"Tell me what you have been about," said Leo.

"I wrapped myself up in a delicate cloud," said the fourth rain-child, "and floated away, away over the burning desert. I knew well that I should have a chance of doing good before long. As I lay across the heavens, gazing down upon the scorched sands, I suddenly saw the figure of a lonely traveller, making his way painfully along the terrible plains. His brow was blistered, his tongue swollen and parched in his mouth; his poor heart throbbed wildly with the fever that burned in his veins. After watching him a long time I saw that he grew dizzy and faint, and he flung himself at last from his horse, and fell with a groan to the ground."

"I looked and saw the cause of his new anguish: he had reached the oasis where once had welled a spring. The waters were dried, and had vanished away. Thinking of his loving little children at home he laid himself down and expected to die."

"Have mercy, O God!" he cried, 'and send me a drop of water. But if not, Thy will be done!'

"Now I knew my time had arrived, and I sent forth the delicious

rain gliding through the fevered air like God's own benediction from heaven. The spring was replenished, and the waters welled to the traveller's lips. Falling on his knees, he drank and prayed; and my gentle rain went with him all the remainder of his journey, and brought him in safety to his children and his home."

"Beautiful!" cried Leo, "I am so glad you went down from here to show me what you could do."

"A city was on fire, and I put out the flames," said the fifth rain-child. "There was terrible confusion and dismay, but nobody was lost. That is the most important bit of work I have had on my hands since I left home."

"And I have been busy the entire time watering flowers, dropping dew on young growing seeds, and doing many little useful offices all round the world," said the sixth rain-child. "By a great mistake, I very nearly spoiled a fine harvest; but fortunately I was able to pull up in time, so that no great damage has been done."

"That is pleasant," said Leo. "I really am very glad to know you all, and to hear so much about everything you do. I am sure now there are many other things you could tell me about."

"Plenty," said the rain-children. "How would you like to be introduced to the great King Storm?"

"I should like it immensely," said Leo, with sparkling eyes.

"But you will have to travel a good way higher over the hills of mist," said the children. "However, if you are not afraid, we can pull you through somehow, seeing that there are six of us to help you."

"I am not at all afraid," said Leo, eagerly; and they all began to move.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### AT HOME WITH KING STORM.

AWAY went Leo and the rain-children over the mist hills and down into a dim, grey valley, where nothing was seen but long shadows, and paths of pale light streaming across the wilderness.

"What strange place is this?" asked Leo, shivering.

"This is the Calm that comes before the Storm," said the rain-children.

"I don't like it at all," said Leo. "It is a dreadful place. I'd rather we could get to the Storm at once."

The rain-children answered by a shower of laughter.

"Perhaps you may not like him so well when you come near him," they said.

"Why?" asked Leo. "Is his Majesty so very awful?"

"Rather," said one of the rain-children; "especially in some of his moods. If you happen to meet him with a hurricane on his shoulder, I advise you to look out for squalls!"

"How are we to get near him, then?" said Leo. "I thought we were going to visit him and have some fun."

"Our only chance," said the first rain-child, "is to watch our opportunity, when he is either sound asleep or away from home. We may manage to catch a glimpse of him, and that will be enough for you, I can tell you; but I should like you to see his palace, and some of our friends who live in it."

At this moment flecks of soft golden haze appeared shimmering across the distance, like a wreath of sunset clouds, containing linked figures in a band moving sweetly and swiftly along the edges of the gray wilderness.

"What is that?" asked Leo.

"Oh, those are some of our friends the breezes, going off on an expedition," said the second rain-child. "Do you see them kissing hands to us?"

"I am afraid the old gentleman must be at home," said the first rain-child; "for when he is abroad the breezes generally stay within and amuse themselves."

The breezes disappeared, and Leo and the rain-children travelled on, till the gray desert with the pale paths which Leo disliked so much was left behind, and glittering hills with sharp peaks quivering in light began to rise gradually all around them. Climbing these glassy hills, and winding by slippery ways up into fierce shining mountains, the little party got along, the rain-children helping Leo: pushing him from behind and pulling him in front, when sometimes he could no longer keep his feet on the difficult paths. At last when with great effort they made their way up to a lofty height, a magnificent spectacle suddenly burst on their view.

A splendid palace, built of gigantic crystals, rose upon the mountain, soaring out of it, as if the glittering mountain itself had been shaped into a dwelling for a king. The transparent walls and pillars and domes seemed to possess an extraordinary life of their own; for as Leo gazed at them he saw a continual movement, as of rushing air, going on behind their polished surface. It was like *seeing the wind*, Leo thought, and he trembled to think of what might happen if some accident were to make never so small a break in the glassy walls, letting all that imprisoned power burst forth.

"I wonder the place doesn't blow up," said Leo, to the rain-children. "If you shut up steam in a bottle, it will break the bottle in pieces. My papa showed me about that; and I'm sure these walls don't look as strong as a bottle—more like soap-bubbles that I can blow out of a pipe! Why all that storm doesn't split them into bits, I'm sure I can't think—can you?"

"That isn't Storm at all," said the rain-children. "It is only his breath. Storm himself is the king, as we thought you understood; and all that puffing and rushing of air within the crystals shows that he is at home. Every breath he breathes flies through walls, pillars, and roofs of his palace, just as your blood rushes through your veins from your heart."

"Dear me!" cried Leo. "How very strange!"

"When he goes off on business, of course he takes his breath with him, and then the palace is a beautiful quiet place, quite safe for people like us to explore."

"I wish he had happened to be away from home," said Leo. "Does he often go? I should think he must; for our world is a very stormy place, and ought to keep him pretty busy."

A little drift of the rain-children's laughter broke on Leo's ears at this.

"Do you imagine he does all that work himself?" they said. "No, indeed; he has different sorts of people to do ordinary business for him—gales, and winds, and squalls, and stiff breezes. The gales are tremendous fellows, some of them might pass for the king himself; and he intrusts to them a great deal of his weightiest business."

"Oh yes, indeed!" said Leo. "Now I think of it, I have heard my papa say, when the trees were roaring and bending round our house of an evening, 'Those are the equi—equi—' oh dear! what was the word, I wonder!"

"We don't know what you mean by equi," said the rain-children.

"I have it," cried Leo: "noctial!"

"What is 'noctial,' " said the rain-children.

"Equinoctial gales," said Leo. "They are some of your people, I suppose. They come about our place now and again."

"You can call them what you like," said the rain-children. "We don't know anything about that."

"Well, go on," said Leo.

"Then there are lots of winds," said the rain-children. "North-winds, south-winds, east-winds, west-winds: and they also do a great deal that saves trouble to the king. The squalls are exceedingly mischievous, and accomplish more by their tricks than by their strength. Altogether, it is only when some very terrific work is to be done that King Storm himself condescends to come out and do it."

"Well, I must say," said Leo, "it is too hard to arrive here at the very door and not get in. I wish you would try and gain admittance to the palace."

"We may try," said the rain-children; "but I warn you, we shall meet with rough usage."

"Never mind," said Leo, "that will only be fun."

They now began to draw nearer to the palace, and as Leo looked it brought to his mind a scene, described to him by his uncle, of dawn among the Himalaya mountains. The most lovely hues of rose and violet tinged the glittering turrets and pinnacles, and a deep purple shadow lay under the arch of the gigantic drawbridge which sprang like a bridge of glass over a vast gulf of nothingness between the travellers and the palace. Leo led the way boldly across the drawbridge, and blew a silver bugle which hung by the crystal gate.

Four great twisted pillars of crystal guarded the gate, and as Leo heard the piercing music of the silver bugle winding away into the airy distance, he observed how the Storm's breath was rushing through the twisted pillars, so that they seemed to move and palpitate with life. The gate itself seemed nothing but a sheet of glass, and yet

when Leo pushed it he found it strong as iron and impossible to break. The rain-children stood by, and laughed at him while he hammered on it with both his little fists.

Presently a rushing sound was heard, and forth from an inner archway burst a troop of airy creatures with long, streaming hair, and wildly-floating mantles, who dashed down the glittering path to the gate, wrestling with each other, pushing, struggling, tripping each other up, everyone elbowing his neighbour and trying to get first to the gate of clear crystal at which the six dark, heavy-looking rain-children and the little human rosy-cheeked boy were standing, waiting to get admittance to the palace of King Storm.

"You can't get in! you can't get in!" shrieked the wind-creatures, pushing against the gate. "The king is in a fury, just getting ready to set off with a cyclone."

"A cyclone?" said Leo.

"Certainly. Did you never hear of a cyclone?"

"Oh yes," said Leo. "I remember now. It is a terrible hurricane that tears up trees and houses by the roots. My uncle told me about one that happened while he was in India."

"We had better not stand here talking about it much longer," said the rain-children, "unless we intend to be blown into fragments. Let us lie flat on our faces until the king comes out and goes past."

"That would be wise, indeed," said the wind-creatures, who then separated themselves into two bands, and frolicked about in the air at either side of the crystal gates. Leo and the rain-children, in the meantime, laid themselves flat, much against Leo's will, who would rather have stood bolt upright with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed on the opening through which the great Storm King was to make his appearance. As it was, he contrived to keep a corner of one eye open, and peered upward with it in the best way he could. Suddenly was heard a frightful crash, like near thunder, and Leo, making a great effort to look, caught just one glimpse of a gigantic face, pale and fierce, as if with passion, eyes and nostrils streaming white fire; the next moment a monstrous foot was planted right beside him, and the brave little boy felt a shock which threw him into a swoon. When he recovered his senses, Leo found the rain-children picking him up, and the wind-creatures frolicking about and holding their sides with laughing, while the crystal gates stood open, that Leo and his companions might enter, with welcome, into the palace. The Storm King was gone, cyclone and all, and his retainers were quite ready to hold a revel in his absence.

The wind-creatures joined hands in a circle round their visitors, and swept them through the crystal gates, and up the sloping, glittering path in under the open archway that led into the palace.

There Leo was struck dumb with amazement at sight of the vast airy halls that spread on every side as he entered. Down from roofs which were so high he could not see them wound light gleaming staircases twining round crystal pillars like those outside, only the pent-up breath of the Storm King no longer kept restlessly rushing

through them. And as Leo strained his gaze upward to the soaring staircases he beheld wonderful figures descending by them, some tall and powerful-looking and like strong warriors, others fair, delicate, and smiling, like playful girls.

"These," said the rain-children, "are King Storm's retainers, who have been away about his affairs, and are returning and coming down here to rest themselves in his absence."

"Dear me!" said Leo; "have they got a hall-door on the roof of the palace? I have heard it said that when flying machines come into fashion all the hall-doors will be made on the tops of the houses. Have they got flying machines up here?—But oh, how silly I am—of course they are all flying machines themselves."

"I should think so," said the rain-children, "and besides that they are extremely pleasant creatures. I advise you to join in their dances and amusements. They will like you the better for it, and you will have much more fun."

As the rain-children spoke, Leo saw the halls fill quickly with wind-creatures, gales, winds, stiff breezes and mild breezes—all floating about, laughing and chasing each other, or wreathing themselves in long chains, which the others broke through when they met them. Leo felt himself caught up among them and whirled hither and thither at their will, till his head was so dizzy that he did not know where he was, or what wild thing could be happening to him. Presently they began to dance to a sort of strange, murmuring music which came from the movement of the dancers. It was like the sighing and piping of the wind on a rough evening at home, and Leo tried to think about that, and to make up his mind as to what was the cause of the likeness; but his head was spinning madly, and his breath was taken away, and he even felt as if dying in the struggle and confusion.

I do not know what would have become of him only that a kind young breeze caught him in her arms, and snatched him out of the crowd of the bewildering dancers. She carried him away into an empty hall, where he recovered his breath, and was able to speak to her. She was a charming young creature, with a sweet, rosy face, and a pale gleaming of gold about her dress.

"Oh, thank you!" said Leo, "you are very kind," as she fluttered round him and breathed on his head and his hands. Her breath had the most delicious perfume of violets, and Leo felt pleasantly refreshed as she hovered about and kissed him and petted him.

"Some of our friends here are rather rough," she said, "though they mean no harm. Now if you come with me I will show you some things that may amuse you."

Leo followed her through the vast halls, till they came to one which was lined with crystal pillars, and between the pillars there seemed to be dim pictures, wide and dim, with lights and colours struggling in them, as if out of a deep and wonderful distance.

"What strange pictures!" said Leo, peering at them; "I cannot make out what they are."

"These are not pictures, but visions," said the breeze. "If you

gaze at them steadily, one after another, you will see a good deal of what is going on at our hands in different parts of the world."

Leo walked slowly round the hall staring at each in turn. At first he could see very little, but after gazing earnestly for some time, he found that each of these seeming pictures was indeed a strange piece of reality laid before his eyes.

After peering attentively into the first for a few moments, Leo clasped his hands and screamed aloud.

"What do you see?" asked the breeze.

"Oh, I see a dreadful dark sea at night!" cried Leo, "and a vessel driven about and going to pieces in the raging storm! The waves are foaming, and people are swallowed up in them. Oh, it is frightful! Cannot we do something to save them?"

"No," said the breeze, sadly, and drew Leo away to the next picture or vision.

"What do you see now?" she asked again.

"I see a beautiful bright ocean," said Leo, gladly, "and such a glorious ship with its sails spread, moving so swiftly across the shining waves. People are waving handkerchiefs, and laughing, and clapping their hands. I suppose they are coming safely into port."

"Yes, indeed," said the breeze, "and that is pleasanter than the last. The next is very frightful, and you must not take more than a glance at it."

It was terrible, indeed. In the darkness of night a house was on fire, and the wind was blowing the flames wildly and increasing their fury. A red glare shone on upturned faces below, and some of them were full of agony and fear. Leo covered his face with his hand, and the breeze drew him on, leaving the horror behind.

After this there was a forest of gigantic trees, torn and lashed by the tempest; followed by many other pictures of different scenes, peaceful or terrible, in which the winds had an active part. Last of all came a delightful garden, full of the most lovely flowers of every hue, tended by a band of delicate creatures, so like his present kind companion that Leo knew at once that they must be breezes. Over this pleasant vision he lingered a long time, watching the breezes gently picking the dead leaves from the blossoms, fanning the buds open, and taking the scent from the hearts of the flowers upon their breath to scatter it sweetly over the place.

But at last he grew tired even of this, and the breeze said to him:

"Should you like to return to the dancers, or is there anything you wish particularly to see and know about?"

"I should be glad if you would take me up one of your wonderful winding staircases," said Leo. "I would give anything to see what you have got at the top of it."

"Come, then," said the breeze, smiling, and sweeping the little boy on before her, they began to mount a staircase close at hand which twined round one of the crystal pillars.

Up and up they went, the breeze fluttering behind Leo, and wafting him over step after step, so that he had no need to clutch at the glittering balustrade as he had fully intended to do. Higher and



higher they went, losing sight of the halls below and as yet reaching nothing; and Leo thought of a picture he had seen of the angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder in a dream.

"This is reality, though," thought Leo, "and I am going up myself, instead of merely looking at the angels."

Just as this thought passed through his mind, the staircase shook violently, and a convulsion seemed to have seized the whole palace.

"It is the king returning!" cried the breeze, in a tone of alarm.

Before she had time to say another word, a terrific crash seemed to split up the whole of creation. The shock threw Leo into a deadly swoon; and, as the Storm King re-entered his palace, the little boy was spun away into space, and remembered nothing more.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE SNOW'S KINGDOM.

THE next time Leo opened his eyes and looked round to see where he might be, he found that palace, staircase, drawbridge, and all, had disappeared, and that wind-creatures and rain-children and breezes had deserted him. He was in a great white world, completely alone.

Oh, what a strange place it was! Nothing but vast plains of snow lying on every side of him. Was it really snow? He took up a handful and looked at it. Yes, it was snow. It did not melt, as earthly snow would do; but still it was snow. It did not shift and break up in fragments like the clouds, but his feet sank in it when he walked. He was certainly in a world of snow.

Away he went pattering through it as well as he could, leaving little dark foot-prints behind him as he walked. Now and again he stopped and listened and looked around. There was nothing floating, moving, soaring, or singing. All was silence, and flat, deathly whiteness.

Then he trudged on again. At last, feeling rather lonely, he called out loudly, at the top of his voice; but nothing stirred, and no answer was given. To keep up his heart he sang and whistled, and tried to assure himself that he was not at all afraid of these dreadful white wildernesses; but with all his bravery, it must be owned that his teeth began to chatter and his knees to shake.

"If there was going to be any end of it, you know, or anyone to speak to!" said Leo, to himself.

At this moment he saw the first glimpse of some new forms in the whiteness—tall, bristling, glittering things that stood together in a vast spreading crowd, like a forest of icicle-trees. As he drew nearer to the strange appearance, he saw that this was indeed a magnificent frost forest with spreading palms and pluming ferns.

"Oho!" said Leo, to himself, "this is the place we see on the window-panes in the frosty winter mornings. I often wished I could get into it for a while; so here goes!"

And in he plunged bravely into the middle of the ice-trees, pushing his way carefully among them, and sometimes pricking his fingers with the jagged edges of the frozen leaves. As he went deeper and deeper into the glittering thickets the most exquisite coloured lights came gleaming out of the distance, exactly like the glowing rays he had often seen lurking in crystal ornaments in the drawing-room at home.

These beautiful darting lights almost blinded him, and so he was hardly sure whether or not he really saw curious little snow-white figures of children lying sleeping along the branches of the trees, and sitting perched among the boughs with their knees drawn up to their chins, and their wild, pale faces smiling down at him.

"I often wondered if there were really live people hiding in these forests," thought Leo, "and now I know there are plenty of snow-children here, at all events."

And he stopped under a tree and looked up.

"I say!" he cried. "What jolly good slides you must have there on the barest boughs; I wish you would help me up to you. The trunks are all so slippery that I cannot reach a place to put my feet!"

But in answer to this, the snow-children who were awake perching in the branches only answered:

"We can't come down until thawing time begins." And they laughed in a way that sounded like crackling ice.

"When will that be?" asked Leo, of a sweet little snow-maiden who was peering down at him with merry bright eyes looking out of a cluster of icicle ringlets.

"When the Snow Queen turns in her sleep," answered the little girl, gaily.

"When will that be?" asked Leo.

"How should I know?" said the snow-girl.

"Go away! go away!" shrieked a whole flock of the snow-children, looking down at him, and shaking their little fists. "Your breath is beginning to melt us. The tears are already running down our cheeks!"

"Dear me!" said Leo; "how very strange!" and he saw that his breath was puffing before his face like steam; and he was too much surprised to do anything but stare upward at the children, who soon brought him to his senses, however, by pelting him with icicles till he fled like the wind.

As soon as he stopped to take breath, he found that he had come to a very large clearing in the frost-forest. Here was a lovely plain of untrodden snow, broken only here and there by beds of glittering ice-flowers. In the centre of all stood a transparent palace built of ice.

Up and down, and round and round the palace, walked bands of snow-figures, with long trailing robes, and heads leaning low on their breasts. Their hands were folded, and they looked like people who were patiently waiting for some wonderful event to take place. None of them took the slightest notice of Leo. Their noiseless, wreathing movement had the most beautiful and awful effect, and the colour-

lights fell gleaming from the ice-trees and jewelled all the palace walls.

Leo wandered about and tried to attract the notice of the snow-people by plucking their skirts. When this had no effect, he marched boldly into the palace to discover what he could.

There were halls and pillars of ice, and carpets of snow.

"One would need to have frost-nails in one's shoes like the horses, to walk here," said Leo; and he tried in vain to ascend the staircase, coming slipping wildly back again at every step he made. At last he gave up the attempt, and began to consider about crossing the glittering hall. He bethought him of a plan, and taking a flying race from outside, he went gliding along the pavement just as if it had been a slide at home. In this way he dashed suddenly into the chamber of the Queen of Snow!

There she was, lying on her couch, covered with white draperies, and fast asleep. She was far the most lovely creature that Leo had ever seen—so calm, so pure, so fair, so mighty—with her beautiful face upturned, and her noble head pillowed upon her arm. Round her, crouched upon the floor, sat twelve bowed figures, as motionless, though not so lovely as herself. Well, whether it was that her time for moving had come, or that Leo's violent arrival had disturbed her, I cannot say, but just as he entered the door, she heaved a sigh, and the Snow Queen turned in her sleep!

Instantly a sound as of weeping was heard, a rushing and trickling like showers of sudden tears. Everything was in a wet state round Leo, and when he hurried away to see what could be happening outside, he found the ice-forests and the snow-lawns all dissolving away. The little snow-children came flying out of the frost-forests and danced round Leo, while they were all gradually melting and trickling into nothing before his eyes. While he stood there among them lost in amazement, he perceived that his old friends the rain-children were frolicing in the crowd, and, more surprising still, that the wind-creatures were also appearing, coming crashing through the ice-forests in the most boisterous manner. Very soon they were all capering together in the maddest way, forming flying circles round Leo, who was dragged about with them and felt that he was sinking, sinking, as everything was whirling and floating around and beneath him.

"We are all of the same family!" said his old friend the first rain-child, nodding at Leo; "and we often work together!"

Just with this there was a loud report and a hissing noise, and a flaring light. Leo looked round wildly, and beheld capering overhead a fierce-looking being, brandishing a red-hot, two-pronged, gigantic fork in its claw. Before he had time to scream, the terrible weapon was thrust into the skirts of Leo's little knickerbocker jacket, and as he went whirling through the air he heard a chorus of mocking laughter, and the cry—

"Hurrah! hurrah! he's off with the forked lightning!"

## THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

WITHIN a chamber lone and high,  
     While happy spirits slept,  
 She sat, with many a weary sigh,  
     And wakeful vigil kept;  
 From throbbing heart and aching eye  
     Full bitterly she wept.

"I weary of my life," she said,  
     "It is but want and pain;  
 'I'd die but for the living dread  
     Such flight were all in vain.  
 Earning a fearful loss instead  
     Of any tranquil gain.

"Ah, why, that the Lady Leoline  
     May robe in silk and gold,  
 Must my weak, wasting body pine  
     In rags so thin and old?  
 Why, that her hands with gems may shine,  
     Must mine be pinched by cold?

"She knows no need nor bitter grief,  
     Her home is bright and warm,  
 Her days are sunny, glad, and brief,  
     Her nights fear no alarm;  
 Want binds her not, a daring thief,  
     To steal her soul for harm.

"She kneels before her gilded book  
     Upon her silken chair,  
 And gives the clouds her gentle look,  
     And says her gentle prayer;  
 Her soul is placid as a brook  
     When stars are shining there.

"For her the gate of heaven stands wide,  
     Illumining her way,  
 Soft music soundeth for her guide,  
     Lest she should go astray;  
 White lilies murmur by her side:  
     'Sweet soul, serenely pray!'

"She passed to church at morning hour  
     With roses on her breast,  
 Her curling hair a golden shower,  
     Of velvet blue her vest,  
 Her missal, worth a lady's dower,  
     In gold and jewels drest,

"The clouds hung out their flags of snow,  
     I watched her down the street.  
 The winds their silver pipes did blow  
     With music faint and sweet.  
 Towards Paradise she passed me so,  
     With flowers beneath her feet

*The Gate of Heaven.*

"I rose up wild, and flung away  
 My work of satin gear,  
 Its mocking glitter seemed to say  
 That God would never hear,  
 If such as I could dare to pray  
 My prayers into His ear.

"I cried, 'I have no painted look  
 To read His word wherein;  
 My youth has lost its lovely look,  
 My virtue frowns like sin;  
 When joy and hope my breast forsook,  
 Despair my soul did win!'

"For her the gate of heaven stands wide,  
 'Tis closed to such as me;  
 All those who with the angels hide  
 Should bright and lovely be:  
 And I must in the darkness hide,  
 Deformed by misery."

With heavy heart she laid her low  
 To seek her fitful rest,  
 The weary hours did come and go,  
 And found her still oppressed  
 With darksome thoughts of bitter woe,  
 Like nightmare on her breast.

Then came an angel tenderly,  
 And closed her weeping eyes,  
 And, oh, so softly whispered he  
 A dream of Paradise;  
 And, oh, so sweetly listened she,  
 And hushed her sobbing sighs.

Beside the golden gate she stood  
 That guards the Eternal Home,  
 And looked along the narrow road  
 By which the Blessed come,  
 Each toiling 'neath his heavy load  
 Of earthly woe and gloom.

Each bending 'neath the cross of pain  
 That Christ for him had borne;  
 And blood of some did flow amain,  
 And wounds of some did burn,  
 And eyes were dim with tearful stain,  
 And brows were wan and worn.

In jewel rare and satin sheen  
 Were some amidst the throng—  
 With bleeding feet and mournful mien  
 Who won their way along,  
 'Twixt pauses dire of anguish keen,  
 And strivings meek and strong.

But many, oh many more, were they  
 In scanty garb and poor,  
 Who moved full quickly on their way  
 Beneath the cross they bore,  
 And caught on tear-stained face the ray  
 That peered through the heavenly door.

Again the angel whispered her,—  
The dreamer smiled in sleep—  
What form upon the rocky stair  
Its lofty place doth keep?  
'Tis she herself, poor wanderer,  
Who bravely climbs the steep!

Now stand they at the golden gate,  
Those pilgrims wan and worn,  
A moment there they pause and wait,  
With feet all bruised and torn,  
And hollow eyes, in piteous state  
Like outcasts quite forlorn.

A moment, then the blissful light  
Streams through the Eternal door,  
And brows grow warm and eyes grow bright,  
That were so dim before:  
Now, farewell, pain, and fear, and night,  
And grief for evermore!

The dreamer waked, and weeping prayed  
To join that enraptured band,  
Her cross upon her shoulders laid,  
And took her toil in hand.  
No longer envious, wild, afraid,  
She climbs to the Blissful Land.

R. M.

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TO AUBREY DE VERE.

**L**ONG have the Muses loved thee; round thy brow  
They've twined a wreath with flowers that will not die:  
That which I ever since my infancy  
Have longed to be, but all in vain, art thou—  
A Poet crowned; and to thy father's name  
Hast linked the glory of a greater fame.  
Shyly, yet eagerly, I scanned thy face,  
As though I there in tell-tale looks might trace  
A clue to thy sweet power. I heard thee speak—  
'Twas not, as I had deemed 'twould be, of Song  
And Song's great sons; 'twas of the poor and weak,  
The sufferers from poverty and wrong:  
And I was shamed; the Poet's mystic art  
Was veiled beneath his charity of heart.

WILFRID MENNELL.

## ST. JOSEPH'S INFIRMARY AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF MARY.\*

**I**T is now my pleasing task to address two distinct and beautiful Associations: one, of "St. John the Evangelist," the other, of the "Little Children of Mary." The former is comparatively old and tried; the latter is absolutely new, and, unlike its elder companion, has as yet brought forth no fruit. Naturally, then, I am induced on the one hand to look back upon the past, not for the purpose of glorying in it, on your part or my own, but with a view of thanking God for it, and stimulating you thereby to greater love and greater zeal; and, on the other hand, I am led to look out upon the future, and sketch it with a hopeful hand.

Following this order, I turn first my thoughts and words to you who bear the beautiful name of "Associates of St. John the Evangelist." It is just two years since God called you together to be as angels of charity, of kindness, and of light, to the poor little suffering children in this Hospital, to cultivate that special virtue which is the guardian and the queen of all the others. Well, since that time God's hand has been upon your work; you have learned the sweet luxury of doing good; you have been made happy in devoting to His service every fair gift and fleeting grace of nature and of youth. You have twined with everyday thoughts thoughts grander and holier, because unselfish and supernatural. You have learned to live not for yourselves alone, but in that higher fellowship, in which the sorrows and the joys—but most of all, the sorrows—of others are made our own. You have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, comforted the sick, visited the little prisoners of affliction, and laid up for yourselves the promise of the sweetest word that ever fell, or ever shall fall, on human ear: "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

In looking over our books, I find that you have paid to the Infirmary during these few years 1674 visits, which have been of immense value to the working of the house, but whose value before God is simply incalculable.

Now let me remind you that, before you started into being, there was no such association as yours in the city of Dublin; none, I mean, that brought together young ladies to provide for that class very dear to God—most dear to Him, indeed, because they combine in themselves the threefold attractions of His special love: in that they are poor, and sick, and young, all at once. There were other associations, of course, working most charitably for God; but their object and their means were, if not widely different, at least specifically distinct

\* Some such words as these were spoken at a recent gathering of the youthful friends of St. Joseph's Infirmary for Sick Children, 9, Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin, by the Rev. J. Naughton, S.J., the Spiritual Director of the Work.

from yours. There was no hospital purely for children. There were none who sought the child for the child's sake. The father and the mother were looked out for with pious care, and the poor, sick, forgotten little one was taken note of by the generous "Society of St. Vincent de Paul" or the "Ladies' Association of Charity," but only as a kind of appendage to the family, and an additional reason for pressing earnestly the claims of poor and suffering parents. The more (in a sense) the better, to the noble and generous visitor, because it strengthened the case before council meetings, and made their appeal irresistible, the highest gratification these good souls seek. But there was no one who went to the child for the child's own self, and who heeded no one, minded no one, cared for no one half so much, as for the little sick one in the dingy corner, forgotten and forlorn. In lanes and alleys and streets and by-ways, there they were, God's best beloved, wards of sorrow, that came in so young for the inheritance of ills to which flesh is heir; nobody's care, nobody's children, but theirs who could do nothing for them; though little might cure the poor wee things, though a gentle word and a sweet smile would go a long way with them; though most of the illness, little as they knew it, came of hunger, or the lack of a keen, intelligent eye to look at them, or one week's light and sunshine out of their dingy home.

Such was the state of things, Associates of St. John, before God called you together. It seemed to me the other day, when reading some verses of that sweet poetess, Adelaide Anne Procter, as if she were describing things as they stood at that time in many a place:—

"Once in that great town below us, in a poor and narrow street,  
Dwelt a little sickly orphan. Gentle aid or pity sweet  
Never in life's rugged pathway guided his poor, tottering feet.

All the striving, anxious forethought, that should only come with age,  
Weighed upon his baby-spirit, showed him soon life's sternest page,  
Grim want was his nurse, and sorrow was his only heritage.

All too weak for childish pastimes, dearly the hours sped,  
On his hands, so small and trembling, leaning his poor aching head,  
Or through dark and painful hours lying sleepless on his bed.

Scarce a gleam of azure heaven gleamed above the narrow street,  
And the sultry air of summer (that you call so warm and sweet)  
Fevered the poor orphan dwelling in the crowded alley's heat."

Such (as this ardent lover of poor children says in another of her poems)—

"Such the plaint that late and early, did we listen, we might hear  
Close behind us, but the thunder of the city dulls our ear.  
Every heart, as God's bright angel, can bid one such sorrow cease—  
God has glory when His children bring His poor ones joy and peace."

Well, it is no glory of ours, but a great grace vouchsafed to us, that we did listen, and that the voice of God within us was louder than



the thunder of the city without. You have bidden not one such sorrow, but many a one, to be no more. Not you so much as God's charity in you visited these forlorn little ones, and in each visit He had glory, for they had comfort :

"For a radiant angel hovered smiling o'er the little bed,  
White his garments, from his shoulders snowy, dove-like pinions spread,  
And a star-like light was shining in a glory round his head."

In these 1674 visits, you have made this house a home of joy to them, and by your loving kindness turned their little couches beneath them in the comfort that you gave, and bending over their little nests taught them the loving care that their Father has for them above all. You have had the beautiful charge brought against you that you made *too much* of God's little ones. But how you could do that, I know not, though you have altered all the surroundings of their sorrow and changed their sad lot for a brighter one.

Ladies, it is a great good, a great cause for thankfulness, that so many with nothing in themselves to remind them of the miseries of poverty, and who live a life of plenty, of which selfishness and un-charitableness are born, should not be unconscious of the wants of others, or unconcerned for the afflictions of the poor, and that a fellow feeling inspired from on high should make them kind to those with whom it is God's supreme will and love that they should scarce have one want in common. How little do we know, till He reveals it to us, what an awful mass of wretched, dire distress is often close by us, and, so to speak, at our very doors. Only on Friday last, I was called to a poor young girl, in a lane within a stone's throw from St. Francis Xavier's; and, much misery as I have seen, what a revelation that room, that sight, was to me—such a room! such a bed, for a human being to lie upon! such a poor, meek sufferer, struggling with hard breathing, in the thick smoke and unhealthy fog coming and going through the broken windows! Such wretchedness to look up at from one's sick bed! such air to breathe, not in a short visit, but day and night, so uncomplaining! I had nothing to give her; but I knew where I could have it for only half asking; and I ventured to suggest what I could get her. I shall not easily forget her answer and her look. "Father, I want for nothing, indeed. Nothing agrees with me. I care for nothing. I have everything I want, there on the table behind you." I looked around the garret, and could see she had, poor creature, just the thing she wanted. "To-morrow, I will go to the hospital, if I am not better." That was a great relief to me. I left, oppressed by the thought, how near such want may be to us all, but feeling it was impossible, after such a sight, not to love God more, and the poor more, and one's self less.

Well, mind you, the moral of this. We have not done all we ought to. We must be more charitable, more kind, more compassionate, for the future. If we had done all, we were still unprofitable. No vain boasting, for that would spoil everything; it would make God withdraw a little from us, and then what should we do, but faint and

fail in the middle of our work? But I should perhaps have left this moral reflection for the end, as I have not done with telling you all your good.

Associates of St. John the Evangelist, you have not only learned kindness to others, but you have learned the grand lesson of not wasting life. We have but one existence here below. It were a pity to make it vain. "We live but in our lives," as the prophet tells us. It would be a misery to let them pass misspent and useless. The most fleeting things of all are the gifts, the graces, the accomplishments of youth. It were a poor lot to let them fleet by, unavailed of for the highest purposes of our being. Why should this world have the whole of life, which has, in all reason, but too much of it? And yet, little as you know of the world, you know this much, surely, how many there are who live a life of day-dreaming, of somnambulism, of castle-building, of reverie, and of trance; doing nothing, unless feeding dazy thought and filling their souls with fancies that are but the phantom coinage of the brain be doing something. They are following a Will-o'-the-wisp. Visionaries and dreamers! Their days and their nights run away from them, and they have nothing for it all. Their lamps are extinguished for lack of oil; and, like the foolish virgins in the gospel, they can neither buy nor borrow when the bridegroom comes. Idleness and inactivity mark their lives. Sleeping or half awake, or too wide awake to this world, they spend their days in pettinesses, happy as they may be in the castle of indolence, killing time, frittering or fooling—though it is a hard word to use—frittering or fooling away their one precious existence, sleeping like a dormouse when they ought to be up and striving; and then in the end their hopes frustrated—playing a losing game, letting all slip through their fingers—"shooting at a pigeon and killing a crow." They have spent their lives hunting a shadow and catching it at last. If you did not imagine that I had poetry on the brain, I would like to quote a piece for you, so beautiful and true that, whether you imagine it or not, I must quote it:—

"All yesterday I was spinning, sitting alone in the sun,  
And the dream that I spun was so lengthy, it lasted till day was done.  
I heeded not cloud, or shadow, that flitted over the hill,  
Or the humming bees, or the swallows, or the trickling of the rill.  
I took the threads of my spinning all of the blue summer air,  
And a flickering ray of sunlight was woven in here and there.  
The shadows grew longer and longer, the evening wind passed by;  
And the purple splendour of sunset was flooding the western sky,  
But I could not leave my spinning, for so fair my dream had grown,  
I heeded not, hour by hour, how the silent day had flown.  
At last the gray shadows fell round me, and the night came dark and chill,  
And I rose, and ran down the valley, and left it all on the hill.  
I went up to the hill this morning to the place where my spinning lay—  
There was nothing but glistening dew-drops remained of my work to-day.

Ah! would that but glistening dew-drops remained of the work dreamers do.

But what have *you* learned? To be busy and active like the early Christians, to work with your own hands that you might have some-

thing to give the poor—to join in a great and good cause—to make the most of your time and of your gifts. Here is work that is worth all the poetry in the world, and of your own composition. Bringing forth from your treasury, like the wise man of the gospel, “old things and new.” Till I saw you at your Thursday Work-meetings, I never rightly comprehended Hood’s “Song of the Shirt”—

“Seam, and gusset, and band,—  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in my dream.”

If I might open that press, there I could show you more poetry than is to be had in the Bodleian Library—epics and odes, songs and sonnets, lays and roundelays, elegies, tragedies, and comedies—in sock and buskin, in long lines of dresses, and jackets, and I don’t know what. Ranks of restored stockings, traysful of bright-hued baby dresses, piles of gray coloured flannels, groves of curious garments, of every shape and size, with a strange romance about many of them, that have seen other but not better days, and a motley crowd of strange things—forms of poesy that neither I, nor, I believe, the nine muses, know anything anent. Talk about Miss Adelaide Procter or Miss Rosa Mulholland, after that ! That is genuine poetry—poetry by day and night, poetry in frost and snow, speaking to the heart of the child that never read, and to the bosom of the child that never spoke. May you still further learn that sweet art and keep alive the sacred fire within you, adding every day to that unrevealed collection, for there are still the naked and the poor amongst us ; and the cold and the frost and the snow are not altogether gone from off this earth of ours.

I now turn to the third and last point to which I would direct your attention ; and I have left it for the last, because I feel that I tread on somewhat slippery ground. You brought us since your starting a large sum of money, £113—a marvellous sum—especially when we consider how it was got. Month after month you came with your gifts, getting in return a lecture, mostly, it must be admitted, in the shape of a scolding—a lecture in the strictest and most received sense of the word. To an institution like this, that has nothing but charity to depend upon, £113 9s. 10½d. was, and is, no trifling matter, nay, the odd 10½d. was quite a consideration. We were, therefore, grateful ; indeed, very grateful. But, I fancy I hear fifty or sixty indignant voices raised, and saying to me—“Why then are we to be disbanded ? Why are the Little Children of Mary put in our place ? Why did you murmur and complain, as if we did nothing ? Why take our boxes from us ? Why, in one word, was there ever a question of the Associates of St. John the Evangelist ceasing to be ?”

Why indeed ? But was ever such an idea really mooted ? Once upon a time, a king “who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one,” proposed to the philosophers of his capital this knotty question : “Why does a fish weigh more out of the water than in it !” The sages put their heads together, and their heads apart, to find the

reason. One said one thing, and another said another, but all said something ; and at their answers the king only smiled. At last, one wiser than the rest said to the king : " But, your majesty, with all due reverence, a fish does *not* weigh more out of water than in it ; it weighs the same whether in or out." Now, may it please your majesties, the idea never was entertained of disbanding the beautiful Association of St. John the Evangelist, because you are much more than money value to us. But what did occur was this. We found that one part of the work assigned you was unsuited to you, and you to it. I am afraid I must hurt you, but what can I do ? You would not beg for us ; you did not know how. You gave your own money to us, you borrowed for us ; indeed for all that we know—though perhaps I had better not say it, but confine myself to this—that, like the man in the gospel, unable to dig and ashamed to beg, you had no alternative but to do what you kindly did. You did not assail friend or 'foe for the sick little children. Besides, you disdained trifles. People were afraid to offer you a little, and perhaps, indeed, they had better not. What we wanted in this department were mites, to whom a mite was much, who were as important as ministers of finance when their box began to rattle—who, when they had a shilling, felt all the responsibilities of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who would come here every month to hand over their earnings, as if they were making a transfer of all the Khedive bonds. We wanted children with their hearts in their boxes, who would rattle them five times an hour to know how much they had ; who would love to sleep with them under their heads and dream how full they were when there was not as much as a penny in them. You were much that was good, but you were not that. We must, therefore, relieve you of one charge. We are to take your money-boxes from you, and give you, in their stead, these little children of Mary, your little sisters and friends—young, lively, chatty ; in a word, boxes of another kind. As John the Evangelist took charge of Mary, and took her as his own, so must you take these. We give you in charge our little purse-bearers, our busy cashiers. You are to be good to them at home, to make wealth and fortune smile on them, to direct them to the best investments, to watch the changes for them. Even, if you like, we allow you to give them something, provided it be not all you have. But you must prevent them when they are importunate and over-zealous with short-tempered or short-pursed people. Nay more, and more than this we cannot do, we shall gratefully accept whatever you bring us in purse or pocket. To confess the truth, though above our debts, we are not above our wants. We are often tempted to take for our motto the old pagan one : "*Rem, quocumque modo rem,*" which means, " money by hook or by crook." As we cannot afford to be fastidious, we leave ourselves open to receive another £113 from you, if you can honestly make it out. It only remains to speed your Association on its way with every good wish and blessing. God forbid that it should perish in its prime and in its bloom, like too many things of fair promise in this unfair world. It has seen its spring. I trust it may see a bright summer, and a long, long, rich,

mellow autumn. It has blossomed. It has yet to flower, and bloom, and fructify, for many ripe years. I trust that not yet awhile, and not till it is ripe in years and good works, will it feel the frown of that fortune that awaits, alas ! things as fair as it.

And now, dear Children of Mary, in turning my thoughts to you, I must confess that this is the proudest and happiest moment of my life, one I am never to forget—only that looks like an alderman's speech. But I am more than happy to meet you for the purpose that has brought you together, to give you to the Mother of your God and of your choice—a choice of which your own will never be jealous—and to give to that sweet Mother the children of her love and of her predilection. I don't, for the life of me, know whether you or that blessed Mother is more glad : She above, in getting you as her children, or you beneath getting her as a Mother. But, I must confess the truth, whatever comes of it, notwithstanding your bright eyes and beaming faces and flushed cheeks, and all the worry you gave to-day at home to know who was to bring you, and to hurry them lest you should be late ; notwithstanding all your anxiety, I suspect—I am afraid to say it—I suspect, I believe, the sweet Mother is more glad than you. Ah ! my children, a child never loves a mother as a mother loves a child. Never, never, in all that I have known or heard of, except the Child Jesus. He loved her with the infinity of an infinite love, and was loved in turn by the infinity of a finite love.

You are glad to-day, as glad as you can be, but not half so glad as you ought to be ; for you are getting for a mother the Mother of God—the fairest, the grandest being that ever His hands have made. Could He not if He would, make a brighter sun than that which shines so brightly ? Could he not make each star of the firmament a million times more brilliant ? Could He not if He chose, shed a grander lustre from the beautiful heavens that announce His glory ? Could He not clothe with brighter verdure, though it is bright enough for us, more bright than we deserve, the hills and vales, the fields and gardens of this world ? Was there anything to prevent Him painting the lily whiter, or refining refined gold. But oh ! could He make a greater mother than the Mother of God ? Was there not something to prevent that ?—His own infinite, boundless beauty.

Children, I had poetry for the Associates of St. John : have I none for you ? Yes ; listen\*—

“ All is divine which the Highest has made,  
Thro' the days that He wrought till the day when He stayed—  
Above and below, within and around ;  
From the centre of space, to its uttermost bound.  
In beauty surpassing the universe smiled,  
On the morn of its birth, like an innocent child  
Or, like the rich bloom of some delicate flower,  
And the Father rejoiced in the work of His power.  
Yet worlds brighter still, and a brighter than those,  
And brighter again, He had made had He chose.  
And you never could name that conceivable best,  
To exhaust the resources the Maker possessed.

But, I know of one work of His infinite hand,  
Which, special and singular, ever must stand—  
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,  
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.  
The freshness of May, and the sweetness of June,  
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,  
Munificent August, September serene,  
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.  
O Mary! all months and all days are thine own;  
In thee lasts their joyousness, when they are gone.  
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,  
But, because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest."

O children, God's own Mother will be your own Mother, and watch over you and take care of you, as she watched over and took care of Him.

She is the Rose of Sharon, and she will watch her little rose-buds down in the valley; and, as petal after petal unfolds with passing days and years, she will distil upon them the dews of heaven, till they are in fullest blow and fit for God's altar above. She is the Lily of Israel, and she will watch her little lilies as they rise in the enclosed garden of her care, that no spot may stain and no moth find home in their lovely leaf, and nought may ever blight, or wither, or crush, or tarnish their beauty. She is the mother of fair love, and she will teach her little ones to love God above all and for ever, and their parents as she herself was loved—to love the poor, old and young; but, above all, poor wee children in sickness or sorrow. She is the star of the sea, and she will light her little children on their voyage, from every danger—from rocks and quicksands, and dangerous courses and pirates, till they reach the land—the promised land. She is full of grace, and will share it with you whenever you have need of it. She is the queen of heaven, and she will know her children's tread upon the pavement, her children knocking at the door, and, waiting for none to open, she will go herself and welcome them home.

Children, I have not quite recovered the surprise you gave me awhile ago, when I heard you singing some verses, so pretty and so appropriate, that I could not imagine where you found them. Yet I might have easily guessed they were by one whom a while ago I named with that exquisite soul, England's sweetest poetess—Adelaide Procter—but one to whom, I am proud to say, not England, but Ireland lays claim. You will like this hymn all the better for being your own, written for you expressly by the gifted lady who has done so much with her graceful pen for St. Joseph's Infirmary, nay, who has not disdained to do all manner of little things for us, since, in the first *Tiny Bulletin of the Big House*, she told the pretty story of "Poor little Jack and his bad back, and his naughty sister Polly."\* I am sure your favourite hymn henceforth will be this sweet and simple "Song of the Little Children of Mary:"

"Mary, Queen of earth and sky,  
Hear thy little Children cry;  
Kindly hear us from above,  
Help us in our work of love!

\* This charming little sketch is quoted at full length in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. I. p. 16.

"Little children sick and sore  
Lie around our very door ;  
Little children loved by thee  
We would save from misery.

"Very cruel is their pain,  
Suffered o'er and o'er again ;  
All alone they weep and cry,  
No kind friend is standing by.

"We would take them in our arms ;  
Soothing all their wild alarms,  
Lay them in our little beds,  
There to rest their weary heads.

"We are very small and young,  
Make us brave and make us strong ;  
Brave to try a noble deed,  
Strong to work till we succeed.

"Lo ! beneath thy banner white,  
Gather we with heart's delight ;  
Begging thou wilt sweetly smile  
On our little plans the while.

"Mary, Queen of earth and sky,  
Hear thy little children cry ;  
Kindly hear us from above,  
Help us in our work of love !"

Well, my dear children, it is easy to see why you should be glad to get such a mother. But why should Mary be so glad to get you, or why should she rejoice ? Because she is getting good children. Please don't interrupt me with a chorus of sweet discord. Don't, in the truthfulness of young candour, cry, "Father, if you knew us ! We are sometimes as bold as anything. We are often disobedient—and so disobedient ! Though we look such cheerful little things, we can be sulky when we like ; and many and many a time, though you don't know it, we are pettish and obstinate, selfish and almost unkind to our little brothers and sisters. We play when we ought to work, we work when we ought to pray, and we are not always as quiet and gentle as you see us now. Gracious ! you don't know, Father, what children are at all." I must repeat it, that, notwithstanding your faults, our Lady is getting children that are good, whom she will every day and every hour make better. She is getting the delight of her heart, the young, before the wicked world has time to spoil them—before sin has tarnished the loveliness of their souls—before disobedience takes all their beauty away—before the frost has nipped them in the blossom—and in the eyes of God or man there is nothing in this world so beautiful as that ; as some one has said : "Not the first flower of the new-born year, nor the song of the nightingale in April or in May, nor the rose in its first perfume. No ! Nothing in nature or art can equal the loveliness of an innocent and holy child." I have my share in presenting to our dear Mother fairer gifts and more acceptable offerings than the kings of the East laid at her feet

when they came from Arabia the Happy, to offer gold and myrrh and sweet frankincense. Six weeks after that she was poor, and had no lamb to offer in the Temple save the Lamb of God, and was forced to redeem Him with the simple offering of the needy—a pair of turtle doves. But whilst she has you she will never be poor—never, at all events, so poor as that. But, besides, she receives to-day a gift she never received before—an association of "*Little Children of Mary.*" I have sat a-dreaming and a-dreaming, a-thinking and a-thinking; I have looked through awfully big books, but I could find nowhere tale or tidings of *Little Children of Mary*. I found grown-up girls, with white sashes, and silver medals won in their beautiful convent-schools by the innocence of their character, the gentleness of their manners, and the odour of good example they spread around them. I have met grown-up people, always doing good, who loved to sign themselves "*Enfants de Marie.*" I have read of nuns in graceful uniform and more graceful holiness, with coif and veil and flowing trains, whose cherished name was "*Daughter of Mary.*" But I could not find anywhere wee dots of little children who ever aspired, or dared to aspire, to be more than Children of the Angels at most. To-day, however, I see the little bold ones creeping to the Queen of Angels herself. Children of Mary, indeed! Well, let grown-up girls say what they will, and toss their heads if they like or can be so wicked. But there you are, determined to be Little Children of Mary, and nothing less—to win your medals by being awfully good at home, obedient, cheerful, industrious, innocent, and happy; and to win them where medal was never won before, in the Infirmary of Sick Children—praying for them, begging for them, smiling at them, providing for them night and day, and visiting them now and then—teaching them how to dress dolls and spin humming-tops, and all the secrets that children know more of than Solomon, though he knew everything, they say, "from the cedar that grows in Mount Libanus unto the hyssop that cometh out of the wall."

And now, my dear children, though I have kept you too long from your pretty badges, which I will in a moment distribute to you, I must say one other word. We owe the happy thought of gathering you to the zeal, the success, and the devotedness of the "*Boys' Busy Bee Brigade.*" They made you zealous, and you clamoured loud and long, near and far away, to be like them and do like them. Their example has reached to the ends of the earth, far as the golden gate of San Francisco and the snake gardens of India. Every day we are getting letters from—I don't know where—asking that the writers should be made Knights of St. Joseph and members of the B.B.B.B. in Buckingham-street. To all the little children of the world they spoke as it were this noble challenge:—

"Rise, for the day is passing, and you lie dreaming on :  
Others have buckled their armour, and forth to the fight have gone—  
A place in the ranks awaits you, each one has a part to play :  
The past and the future are nothing in the face of the stern to-day."

Dear children, you have answered that challenge. If St. Joseph has his bright, sturdy sons, now Mary, the sweet mother, has her little



daughters. May you never take back the promises you have spoken to-day or recall the hearts you have given her. May she never let them go. May you be as good as gold, innocent as angels, obedient as lambs, gentle as doves, industrious as bees, lively as young deer, merry as larks, joyous as nightingales. May joy and holiness fill your hearts, and kind, compassionate friends fill your little boxes. May St. John take care of you, as you are still unable to take care of yourselves. Like another sweet child of Mary—her own, her only child—may you “grow in grace, in age, and in wisdom, before God and man.” In one word, may you be the best children of Mary that were ever seen or heard of in this world, and her dearest children in a far better and brighter one, where there shall be no sick children to mind, no dark homes to take them from: for there, in our Father’s House, the Big House with many mansions, “pain shall not be any more, and the Lamb shall be the lamp thereof.”

## AN IRISH CHURCH IN GERMANY.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES GAFFNEY.\*

THE broad and stately Danube rolls its swift waters by the ancient walls of Ratisbon. This city of northern Bavaria—known in Germany as Regensburg—is famous in modern history as a base of operations for Davoust, one of the bravest marshals of the first Napoleon, in that war in which France swept before her the armies of Austria and Prussia like chaff before the wind.

Travelling last year with two brother priests in search of relaxation from laborious duties, we stayed a few days at Ratisbon. Among other objects of interest, we visited what is put down in the best guide-books and in the best local histories as the *Scottish Church* of St. James. We found it to be a very fine building, a basilica of the later Romanesque style of the twelfth century, recently restored at the sole expense of the Bishop of Ratisbon. On examining the very remarkable capitals of the square pillars in the chancel, the circular columns in the nave and the gorgeous western portal, we observed that the interlacing on all these was distinctively Irish. The interlacing of small ribbon-bands, which is well known to antiquarians as “Celtic ornamentation” peculiar to Ireland, was as plainly defined as on the Irish crosses at Monasterboice or the carvings in the chapel of King Cormac on the Rock of Cashel.

Immediately after our inspection of the church we were introduced to the historian of Ratisbon. In reply to our inquiries he stated that

[\* The readers of the obituary in our February issue are aware that Father Gaffney drew up this paper in the form of a lecture for the Catholic Union. In transcribing his notes for our pages he would, no doubt, have made many changes and additions. We have not attempted to follow out references or fill up blanks, but have been obliged to content ourselves with only an imperfect fragment of what Father Gaffney intended to be the first of many contributions to the *IRISH MONTHLY*. R. I. P.]

the church was Scottish, not Irish. When we urged the Celtic character of its sculptured decorations, he opposed the fact that on its suppression as a religious foundation at the end of the last century, the *Scottish* bishops claimed and received compensation from the government. We nevertheless retained our opinion, which was fully confirmed and proved by the authorities we were able to consult upon our return to Ireland. One of the most important of these is the distinguished German antiquarian, Wattenbach, whose dissertation on Irish Monasteries in Germany has been translated by the Rev. Dr. Reeves of Armagh, and published in the seventh volume of the "Ulster Journal of Archæology."

At the very outset we require an explanation of the name. We must not indeed understand Scotchmen by the "Scoti;" but the inhabitants of Ireland, who are of the same race. The latter were almost exclusively known by the name of Scots in the earlier centuries of the middle ages; but by degrees, together with the people, this name extended over Scotland likewise.\*

This name of "Scotus" occurs at the very beginning of the history of this church and monastery of Ratisbon. Marianus Scotus of Ratisbon† is not to be confounded with Marianus Scotus, the *Chronicler*, who was a native also of Ulster and almost a contemporary. Their real names were different, and their labours lay in different fields. Marianus Scotus of Ratisbon, whose original name was Muiredhach MacRobartaigh (now anglicised into McGroarty, McGerty, O'Rafferty, &c.) was born in Tirconnell, the modern county of Donegal. He left Ireland in 1067, that is, eleven years after his namesake the *Chronicler*. In his youth he had been carefully instructed by his parents in sacred and secular literature, with a view to his entering the priesthood. In process of time he assumed the monastic habit, but seemingly without entering any regular Order; and, taking two companions, called John and Candidus, he set out from home, having as his ultimate object a pilgrimage to Rome. Arriving on their way at Bamberg, they were kindly received, and, after a year's sojourn, were admitted to the Order of St. Benedict in the Monastery of St. Michaelsberg. But, being unacquainted with the language of the

\* "The emigration of a colony of the Scots (i.e. Irish) from Dalriada (the northern part of the present Co. Antrim) in the latter part of the fifth century, to a region to which they gave the same name, comprehending the Mull of Cantyre and the adjacent parts of Caledonia (which was then occupied by the Picts and Britons); the gradual extension of the Scoto-Irish dominion over the Highlands and Islands, by conquest and alliance, until the representatives of the invaders acquired the sovereignty of the whole of North Britain, about the ninth century, and soon after gave to it its present name of Scotland,—are facts now so well known, though once keenly disputed, that James, Sir W. Scott, and other Scottish writers, though imbued with the strongest feelings of nationality, instead of contesting, admit, and solidly prove them. If any doubts remained, Dr. Reeves, in his notes on Adamnan *passim*, has dissipated them."—*Ulster Journal of Archæology*, Vol. VI., p. 3, note 8.

† This holy and learned Irishman is the subject of an interesting paper read by Dr. Reeves before the Royal Irish Academy in April, 1860. See the "Transactions" for that year. Marianus [servant of Mary] is an assumed name. The following particulars are furnished by Bollandus in the *Acta Sanctorum* (Vol. II. for February) from an ancient MS. Life.

country, they preferred retirement ; and a small cell at the foot of the hill was assigned them for their use. After a short stay, they received the permission of their Superior to proceed on their way ; and arriving at Ratisbon they met a friendly reception at the convent of the Upper Monastery [Obermünster] where Marianus was employed by the Abbess, Emma, in the transcription of some books. From this he removed to the Lower Monastery [Niedermünster] where a cell was assigned to him and his companions, in which he diligently continued his occupation of writing, his companions preparing the membranes for his use. After some time he was minded to continue his original journey ; but a brother Irishman called Muircertach, who was then living as a recluse at the Obermünster, urged him to let the Divine guidance determine whether he should proceed on his way, or settle for life at Ratisbon. He passed the night in Muircertach's cell, and in the hours of darkness it was intimated to him that, wherever on the next day he should first behold the rising sun, he should remain and fix his abode. Starting before day, he entered St. Peter's Church, outside the walls, to implore the Divine blessing on his journey. But scarcely had he come forth, when he beheld the sun stealing above the horizon. "Here, then," said he, "I shall rest, and here shall be my resurrection." His determination was hailed with joy by the whole population. The Abbess granted him this Church of St. Peter, commonly known as Weich-Sanct-Peter, with an adjacent plot, where in 1076, a citizen called Bethselinus built for the Irish at his own cost a little monastery, which the Emperor Henry IV. soon after took under his protection, at the solicitation of the Abbess Hazecha. The fame of Marianus, and the news of his prosperity, presently reached Ireland, and numbers of his kindred were induced to come out and enter his Society. The early connections of the monastery were chiefly with Ulster, his own native province, and the six Abbots who succeeded him were all from the north. From Weich-Sanct-Peter, another Irish monastery called St. James's of Ratisbon, took its rise in 1090. Domnus, a native of the south of Ireland, was its first Abbot.

Of Marianus himself nothing more is recorded except his great skill and industry as a scribe. "Such," says the old memoir, "was the grace of writing which Divine Providence bestowed on the blessed Marianus, that he wrote many and lengthy volumes with a rapid pen, both in the Upper and Lower Monasteries. For, to speak the truth, without any colouring of language, among all the acts which Divine Providence deigned to perform through him, I deem this most worthy of praise and admiration, that the holy man wrote from beginning to end, with his own hand, the Old and New Testament, with explanatory comments on the same books, and that not once or twice, but over and over again, with a view to the eternal reward ; all the while clad in sorry garb, living on slender diet, attended and aided by his brethren, both in the Upper and Lower Monasteries, who prepared the parchments for his use. Besides, he also wrote many smaller books, and manual psalters, for distressed widows, and poor clerics of the same city, towards the health of his soul, without any prospect

of earthly gain. Furthermore, through the mercy of God, many congregations of the monastic order, which in faith and charity, and imitation of the blessed Marianus, are derived from the aforesaid Ireland, and inhabit Bavaria and Franconia, are sustained by the writings of the blessed Marianus." He died on the 9th of February, 1088. Aventinus, the Bavarian Annalist, styles him: "Poeta et Theologus insignis, nullique suo seculo secundus." Before we part with our distinguished countryman, one of the greatest Irish scribes of the middle ages, let me mention that there is preserved at the present day in the Imperial Library of Vienna, a copy of the Epistles of S. Paul written by Marianus, for his "exiled brethren." I had the happiness (during the past summer) of examining this precious relic of Celtic zeal and religious patriotism. At the end of the MS. are these words:—"In honore individuae Trinitatis, Marianus Scotus [Muiredach MacRobertag] scripsit hunc librum suis fratribus peregrinis. Anima ejus requiescat in pace. Propter Deum devote dicite, Amen." The Irish letters giving us the real name of the writer prove his race and kindred.

From the church and monastery of Weich-Sanct-Peter, founded by this Marianus, came the Church of St. James of Ratisbon, built soon after, which became the focus of Irish propagandism whence light and gospel-truth radiated through central Europe during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. From this monastery of St. James went forth colonies of Irish monks to Würzburg in honour of St. Kilian, an Irish bishop and martyr, profoundly venerated to the present day in that ancient city. Offshoots also sprung up at Nuremberg, at Memmingen, at Eichstadt, at Erfurt, at Constance, and at the beautiful capital of Austria, Vienna.

Not only were the skill and devotedness of Irish monks expended on these Irish foundations in Germany, but also the treasures of those who remained at home in Ireland. Stephen White, the well-known Irish Jesuit, had in his possession an old chronicle of the monastery at Ratisbon, from which he made some extracts that are painted by Lynch in his "*Cambrensis Eversus*." In this record it is stated Isaac and Gervase, two Irishmen of noble birth, accompanied by Conrad and William, two other Irishmen, who were sent to Ireland by Dionysius, Abbot of St. Peter's at Ratisbon, where they were kindly received by Conchobar O'Brien, and having being loaded with rich presents, were sent back to Germany. With the money obtained from Ireland a more commodious site for a monastery was purchased on the western side of Ratisbon, and a building erected which the chronicle describes in glowing terms. "Now, be it known, that neither before nor since were there a monastery equal to this in the beauty of its towers, columns and vaultings, erected and completed in so short a time, because the plenteousness of riches and of money bestowed by the king and princes of Ireland was without bound."

A Christian Abbot of the Irish monastery of St. James at Ratisbon, who was descended from the M'Carthy's in Ireland, finding that the treasures sent by the king of Ireland to Ratisbon were exhausted, and being unable to obtain help elsewhere, at the request of his brethren,

undertook a journey to his native country, Ireland, to seek the aid of Donnchadh O'Brien, as Conchobar O'Brien, the founder of the consecrated St. Peter's was now dead. He was very successful in his mission, and having received great treasures, was preparing to return when he sickened and died, and was buried before St. Patrick's altar at the Cathedral of Cashel.

What became of those "great treasures" so liberally bestowed? Did they go to beautify the most beautiful of all our Irish ecclesiastical remains—the buildings on the Rock of Cashel, and that altar of St. Patrick's at the feet of which sleeps the zealous Irish abbot, Christian, who had collected them? By no means. They were spent in rebuilding, enlarging, and ornamenting the Church of St. James at Ratisbon, and purchasing land for the support of the Irish monks attached thereto.

Christian was succeeded as Abbot of St. James by Gregory, who had governed the monastery during his absence in Ireland. Gregory was also an Irishman. The Ratisbon Chronicle says of him: "A man of great virtue, Irish by birth, named Gregory, of the Order of the Regular Canons of St. Augustine, was admitted by Christian into the Order of St. Benedict; upon the death of Christian he became Abbot of St. James's, and was consecrated by Pope Adrian at Rome." The new Abbot soon after travelled to Ireland, where he received the money which had been collected by Christian, with considerable sums in addition, wherewith he purchased lands, sumptuously rebuilt the church and added cloisters to it. He died in October, 1204.

Wattenbach informs us that conflagrations repeatedly consumed all that was destructible by fire; but Gregory's square tower, and the almost too richly decorated portal of the church, stood out firmly against every assault. The monastery suffered thus especially in 1278, and again in 1453; but it was rebuilt after each fire.

In the year 1515 it passed out of Irish hands into the possession of Scottish monks. The transfer made by Pope Leo IV. in the year just named was confirmed in 1653 by Innocent X. When the convent was suppressed at the beginning of this century, compensation (as we have already mentioned) was made to the Scotch bishops; and amongst other uses a new façade was built to the Scotch College at Rome out of the money given for the loss of an establishment built by Irish monks, decorated by Irish skill and zeal, out of resources obtained from Ireland and contributed chiefly by the O'Briens and MacCarthys and their generous Irish clansmen.

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### OUR CHILD ANGEL.

**H**ER wings have grown : she is not dead !  
 But, as the lark soars from the sod,  
 Sweet "Innocence" the earth hath fled  
 To nestle in the Heart of God !

## THE HOMELESS ONE.

THE long, bright eastern day is done,  
 Dark fall the shadows down,  
 Abruptly sinks the burning sun,  
 Night veils the distant town.

He stands upon the green hill-side,  
 Vast crowds around Him lay,  
 But now they scatter, they divide,  
 And slowly move away.

Since morning He hath worked and taught,  
 Hell's force subdued and cowed,  
 And many wondrous signs hath wrought  
 For that departing crowd.

He stands now, weary and oppressed,  
 'Neath heaven's fast-darkening dome;  
 "Foxes have holes, and birds their nests,"  
 But Jesus has no home!

What! will they every one depart—  
 Those whom He blessed and fed—  
 And not one loving, grateful heart  
 Shelter His weary head?

What! are they all so selfish, hard,  
 Devoid of thought and grace,  
 That they can leave that gentle Lord  
 Without a resting-place?

They haste to drown life's daily cares  
 In home's pure social light,  
 While He who gave them all that's theirs  
 Walks homeless through the night.

They come to Him in trial's hour,  
 When other hopes have fled—  
 Come to invoke His wondrous power  
 For dying and for dead.

They find His aid and sympathy  
 Unfailing, without end,  
 And never seem to think that He  
 Himself may need a friend.

The kind need kindness most of all—  
 And who so kind as He?  
 Ah! as the shadows darker fall,  
 How sad His Heart must be!

He seeks a lonely spot to pray—  
 Pray for these very men!  
 Without a word's reproach next day  
 He'll welcome them again.

## HOW STRAFFORD GOVERNED IRELAND (1632—1641).

*(Continued.)*

IN our last issue, when giving briefly the history of the first few months of Wentworth's government, we were obliged in some instances to anticipate the order of events. The year 1634 that we are now about to enter on, is one to which we would specially direct the attention of our readers who wish to form a correct estimate of the manner in which Ireland was governed two centuries ago. The Deputy had seen with his own eyes the condition of the country he was set over to govern; he had studied the character of the people in his daily intercourse with them; he had laid down his plan of action; and now he determined to put it in full operation. Money was still needed for the King's service; all that had been promised by the Catholics had been paid in; any help from the ordinary sources of revenue was nearly hopeless. The annual income of Ireland amounted, in 1633, to £84,248; the expenditure to £84,977. Besides the deficit, there was a standing debt of £92,000. Empty coffers indeed. A proclamation was issued, commanding the King's tenants to bring in all rents due at Michaelmas not later than at the end of the Michaelmas term, and those due at Easter, by the end of the Easter term. Payments from the exchequer were to take place at Candlemas and Midsummer; in this way time was given to gather in the revenue before payments were called for. "My purpose is," he writes to the Lord Treasurer, "to bring in money at once to the exchequer; to take away that untoward course of paying men with assignments, and so, instead of coin, putting them off with a piece of paper to get in their money as they can, little to the satisfaction of the party, less to mine, that must, by this course now taken, be eternally led blindfold along without either knowing what is received or what is paid, ever kept without money." The accounts should be made up half-yearly, and carefully checked, any surplus being put aside to accumulate for the payment of debts; and when these were paid, the remainder was to be sent to England; "a business they on this side will not hear of, it being a catholic truth among them, that if any round quantity of coin go over, especially in specie, it would be the ruin of this kingdom; and therefore they covet that all should be laid forth that is raised or gotten amongst them."\* In reference to the desired increase of revenue, he adds some "sperats" of his own. The plantations of Ormond and Connaught, under the Commission of Defective Titles, would realise £5,000 a year; the monopoly of pipe staves, licensed to the Archbishop of Dublin, £1,500; the Court of Wards, £4,000; the Commission of the Concealment of Lands, £3,000; the malt tax, £4,000; the tobacco monopoly, £5,000;

\* "Letter to the Lord Treasurer," I. 190.

the rents payable out of the customs to the Duchess of Buckingham and Endymion Porter, and Lord Carlisle's impost and license of wines, £10,000—these being bought up by means of subsidies granted by Parliament in lieu of the contribution hitherto given to support the civil and military lists; the salt monopoly, £6,000. These and some less important items would make an increase of £45,000. The additional taxes, with the exception of those on pipe staves and concealments, were to be reserved for the sanction of Parliament; absolute secrecy, however, was to be observed about them, even in the English Council of State, "for nothing is more prejudicial to the good success of these affairs than their being understood beforehand here."\*

His next report was on the state of the army. The men, both horse and foot, he found unexercised, and altogether ignorant of their duty, their numbers incomplete, their corselets wanting tassels;† the horses mean, the horsemen's staves rather of trouble to themselves than of offence against an enemy; the officers transferring their duties to others, and living scattered up and down, often at such a distance from the garrison, that a vigilant enemy might cut them all to pieces before they should be able to come together. To correct these abuses, he ordered that a list should be sent to every captain of his defects; these he should supply within six months. At the end of that time, if any trace of neglect appeared, the officer should be severely punished. Once a week every troop was to be well exercised; all the companies should by turns come to Dublin—two companies of foot and a troop of horse at a time—and remain there for one month; "which will not only be an honour, and raise an awful reverence in men's minds towards the power and authority of his Majesty, but will be a means that once in two years the whole army shall pass under the view of the General." The officers should reside with their troops in the garrison; any one who did not obey, should lose his command. The arsenals needed replenishing, as the arms sent over from England were nearly worthless: the swords, valued at ten shillings not being worth four; the muskets, furnished at one pound three shillings a piece, not being worth anything: "so ill was his Majesty served therein by the officers of the Tower." The arms for the horse and foot and the stores, he undertook to procure for £3,500: "no great bounty to send back out of the large sum of £30,000 sent to England a short time before to meet the King's wants."‡

However anxious Wentworth was to carry on the government without subjecting himself to any control beyond that of the Crown, the public voice was calling each day more loudly for a Parliament. The Catholics, in Falkland's time, had granted the first subsidy to Charles on condition that a Parliament should be called to redress their grievances and to give a permanent sanction to the "royal

\* Letters, &c., I. 193.

† The tasse was a piece of iron plate or chain-work that protected the thigh; it was fastened to the cuirass with hooks.

‡ Letters, &c., I. 195.



graces." We have seen how they were deluded. Yet even now they were not without a hope that a Parliament would in some measure legalise and strengthen their precarious position. The Protestants, too, in self-defence joined in the demand. Money was what the King wanted most; and he must have it—*quocumque modo rem*—from the Catholics if possible; if not, from any one who could be made to contribute. After "serious discourse with himself," Wentworth came to the conclusion that a Parliament should be summoned. Its very name was odious to the King. "As for that hydra," he writes to Wentworth, "take good heed; for you know I have found it here cunning as well as malicious." But his wants were pressing, and some time should pass before the plans adopted for an increase in the revenue could work efficiently.

In January, 1634, he submitted to the King his "humble opinion concerning a Parliament in his Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland."\* To gain him over to his views, he began by stating that the calling of the Irish Parliament was at no time of so much hazard, since it should borrow motion from his Majesty's immediate allowance under the Great Seal, differing in that important matter from the English Parliament, "where there is liberty assumed to offer everything in their own time and order; and this subordination is ever to be held as a sacred prerogative, not to be departed from, in no piece to be broken or infringed." He then goes on to state his reasons. The contribution for the support of the army would end with the current year; a charge which the revenue in its present state could not meet, for it fell short of the expenditure by £20,000, besides the heavy debt due of the nation already. A vote of Parliament would be the ordinary means of supplying this deficit; and recourse to extraordinary means, leaving those untried, were to love difficulties too well, and rather voluntarily to seek them than unwillingly to meet them." In the next place, the people seemed only too willing to contribute in a legal way. "The frightful apprehension that at this time makes their heart beat, lest the quarterly payments towards the army, continued now almost ten years, might in fine turn to an hereditary charge upon their lands, inclines them to give any reasonable thing at present, in order to secure themselves of that fear in the future; and, therefore, according to the wholesome counsel of the physician, *Dum dolet, accipe*. If they meanly cast aside these mighty obligations, what time more opportune "to chastise such a forgetfulness, and to enforce other and better duties than these, when the King, being at peace abroad, could employ a more united power to enforce his wishes?" The time at which he suggested the Parliament should be called was Easter, or Trinity Term at farthest; it should not be deferred longer; for advantage might be taken by a refractory Parliament of the wants of the Treasury to demand too much, and make its own conditions; "and conditions are not to be admitted with any subjects, less with this people, where your Majesty's absolute sovereignty goes much higher than it is taken perhaps to do in England." Such an arbitrary line of action was

quite in accordance with Charles's tastes. In reply he says: "We will admit of no capitulation nor demands of any assurance under our broad seal, nor of sending over deputies or committees to treat here with us, nor of any restraint in our bill of subsidies, nor of any condition of not maintaining the army. But in case any of these be insisted on, and that they will not otherwise proceed or be satisfied with our royal promise for the second session, or shall deny or delay the passing of our bills, we require you therefore to dissolve the Parliament, and forthwith to take order to continue the contributions for our army, and withal to proceed to such improvements of our revenue as are already in proposition, or may hereafter be thought upon to the advantage of our crown."\*

One of the first acts of the new Parliament would be, without doubt, to demand the long-promised "graces." Wentworth, to avoid the dilemma, had recourse to deceit. "I conceive under favour," he writes to the King, "it would be better to make two sessions of it, one in summer, the other in winter; in the former, to settle your Majesty's supply; and in the latter, to enact as many of those graces as in honour and wisdom should be judged equal, when putting aside of the rest might be of no ill consequence to your other royal purposes." The King approved highly of this plan; but he adds, the "intimation of two sessions we think not fit to be imparted to any till the Parliament be set."†

The contingency of a refractory Parliament needed to be specially provided against. Wentworth proposed to meet it by the means adopted in ancient and modern times to solve an Irish difficulty. The House should be packed. He gives his plan in full detail. "I shall endeavour the lower House may be so composed that neither the recusants (Catholics), nor yet the Protestants, shall appear considerably more one than the other, holding them as much as may be upon an equal balance, for they will prove the easier to govern, than if either party were absolute. Then would I, in private discourse, show the recusants, that the contribution ending in December next, if the army were not supplied some other way before, the twelve pence a Sunday must of necessity be exacted upon them; and show the Protestants, that your Majesty must not let go the £20,000 contribution, nor yet discontent the others in matter of religion, till the army were some way else certainly provided for; and convince them both that the present quarterly payments are not so burdensome as they pretend them to be; and that by the graces they have had already much more benefit than their money came to. Thus poisoning one by the other, which single might perchance prove more unhappy to deal with." This was not enough to ensure success. The members sent in by the forty boroughs created by Chichester to increase the Government party in the House, were sure to follow blindly the wishes of the Deputy. And now Wentworth proposed to make as many officers of the army as possible burgesses; as they depended on the Crown for promotion, of course they would lean to the King's

\* Letters, &c., I. 184.

† *Ibid.* I. 187.

side, and "sway the business betwixt the two parties which way they pleased." Charles did not wish that officers should be nominated, lest they might neglect their military duties. He suggested that "a choice should be made rather by particular knowledge of men's interests and good affections for his service." In the Upper House the Bishops were reported to be wholly on the side of the Government. The King had written to the Primate, bidding him to follow in all things the guidance of the Deputy. Many of the Lords resided in England or Scotland, and had no other connection with Ireland than the titles purchased or solicited from Charles or his father. They should put their proxies "into such safe hands as may be thought of on this side, for their proxies were better than their company. And among the others his Majesty was supposed to have such interest, what out of duty to the Crown and obnoxiousness in themselves, no difficulty was to be much apprehended among them."\*

On the 12th of April, the King, by letter under his signet, authorised and required his right trusty and right well-beloved cousin and counsellor to call a Parliament; and he is told to acquaint forthwith the Council of the royal will, from whom "a hearty and diligent concurrence is expected." The writs were to be sent out with all convenient speed, that the Parliament might sit in Trinity Term at furthest. A few days later Wentworth called the Privy Council together, and told them it was his Majesty's pleasure that a Parliament should be summoned. For the present he only desired their advice as to the legal issuing of the writs, and the appointing of a committee to consider what was to be proposed in conformity with Poynings' Act† and the other statutes of the realm. The object he had in view in appointing the committee, he says, was "the better to discover how their pulses beat, and to allow them to deliver themselves more freely than if he had been present among them."

A long discussion arose on the demands of the King. The Council objected chiefly to drawing out a blank form of subsidies to be granted unconditionally; these the King would fill up with the amount he required. They proposed to grant two subsidies of £20,000 each, a sum

\* Letters, &c., I. 184.

† Poynings' Act was passed in a Parliament held at Drogheda in November, 1494, by the Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings. It provided that no Parliament should in future be held in Ireland till the King's Lieutenant and the Royal Council should certify to the King, under the Great Seal, the causes and considerations, and all such acts as it would seem to them ought to be passed therein, and such be affirmed by the King and his Council in England—and his license to hold a Parliament be obtained. Any Parliament held contrary to this form should be deemed void. This Act was regarded by the English colonists of the Pale as a protection against the oppression of the Viceroys. But when the other parts of Ireland were subjected to English law, it was felt to be intolerably oppressive; for it reduced the Irish Parliament to a mere nonentity.—See Gilbert's "*Viceroys*," p. 455; and Hallam's "*Constitutional History of England*," II. 721. Wentworth was well aware of its importance. "I am of opinion," he writes to the Secretary of State, "there cannot be anything invaded which, in reason of State, ought to be by his Majesty's Deputy preserved with a more hallowed care than Poynings' Act; and which I shall never willingly suffer to be touched or blemished more than my right eye."—Letters, &c., I. 279. Motions were made by Grattan in 1780, and by Flood in 1781, for its repeal, but of course they were rejected by a packed House."

sufficient for the King's wants; they did not wish the country should be impoverished by sending over a surplus to fill the English treasury. Wentworth told them that "he heard they had begun at the wrong end, they consulting what would please the people in a Parliament, when it would better become a King's Council to consider what might please the King; that his Majesty expected to be trusted, nor did ever any deserve it better from a people; that he would not admit of conditions or to be proceeded withal as by way of bargain or contract; that he would be provided for as the head, and care for his people as members, according to the order of reason, nature, and conscience: himself first, his people afterwards." The Council still hesitated to accept such vague terms; Wentworth assured them that he would engage his life, children, honour, that if they went the way wise men should, they might have whatever was fit and reasonable for the good and contentment of the people. They should set down no fixed sum for the subsidy; it would look as if they put a constraint on the generous and loyal impulses of the nation, and hindered them from giving as much as they desired. The Council proposed two subsidies which together would amount to £30,000 in one year, a sum exceeding the voluntary contribution by £10,000. Such a proposal he would not accept. He desired them to believe that they could not cast such a mist on the eyes of a wise and discerning King, or incline him to leave £20,000 a year, and take their two subsidies. The army was, by their own confession, the nerve of Government, preserving the good from being trodden down by the unequal paces of violence and wrong. They must not expect his Majesty to come to them once a year with hat in hand, to entreat them to preserve themselves. They must, therefore, be prepared to give a permanent revenue for the army. He wanted none of their money for his foreign affairs, though they ought to contribute to that expense as well as England, seeing that they sailed in the same ship with her. Let them lay their hands on their hearts and say if ever the desires of a mighty and powerful king were so moderate, taking, asking nothing for himself, but all for them. £20,000 a year was not a charge too heavy to be long borne by Ireland; it was not worth speaking of. If the wealthy had been called on to pay, no one would have been pinched; but the rich had been spared, and the tenants, poor and bare, had been made to pay; hence the murmurs they made so much of. But now the King wished that all should be set right by Parliament, as the more beaten path, and that in which he desired to walk, but not more legal than if done by his royal prerogative, when the ordinary way failed him. If the people were so unwise as to cast off his gracious proposals and their own safety, the King as Pater Patriæ could save them whether they would or no, and do that by his own regal power, which he first expected to have accomplished with their concurring assents.\*

Yet in spite of this boldness of speech, Wentworth was not without anxiety as to the success of his measures. His attachment to the King—the one leading virtue of his life—could not blind him to the

fact that he might fail in carrying out the great task he had undertaken, and that he alone should bear all the blame of the failure. Often he received proofs of the royal approbation ; but often, too, he was thwarted in his dearest designs by the selfishness or inconstancy of Charles. The Earl of Arundel was one of the Secret Committee that had been appointed to consider the Deputy's despatches. To him Wentworth writes at length, giving expression to the anxieties that weighed on his mind. The King had with reluctance consented to the calling of a Parliament. The scheme laid down for increasing the revenue seemed to him to dispense with the tedious process of obtaining supplies by the votes of the two Houses ; and he was but too willing to break with the coming Parliament in order to employ without hindrance a more speedy method. The Deputy felt that such conduct was worse than rash. "Unless a Parliament is presently called," he writes to Arundel,\* "I see not what will become of the army here, or how the yearly necessary payments of the Crown will possibly be complied with." And he goes on to ask for help and support from England, for in Ireland he could look for none. "Let me know," he adds, "what judgment his Majesty and the Lords make of my beginnings and proceedings in this great work which presseth so sore upon me." Arundel, in reply, assured him of "much approbation of his proceedings" and of the perfect secrecy observed in regard to his measures.

The Committee felt they were powerless in the presence of such high-handed tyranny ; they determined to make a virtue of necessity, and "with all cheerfulness assented to the Deputy's counsel, professing they would entirely conform themselves unto it ; it was most reasonable that Ireland should defray itself ; they would not offer anything that might bear the interpretation of a condition ; they would send over no other laws but such as the Deputy would like ; and, if he pleased, they would send over the bill of subsidy alone." He might well congratulate himself on his success "in having thus auspiciously got his first footing." The good news was despatched in all haste to England, that no time might be lost in passing the necessary documents under the Great Seal and returning them to Ireland.† As no Parliament had sat in Ireland since 1615, it was but natural that he should find "all utterly ignorant in the orders and forms to be observed in the meetings and sittings." He was resolved to omit nothing that could give to the opening its due splendour. The respect due to his Majesty's greatness, "to be revered throughout every part of his dominions," was enforced among the officials of the court, even to the minutest details. On certain solemn days the nobles in their robes, the bishops in surplices, the judges in their ermine, were all obliged to follow in procession, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, behind the Deputy to church. He now begged that the English heralds be spoken with as concerning "the course of the procession and session at first ; what way should be held in choosing a speaker, and all other incidents in both Houses." All

\* Letters, &c. I. 223.

† *Ibid.* I. 240.

private meetings, either before or during Parliament, were forbidden, "to save a great trouble, and prevent many stones of offences which otherwise might by malignant spirits be cast in amongst us." The Lord Chancellor proposed that the Lords of the Pale, according to the custom of former times, might be conferred with, concerning the Parliament and the matters to be discussed therein. The Deputy replied that by so doing he should exceed the orders received from the King, which were to open his counsels to no one without his special warrant. Four days later the Earl of Fingal came "in a kind of Electorate way" to inform him of the existence of this custom; he added, that "the Lords of the Pale had been accustomed, before the Parliament met, to assemble and advise together what was to be proposed for the good of the people." The Deputy, looking on the Earl as "the mouth to open for them all, thought fit to close it as soon and surely as he could." His answer was quick; he told him that the calling of Parliament was the peculiar privilege of Kings, and so locked up in the sacred breast of his Majesty, as it were want of good manners in his servant to pry into or impart his counsels further than should in his own good time be revealed. His Majesty might judge it a high presumption in him or any other private man to elect themselves inquisitors over his gracious purposes towards his subjects. Assuredly his Majesty would reject with scorn and disdain all such foreign instructors or moderators between himself and his people." To the argument that Lord Falkland had called the Lords of the Pale together on a similar occasion, his answer was, that Lord Falkland should be no rule on this to him, much less for his great master to follow. He advised the Earl not to busy his thoughts with matters of this nature, but rather to leave them to the King and those to whom the King was pleased to intrust them. He might rest assured that, at the proper time, he should be made acquainted with as much of his Majesty's resolutions as should be fit for him to know.\*

A final meeting of the Privy Council was called a few days before the writs were issued, to determine what demands should be made in the House. The opinion of each one was asked. Sir Adam Loftus, the Lord Chancellor, "first began the dance, which is now the second time he hath done the King passing good service." This resolution, which was duly signed by his Majesty's most humble and most faithful servants and subjects, and transmitted to the King, "still more and more to engage them," was as follows: "It is the uniform opinion of us all, which we humbly submit to your Majesty's judgment, that less than six subsidies (whereof four in two years) are neither to be demanded nor granted, which by all the means and endeavours of us we will labour to effect; and hopeful, too, we are that, considering all this debt hath been contracted, and all these great annual disbursements continually issued for the good and quiet settlement of this kingdom alone, no one shall be found among us so unjust to your Majesty, as to think of a smaller supply, after so long a forbearance from being called upon in Parliament."†

\* Letters, &amp;c. I. 246.

† The Council of Ireland to the King. *Ibid.* I. 264.

On the 31st of May the writs of summons were sent out, and with them above a hundred letters in recommendation of such as, upon advice taken with the Council, were held persons ablest and best set for his Majesty's service, the Deputy having both in that and all the rest used the utmost of his power and diligence to get the House to be composed of "quiet and governable men." The priests and Jesuits the Deputy reports to be very busy in the election, calling the people to their masses, and charging them, on pain of excommunication, not to give their votes to any Protestant, "an insufferable thing for them thus to interpose in matters which are purely civil, and of passing ill consequence, to inflame the subjects, one against another, and in the last resort to bring it to a direct party of Protestant and Papist, which surely is to be avoided as much as may be, unless our numbers were the greater." The Sheriff of Dublin, who did not conduct the election according to the direction of the Government agents, was fined £700, and incapacitated from filling that office in future. Another more tractable person was substituted; and the election resulted in Alderman Barry, a Protestant, being chosen, and with him Catelin, the Recorder, one who was "likely to apply himself in all things to his Majesty's service."\* In the Parliament of 1613 the Catholics were nearly one-half; in this they did not exceed one-third of the members.

On Monday, July 14th, the Parliament was opened with all the pomp and circumstance that the presence of royalty itself could command. A company of infantry led the way, followed by trumpeters and a troop of cavalry. Then came, two and two, the law officers, the members of the Privy Council who were not Barons, the Barons in their robes of ermine, Lord Mountnorris, the youngest, at their head; the Bishops, according to the date of their consecration; the Viscounts, Earls, the four Archbishops, and the Lord Chancellor. The Earls of Ormond and Kildare walked immediately before the Deputy, the former bearing the Sword of State, the latter the Cap of Estate. Last of all came the Lord Deputy, in gorgeous attire, his train borne up by three gentlemen. A troop of cavalry closed the procession. With this noble array he proceeded from the Castle to the Church of St. Patrick; there he was met at the door by the Dean, the Prebendaries, and the choristers, who intoned the *Te Deum*, while he was conducted to his seat. The Temporal Lords took their seats at one side, the Spiritual Lords at the other. The service was performed, and a learned sermon preached by the Primate. The procession was again formed as before, and returned in the same order to the Castle, where the Parliament was formally opened.

Wentworth's delight at the successful issue of the opening was almost childish, as is shown by his letter to the English Secretary of State, written a few days after. "The meeting assembled, I am persuaded, with the greatest splendour Ireland ever saw; and, I assure your Lordship, the aspect of the nobility, clergy, and gentry was far above what I expected."† Rightly judging it a disadvantage to speak

\* Letters, &c. I. 270.

† Manner of proceeding to Parliament in "Letters," &c. I. 282.

to an audience already weary, he adjourned the House till the following day at nine o'clock. The Commons were told by the Lord Chancellor Loftus that they should assemble the next morning at their own House, and remain there until they should be called to attend on the King's Deputy.

The next day Wentworth addressed both Houses. He informed them that "his Majesty expected this Parliament would enable him to discharge the debt of £100,000, and would vote a standing revenue of £20,000 a year for the payment of the army; that the King intended to have two sessions of Parliament—the one for himself, the other for them. If they, without making any conditions, granted the supplies in this meeting, they might be sure his Majesty would go along with them in the next. Why could they hope to be exempt from their proportion of the charges, living in the more subordinate kingdom? If it were so, certainly the stars were more propitious to them than to any other conquered nation under heaven. He warned them to take heed of private meetings, in which they should plan how to discuss and manage public affairs in the Houses, for they were in themselves unlawful and punishable in a grievous measure. It well behoved them to look to this, for he was commanded to carry a very wakeful eye over these private and secret conventicles, to punish the transgression with a heavy and severe hand."\* He had recommended them for Speaker one of his favourites, Catelin, the Recorder of Dublin; but finding there was a "muttering among them of rejecting him, and choosing some other of themselves," he bade the Chancellor require them to assemble for the election of Speaker, to be presented the next morning before nine o'clock. "In making their choice, they should guard against the inconvenience the last Parliament fell into, since the selection in reality was in the hands of the King, who could reject every one they chose, no matter how many, till they chose one agreeable to his Majesty." The result was that, without further opposition, they elected the Recorder, and presented him the next day.

On Thursday the 17th, the first day of their sitting, the Catholic party moved that the "House be purged" of those whose election was illegal on account of non-residence. A Committee of Privileges was named to try the question; in the selection the Protestants were proved to have a majority of eight. Wentworth's former training in Parliamentary debates taught him how to take advantage of every chance that offered. He determined to have the motion for the King's supply brought on the next day. A meeting of the Council was called. The Chief Baron urged that the matter should be proceeded with immediately. The Presidents of Connaught and Munster and the Master of the Wards desired to have the matter put off for a few days, lest some of the Protestant party being taken unawares might join with the Catholics and create a majority against the Crown. The Deputy told them that the time granted by his Majesty's Commission for this session of this Parliament was limited to three weeks; that only a fortnight now remained, the whole of which would be required for the formalities needed by the passing of the two bills of

\* This speech will be found in full at p. 286, Vol. I. of the "Letters," &c.



subsidies in both Houses; that the aim of the Catholics in questioning the right of some of the other party to seats in the House, was not to deny the King the needful supplies, but rather, by obtaining a majority, to be able to pass these bills, and lay a greater obligation on the King than was at all judicious, considering the strength of the Catholics. Delay would but weaken the Protestant party. Therefore his opinion was, that the bill should be brought forward the next morning. The President of Connaught replied that, now the Lord Deputy having delivered his vote, none of them should dare to argue against him; otherwise, he conceived, many of them would not venture to bring it forward so soon. Loftus, the Chancellor, declared that he was so convinced of the wisdom of the Deputy's proposal, that even if it had been different, he would have craved leave to dissent. To the President's remark implying that, if any want of success followed from the undue haste, the blame would rest with the mover, Wentworth replied that "he cared very little what resolution the House would fall on, as he served too just and gracious a master ever to fear to be answerable for the success of affairs in contingency, so long as he did sincerely endeavour that which he conceived to be for the best. That there were two ends he had his eye on; and one he would infallibly attain to—either a submission of the people to his Majesty's good demands, or a just occasion of breach; and either would content the King. The first was evidently best for them; a breach better for the King than any supply they could give him in Parliament. His master was not a prince that either could or would be denied just things. The course he advised was that the Master of the Rolls should move the supply upon general grounds, enforcing it with the best arguments he could, and divide the House on it. If it was carried, the House would at once go into Committee and not leave until the supply was voted. If the motion was lost, then the Council should again consider how to proceed." He then broke up the meeting, telling them that his master expected every member should, in performance of his promise, speak heartily for the six subsidies to be paid in four years, and prepare his friends with all his power to aid in the same work.

The next day, Friday the 18th, the Master of the Rolls moved the question in the House with great ability. A division took place, and it was carried by a majority of twenty-eight voices. The House immediately went into Committee: the Opposition, fearing to lose their share of the honour and thanks, feeling, besides, how powerless their efforts were to purge the House, came round with cheerfulness; and all, with one voice, concluded the gift of the six subsidies as was desired, before twelve o'clock.\* "The rest of the session we have enter-

\* In former times a subsidy in Ireland meant a decennial tax of a mark—i.e. thirteen shillings and four pence—on every ploughland which had been tilled, a condition which opened a way to endless frauds in the collection. On this occasion the subsidy was changed into the payment of four shillings in the pound on land, and two shillings and eight pence on goods and stock, after the manner of England. The contribution of the Commons in this way amounted to about £40,000; the subsidy of the Lords was assessed at 4 per cent. on their incomes, and produced £6,000.—Carte's "Life of Ormonde," I. 62. Lingard, VI. 336.

tained them and spun them out in discourses, but have kept them from concluding anything. No other laws passed but the two acts of subsidies, and that other short law for confirming all such compositions as are or shall be made upon the Commission of Defective Titles. And thus we have already, God be praised, obtained more than I ever durst put you in hope of, which I can, next to his Majesty's wisdom, ascribe to nothing so much as the secrecy wherewith the business had been carried on all sides."\* For some time a breach was likely to take place between the two Houses on points of etiquette. A conference had been arranged between a committee of each House. That of the Lords came to the place appointed and waited for nearly two hours; the Commons neither came nor sent any excuse for their absence. The Lords resented such conduct, and refused to hold the meeting until reparation had been made by the Commons admitting it to be their duty to be the first at the place, and to stand during the conference uncovered whilst the Lords sat covered. The matter was made up by the Commons sending Sir George Radcliffe to make an apology for their absence, which, he assured the Lords, was owing to the unexpected length of a debate on very important business.† "For my part," the Deputy writes to Coke, "I did not lay it very near my heart to make them agree, as having heretofore seen the effects which follow when they are in strict understanding or at difference among themselves. Besides, I saw plainly that keeping them at a distance, I did avoid a petition for the Graces, which infallibly they would have done; which now comes only singly from the Commons. I conceive it will be very easy the next session either to agree, or keep them still asunder."

The Lords employed themselves in debating upon various laws and orders, which they demanded the King's Attorney to draw them up into formal statutes. Wentworth, not wishing to enter into a dispute with them until the subsidies were passed, waited till the last day of the session to inform them that they had acted in direct violation of Poynings' Act. "Their good faith would, no doubt, excuse them; but he felt bound to register his protest against any invasion of the King's prerogative in this tender and important particular. He besought their Lordships to be better advised for the future, and not to exceed that power which was left them by that law, viz. a liberty only to offer by petition to the Deputy and Council such considerations as they might conceive to be good for the Commonwealth, by them to be transmitted for laws or stayed as to them should seem best." The Peers withdrew their proposals, and the protest was entered without opposition as a warning to the Upper House for the future.‡

However willing the Houses showed themselves to grant the subsidies, they did not cease "to press extremely" for the "Graces," especially for that which entitled a possession of sixty years to pass unquestioned by the Crown. They named a Committee to prepare

\* Letter of the Lord Deputy to Mr. Secretary Coke.—I. 278.

† Carte's "Life of Ormonde," I. 63.

‡ The Protest is given in full at p. 290, Vol. I. of "Letters and Despatches."

petitions for the next session. The public mind was sufficiently aroused already on the subject; and further discussion would but increase the difficulty of refusal. Wentworth, with the assent of the Council, wrote to the Committee of the Commons that he and the Council could not grant the confirmation of titles asked for, or any other graces prejudicial to the Crown; rather they would, as faithful servants, advise his Majesty that he was not bound either in justice, honour, or conscience to grant them. And so "putting themselves between them and his Majesty's pretended engagements, they would take the hard part wholly and bear it themselves."

The Parliament was prorogued on the 2nd of August. Thus the King's session, as it is called, lasted just eighteen days. We must reserve for our next issue the history of the second or "the people's session."

D. M.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### A MILITARY EXECUTION.

"Adieu, du courage!  
A nous r'voir il ne faut pas songer,  
Car dans l'régiment où j' m'engage  
On n'accorde pas de congé."  
*Béranger.*

THE hour allotted them to prepare for death was passed by the prisoners in a shed adjoining that in which they had been condemned. Few words passed between them. MacDermott sat silent and suffering in a corner of the damp hut. His thoughts wandered unceasingly from the solemn subject that claimed them at the moment—the account of his life that was about to be demanded of him—to his distant home, and to the loved friends who should, perhaps, never know how or where he died. Well, it was better that they should not. The anxiety of doubt would be more endurable for them than the anguish of certainty. They would wonder, for a time, that no news came from him, but they would at length grow tired of waiting; they would think of him as one whose return might be looked for some day, whom it would be time enough to mourn when they were assured he was dead. It was fortunate there was not to be any witness of his death, who would carry the news to his comrades in arms, and thus there was little chance of its ever reaching the friends to whom it would cause the deepest sorrow.

Sometimes, too, the prisoner thought of the orphan inhabitants of the castle, so near, yet separated from him by an open grave which he was never to cross. In the depth of his own affliction he could spare a pitying thought for the lot of those hapless maidens. He felt that he bore with him to his doom the gratitude of these two gentle hearts, and this consciousness had a soothing effect upon his proud spirit, which more than once had grown impatient with his lot. How would they fare when he was gone? The mischance which had condemned him to death had left them without a protector other than their cousin. The thought made him start up with a quick, impatient movement which startled the stolid sentry at the door, and caused him to lay his finger on the trigger of his pistol.

MacDermott speedily recollected himself, and turned towards his fellow-prisoner. He was struck with the change that had taken place in him. O'Duigenan was no longer the gay, reckless trooper he had been but a minute before. He was kneeling on the damp straw, his great, rough hands crossed upon his iron-covered breast. His helmet lay on the ground beside him, and his unkempt hair streamed unheeded over his honest, sunburnt face. Heedless of everything about him, he was praying in the tenderly pathetic language peculiar to the prayers of the Irish peasant. There was no mark of craven fear in his attitude of adoration—no trembling in his manly voice. He prayed for forgiveness for the errors of his life, and hoped that he would be admitted to a mercy to which he did not profess any claim. He prayed, too, that the Consoler of the afflicted would visit the little hut by the shores of Lough Key, where an old woman would soon be weeping for the son who should not return to her any more from the wars, that He would shield her from the dangers of that stormy time, and let her die in peace in their poor home. With passionate ardour the condemned captive pleaded with Heaven the cause of the land for which he had fought and bled, and for which he was about to die. In a strain of wild, poetic, prayerful sorrow he deplored the evils that had come upon her, and begged that a ray of her old glory might shine upon her again; that victory might once more follow her standard; that the "Red Hand" might crush its foes, and be again what it had been—the pride and the stay of the nation.

MacDermott was awed by the grandeur which the character of his simple companion seemed suddenly to have assumed. He had never before been privileged to look into the depths of generous and tender feeling which lie deep down in the untutored Irish heart, covered over, in most cases, by a gay and reckless exterior, existing there unknown to the possessor, and revealed only when some great crisis in his life unveils the secrets of his nature. The artless pathos of the trooper's prayer, and the confiding sincerity of his faith, touched MacDermott more deeply than any appeal ever before made to his religious instincts. Sinking on his knees beside his companion, he said in a low voice:

"Pray, too, for me, O'Duigenan. You will be heard where, I fear, I should not."

The soldier started at the interruption.

"Pray for you, captain?" he said, after a pause. "Ay, willingly would I do that, or anything else you asked. But the prayers of an ignorant trooper like me are of little use. I was taught to pray long ago when Chichester's riders were abroad. I learned badly, and I have not practised much since. I only stammer out what comes into my head, hoping that God will pity my ignorance."

"How I wish I were wise with that ignorance, honest fellow!" said MacDermott, in a half soliloquy. "It would better help me to meet the bullets of these assassins than the maxims of fashionable piety I have had the benefit of so often."

"They say it makes up for everything, captain," suggested his companion, with simple earnestness, "to die for the good cause. The time is passing. A few prayers," he added, with his old smile, "just to warn the saints we are coming, and then we'll meet these ruffians with a bold face. For the honour of the 'Red Hand' we must defy them to the last."

In moments when men are standing upon the brink of life, and are forced onward across the dread limit that bounds the unknown hereafter, the power of Faith becomes paramount. A dark mystery lies before, whose secret human science cannot unravel, whose terrors human courage cannot disregard, though human apathy sometimes does. The qualities that win pre-eminence in life, and lift men to the leadership of their fellows, are here utterly at fault. The light which religion sheds around the soul alone enables the eye to penetrate the gloom ahead, and gives strength to advance fearlessly. It is not wonderful, then, that at such moments those to whom the gift has not been vouchsafed, or who have neglected to use it, should seek the guidance of others their inferiors in earthly accomplishment but surpassing them in the clearness and intensity of their supernatural belief.

MacDermott humbly joined in the devotions of his companion. The spirit of resignation and confidence which pervaded the manner of the poor trooper seemed gradually to infuse itself into his soul. His impatience as well as his despondency melted gradually away. The tramp of a detachment of dismounted cavalry filing into the yard fell upon his ear. He knew what the sound of those jingling spurs and clanking sabres foreboded. His hour was come. But no storm of anger or impatience, no cloud of doubt or fear rose within him. He continued to listen silently to the half-whispered prayers which O'Duigenan was still pouring forth. When at last the rattle of armour was heard beside him, and the glare of torches lit up the darkness of the hut, and a rough voice announced to him that the hour of preparation had expired, he rose, without a word, and followed the messenger into the yard.

The scene that met him there would have appalled a less manly heart. A line of dismounted cuirassiers was drawn up at one side of the enclosure, their pistols resting on their arms, their bodies immovable, as if they had been suddenly transformed into statues. The glare of many torches lit up the farmyard, giving a ghastly glitter to the armour of the rigid line of troopers, and bringing out with dis-

agreeable distinctness the outlines of their stern, pitiless features. At a little distance from the firing party stood a group of officers. Hardened as they were by acts of daily cruelty, they must have felt that there was something peculiarly atrocious in the deed they had sanctioned ; and not a few uneasy glances were cast towards the prisoners as they walked to their post.

Bold and defiant, the condemned gazed upon their executioners and upon the spectators. A scowl lowered upon MacDermott's brow as he noticed his betrayer, Lucas Plunkett, amongst the onlookers ; and he bent his head to hide the tumult of angry passion the sight roused within him.

"'Twill be all over in a few minutes, captain," whispered his fellow-prisoner, misinterpreting the momentary excitement. "Courage, for the honour of the old flag."

"Fear not for me," returned MacDermott, in a tone which dispelled all doubt of his constancy.

The doomed men, stripped of their armour, were placed opposite the firing party, against the earthen wall of one of the farmyard buildings. A sergeant approached to bind their eyes, but they protested against this indignity, and the officer in command of the party, who did unwillingly the duty assigned him, bade his subordinate desist.

"Don't think we are afraid to look you in the face, my friends," said O'Duigenan, with all his wonted buoyancy of manner. "I am sorry we have not here a score or two of the men you met at Benburb to make you a target worth firing at. However, I suppose this sort of practice agrees better with your nerves."

MacDermott could scarce believe that the railer beside him was the man whose piety had, a few minutes before, impressed him so deeply. With a half careless, half contemptuous glance the trumpeter surveyed the whole scene, as if he were the only person whom these formidable preparations did not affect.

"They shall see that stout hearts can make light of death," he remarked, in an undertone to his fellow-captive.

At this moment the irrepressibly zealous Storey, who was resolved that the condemned should not perish without another effort to secure their salvation, advanced towards them.

"Bethink ye, brethren, I conjure ye, while yet ye may," he began, in his devoutest tone. "Fear the terrible judgments of the Lord, and even now break the bonds of the Scarlet Woman, that ye may be found fit to enter into glory."

"Hark you, my pious cut-throat," replied O'Duigenan ; "dost believe in purgatory ?"

The orthodox major, with sundry wry faces, protested his abhorrence of the unscriptural doctrine. "Nay, nay," he said, "this, too, is one of the pernicious doctrines devised by the Mother of Error—one of the deadly poisons with which the great idol of Rome feeds its adorers. No, no ; blessed be the Lord, who hath delivered my neck out of the yoke —"

"Then, listen," said O'Duigenan, interrupting the flow of the major's eloquence ; "I'll give you a rare opportunity of convincing

yourself on this point. I am but a poor Christian, and cannot pretend to anything better than a place in purgatory. I shall probably be there long enough to see you pass by on your way to hotter quarters. If the gentleman in charge of the convoy gives you permission to halt for a minute, I'll receive a visit. This is about the friendliest offer I can make you under my present circumstances. Show your gratitude by letting us die in peace."

The profane levity, so well assumed by the prisoner, completely overcame the major. With many exclamations of horror at the ungodly utterances of the stiff-necked blasphemer, he abandoned them as not to be saved, and, marvelling at the ways of the Lord, who made them thus obdurate in their sin, he gave up the attempt to convert them.

By the light of a blazing pine faggot an officer now read aloud the offences of which the prisoners had been found guilty, and the sentence of the court appointed to try them. When he had finished there was a pause. The lips of the condemned moved in prayer, but their bearing was as proud and defiant as ever. A few of the lookers-on turned away to avoid the spectacle that was to follow.

"Recover pistols!" cried the officer at the head of the firing party. Twenty pistol barrels, pointing upwards at the command, glittered in the torch-light. One word more and they would be levelled at the breasts of the victims, and the bullets they now contained would be on the way to their hearts. Ere that word could be spoken, a cry of mingled pain and fear, so wild and unearthly that it startled even the impassible troopers, rose above the howlings of the wind. Before the surprise it created was over, Shawn-na-Coppal rushed into the yard, and threw himself, panting from exhaustion and terror, at the feet of the officer who had given the command.

"Wait, wait!" cried the boy, piteously, seizing the soldier's hand. "They will be here in a few minutes, and will save him. For God's sake, do not fire."

Lucas Plunkett strode hastily from his place among the bystanders, and seized the simpleton roughly by the shoulder.

"What do you here, fool?" he asked, angrily. "Get you gone, or you shall have the flogging you so well deserve. He is an idiot servant of my cousin's household," he added, addressing the officer. "I owe you an apology for this interruption."

Shawn glared fiercely upon his new master but made no answer. Suddenly he bounded to his feet, and, with a fierce joy, exclaimed: "Listen, listen! They are coming—they are coming!"

The blast of a trumpet broke upon their ears, and the noise of quickly falling hoofs and the rattling of armour became audible a moment after.

"Hamilton's bugle, by G—," exclaimed a soldier who stood by.

"Hence, idiot, hence," cried Plunkett, dragging from the spot the struggling horseboy. "Captain, you may now do your duty."

The perplexed officer turned his eyes to the corner of the yard, where Ormsby stood watching the proceedings with practised indifference. In reply to the appealing look cast towards him, the major,

with a nod of his head, signalled to his subordinate to proceed. The line of pistol barrels still glittered cold and immovable in the fitful light.

"Present—give fire!" cried the officer.

The weapons went down with deadly steadiness.

"Hold, murderers, on your lives!" shouted a voice behind the line of troopers.

It was too late. Twenty quick tongues of flame flashed along the line. A loud report followed; a woman's piercing scream mingled with the echoes as they rolled away through the woods; there was a dull groan, and all was quiet again.

A cloud of smoke for an instant covered executioners and victims. When it cleared away, one of the prisoners lay stretched upon the muddy ground. The other, apparently unhurt, was bending over his fallen companion. A horseman, holding before him on his saddle a cloaked figure from which it was evident consciousness had fled, was standing in the centre of the yard, glaring on the troopers about him in a mood of anger which he seemed unable to express.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as his passion found utterance, "you shall rue this night's work. How dare you permit your assassins to fire on *our* prisoners?" he asked, fiercely, advancing to the spot where Ormsby was standing.

"You forget your duty, lieutenant," returned the major, coldly. "Do not oblige me to enforce the respect due from a soldier to his commander."

"Try it, if you dare," cried the exasperated officer. "You will not find the lancers of Enniskillen such inoffensive game as disarmed and mutilated prisoners."

"This is insubordination!" said Ormsby, thoroughly roused. "You will please to consider yourself under arrest. Brownlow," to a soldier near him, "receive Lieutenant Montgomery's sword."

"Let him advance but a step, and he shall have it through the throat," returned the enraged officer, loosening with his disengaged hand the weapon in its scabbard.

The trampling of horses and the sound of voices came from the darkness without. Montgomery put a bugle that hung by his side to his lips, and blew a long, shrill blast upon it. The signal quickened the pace of the approaching horsemen; its echoes had scarce died away when a body of lancers dashed into the yard. They were drenched and mud-stained, and the armour of not a few bore ugly dinges—the tokens of a recent encounter with some hard-hitting adversaries. At Montgomery's command they formed across the farmyard, and unsheathed their swords.

"Take your orders from me alone," shouted their leader.

The soldiers gazed about them in mute astonishment, not knowing against whom their services were required. Whatever might be the task, it was, however, clear their chief might count on their obedience.

Not till this moment did Montgomery direct his attention to the spot occupied by the prisoners. With an exclamation of surprise and



satisfaction, he observed that one of them was still uninjured. The survivor was on his knees by the side of his fallen companion. The blood was flowing from the bared breast of the prostrate soldier; his comrade had raised his head out of the mud, and was supporting it with one of his hands.

"MacDermott lives, by heaven!" exclaimed the officer of the Parliamentary lancers, examining the features of the uninjured prisoner.

The captive lifted his head, and stared vacantly at the speaker.

"Yes," he observed, with a glance at the prostrate form beside him, "he stepped before me as they fired."

The words caught the ear of the dying trooper, and roused his sinking energies.

"God bless you, captain," he gasped, with choked utterance; "good-bye." Then, with a supreme effort, he raised himself till his glazed eye caught the glitter of the rows of iron-covered bodies about him. Summoning all his strength, he waved his blood-stained hand above his head, and shouted, with hoarse, defiant voice his last

"Lamdh dhearg Abou!"

The stolid soldiers of the Parliament started at the dreaded war-cry, and clutched their weapons tighter. It was the last fright poor O'Duigenan ever caused them. A dark stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he again fell prostrate on the miry earth.

## MY PRAYER.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

PERHAPS there is an hour in other hours  
 When I shall stand with bated breath, as now,  
 And see another calm upon thy brow,  
 And watch a deeper sleep with heart-wrung showers.  
 And I should meet the daylight and the flowers,  
 And words and smiles that happy hearts endow,  
 Thou laid amongst the dead. I yet should bow  
 And bare my trembling soul to Heaven's dread powers,  
 And face my life, and say, *Thy will be done.*  
 I would not shirk one grief at cost to thee—  
 To save thee pain no earthly sorrow shun;  
 But oh! I pray that hour may pass from me,  
 For thou art strong and holier far to bear—  
 I pray my death that awful day may spare.

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

XIV.—ABOUT LIFE (*continued*).

HAVING hit upon a title for a paper under which so much may be included, it will not be surprising to anyone that I should continue to make it the vehicle for such thoughts as occur to me this month also. Indeed I must say, that any one of the Lectures of this, perhaps, unduly prolonged series, is, when it is written, as much a surprise and a novelty to myself as it can possibly be to anyone who reads it. I begin usually with some definite thought, though not with any very definite purpose; but, after a little time I give my mind free play; one thought suggests another, and there is no knowing into what strange regions of speculation my pen may lead me. I have remarked that there is a multitudinous action of mind that goes on quite below consciousness. Often if, overnight, I cast into my mind, from my reading or otherwise, some little seed, I find next day, or next week, that a plant or a flower has sprung up that affords matter for almost any amount of intellectual botanising. It is eminently true in the sphere of thought that whatever bread you cast upon the waters—the ever-shifting waters of consciousness—even though it float out of sight into strange eddies and hidden currents, will after many days return to you, bearing upon it incrustations that would convey to a sufficiently subtle analysis, revelations of the strange places through which it had been floating.

Indeed even the smallest mind has room for more knowledge than can ever be brought together at one time under a focus of consciousness. We are, none of us, aware of half the amount of our knowledge, but we know this about memory, and it seems to me often the most wonderful of the phenomena of mind, that nothing that is ever committed, however casually, to the memory, even though it be committed to it without any accompaniment of understanding, ever loses its tenacious hold. It may be over-written by later records; the ink in which it is written may fade to an undistinguishable white, but the writing is there, and the acids in which it was recorded are of such sort that the fire of passion or of circumstance may at any time bring it all out with all its primitive freshness. Some day the most ignorant of us shall be astonished to discover all that we (it seems a paradox) unconsciously knew.

However, I have some measure of literary conscience, some respect for the tacit compact I make with my readers by selecting even a vague title; and though I would fain have them construe it indulgently, I would not so far repudiate its obligation as to palm off on them speculations about mental phenomena as a substitute for a Lecture "about Life." Though when one comes to think of it, how easy would it be to forge for such speculations a plausible claim to a place under so general a title. But the same is true about any subject—"quodlibet in quodlibet converti potest." Thoughts come not only

in pairs, but in multitudes. They have a fellow-feeling for each other that makes them easily coalesce, and a family likeness that, come they from what different points of the compass they may, makes them feel sufficiently at home with each other. In the prosecution of her beneficent purposes, nature has provided certain delicate, floating seeds with an apparatus like "hooks" that find "eyes" in suitable places. Just such an apparatus thoughts seem to have in relation to each other. There is a gregariousness among them; a constant marrying and giving in marriage, and a progeny potentially infinite.

Life is a different thing to different men, because each man makes his own life to his own likeness. The angel of life puts into each child's hand the pen of destiny. As he is, so shall he write; as he writes so shall he be. Nay, a man's desires get themselves fulfilled, and make, and mould him. Be careful what you wish, lest your wish be granted and be the bane of your existence. By his desires a man is made or marred. Here is a story from Plutarch. At the banquet of the seven wise men, Cleobulus said: "The law has prescribed a measure for wise men; but as touching fools I will tell you a story I once heard my mother relate to my brother. On a certain time the moon begged of her mother a coat that would fit her. 'How can that be done?' quoth the mother, 'for sometimes you are full, sometimes the one-half of you seems lost and perished, sometimes only a pair of horns appear.' So, my Chersias, to the desires of a foolish, immoderate man no certain measure can be fitted; for according to the ebbings and flowings of his lust and appetite, and the frequent or seldom casualties that befall him, accordingly his necessities ebb or flow, not unlike Æsop's dog, who, being pinched and ready to starve with cold in winter, was of mind to build himself a house; but when summer came on, he lay all along upon the ground, and stretching himself in the sun thought himself monstrous big, and thought it a needless thing and besides no small piece of work, to build him a house proportionable to that bulk and bigness."

Indeed the fewer desires a man has, and the more he reduces the scale from the many things he wants to the few things he needs, the more dignified and the more happy his life becomes. It does not take much to support a man—and the necessities both for soul and body are to be had for a little working and a little asking; and the man who abides by these, and puts the superfluous energy, that most men expend in a hunt after luxuries, into his work, and into his thought, and into his character, he is the man who makes the most of his life. Men soon find out that it is not wealth that avails so much as power; but perhaps they are slower to learn what, after all, is a compendium of the teaching of history, that it is not intellect or talent, or to put all into a word—ability—that avails so much as character; or rather, that no ability is of any permanent value that has not had due issue in the character of him who possesses it. It is not, even in crises, the commanding intellect that is wanting so much as the reliable man. Whether it be prelate in the church, or ruler in the state, wise men know that not the cleverest man is wanted but the best—and that the cleverest may no more be the best than

the best may be the cleverest. It is wonderful how a very meagre intellectual outfit, if it be backed by principle and character, finds itself equal to the loftiest positions. Intellect, at best, makes the bricks which only character can build up into edifices that last.

A man's views of life express himself. I repeat, he makes his life to his own likeness, and breathes into it the spirit that animates it, whether that spirit be the spirit of contentment or of discontent, of misanthropy or of charity. If I were asked what is the most plastic of all things, I would answer—hours. They pass, one by one, through our hands, and, as modellers in clay mould images, so we, whether consciously or unconsciously, mould each hour into a miniature likeness of our present selves; and these likenesses, be assured, will remain to confront us long after we have forgotten all about them. The hours are visitors from heaven, each with a gift in hand, but it hides the gift under its grey robe, and needs to be importuned, nay, to be forced into giving it. Bringing possibilities a hundredfold, yet seeming as if it grudged them all, it will not bestow one unless under pressure of compulsion. The hour loves to be treated as a mother is treated by the children who dive into her pocket for the treasure of sweet stuff which she longs to give but will not give till she make it all the sweeter by the enhancement of discovery and surprise. Of old the gods came in humble guise, hiding their majesty, and if overlooked or insulted, went away leaving no boon. Only to those whose eyes were keen enough to pierce through their disguise, and still more to those whose simple wont it was to treat god and guest to like hospitality, did they reveal themselves by their benefits. So is it with the hours. They come, silent guests, one now, another again, never two together. They look on us with eyes that beseech us to ask their secret; unquestioned they will not speak. All absolutely alike, yet each wearing a new face—for the hour is the veritable Proteus—we, poor mortals, think each so unlike the other. *This* hour is so commonplace, some hour that has passed was, by comparison, so full of interest. Above all the *great hour* has not come yet. But remember, if it ever be to come, great hours must lead up to it. And, after all, when it does come, it may steal by in shoes of list, and mock us across the great gulf impassable, with airy phantoms of "things that might have been." We should hold each hour as Jacob held the angel, and refuse to let it go until it bless us.

Nature is very impartial. Such happiness as there is seems to be pretty evenly distributed in all conditions of life. Every advantage has its inevitable drawback, and every disadvantage its equally inevitable compensation. The golden rule would be to make the most of our advantages, and the least of our disadvantages. But to do this it would first be necessary to cultivate that strength of mind that would enable us to live, not according to the opinion of others but according to our own. A man's happiness is in himself, most of his unhappiness arises from comparison with the imagined and often purely imaginary happiness of others. If a man were to take into account and make much of the things with which he is provided—and in the meanest life these are beyond all calculation—and if

were to cultivate the habit of overlooking the things he happens not to have, he would soon come to feel a blissful surprise at the apparatus of happiness that a beneficent Providence has put into the possession of everyone that lives.

But, first, society forms its own standards, and imposes them with tyrannous force upon each individual, and forbids him to be happy after his own fashion. But, next—and this is an equally injurious influence in an opposite direction—men form their own standards from materials supplied by their own pursuits, and cultivate a studious contempt for those whose pursuits are different. The farmer can scarcely see that any useful purpose is served by a man who does not know wheat from barley, but who can predict an eclipse and follow the courses of the stars. The latter, in his turn, thinks the farmer a coarse necessity, with which a better world will dispense—not reflecting that in that better world, with its enlarged horizon, astronomy may be as puerile as food-producing will be unnecessary. Men of culture grow to despise material things, men of no culture overvalue them. The truth is in the usual position, between the two. Material things are neither of no account nor of all account. Everything fits into its own place. No stone is so insignificant or so unshapely as that it will not help to build the wall. And nothing is for itself alone. In nature and in society each is for all, and all for each.

There is a very good lesson in the old signboard that used to be common, and that is still found amid the conservatism of old towns. It was called "the four alls." There was a painting of a king, and a priest, and a soldier, and a farmer; and out of the mouth of each respectively came the scrolls, "I govern all," "I pray for all," "I fight for all," "I pay for all." No doubt it gratified the grumbling vanity of the farmers, who were the best customers of these old inns, and who could scarcely be brought to believe that good government, and good praying, and, as occasion called for it, good fighting, were at least as useful in their way as good payment. But it had a better moral than lay upon the surface; for out of it could be deduced this truth—that the more each works for all the more advantageous is his work to his own self. Indeed, what is done for others always helps. "*Si vis amari, ama*"—"If you want to be loved, love,"—is always true. If you want to be happy, make others happy. "We hate those whom we have injured," is an old saying, and only too true. But it is neither older nor truer than this other—"We grow to love those whom we benefit." And of all ways of making the most and the happiest of life there is none that is so secure of good result, as widening the circle of our service to our fellows.

The other day I was reading Horace's "Art of Poetry," and came in due course to the celebrated line that has by universal consent been erected into a canon of criticism—

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci"—

"He hits the white who use with beauty blends."

It struck me as an excellent maxim not only in the domain of criticism, but in the domain of life. There is need in life of both use

and beauty, and a deficiency in either will mar the man. Of course use is the most useful. On a basis of utility must every man stand who wishes his life to be of any worth. Whether the work be making shoes or making verses, whatever play of fancy may be around the work (and it need not be absent even from the manipulation of leather), it needs to have in it and through it a strong fibre of usefulness.

It was no such foolish question in itself, however foolish in the context of the asking, that some one proposed as a test of the "Paradise Lost"—"what does it prove?" For it was bound to prove something. I should have been prompt to answer. "It proves the almost infinite capability of the human spirit. It proves that the men we meet every day are not the highest types of the race; that imagination can seize upon the dead bones of material knowledge, give them flesh and blood, and breathe into them a soul that makes them immortal. It proves that this world which we see and feel is not all; that other and fairer worlds lie behind the veil, and that the light of a strong spirit can make the veil almost transparent. In the syllogism of the mere logician the conclusion will lie no wider than the premises, but in the syllogisms of genius it is not so. The clouds prove something more than clouds, the flowers and grass afford conclusions that never were in *them*. If stars and sunshine and the emotions of human hearts be the premises, a poet can draw out of them conclusions that escape the telescope of the astronomer, the analysis of the chemist, the theory of the philosopher. Show me beauty, and I shall show you use—use in its highest power—use transfigured.

In ancient mythology, heroes consecrated by death were enrolled among the gods; in all times the commonest things of use, once they pass by the agency of the poet into the sphere of the beautiful, become godlike. The antiseptic properties of imagination are truly wonderful. Put a common name or a not uncommon deed into the verse of a poet, and they shall outlast the history of which they were a part. Nor less wonderful is its power of dignifying its themes. Every day we see common men, and scan with contempt or sympathy or pure indifference the little passages of their lives. We meet them hot with eagerness about interests which, not being ours, we call petty; we see them laughing, loving, hating, working, idling—and our least uncharitable verdict about them is that they are profoundly uninteresting. But let these very men and their affairs be strained through a brain that has even a slight tincture of imagination, and poured into a novel, and the youths and maidens will weep and wonder over details in no wise more worthy of tears or admiration than the details they are themselves spinning out of the passing hours.

The mistake is, we aim only at use in our lives, and seek for beauty only in literature and art. The man is wise who seeks both use and beauty in his own life, who *lives* poems and essays, and histories that shall, as assuredly they shall if they be worthy, charm society in heaven.

But in the end, everything stands by its use. Nor need the most ardent votary of the beautiful cavil at the assertion: for the beautiful is the useful, *plus* something far more and far higher. Everything

must vindicate itself by its utility in the long run—and everything, whether coming from hand or brain, or heart, must be ready with prompt answer to the question—"What does it prove? What is its use?"

The useful, however, will take care of itself, and find people enough to take care of it. But what "practical" men call "mere beauty" is apt to go to the wall in a world that specially prides itself on being utilitarian. If we were to form an opinion from the outspoken declarations of influential organs, the sum of all philosophy might seem to be discoverable in the records of the patent office. The man who invents an easy-chair, or discovers a new anodyne, takes a place among the benefactors of the race that would, with difficulty, be accorded to Aristotle or to Plato. The philosophists of the day cry out for "fruit"—but they have so restricted a notion of what "fruit" means in connection with philosophy, that their views of man might almost be summed up in the definition of an epicurean given by Plutarch—one whose life is a circle described with the stomach as a centre. However, the human mind craves after some food more congenial to itself than material pleasure, and the baldest utilitarianism will not be satisfied till it makes a system and forms a philosophy. It will appeal to something in man nobler than his stomach—and accordingly it comes out with its grand "greatest happiness" principle. They lay it down with an air as if they had a monopoly for conferring happiness on the human race. They seem to think that their principle is peculiar to themselves, whereas it is only the working of it that is peculiar. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number." By all means, say I; who would be so cruel as to disown such a principle? But now comes definition of terms. Definition is the real philosopher's stone capable of transmuting very base metals into pure gold. Give me, in this case, the defining of happiness, and I shall have no hesitation in upholding the greatest happiness principle. You may call me utilitarian, if you will, but I think it would be easy to show that utilitarianism, qualified by my definition, is in sum and substance the system laid down in the "Sermon on the Mount."

After all, we soon learn that it is not material utility alone that stamps with value, but something beyond and beside such use. Man may plume himself upon the utilities he serves, but if he had no more than these to boast of, he were low enough in the scale of beings. In things pertaining to mere material use, almost all creatures excel man. The eyes of some insects are microscopic beyond conception—but such insects do not see in the blade of grass to which they cling what a man can see. Birds of prey have telescopic eyes, but they see only their prey; and though the eagle may gaze at the sun, the eagle cannot see what you and I have seen in the sunrise and the sunset. We come fast to the conclusion that it is not the thing seen that matters, but the thing that lies behind it, that it suggests. Thought must sit behind sight, if sight is to be of any permanent use. Nay, we must go further still—it is not mere thought that steady-lost spirits have it deep and keen—but thought worked up by will into love.

The chemist can analyze a food, can resolve it into its elements, can bottle up each of them and label them with their proper titles. But he cannot *make* a food. Only nature does that, and mark with what a seeming waste of expenditure. Not analytic is she in her operations, but synthetic to an extreme. Not satisfied with what might seem sufficient to serve the purposes of use, but lavish of beauty in every stroke of work she does. She lays with a care, whose minuteness is itself beauty, the skeleton of her plant, and pours into it the food-forming constituents. But not alone this. She drapes it in beauty in its every part, covering it with tissues as delicate as human nerves, laying over it a protecting shield of the most delicate downy texture, and displaying consummate skill in painting it with colours that run and shade into each other till they give hints which no Raphael is able to carry out. Nature evidently wants to feed not only the stomach, but the eye and all the hungry senses. Nay, not only the senses will she feed, but the soul. Her skill passes into sense only to be transmuted into force, for the express use of an immortal spirit. But what I want to point out here is, that nature is never satisfied with mere use. She will have beauty, if it were on the crest of a venomous snake, or on the surface of an old wall or of a stagnant pool. No utility of her making is ever disjoined from a certain appropriate beauty; and even to things that seem useless, she will give the high utility of beauty itself.

So it ought to be with our lives. No life ought to be starved of beauty. Even beauty of sense—material beauty—might play a large part in refining the rough conditions of existence. The elements of this beauty, nay, their exquisite combinations, are fortunately not expensive. They are everywhere, needing only the seeing eye and the combining hand. I cannot lift my eyes for a moment without seeing on every side a very wealth of beauty, if I were only capable of taking it into my life; and such capability comes of education. This is the function of art, to raise life from the low level of a mere struggle for food for the body to the higher level of aspiration for food for the mind and soul. Too little care, it seems to me, is taken in our educational systems to cultivate the artistic tendencies of the human spirit. To the great bulk of men, to be sure, artistic education in any great degree is for the present an impossibility. A coarse woodcut must stand to them for the great art of the painter, and an urn on a gate-post be the highest form in which sculpture presents itself. Even literature, that of its own nature appeals to a wider circle, must still, for the vast majority, be represented solely by the newspaper. I am of opinion that the artistic culture needed for common life could best and most easily be given by music. The conditions for its cultivation are easily combined. The elements of it are as ubiquitous as the human throat. I believe that music might be made the instrument of just such culture as young men living by mechanical employments specially need.

I wish we had in common use a better class of songs, songs with nobler words and healthier and manlier sentiment than one finds linked to some of the touching airs of the "Christy Minstrels." I



am no musician, but I can sometimes imagine what it is to be one; to pour forth music, whether from throat or finger tip, that takes men's hearts by storm; to make eyes kindle and hearts beat, and heart-strings quiver till emotion finds its only issue in tears or ecstasy; and above all, to reach every heart. It is so different from mere speaking, however good. The most practised speaker must sometimes feel that he is talking over people's heads; a good musician, I imagine, need never fear that he is playing above their hearts.

Indeed the effects produced by music sometimes seem to lift a corner of the veil that hides great life mysteries; leading us to a dim idea of possible modes of being, and of being happy, which mere reason could never conjecture. We esteem reason highly, and surely not without reason. We would fain walk by its dictates codified into habitual prudence. But there come times when we feel the spell and the witchery of something for which reason cannot altogether account, and which prompts to courses far above the sphere of mere prudence. Ask the enthusiasts in noble causes if it be not so. The triumph of reason is self-possession, but ecstasy is a going out of oneself, and the mere hints of it that are given by music and poetry and enthusiasm seem to indicate the road to the highest happiness. Have you ever listened to singing, say to the singing of children's voices, and felt at least the possibility of hurling yourself against adamant fate itself for some great cause. But, then, when the music has ceased, and the voices are silent again, and the spell of the poet has been lifted off, and the glow of the enthusiasm died down, cold reason comes back and tries to persuade one that this touch of partial ecstasy was but a revelation of infinite possibilities of foolishness. One cannot have everything. Hitherto reason and ecstasy, even in its lower form of enthusiasm, have hardly been combined. Or is it that we fail to see the combination. Enthusiasm can give a good account of itself. It has done good work and hard work. It is commonly thought, by people who must have twenty shillings for every pound, that enthusiasm is badly paid. But like everything else that is worth payment, it pays itself. Nature never drained off the vital forces into a huge enthusiasm without making due compensation to the individual, whom I do not know whether or not to call its victim.

So far have I been led in speaking about the need of beauty and artistic culture in life. But I have not forgotten, indeed, all I have been saying has been leading up to this, that beauty and culture must come to most men, even if they are to come at all, from morality and religion. Indeed, any culture not founded upon these has in it the germ of death and corruption. And I say, with great thankfulness, that amongst the vast majority of our poor people these agents of culture are in full operation, making in many an undistinguished life a beauty that gladdens the eyes of angels. The world weighs and measures everything, but it has no weight or measure for things like these I speak of.

Here is a page out of my own experience. I sometimes take up the English newspaper, *The Times*, and it brings the busy world before

me at a glance. Every interest that the world prizes has there its record. The business of men, and their politics, and their pleasures, and their crimes, you may read about them all. The columns are studded with names that men call great. Kings, princes, statesmen, warriors, orators, poets, men of science, philosopher, and philanthropist, all have their place in this wonderful record that each day brings forth afresh of the greatness of the English nation and the English race. Here, too, not unfrequently, I come upon things that make sad the heart of a Catholic, and things that make the blood boil in Irish veins. Then, with this picture before me, I am summoned to attend a "sick call."

Ah! then I seem to pass into what might well be called another world. A cabin by the wayside, with squalid walls, where poverty had striven to make itself a home, and there, summoned from the almost thankless labour of a lifetime, an Irish peasant has lain down to die. He has never heard even the names that men call great. Poets may have sung, statesmen ruled, parties had their varying fortune, but of all this, save it may be in some small fragment of them that touched his own life, he knew absolutely nothing. Judged by any of the world's ordinary standards, his life has been anything but a success. He has never cultivated his mind—how could he? From the early morning to the quiet night, all his life long, he had to earn his bread in the sweat of his face. He has amassed no wealth—how could he? Scarcely has he kept body and soul together by the scanty pittance that his toil obtained. Bring the world of the newspaper to look at him as he lies dying, and that world will say that his life has been an utter failure. A failure—has it so? Let us see. He knew little about kings and princes; but he was a Catholic, and he knew Jesus Christ and Mary his mother, and the angels and the saints of God. These were his very friends. The world's doings were, in great measure, hidden from him; but he knew, for he was personally concerned in them, the doings of the great Catholic Church. She had never stinted him in the enjoyment and the amassing of her treasures, and accordingly he has made himself rich beyond the grasp of human conception. For him specially had the Church been doing the greatest of all her works, preaching the good tidings to the poor. And these good tidings are all confirmed to him now that he is dying, and the Church's minister stands beside his death-bed, not alone acting as the Church's representative, but bearing in his very hands Him who made the Church, to lay Him in the fainting heart, and teach it as none but He could teach it, how to die.

They may talk about success, they may talk about temporal prosperity, they may talk about artistic culture and scientific education, they may talk about political freedom, they may talk about the thousand things that make men great and nations glorious; but, in my heart, I know that there is no blessing that God bestows upon a land that can compare for a moment with the blessing of that Faith that makes such death-beds common in the experience of an Irish priest.

## WINGED WORDS.

1. The heart's blood must gem with red beads the brow of the combatant before the wreath of victory rustles over it.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

2. God bestows on us good things, day by day, hour by hour, as a bird feeding its fledglings.—*The same.*

3. One of the benefits we derive from travelling is an emancipation from the bondage of comforts.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

4. Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse while he is leaping.—*Archdeacon Hare.*

5. Men, the very best of men, can only suffer, while women can endure.—“*John Halifax.*”

6. The first bud from the tree of knowledge is the knowledge of ignorance.—*Socrates.*

7. I sometimes think there's two sides to the commandment, and that we may say “Let others do unto you as you would do unto them,” for pride often prevents our giving others a great deal of pleasure in not letting them be kind, when their hearts are longing to help, and when we ourselves should wish to do just the same if we were in their place. Oh! how often I've been hurt by being coldly told by persons not to trouble myself about their care or sorrow when I saw them in great grief and wanted to be of comfort. Our Lord Jesus was not above letting folk minister to Him, for He knew how happy it makes one to do anything for another. It's the happiest work on earth.—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

8. Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as on the other hand the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact that by it the hope in lies is for ever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.—“*Romola.*”

9. The Arabs discern the approach of the simoom by a smell of sulphur. Certain seasons of strong temptation announce themselves thus. In the simoom of passion save yourself from suffocation by sinking low down in humility and self-abasement: as the camels save themselves from being stifled by burying their nostrils in the sand.—*E. G. O.*

10. When we think of the return God makes for little things we do for Him, is it not like “realising the dreams of alchemy, and transmuting lead into gold?”—*The same.*

11. If I had the management of the moral and physical atmospheres, there would be less rain and fewer tears. But probably heaven would be less populous in that contingency, and the wheat crop less abundant.—*The same.*

## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

THESE present Notes are a mere imposture, and this present Writer is a mere intruder. The fact is, that it was resolved in solemn conclave to have no Notes at all this month, seeing that half a score of our earlier pages are devoted to Saint Joseph's Big House and Mary's Little Children. But lo! on St. Patrick's Eve, just as I was looking over the last page of the last proof-sheet, correcting *bird* into *bud*, and slipping a note of interrogation in after *gold*, there comes to me from a holy and beautiful convent in the heart of Ireland—itsself consecrated in more than name to that Heart to which Ireland is specially consecrated—a nice little note containing a nice little offering to St. Joseph's exchequer. Now, as the same kind little benefactress made me her medium once before, and as her precious largess, though duly delivered, seems not to have been duly recorded, I am tempted to guard against a similar oversight, and to answer Annie's letter here. Shall we read it out before answering it? As an indication of my correspondent's youthfulness and inexperience—the first of her teens is still many years ahead—I may venture to mention in strict confidence that she at first signed herself my "*respectable* child." Her letter was written quite of her own accord, and has received no finishing touches. She can say with Edmund Burke, changing one word: "My errors, if any, are my own—I am no nun's proxy."

"Dear Father (she says), I am sending you five shillings for the little children in the Big House. I hope none of them have colds. I shall ask papa to let me go see them when we get vacation. I would like very much to know all their names. I would like to take care of them in it. [The noun that "*it*" stands for is four sentences away—that is rather too far, Annie, for such a poor little pronoun to jump back.] We had a grand banner match the other day. We did not finish it yet. How many children are there in the Big House? I will pray for them every day at Mass that they may get better. I will now conclude, hoping to send you more money at Easter. I remain your respectful child,

"ANNIE M. D."

The initials added to Annie's name do not signify that she is a medical doctor. "M" stands, of course, for the Blessed Virgin's name; but of the surname I will only say that it rhymes with the English of *pluviose*, and approaches very near to the name of the editor of the *Times*.

I am greatly afraid, Annie, that you do not observe that restriction which even M. l'Aumônier imposes on the zeal of his hearers in the Address which you will find about page 256 of this Number. He allows them to go on helping the poor sick children, provided they don't give *all* they have in the world. Now, Annie, *you* seem to be bent on giving all you have in the world; for it is not long since you gave a good deal more than you are giving now. Well, it will be right well invested. God's bank will never break. A French poet is astonished at the generosity of God in giving in return *pour l'hos-*

*pitalité d'un cœur celle des cieux* (have you begun the French Grammar yet?); but what is that to the disparity between half-a-crown (or two of them) and a crown of glory?

As for the questions Annie puts about the names and number of the young patients, I am not able to answer them, for, as at the outset I gave warning, these "Notes in the Big House" are an arrant imposture and not written there at all. Lest I should be beset with queries on the subject, I plead guilty to the same abject ignorance touching another matter mentioned in this letter—that "grand banner match," what does it mean, and how shall it end? It cannot end in so unladylike a fashion as a grand football match, of which a sturdy little Celt beyond the Channel, petitioning me for a cargo of sham-rocks, chronicled the result in these energetic terms: "I was on the English side, but the French licked us to smithereens." Cyril, by the way, takes a great interest also in our poor sick little children; but half-crowns find it harder to make their way out of little boy's pockets. "I wish they found their way *into* mine a good deal oftener," Cyril rejoins.

Saint Joseph at first intended to give this Pupil of the Sacred Heart, as a token of his gratitude, a very pretty new book, called "Simple Tales," some of which are as tender and graceful as our "Little Willie" (*IRISH MONTHLY*, March, 1875). But on second thoughts he bade me send her a large photograph of that same Willie, taken not long before his holy and happy death. It will reach Annie on the eve of our Patron's Feast. May his Feast, which is [only separated from our own St. Patrick's by the great Archangel of the Annunciation, bring graces and blessings *galore* to her; and to all friends, old and young, of the poor and sick and maimed little children of St. Joseph.

57.  
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## THE DARK POND OF CHÂTEAULANDRIN.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELLIE NETTERVILLE," "MADAME DE SAISSEVAL," &c.

**T**HE fairest part of Brittany, perhaps, is that which in modern geography we call "Les Côtes-du-Nord," but which its own inhabitants, faithful as ever to their old traditions, still know by its ancient and time-honoured designation as the "Pays de Treguier."

The skies are less gloomy, the aspect of the country softer, the people less severely grave, than in most of the districts of the neighbouring country of Cornuaille; and the traditional melancholy which haunts the very air of Brittany seems to lose somewhat of its characteristic moroseness, and to become tender and serene, as it floats upon the soft sea breeze over the fields of Treguier, listening, one could almost fancy, to the calls of the shepherd from the distant pastures, or to the voice of the lark as it rises on quivering wings and pours forth its song at the gates of heaven.

The coast line of Treguier is chiefly formed of immense rocks of rose-coloured granite, which, cut by time and tempest into a thousand fantastic shapes and figures, now rush precipitately into the ocean, as if to do battle with the waves, and now recede from it, as though stricken by a sudden panic, thus forming, one with the other, a succession of quiet bays, where villages, their houses painted red, and their church with slate-coloured, shining steeple, lie safely nestled from the storms outside.

Very fair and fertile is the land which reveals itself behind the sea wall we have endeavoured to describe. Immense fields, purple with the bloom of the potato, or else transformed into veritable ribbon gardens by the bands of wheat, of clover (white and red), and of yellow rape which stripe them, everywhere meet the eye; while here and there a rude rock, crowned with golden flowering furze, crops up suddenly in the midst of this careful cultivation, and gives a touch of wildness to its beauty.

The valleys of Treguier are especially charming. They run from the ocean far and wide into the country; chance glimpses of the broken cliffs and the deep blue sea beyond, giving a sense of freshness and freedom to a solitude which might otherwise have seemed oppressive. Their sloping uplands, dotted with trees and clumps of wild wood, are rich in green pastures for the cattle; while down in their deepest hollows innumerable little villages, or rather clusters of low cottages, are hidden so carefully behind tall hedges of hawthorn and dogrose and flaunting honeysuckle, that their roofs are barely visible amid the sea of summer blossoms that overtop them; and but for the inevitable church, with its spire lifted softly and silently to heaven, a stranger to the country would never guess that human life, with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and its many fears, was beating beneath its shadow.

Nor is the Arcadian scenery we have been trying to describe the only charm of Treguier. Upland and lowland, hill and dale, and pleasant valley, all bear the impress of antiquity upon them.

High among the crested cliffs, the remains of feudal castles, their ruined walls tapestried with ivy and crowned with golden wall-flower, stand boldly out against the sky. Lower down, the "Menhir" of the ancient Celt, with its huge, surrounding boulders and sea of scattered stones, looks weird-like in the moonlight, while the ruins of pagan temples and Christian monasteries rise up in the most unlikely and unexpected places—close to the village church, perhaps, or amid the clover blossoms of the slanting uplands—mingling the past and present so thoroughly in our minds that we can scarcely separate the memories of the one from the actual realities that greet us in the other.

The towns and cities of Treguier are as interesting as the country. Some are gay and pretty—the children of the present; others grave and hoary—the offspring of the past; and others again, picturesque and piquant, by the mixture of the two, like Dinan, a city that while resolutely preserving her old armour of fortifications has yet contrived to make them as beautiful as they once were terrible, by the gay villas and gardens rich in fruit and blossom, which she has flung everywhere, in and out, and up and down, among the old crevices and crumbling places in the walls, until she has girt them in, as it were, with an embroidery of flowers.

One city, however, there is in Treguier which claims a dismal pre-eminence over all the others. It is neither young nor old. The past throws no glamour over it; the present gives no flowers. It stands bolt upright like a living thing, but it nevertheless is dead; and those who once filled it with life and laughter are dead likewise, and buried beneath its pavement. It is only two posts by diligence from Sainte Briec; and should you ever find yourself on that road you will do well to descend from the vehicle and gaze for a moment on the scene before you.

It will probably be night, for the diligence starts late from Briene, but the faint lustre of the stars will enable you to perceive that you are standing in the midst of a large "Place," or rather street, bordered on either side by great ghost-like looking mansions, dimly visible in the gloom, and provided with windows as carefully shuttered down, and strong doors as hermetically sealed, as if waiting the crash of doom ere they open to give up their dead.

For dead their inhabitants must be, if inhabitants indeed they ever had!

Not a light will you see, not a voice or the echo of a footstep hear; the pavement upon which you stand is as thick with grass and wild weeds as if they had grown there undisturbed for a century at least; and as you look forward into the gloom beyond, you will be more than human if something of superstitious awe does not creep through your frame and chill you to the very bone.

Hush! There is a sound at last! A low spirit-like muttering coming up through the silence of the night, and falling vaguely on

your ear. It is thick and indistinct at first, but gradually, as you listen, it increases in volume and intensity until the very air around you seems laden with its moan.

You turn in your surprise towards the quarter from whence it comes.

A breeze fresh from some higher land strikes your brow; the rush and flow of many waters fall distinctly on your ear; and a great church brilliantly illuminated, its steeple, bearing a blazing cross high into the dark heavens overhead, rises in lonely grandeur at the furthest end of the long, deserted street and shuts it out from the world beyond.

That breeze comes fresh from the hills which overlook the city—that strange, sobbing sound is the restless rolling of a pond, deep, dark, and dangerous, which lies hidden in the highest hollow of the mountain, and which never ceases, at each season of unwonted rain, or at each increased melting of the winter snows above, to menace the city with the fate which befell it once already—and that great church, with its cross looming high among the stars, has been lighted up by pious hands night after night for the last hundred years, as a reminder to all who see it, to pray for the victims of the inundation which on the night of August 13, 1773, made Châteaulandrin what it is at present—a city of the dead!

Châteaulandrin had once, however, been a gay and prosperous city.

The great ghost-like looking mansions we have just described, had formerly been fair inside in gold and silver, and belonged to the richest and noblest of the aristocracy of the province.

Under each of those now silent roof-trees had dwelt in peace and comfort three generations, at least, of the family to whom it belonged; and the shouts of children, and the gay laughter of the young had blended in pleasant harmony with the grave yet cheerful voices of the middle-aged and old—not too old, however—(is anyone too old in France for such a genial task?)—not too old to sympathise with the innocent mirth and frolics of their juniors and to help in their promotion.

And never had the doomed city seemed gayer or more prosperous than on that sultry August evening which was to destroy it for ever!

One of the noblest and richest of its aristocratic inhabitants had given a ball in honour of the birthday of his only daughter, and his house and conservatories and splendid gardens in the rear, were brilliantly lit up for the occasion.

Outside the great gates of the mansion a crowd of idlers had assembled to take what share they might in the gaieties of their betters. Some listened attentively to the music as it came every now and then in gay bursts of melody through the open windows of the ball-room; others strained themselves on tip-toe to catch glimpses of the dancers and the star-like scene within; and others again, instead of wasting their time on such small amusements, applied themselves vigorously to discussions on the dress, manners, and personal appearance of each new group of guests as they stood for one moment



beneath the lighted lamps, exposed to the full gaze of the curious crowd, before the doors of the mansion opened to receive them.

Of course there was no lack of criticisms (gentle or severe, as the case might be) upon the individuals thus placed, in their own despite, upon their trial before the public. Curiously enough, however, many of those who were best satisfied with themselves found little favour with their self-elected judges. They were ugly or ill-dressed or parvenus, or, at best, anything but "*comme il faut*;" while others, who seemed less inclined to claim distinction, were pronounced, on the contrary, "*bien*," or better still "*Très bien*," while a few, very few, happy individuals were lauded to the skies. But whatever these sturdy criticisers might say or think of the chosen guests, there was but one opinion as to the merits of her in whose honour they had been invited.

"Mademoiselle Aline was beautiful!" "Mademoiselle Aline was rich!" a thousand voices contended in proclaiming. "Mademoiselle Aline was an angel, by the modesty of her looks and manners, and a saint, by her charity to the sick and poor. Not a distressed family in the city that had not a tale to tell of her kindness and charity when both were needed—not a creature who would not kiss the very ground she trod on—not a living soul who however careless and rude to others, would not fly to do her bidding, whatever the loss or inconvenience might be to himself."

"Her parents worshipped her, as well they might, for Madame la Mère had repeatedly declared to all the world that, in all her young eighteen years of life, Aline had never caused them one moment's uneasiness. And her fiancé——"

"She has no fiancé!" gruffly broke in a tall, pale woman, who had up to this point been listening in silence.

"She has," said the other, angrily; "and why not, indeed?" she indignantly rejoined. "And here he is himself," the old crone added, triumphantly, as a young man superbly mounted, and followed by a couple of grooms, made his way rapidly, yet carefully, through the double ranks of the receding crowd, checked his horse suddenly before the iron gates, and throwing the reins to one of his servants disappeared in an instant into the interior of the mansion.

Once inside, he rushed without waiting to be announced, through the crowd of staring lacqueys, and scarcely heeding the salutes that greeted him on every side as he passed through the well-filled rooms, he paused at last on the threshold of the ball-room. One eager, impatient glance among the dancers—one toss of the head, half pleasure half vexation, and he was again upon his way to the further end of the saloon, where the mistress of the house sat quietly conversing with a few of her friends.

She rose at once to greet him, and seeing his disordered and eager looks drew him a little on one side, saying, kindly:

"So they have sent for you after all, Henri? I am in despair, and so will all my guests be. You know our Châteaulandrin saying, 'that a ball is only half a ball without you.'"

"Where is Aline?" the young man asked, impatiently, and without

deigning to notice the compliment to himself. "She is in none of the other rooms, and I do not see her among the dancers."

"She would not dance, Henri. She preferred remaining with the youngest of her guests. For she would have all her young friends, down to the merest babies, invited here to-night—and on her own birthday festival how could we refuse her?"

"But where is she?—where is she?" Henri again impatiently rejoined; and then in a gentler tone, he added, "Forgive me, madame. The truth is, I have resolved to know my fate for good or bad to-night, and I *must* see her. I have been offered a very good position in another part of France, and whether I take it or leave it, will depend entirely on her."

"You will find her in the conservatory, and I hope in God you may succeed," the mother added, anxiously; but Henri was at the door of the conservatory before she had finished the sentence.

The night was hot and dark and sultry, as August nights often are; and all the door-like windows of the conservatory were thrown wide open, so that the lighted gardens on the outside, with their wealth of verdure and of native flowers, formed a rich foreground to the scene; while the conservatory itself, with its snowy decorations and alabaster lamps, placed everywhere abundantly, and yet with due regard to grace and fitness, among the shrubs, glowed with such light and warmth as well befitted a temple dedicated to the floras of many a sunnier and brighter climate than any we can boast of here.

Europe, Asia, and America had in fact been placed under contribution for its benefit; and rare and richly-scented roses, orange-trees, camelias, and magnolias vied with the gorgeous colouring and gigantic growth of blossoms brought from their hot homes in the tropics to grace the favourite retreat of the fair girl, who was, of course, the only object upon which Henri deigned to look as he entered the conservatory.

Aline was seated on a low garden chair beneath a magnificent magnolia, with its rich green leaves and wealth of waxlike flowers overhead. Her robes flowed round her, white, clear, and glittering, like the first young snows of winter; her soft, bright hair was folded smoothly round her head (a daring innovation on the be-wigged and be-powdered fashions of that day); and her only ornament was a plain gold cross, shining softly among the muslin folds of her corsage, which, being drawn modestly across her bosom, gave a grace and freshness to her appearance such as richer materials could never have produced.

A dozen little children, looking like a cluster of living rose-buds, were gathered in various attitudes around her—some nestling among the folds of her white dress, some half sitting, half stretched upon the ground; one or two of the very wee ones resting their curly heads upon her knee—but each and all with eager upturned faces and great shining eyes fixed upon her lips, as if fearing to lose a single syllable of the tale, which in the measured tone and time of a true-born Breton bard Aline was evidently unwinding for them at that moment.

Henri had never been able to resist the spell of that sweet voice,

and even now, in the midst of his natural impatience, he paused to look and listen, and almost unconsciously to himself, to try and guess at the nature of the tale, with which she was entrancing her little audience.

Was it of "Bluebeard" or the "Forty Thieves" she spoke? or was it of that wild boy of Brittany who so cleverly contrived to outwit the evil one and to force him to confess that he had been conquered by a Breton?

But no; Henri knew Aline too well, and was too well acquainted with the source from whence she oftenest sought her inspirations, to believe it for a moment.

Often and often had he heard her tell her little band of listeners of that loving Ruth, who would not allow her husband's mother to depart alone, but who followed her into the land of Israel, and there received, as the reward of her fidelity, the honor of being one of the direct ancestors of the Saviour. Or he had listened to her naïve description of the fears and faintings of poor Queen Esther, when compelled by obedience to intrude unbidden on the solitude of her lord; or else he had watched her give life and reality to the pleadings of the "little Jewish maid," who braved her master's anger by urging him to obey the prophet, as well as to her innocent and triumphant gladness when he came back cured—and cured best of all, by the sacred river of her own native land, which had done for him in a moment what all the waters in his monarch's mighty kingdom had been unable to accomplish. Or—passing imperceptibly from the Old Testament to the yet dearer histories of the New—he had heard Aline whisper, with something of that reverent tenderness, which must have been in every tone of the blessed Mother's voice when she spoke about her Child—he had heard her whisper of the little, white Babe of Bethlehem, as He lay mute and patient amid the straw and darkness of the manger—of the shepherds with their gift of a young lamb, and the kings with their incense and their gold, acknowledgments of a mightier monarchy than their own. He had heard her tell of the flight into Egypt—the snatched hour of repose beneath the chance shelter of a desert palm—the loss in Jerusalem—the quiet peace of Nazareth—the sermons and miracles of the public life of our Divine Lord, and then at last, the touching history of his Passion, with such a mingling of tender love and exquisite word-painting that he had long ago come to understand how the history of God's ways and dealings with His creatures may be made quite as interesting, and even more so, than "Puss in Boots," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and the thousand and one fresh tales from fairyland which now-a-days, even more than formerly, feed the childish mind with such absurd and grotesque imaginations that it loses all relish for wholesome reading, and (the age of freedom once attained) plunges eagerly into the highly-spiced, and not too moral, sensational novels of the day—happy if loss of time be the only loss sustained in this all-engrossing and unhealthy occupation!

No! Henri knew Aline, and her ways with the little ones who so dearly loved her, too well to imagine for a moment that she was

conjuring up tales from ghostly castle or fairy kingdom to warp their taste and terrify their dreams.

Indeed after his first hasty glance at the pretty picture which Aline and her attendant cherubs presented to his eyes, all his surmises concerning the nature of their conversation vanished before the appalling recollection that he was there for no other purpose than to ask *that* of the fair story-teller, which his own heart as well as his foreknowledge of hers, told him never would be granted. Just as the thought had brought a gloom upon his brow, Aline chanced to turn his way and looked up.

Her frank eyes met his fearlessly, and without rising to meet him as he advanced, she said, with the arch freedom warranted by an intimacy which had begun almost in the cradle :

"Have you come to listen to my story, Henri ? Happily, it is nearly finished, for it has put one at least of my little audience to sleep already," and she laid her hand as she spoke on the curly head of a wee four-year old, who had passed quietly from the tale she was telling into a private little dreamland or fairyland of his own. "But, are you really off ?" she added, suddenly, glancing at his travelling dress. "And have you come here only to say Good-bye ?"

"Yes ! And no doubt you are very glad of it," Henri answered, (it must be acknowledged) a little gruffly ; "for you will have just one partner the less to tell fibs to, about dancing——"

"Viewed in that light, perhaps I am," said Aline, merrily ; her sweet voice, and clear, kindly eyes taking all sting out of her playful affirmation. "You know I always was a lazy bird, Henri. and liked to sit quietly on a green branch while all the other birds were hopping and skipping about me. But, for all that, I do wish you were not going just now, for the air is laden with thunder ; and I have little doubt that our friends in yonder ball-room will be scared out of all their airs and graces before the night is over, by floods of rain and plenty of lightning to boot."

"You are a prophetess, Aline," Henri answered, a little bitterly ; "therefore, no doubt, these things will happen as you say."

And he was right, and she was right. Yet, how little either of them guessed the consequences to follow !

"But cannot I speak to you alone ?" he added, in an undertone. "Your mother bade me seek you."

Aline rose at once.

"Of course, if my mother sent you," she answered, gravely, but with a calmness that seemed a little forced to Henri's nervous ear.

"Oh ! do not go, dear Aline," several of the children cried out together : "or at least, if you must go, do not be long away."

"Long ?—Oh, no," Aline answered, gaily. "Only one short moment to say 'Good-bye' to Cousin Henri. He is going ever-so-far away, you must know, and will have to ride all night instead of dancing at our ball."

"Going ! then he will not be able to dance with Aline. Poor fellow !" some of the elder girls whispered mysteriously to each other, as, followed closely by Henri, Aline led the way to the other end of

the conservatory, where she knew they would be safe from the sharp ears and prying eyes of the group beneath the great magnolia.

"Now," she said, pausing suddenly, and lifting her frank, kind eyes to her cousin's face, "they cannot hear us at this distance. What do you want, Henri?"

"Want, Aline! How *can* you ask me? I want you to say 'Yes.'"

"And what, if my conscience wants me to say 'No?'" the young girl asked, gravely, yet gently, and with her soft eyes still fixed upon her cousin's.

"I do not see what your conscience has to say against it," he answered, coldly. "Marriage was intended by God from the beginning, and the Church has set the seal of sanctity upon it by making it a sacrament."

"I do not deny it, Henri. But God has different designs upon His creatures. You, He calls to work out your salvation in the world—but me——"

"Well, and what of 'me?'" he asked, with suppressed tenderness in his voice.

"To me, He has spoken another language, Henri," Aline replied, with a touching modesty in her soft voice and downcast eyes; "me He has called to another state."

"A higher, of course," Henri bitterly rejoined.

"Certainly," the young girl replied, with spirit; "certainly a higher. He has made me understand that He wants my heart for Himself alone, and therefore, that no earthly creature, however dear, can satisfy its cravings."

There was a quiet and unaffected sanctity in every word and gesture of the young girl that made Henri almost hesitate, eager as he was, to urge her any further.

"But, dear Aline," he at last rather whispered than said aloud, "you are so young! If you would only wait a little longer. In another year, believe me, you would think and feel quite otherwise."

"Perhaps I should," Aline replied. And then in answer to his look of blank surprise, she added: "Perhaps I should, for God rarely calls a second time. Henri," she added, earnestly, "if I waited, as you wish me, how do you know that I should ever save my soul at all?"

"Why not?" he asked, throwing off by a violent effort the awe that was stealing over him, "why not? Others have lost or left their vocation, as you call it, and found another and as good a one in the married state—and you do not mean to assert, I suppose, that all these have perished?"

"God forbid that I should either think or say anything so dreadful."

"Then, why not you as well as others?"

"Because others are others, and I am only I," she said simply; "and no one but myself can tell what God wants of my soul, or what my soul wants of God. Henri!" she added, laying one finger on his arm with a sudden and unwonted earnestness in her look and voice, "Henri, what, if I did as you ask, and married you?—and what, if in

punishment of my broken faith to God, He refused me the graces needed for the state I had so recklessly taken on myself? What, if instead of the happy home you picture to yourself, I became idle, vain, frivolous, entangled in worldly pleasures, and careless of God and my own salvation!—and what, if in that frame of mind it was told to you that I must die! What, if you knelt beside my death-bed with a terrible consciousness that the creature whom you had loved to her own destruction was still clinging to earth and earthly things, and trembling and afraid to meet her God—that God whom (I declare to you now, as I never declared before to any human creature)—that God whom my soul is, at this very instant that I speak, so thirsting to behold, that no death, however sharp or however sudden, would appear to me too high a price to pay for that glorious vision! And you would have been the cause, Henri! Whatever others might say or think you yourself would know that you had been the cause; while I, the wife whom you had loved and cherished from her very childhood, would have to face the consequences alone!”

Henri was silent for a moment, and then, like one struggling against his own convictions, he said, impatiently:

“But you take all this on too high a tone, Aline. Supposing even—though I never will believe it—supposing that you did become, as you say, frivolous and vain, God is quite too merciful to make frailties such as these, cause for eternal reprobation.”

Henri absolutely started back, as he finished this speech, at the look of indignant astonishment on Aline’s face, as she replied:

“Eternal reprobation! Henri, I scarcely even thought of purgatory. But I did think,” she continued, in a voice softened and almost tremulous with emotion, “I did think of a God less served on earth—a God less loved in heaven—a God hidden in the mists of his eternal glory further from the gaze of his longing creature than He himself had intended at her creation;—and all because of those very frailties of which you would have me think so lightly. Tell me, Henri, have you never thought of this—of a God less loved, less served in time, and of the soul in consequence less loving God and less beloved by Him, throughout the innumerable hours of eternity?—have you never thought of this, Henri?”

Henri paused for a moment, and then he said:

“We can talk of all this next time, Aline. I am to be back in two days, and surely you can wait till then.”

Aline was silent. She stood like a statue, her young head bent downwards, and her hands loosely clasped; while cheek and brow grew actually transparent in their whiteness.

Was she thinking, or was she only vaguely dreaming? Was she deciding in favour of her suitor or against him? Or, was she listening, with ear dulled to all earthly sounds,—was she listening to that Voice Divine which has so often spoken to holy souls, and which, as long as the world exists, will speak to them often yet? “Hear, daughter! and see and incline thine ear; and forget thy people and thy father’s house, and the King shall rejoice in thy beauty.”

Henri stood watching her spell-bound! It was as if some strange

supernatural influence had been thrown around her, and his flesh actually crept with awe as he asked himself, "Whether, perchance, one stronger than he, might not be contending with him for her soul?"

The suspense of the next few minutes seemed like an age to his excited fancy; but at last Aline lifted up her brow, still white and radiant with the light of heaven, and slowly and distinctly answered:

"No, Henri! I will not—I cannot, wait. It would be treason alike to God and you, Henri. When the last guest leaves this house (it will be sunrise by that time) I also will depart for the house of my Father in heaven. I will not even stop to change my dress, but I will go just as I am to my convent home, and once the gates are closed behind me, believe me they will never be opened for me again until they are opened for my funeral."

"This, then, is your answer, Aline?" Henri asked, in a tone which showed that all hope had departed from him.

"Not mine, but God's," she answered, sadly, for her heart was sore over the sorrow she was inflicting. "Not mine, Henri, but God's."

She hesitated a moment, and then taking his hand placed a small gold cross, similar to the one sparkling upon her bosom, in it. "The cross has a language of its own for those who love it," she added, in a low voice. "It will tell you, if you ask it, all that I would say and cannot."

"Thank you," said Henry, bitterly, yet putting her gift at the same time into his bosom. "I asked for happiness and you give the cross. It is not like you, Aline."

"The cross is happiness, Henri, if you would only think so," said Aline, gently placing her hand in his in token of adieu.

He held it one moment in his own, but he did not lift it to his lips—he did not even press it. She was God's henceforth, not his—and to be thought of only as a saint in heaven; so, with a smothered "Adieu, Aline! adieu!" upon his lips, he gently let it fall, and turned on his heel to go.

Aline took the signal and retreated to her expectant flock, while he passed through the ball-room as carelessly as if there was not another living creature in it, and then out into the dark, sultry night beyond, to recommence his journey.

Grief and admiration still contending in his soul, he flung himself into his saddle and galloped off as quickly as if he hoped to forget his misery in the rapid movements of his horse.

But he had scarcely reached the heights commanding the city ere the storm which had been brooding in the air throughout the evening, burst upon him in all its fury. Torrents of rain beat against his face; flashes of lightning well nigh blinded him; thunder rolled among the hills, backwards and forwards without intermission, until the earth trembled beneath its echoes; while through rain and wind and deafening thunder, came every now and then the muttering of the distant pond, filling the air with a weird-like wailing of strange sounds, and giving a final and indescribable touch of horror to the scene.

In his present excited mood Henri rather enjoyed than otherwise this wild warring of the elements, and no presentiment of coming woe mingled with the passionate feelings which made him urge his horse recklessly forward into the very teeth of the raging storm.

A flash of lightning, vivid and blue as steel, which almost blinded him, brought him at last to his senses, and forced him to draw bridle. With a slackened pace came calmer thoughts, and sadly and slowly he went over in his memory the events of the previous evening.

Dripping with rain as he was, it was no great wonder that he should look back somewhat regretfully to the warm, well-lighted room he had left behind, and from thence his thoughts went onwards to visions of gaily-attired guests, of dances and of merry music, until at last he found himself standing in spirit once more in the quiet conservatory, face to face with his lost Aline.

"Was she there still?" he asked himself, "and what was she doing? Was she still telling tales to her rose-lipped darlings? or had she, in some scrupulous compliance with her parents' wishes, joined the circle of the dancers?"

It was impossible, he knew, yet he ground his teeth at the bare idea, and a sense of maddening jealousy swept over his soul, as something within him seemed to ask—"Why he alone was absent?"

Why, indeed?

Even as the thought passed through his mind, the earth shook as if an earthquake had cleft it into two, and a roar as of a thousand thunders went up to the clouded heavens.

Henri heard and wondered, and yet never guessed.

The great pond had burst its bounds, and rushed, rapid and wild as an angry ocean, down upon the devoted city!

Half an hour and the floods had risen to the second story of its stately mansions—and yet one half hour more, the streets were deep rivers of running water, and the gay dancers—the fair young girl—the group of little ones seated at her feet—all were buried beneath its waves!

Henri heard nothing of the catastrophe until the next afternoon, when he instantly took horse for Châteaulandrin. The sun was high in the heavens as he reached the spot whence he knew the doomed city would first strike his vision, and after one wild glance forward, a cry of unutterable horror escaped his lips.

And well it might. Châteaulandrin had vanished! The great city was no more; and in its place a mighty sheet of water rolled through the valley, bearing on its surface the remains of houses and furniture and uprooted trees, with the bodies of men and women and children, and domestic animals—all mingled together in inextricable confusion.

Three long, long days he had to wait before the floods subsided sufficiently to admit of entrance into the city, and then at last he found himself standing at the gates of Aline's abode.

Iron rails and oaken door, all had gone down before the flood, so there was nothing to prevent his entrance as he passed silently within. He hardly knew, he hardly felt—his head was confused, his heart seemed turned to stone, and he stumbled as carelessly



over the victims of the inundation as if their tragic end was a mere matter of course to him. Servants lay dead at their posts in the vestibules; gossips and gamblers in the saloons had talked and gambled until death silenced them for ever; dancers lay in all sorts of contorted attitudes just where the floods had left them; and it was only after some blind stumbling among their corpses that Henri found himself standing at last on the exact spot from whence, only a few hours before he had watched Aline sitting erect, and shining like a lily, under the boughs of the dark magnolia.

And there he found her still—like one not dead but sleeping—sleeping in the self-same attitude in which he had then beheld her.

Death had borne her away with such a reverent hand that nothing seemed changed or disturbed about her. Her soft hair was still braided smoothly on her brow; her white robes still fell in unruffled folds, modestly and maidenly, down to her very feet. One hand was laid on her golden cross, the other on the curly head of the urchin who had died gently sleeping on her knee, while the rest of the children lay closely nestled round her, as if their first impression in the terrible surprise of death had been to seek protection at her feet.

Henri gazed for one moment steadily upon her, and then he cast a shuddering and reluctant glance on the masses of distorted humanity scattered everywhere through the ball-room. Aline's last words seemed to ring once more on his ears,—a strange, strong sense of gladness took possession of his soul, and he fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"My God, I thank thee! Whatever may be the fate of these, surely for her there was no purgation. Free from every trammel of the earth—living for Thee and Thee alone—surely she went straight to Thee—surely death only bore her hence, to lay her for ever in the bosom of her God."

## JUDITH.

### A STUDY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH FARRELL.

**A**H me, but Juda's harps are very sweet,  
And passing sweet the songs that link my name  
With strains that shall not die, but shall become  
A portion of the history of my race.

'Tis a proud thing to win a people's thanks,  
To shrine one's name within a people's hearts,  
And fix it unforgetten on their lips;  
Proud to have wrought such deed as I have wrought,  
That blazed, as lightning blazes from a cloud,  
Athwart the gloom that drap'd a nation's heart,  
And made the gloom one mass of light and fire;  
Proud, to have snatched a name—a woman's name—  
From out the nameless host that pass obscure  
From birth, thro' happy motherhood, to death,  
And leave no record, save in children's hearts,

No history save the whispers of one home,  
 No mark to tell they ever were on earth,  
 Save the light mound that lies upon their graves ;  
 Proud, to have set my hand to such a deed  
 As men shall talk of while the world shall last.

Proud thoughts are these, but ah, not happy thoughts—  
 Now that the wave upon whose crest I rode  
 Has died to scarce heard ripple in my heart—  
 Now that the sway of solitude has come,  
 Now that the spell distill'd from people's praise  
 Has loos'd its hold, and left me here alone.

Alone ? Ah no, for Thou my God art here  
 Within my heart, as near as in the hour  
 When my weak hand undaunted took the sword  
 And eternis'd my enemy's drunken sleep  
 —The scene shall be before me till I die—  
 I looked with loathing on my country's foe,  
 Whose evil thoughts had pass'd to drunken dreams.  
 And from such dreams, unmoor'd by my red hand,  
 His guilty soul sailed into the great void  
 Where Thou sat'st waiting on Thy Judgment-seat.

That my hand slew him I have no regret ;  
 But what a load to lay on woman's heart !  
 At too great price a woman buys renown ;  
 And, when her name goes forth from her own doors,  
 A host of troubles sit about her hearth.

My doom began the day Manasses died.  
 I kept the house, preparing reapers' food,  
 When one came running whose affrighted face  
 Left nought of evil for his tongue to tell.  
 " We reap'd the barley, and the sun was hot  
 Upon our lifted brows, when suddenly,  
 With hand to head, Manasses gave a cry  
 And fell, as stricken, on the barley sheaves ;  
 And, when we lifted him, he never spoke,  
 And the life left him ere I left the field."

Then with my widowhood began my doom.  
 No more for me the simple dream of fame  
 That Juda's mothers link with child of theirs  
 " Messiah or Messiah's ancestor."

No more for me the simple joys that fill  
 The common round of Jewish womanhood  
 Nor ever glance beyond the gates of home.  
 I sate me in my grief and widow's weeds,  
 And mourn'd my husband many heavy days ;  
 And might have won from God by very tears  
 The boon of quicker passage to the grave,  
 Where, gathered to my husband and my sires.  
 I might await the dawn of Israel's day.

But the time came when over all the land  
 Flew rumour of a very present doom,  
 Till it were shame that any private grief  
 Should, midst the public trouble, lift its head.  
 And when the women throng'd the public place  
 To hear what Achior, lately come, could tell  
 My unfamiliar form mixed with the crowd  
 And in my weeds, like grief personified,  
 I walked, a living statue, thro' the streets.

Then Achior in strange tongue from Curtile lips,  
 As though he were a God-commissioned seer,  
 Spoke all our history in one pregnant word,  
 Struck keynote from which whosoever will  
 Can sing the song of Israel to its end :—  
 " Faithless to God—earth's weaklings worst the Jew ;  
 Faithful—on earth none strong enough to smite."

Then my strange purpose rose within my breast,  
 Was laid in prayer before the living God,  
 Was planned—and all between that hour and this  
 Is as a phase of some momentous dream.

With every deed done by a mortal hand,  
 However great, however God-inspir'd,  
 The taint of mortal hand is apt to mix ;  
 And we, like slaves, however pure the wine  
 Of inner aim we offer in the cup  
 Of outward act, are prone to leave the soil  
 Of a slave's hand upon the cup we bear.

That my hand slew him I have no regret,  
 Abhorrent as blood is to woman's soul ;  
 And I would bear that blood-stain on my hand  
 Before the very judgment-seat of God.  
 But 'tis my penance that, while men shall see  
 The shining texture of the total web,  
 They will not see the stains that lurk in folds  
 Which conscience shall search out, till it forgets  
 The glory in the shame that will not die.

Men prize success, and to desired ends  
 Too easily condone unworthy means ;  
 Nor do they deem it generous to bring  
 Too nice a scrutiny to bear on deed  
 Of which they reap the profit. So, they praise,  
 And praising, each to other, make one voice  
 That circles round the land and makes itself  
 A second conscience—when the first would sting—  
 That shields one, to his ultimate mischance,  
 From healthful stings that keep the soul alive,  
 Or even should it sleep well nigh to death  
 Or unto death itself, strike a new life  
 That wakes it ere death passes into doom.

He was my country's foe—I lied to him  
 And snared him, not with beauty of my face  
 Alone—(that at his proper peril done  
 Must needs but lightly lie upon my heart)  
 But with fair words that paltered with the sense—  
 Words with two meanings, one upon my lips  
 And one upon the ears that drank them in.

Our very best God needs not for His ends,  
 Still less our evil ; and the soul that does  
 A wrong that right may follow, little knows  
 How base the wrong, the right how very fair.

And for the part that human weakness mixed  
 With work that was the very work of God,  
 There must be penalty—and this shall be—  
 Whereas my utmost longings were fulfilled

If, while the flying backs of Israel's foes  
Struck on my sight, that sight had been my last—  
If, while the shouts of Israel's victory rang  
Upon my ears, my ears had closed in death.  
Now shall I live thro' many a lonely year  
To see my deed and me to history grow ;  
And men shall call me great, and deem me great,  
But other thoughts than live on lips in words  
Shall nestle voiceless in their inmost hearts ;  
And women who may envy me my fame  
Shall grudge me not the doing of the deed  
From which my fame was born.

When I am old,  
And when my hand is weak, and white my head,  
They shall divine a fierceness in my eyes,  
And judge by all they heard, not all they see ;  
And they shall hedge my name and me with state,  
And make my face part of each festival ;  
But mothers who, me childless, shall proclaim  
Mother of Israel, yet shall shrink to lay  
Their innocent children on my widowed lap ;  
And innocent maids shall shudder secretly,  
And deem that blood, though justly shed, leaves st: in  
Upon the hand that shed it, and deem too  
The deed that made me great left me unsexed.

By it shall I be known ; the woman's part  
In me shall be forgotten, or recalled  
To raise the strangeness of my manlike deed.  
Judith, who quailed not when her enemy's head  
Beneath her robe distilled the gory drops,—  
Who struck not once, but twice, and sawed the head  
From off the wine-steeped carcass of its lord—  
Who wound with fearless footstep thro' the camp,  
And from the white lips of her enemy's head  
Forced voiceless augury of the morrow's fight :  
These shall men know !

But not the Jewish maid  
Who gave her young heart to her heart's young lord  
And found the path of love and duty one,  
Leading her feet within Manasses' gates—  
Not her, who out of common household cares  
Made links to bind her to her husband's heart,  
Was joyful in his joys, and in her dreams  
Saw him in honour at the city gates  
With Judah's elders, nor could even dream  
Of any fame save what must come thro' him—  
Not her, whose heart was soft and womanlike,  
So large that, like a hospitable house  
That shelters not alone the present guests  
But keeps a place for any guest God sends,  
Within that woman's heart she kept a place  
For children and grandchildren of her hope.

But never child of mine shall stroke my face,  
Nor touch those chords within my lonely heart—  
That only baby fingers skill to touch.  
Thro' time to be, my child shall be my deed.

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

XXIII.—THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE (*continued*).

WERE the Decrees we have been considering confirmed by Martin V? As a help towards solving this question, I will propose and answer another, which is, besides, worthy of attention for its own sake. What was the original character of the Decrees themselves; to what class or category did they belong? Were they dogmatic definitions?

Reverting to the circumstances of the time, we must remember that the then actual state of things in the Church was anomalous and without example in preceding centuries. The position of the Council and the work it had to do were likewise out of the common course. No General Council before that of Pisa was ever called on to determine who *was*—or *was to be*—Head of the Church. No previous legitimate Council had assembled and deliberated, as *it* did, not only without the approbation, but against the will, of the Roman Pontiff. Other Councils had been presided over by the Pope, either personally or through his legates. This Council took, within certain limits, the place of the Pope as well as its own. It undertook to exclude from all ecclesiastical power the two claimants to the Papacy, one of whom—whichever it may have been—was till then *the rightful* claimant. Having displaced both, it substituted another, with the hope that he would be universally recognised. But in this hope it was disappointed: there came to be three claimants instead of only two. The Council of Constance had to accomplish the task which that of Pisa failed to accomplish. This latter Council had, I will assume, validly dethroned Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII., and validly seated Alexander V. in the Chair of St. Peter. But it had not silenced the deposed parties nor their adherents, whose number continued considerable. The Council of Constance, which was in some sort a continuation of that of Pisa, and, at any rate, heir to its incomplete work, had reason to fear a similar failure for itself, and might look forward to the danger of setting up a fourth rival, as Pisa had set up a third.

Under this pressure the Fathers, or many among them, considered it expedient to proclaim their rights and powers, to themselves or to each other for their own encouragement, to the fugitive Pontiff, who was increasing their difficulties, and to the rest of the Church. This they did in the Decrees we are discussing, and which were an assertion of the Council's position and prerogatives, and of those of other possible future Councils. But, we may ask, did they intend to *define* the doctrine involved in this assertion, whatever was the extent of its meaning; whether that meaning was confined to present and other similar circumstances or not; whether, again, it regarded certain or only doubtful Popes? It is quite plain that the chief object and end

of these Decrees was to strengthen the hands of the Council, and not to settle a doctrine for its own sake, and for the sake of the integrity of the Faith, as this very Council did later with regard to other matters. Besides, whatever weight the Fathers wished these Decrees to have, they wished them to have it there and then, and not dependently on a future confirmation of an undoubted Pope, when all the troubles that made the Decrees so peculiarly important at the time should have passed away. The Fathers knew that the supreme, independent right to define could be as readily questioned as the right to command, and even more readily, because there might be, and there was, an urgent necessity of commanding, but not of defining. For commanding there was a necessity such as would justify the inference that God had given the right, since He could not be wanting to His Church in what was strictly needful. I do not mean that they imagined, or that we are to imagine, any fresh communication of power made at that time, but that God must have so constituted the Church from the beginning that it would be able to meet any emergency which He would allow to arise; and an emergency had arisen, which demanded an unusual kind of action on the part of a Council. This was understood by those who convoked the Council of Pisa and by that Council itself; this was understood, too, quite clearly by the Fathers of Constance. The Council of Pisa had acted on the doctrine; the Council of Constance was about to act on it; but conceived there was occasion for stating it, for laying it down.

We may observe here, by the way, that the Council of Constance laboured under a difficulty superadded to those whereby that of Pisa was embarrassed, inasmuch as there was now actually a person with clearer claims to the Pontifical throne than either Gregory or Benedict, and who had alone called the Council as it then stood, and the Council was beginning to be in collision with him.

I said the Council conceived there was occasion for stating the doctrine concerning its own power. It *may* have *overstated* this doctrine, but it cannot be blamed for simply *stating* it. I may be asked, if this was not a definition, *what was it?* I say, if it was not a definition, it was a *declaration*, such as assemblies, and committees, and courts make as to their own completeness and authority and jurisdiction. Such declarations neither *give* power nor heal *substantial* defects—though they may heal minor formal defects—nor oust a higher jurisdiction. They express a prudential judgment; they raise a respectable presumption, which, however, may be afterwards overruled; they allege a ground for proceeding to action; they afford a confidence proportioned to the dignity and intelligence of those who make the declaration. It stands to reason that no number of persons can by their own word make themselves more than they are already. If a tribunal be acknowledged as simply supreme without any superior on earth, its own claim to do certain acts must be recognised as involving a sort of practical infallibility; and if it be acknowledged as actually infallible in doctrine, its *doctrinal teaching* as to its own sphere both of doctrine and action must be accepted. Nay more, its solemn exercise of authority to teach on a particular subject would irrefragably

imply that the subject was within its competence. But a Council without the Pope never had been universally acknowledged as simply supreme, nor as infallible. I have said that the Decrees, if not a definition, were a declaration in the sense explained.

But were they a definition or not? I say they were not. The first of the two Decrees—that of the fourth session—regarded *that Council alone*. There is not in it, as I before observed, a tittle of generalization. Now, it would be a strange and unusual kind of proceeding to define as a matter of Faith the supreme authority of *an individual Council*, and more strange still to define this by itself, without previously defining the general proposition that Ecumenical Councils, considered distinctly from the Pope, are invested with supreme authority, the general proposition not being already a received Doctrine of Faith. This definition too would include the Ecumenicity of the Council *at that time*, an obscure question of fact, concerning which the Council would hardly have undertaken to teach dogmatically. Even in the Decree of the fifth session, though other possible Councils are spoken of, the Council of Constance is put in the first place, as the primary object of the statement.

Then, there is no phrase or form of speaking employed in either Decree that would indicate an intention to define any doctrine. The Council says that it ordains (ordinat), disposes (disponit), lays down (statuit), decrees (decernit), and declares (declarat) the things that follow.\* There is not a word about *teaching* as an undoubted truth, or teaching at all, there is not a word about condemning, as heretics, or otherwise unsound, those who may think otherwise; there is not a word to show that the Council exacts the admission of any *doctrine*. What it does exact is *obedience* to its own future orders, and those of other Councils which may follow, with threats of punishment to be inflicted on those who may prove refractory. The drift then and meaning of the Decrees is that the Council wishes its own authority, and, on similar grounds, that of any other Councils that may follow, to be recognised, and its and their orders to be complied with. The authority which it asserts and desires to have accepted is put forward as the foundation of that obedience it proposes to enforce. But *obedience* alone to its orders, not *belief* in its right, is the obligation imposed.

I do not mean to deny that there were men in the Council who entertained exaggerated notions concerning the authority of a General Council, and who would have been disposed to attribute to it superiority over even an undoubted Pope. The circumstances of the time favoured such notions and such a disposition. In the first place, a larger share of responsibility had been thrown on the Councils of Pisa and Constance than on any previous Council, as disjoined from the Pope, in providing for the needs of the Church. A new occasion

\* In some MS. copies of the Decree in the fourth session, and in Labbe's text of that in the fifth, the word *defines* (definit) occurs after *ordains* (ordinat). But this makes no matter, as the same word is used in the disciplinary dispositions which follow. This appears from a sentence quoted further on in the present paper (high up in p. 322).

had arisen at that period for the interference of a Council. It seemed, under some respects, desirable that a Council should possess unshackled jurisdiction. Men's minds were turned towards the inquiry as to how far a Council could go, and at the same time towards making the best case [that could be made for a Council; and it is not to be wondered at if there were those who would strain a point to exalt the position of Ecumenical Councils generally. Once certain persons begin to theorise in a particular direction, they easily originate new and incorrect views, of which they become enamoured, and they seem to themselves to find good reasons for sustaining those views, and often succeed in rendering them plausible to others. In the present case, though it cannot be shown that the Decrees mean more than is consistent with what we hold in conformity with the Vatican definition, yet they may have been coloured by those leanings to which I have alluded. But, whatever was their meaning, they were not a definition, as I have already gone some way towards proving, and will now prove more fully still.

What I have called *the Decrees* of the fourth and fifth sessions are followed in each by certain resolutions and enactments, forming part of the same context, and the same whole, with the Decrees. In other words, each of the so-called Decrees is only a portion—the first portion—of one document proposed to the Council and passed by the Council, the remainder consisting of disciplinary determinations or dispositions. In the fourth session the whole of this document is thus prefaced and described in the Acts: “The Lord Cardinal of Florence read some constitutions to be observed by the Council, the tenors of which (constitutions) are inserted below.”\* Then, just before the text of the document, immediately preceding *the Decree*, as we have called it (which is the opening portion of the document), we read:—“The tenor of the said constitutions of which mention is made above, follows, and is to this effect (talīs.)” In the fifth session the corresponding document is headed and described as: “Certain chapters (capitula) in the nature of synodal constitutions.”† It is quite clear that this document, read and passed in the fifth session, is of the same *nature* and *character* as that of the fourth, and therefore, could be described, like that of the fourth, as “*Constitutions to be observed by the Council.*” I infer from all this that *the enacting element*, if I may so call it, was the principal object, and the principal thing established by the Council, in passing these documents or constitutions. The statement, which we have been calling a *Decree* was a preliminary declaration commencing each of them, commending the Council and its disciplinary dispositions. In the introduction and the headings no special distinctive place or force is assigned to this declaration. It goes in with the rules and regulations made by the Council. In both sessions the declaration, which we have called a *Decree*, is *immediately*, and in the same context, followed by preceptive disciplinary rules connected with what precedes by the adverb *also* (Item.) In the fourth: “Also that our Most Holy Lord Pope John XXIII.

\* Labbe and Cossart (Venice 1731) Tom. 16, p. 66.. † Ibid, p. 73.



is not to change or transfer the public offices," &c. In the fifth : "Also the said Holy Synod defines and ordains that the Lord John Pope XXIII. is not to change," &c. (the very same prohibition.)\* As I have before observed, the declaration itself contains no terms to indicate a dogmatic definition. No one is called on to *believe* anything. *Obedience* is the one thing aimed at; obedience, indeed, founded on right to command, which right is affirmed but not proposed for substantive intellectual assent, much less for an assent of Faith.

No doubt, *in the enacting part* in each of the sessions, there is an attempt to exercise control over the Pontiff in disciplinary matters. Whether this attempt was legitimate or not is beside my purpose; because I am considering not *the action* of the Council, but what is pretended to be its *teaching*. What I contend is, that the Council did not profess to teach dogmatically at all. The legitimacy of *the action* may be sustained on the ground that the Pontiff was not undoubtedly possessed of the dignity which he claimed, and, even independently of this, that he was *acting* perversely and could be *resisted*; for there was no question of any teaching on his part, nor of any universal law imposed by him on the Church. But it matters not whether the Council exceeded its own proper bounds or kept within them. Certainly Martin V. never said that the Council had committed no mistakes of *action*.

Further, we have in the acts of the fifth session an express distinction drawn between the matter of these Synodal constitutions and the matter of Faith. Immediately after the constitutions (including what I have called the second Decree), we read :—"Which having been thus gone through (*peractis*), the above-mentioned Reverend Father and Lord Andrew, Bishop elect of Posen, read some suggestions (*avisamenta*) in the matter of Faith and on the matter of John Huss." Then comes a heading or title : "Tenor of the suggestions (*avisamentorum*), in the matter of Faith."†

There is here an express transition from the "constitutions" to the "matter of Faith." The constitutions, therefore, were not considered to enter into the matter of Faith. So much for the nature and character of the Decrees in the mind and intention of the Council. Now, as to the confirmation by Martin V., confessedly his general confirmation of the Decrees ‡ of the Council was confined to matters of Faith.

What are we to say to this argument of Mr. Gladstone : "Vaticanism has effectually settled this question" (of this matter belonging to Faith) "against itself. For it has declared that the Papal Infallibility is a dogma of Faith (*divinitus revelatum dogma* 'Const.' ch. IV.) But, if by this definition the Infallibility of the Pope in defini-

\* Labbe and Coss. p. 77.

† Ibid, p. 67 and p. 73.

‡ "Which things having been done, our Most Holy Lord the Pope said, answering to the words related, that he wished to hold and inviolably observe, and never in any way to contravene, all and singular the things determined, concluded, and decreed *in matters of Faith* by the present Council in a conciliar manner (*conciliter*). And he approves and ratifies the things thus done in a conciliar manner, and not otherwise, nor in any other way."—Council of Constance, Sess. 45. Labbe and Coss. Tom. xvi. f. 748.

tions of faith belongs to the province of *materiæ fidei*, and of *ea quæ pertinent ad fidem*, the negative of the proposition thus affirmed, being in the same subject matter, belongs to the same province. It, therefore, seems to follow, by a demonstration perfectly rigorous,\* &c.; and here follow the inferences already quoted.\* I reply, first, that the Council of Constance has said nothing directly against the Infallibility of the Pope, nor has it said anything clearly against the superiority of an *undoubted* Pope over a General Council. I reply, secondly—and this is the point I have in hand at the present moment—that, even if the Council of Constance did deny constructively the Infallibility of the Pope, and constructively, or formally, the superiority of an undoubted Pope to a General Council, this denial did not belong to the *materiæ fidei* in the sense in which Martin V. spoke in his confirmation of the Council. How so?—Mr. Gladstone exclaims. Surely, if the affirmation of the Pope's Infallibility and superiority belongs to matter of Faith, the denial of these prerogatives must equally belong to matter of Faith. For the character of the matter, the category to which it belongs, does not consist in, nor depend on, affirmation precisely or denial precisely. The *thing* is of the same class when denied as when affirmed. This is no doubt specious, but it is not to the point. By *matter of Faith* we are here to understand what was *treated by the Council* as matter of Faith, what was *dogmatically taught* by the Council. I most fully admit that, if the Council dogmatically taught the fallibility or inferiority of an undoubted Pope this teaching would be in matter of Faith, and would be proved to be so by the Vatican classification of the Pope's Infallibility and superiority. But a mere *statement* or *declaration* in a *disciplinary constitution* is not dogmatic teaching.

Moreover, the technical meaning of *matter of Faith* in that Council, seems to have been what had relation to the errors of Wickliffe, Huss, and others whose doctrines were examined and censured at Constance. The business of the Council was mainly threefold: namely, the extinction of the schism, the reformation of abuses in the Church, and the maintenance of sound doctrine, by the elimination of heretical and otherwise unsound tenets broached by various evil teachers. This last head of the Council's work appears to have been emphatically designated *matter of Faith*, and it is in this sense the phrase must be understood in the confirmation of the Council by Martin V. Principles of Faith naturally entered into the transaction of the other business which engaged the attention of the Fathers, but were not comprised under the distinctive appellation of *matters of Faith*.

The Pope likewise restricted his confirmation to those things which were done *conciliarly*—to use a rather strange English or un-English word—(conciliariter acta) that is to say, after the proper manner of proceeding of a Council. Now, in the fourth and fifth and some following sessions the Council was carried on according to an unusual system of division into *nations*; and, besides, the Decrees

\* "Vaticanism," p. 61, and IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. IV. (No. 33) p. 225.

regarding the Council's power were not maturely discussed as dogmatic decisions would need to be. It is quite true, as I have stated elsewhere, with reference to the Pope,\* that when an Infallible authority solemnly teaches a doctrine, exception cannot be taken to its teaching on the ground of insufficient deliberation. But a General Council disjoined from the Pope is not an Infallible authority, as I have long since explained and proved, even irrespectively of the personal Infallibility of the Pontiff. Hence, conciliar dogmatic Decrees not yet sanctioned by the Pope are in an inchoate condition, and the mode of their adoption may be examined by the Pope, and he may properly restrict his approbation to those which have been duly treated of in the Council, and if he use this restriction we are at liberty to inquire how far it extends. I do not, however, care much about the word *conciliariter*, as I can maintain my point independently of it.

I undertook to show first, that the Decrees of Constance, of which Mr. Gladstone makes so much, do not express or imply what he understands them to mean, nor anything else at variance with the Vatican definition; and, secondly, that those Decrees were not confirmed by Martin V.† I have, I think, succeeded in establishing both these points. As to the first, *at the very least* I have proved that the Decrees *need not necessarily* be understood in a sense opposed to the dogmatic decision of the later Council. This much is enough; for the *onus probandi* lies on the side of those who affirm the opposition. It is their business to show that the Decrees of Constance *must* mean what they—our opponents—say. As to the second, I venture to assert that the proof is thoroughly conclusive.

After all we have seen concerning the Council of Constance, it will be easy to understand how much or how little force there is in a triumphant passage of Mr. Gladstone's "Vaticanism."‡ "Pope Martin V. derived his whole power to confirm from his election to the Papal Chair by the Council. And the Council was competent to elect because the See was vacant. And the See was vacant because of the depositions of two rival Popes, and the resignation of the third; for, if the See was truly vacant before, there had been no Pope since the schism in 1378, which is not supposed by either side. But the power of the Council to vacate the See was in-virtue of the principle asserted by the decree of the fifth session. We arrive then at the following dilemma. Either that decree had full validity by the confirmation of the Pope, or Martin V. was not a Pope; the Cardinals made or confirmed by him were not Cardinals, and could not elect validly his successor, Eugenius IV.; so that the Papal succession has failed since an early date in the fifteenth century, or more than four hundred and fifty years ago.

"Therefore the decree of the fifth session must, upon Roman principles, have been included in the *materiæ fidei* determined by the Council, and, accordingly, in the confirmation by Martin V."

By way of reply to the argument contained in this passage, I make

\* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. IV. (No. 33) p. 235.

† *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 226

‡ Pages 59, 60.

the following observations. (1) The See was vacant by the removal of whoever was the *true* Pope, whichever was the man. The *certainly* of the vacancy depended on the operation of causes sufficient to remove each of the three in case he happened to be the true Pope. One, as Mr. Gladstone says, *resigned*; that was Gregory. Two were deposed. Of these, John, who was most likely true Pope up to that time, *accepted his own deposition*, and thus *equivalently resigned*; though, even if he had not, he could have been set aside as doubtful. The other, Benedict, was, at the best, a doubtful Pope, and consequently could be deposed by the highest authority that existed in the Church under the circumstances, since there *must be* a way of getting rid of a doubtful Pope. Whatever power the Council had of deposing a Pope did not depend on any definition or declaration, nor does Mr. Gladstone say it did, but, as he does say, *on a principle*, and so far he is right. But when he says this was the principle involved in the Decree of the fifth session, he unintentionally confuses the matter. For the Decree might involve something more than the principle on which the power of the Council rested. Thus, the principle might regard a doubtful Pope, or a case of schism, and the decree *might* include a certain Pope outside of a case of schism, and then the principle would be right and the decree wrong. (2) The principle on which the Council's action depended, so far as this affected the validity of Martin's election, did not need *his* recognition, nor could such recognition give it certainty, were it previously doubtful; for, if *it* was not sound *he* was not Pope. If he had *denied* the principle he would have compromised his own position. But omitting to affirm is not denying; and yet Mr. Gladstone seems to imply that it is, or, at any rate, if it is not, his argument falls to the ground. (3) Whatever power the Council had of deposing a Pope did not and could not come from a Pope, nor depend on his confirmation or recognition. It was a singular, abnormal power which accrued to that Council in special circumstances, and would accrue to another Council in similar circumstances. It may be said, no doubt, that a definition of the Pope and Council dogmatically affirming such a power would give the doctrine a new *status* for the future. But the Council of Constance, as we have seen, did not frame such a definition. It proposed nothing *to be believed* on the subject. As to Pope Martin's right to his position, his universal acceptance by the Catholic Church settled that; and the universality of this acceptance was not appreciably affected by the obstinate persistence of Peter de Luna with a handful of adherents.

## JUAN DE PEDRAZA'S "DANCE OF DEATH."\*

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

THIS auto has a special interest in Spanish literature as being the first of the *autos sacramentales* that was printed, and the earliest of those hitherto discovered the date of which is absolutely certain. Autos on other sacred subjects had, no doubt, been published earlier, as in the "Cancionero" of Juan del Encina, Salamanca, 1509, where eleven of them appear under the title of "Eglogas," and one under that of "Aucto." But no auto specially "directed to the praise of the Most Holy Sacrament," as expressly mentioned on the title-page of "The Dance of Death," is known to have been printed before the year 1551, when that excessively rare, and, until within the last few years, entirely unknown auto was published. Spanish literature is indebted to the late lamented Ferdinand Wolf of Vienna for a knowledge of this interesting rarity, which gives a fixed starting point for all investigations as to the rise, progress, and decline of so important a department of Spanish poetry as the Sacramental Drama. The grim fancy or moral so widely diffused throughout Europe during the middle ages as represented in such various ways by the artist and the poet, in which every living being, from the highest to the lowest is led away by Death in a mystic dance to the grave, was known in Spain as in other countries for nearly two centuries before. There the truth so beautifully expressed by Shirley—

"Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade,"

found metrical expression as elsewhere; but it was not until Juan de Pedraza, "cloth-shearer and citizen of Segovia," composed his auto of the Dance of Death, that it received that dramatic development of which the subject was so capable. This was so evident to Moratin, who was ignorant of the existence of the auto, that he gives even the poem of the "Dance of Death" under date 1356, though it has no dramatic character whatever, the first and earliest place among the dramatic pieces anterior to Lope de Vega, which he has enumerated in his "Orígenes del Teatro Español."

This ancient poem referred to by Moratin called the "Danza General," is preserved among the manuscripts in the Library of the Escorial. It is comprised in ninety-seven octave stanzas. The Escorial MS. being unique, and the poem, as it was supposed, never having been printed, a transcript was made of it by Senor Gayangos for Mr. Ticknor, who published it in the appendix to the first edition of his "History of Spanish Literature," 1849. It has been reprinted

\* "Farsa llamada Danza de la Muerte." Autos Sacramentales desde su origen hasta fines del siglo XVII. p 41. Madrid, 1865.

by Señor Gayangos in the Spanish translation of Mr. Ticknor's work, Madrid, 1856. It was not then suspected that a more complete version of this poem, extending to 136 stanzas, and introducing many variations in the text, as well as different personages in the action had been printed at Seville in 1520. The distinguished Spanish scholar and historian, Señor Amador de los Rios, having been led to believe from a quotation that he had met with while pursuing some other researches, that a copy of this poem existed in some shape at Rome, had diligent inquiries into the subject made, which were rewarded by the discovery of the volume in the Library of the Sapienza. From the transcript made by his friend, the distinguished painter, Don Isidro Lozano, Señor delos Rios has published the poem in the seventh volume of his "*Historia Critica de la Literatura Espanola*," p. 507. The colophon at the end of the original volume says that it was "imprinted in the very noble and very loyal city of Sevilla by Juan Varela de Salamanca, the XXth day of the month of January, M.CCCCC.XX."

This volume, the existence of which, as we have said, was unknown to all previous writers on Spanish literature, probably suggested to Juan de Pedraza the subject of his *Farsa* or *Auto* of the "Dance of Death." It was published, as we have seen, in 1551, but in what place is uncertain. The only copy known to exist is that in the Royal Library of Munich, from which it was reprinted by Wolf in his interesting pamphlet, "*Ein Spanisches Frohnleichnamsspiel von Todtentanz*," Wien, 1852. Nothing more is known of the author, except that it has been surmised that he was the same person as "Juan de Rodrigo Alonso," who by another name is called "De Pedrosa," a play by whom, published in 1551, entitled, "*Santa Susana*," is highly praised by Moratin in his "*Origenes del Teatro Español*."

The persons or characters in the auto of Pedraza, "The Dance of Death," which was played during the festival of Corpus Christi, A.D. 1551, at Segovia, are eight in number. They are—Death, the Pope, the King, the Lady, the Shepherd, and the three allegorical figures of Reason, Anger, and the Understanding. Amador de los Rios in mentioning the *auto* says, that it differs principally from the poem of "The Dance of Death" in the introduction of the thoroughly comic character of the Shepherd. In the poem the characters, after expressing their horror and reluctance to join their grisly partner in the dance of Death, are, however, obliged to yield to his persuasions and submit to fate. Not so with the sturdy Shepherd. After Death has invited and compelled the Pope, the King, and the Lady to follow him: visiting the first in the Vatican, the second in his palace, and the third in her luxurious dressing-room, the turn of the Shepherd comes. He is represented toiling over a mountain, with a well-filled wallet by his side. Being fatigued, he sits down by the wild path in the shadow of a projecting rock, and examines the contents of his wallet with evident satisfaction. He then takes out a bottle of wine, some rye-bread, and a head of garlic. The whole scene, the language and manner of the Shepherd, and his hearty enjoyment of the good things before him, remind one of his immortal successor, Sancho Panza. After drinking so freely that he says he will not be

able to make his way home or know the difference between Pascuales and Agejas (two villages, it appears, near Segovia) he falls asleep. At this moment Death enters, and after moralising on the carelessness and forgetfulness of mankind in general, and of the Shepherd in particular, as to the approach of Death, he awakens the slumberer from his comfortable nap. The Shepherd opens his eyes in terror, but still has courage enough to ask his disturber who he is. "I am Death, my brother," says the skeleton, "who never rests. I am he who makes the least of human kind equal with the greatest, and who has now come to put you in the same category with the Pope, the King, and the Nobleman." The Shepherd tells Death not to trouble himself, but to lie down under the shelter of the rock and take a good sleep, and he'll find himself all the better of it. Death, who is unaccustomed to such language, endeavours to explain to the Shepherd the nature of the dread summons that all must obey, telling him at the same time, by way of encouragement, of all the great people who like him must submit to the same destiny. The Shepherd replies that dying might do very well for the Pope, or the Emperor, but it would not suit him at all, as there would be no one to look after his sheep or take care of his wife. Death tells him to make his mind easy, on the latter point at least; says they are losing precious time, and bids him get ready. The Shepherd, as a last resource, is determined to have a struggle for his life, and challenges Death to wrestle. The allegorical figure of Reason is then introduced, and subsequently that of Anger and the Understanding, and between them the Shepherd is brought into a better frame of mind. His life is spared for this occasion, and, being truly penitent, he is invited by Reason, as it is the day of Corpus Christi, to be present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and to throw himself in humble adoration before it. The auto concludes with a prayer in three octave stanzas, recited by the Shepherd, of two of which the following is a translation:—

SHEPHERD :

O precious Bread, high Heaven's celestial store,  
 Changed to the flesh of God's eternal Son!  
 O sacred mystery, by Reason won,  
 Hither I'm led, to wander now no more,  
 Lord, Thee to see, and seeing Thee adore;  
 Thee, who beneath the form of bread dost lie  
 For those of humankind who seek and sigh  
 With Thee to rise and reign when life is o'er.  
 O Divine Word! who dost the infinite fill,  
 Before Thee hidden here I bend the knee,  
 And, though unworthy, ask thy Majesty  
 To save us, Lord, from sin, the only ill;  
 Grant us, O Lord, thy strengthening grace until  
 We reach, upborne by it, thy realm above,  
 The kingdom of thy glory and thy love,  
 Which Thou hast promised those who do thy will.

LAUS DEO.

In further illustration of this curious subject, a translation of two "Villancicos," taken from Spanish autos of perhaps a still earlier

date, may be attempted. The first is given at p. 10 of Pedroso's collection of "Autos Sacramentales." Madrid, 1865.

VILLANCICO.

*From the "Auto del Magna." Anonymous.*

Heavenly Bread, Celestial Meat,  
Sweet as honey, white as snow,  
Sinful men, approach and eat,  
'Tis the solace of our woe.  
'Tis the manna falling thus,  
God unto our souls hath sent,  
'Tis the Bread that gives to us  
God Himself, th' Omnipotent.  
'Tis the sacred bread and sweet,  
Sweet as honey, white as snow,  
Sinful man, approach and eat,  
'Tis the solace of our woe.

VILLANCICO TO THE SACRAMENT.

*From the "Auto de la Paciencia de Job." Anonymous.*

(Pedroso's Collection, p. 35.)

God, from his throne above,  
Under this veil doth lie;  
If it were not for love,  
Why should He leave the sky?  
Under this outward sign,  
Under this white veil pure,  
God, as the sick soul's cure,  
Comes in the Host divine—  
Comes lest our souls should die,  
Comes from his throne above,  
If it were not for love,  
Why should He leave the sky?  
God, as this banquet's fare,  
Gives Himself as thy food,  
If thou art pure and good,  
Thou in the feast mayst share;  
Come, no danger is nigh,  
Come, fond soul, like the dove,  
If it were not for love,  
Why should He leave the sky?  
Eat, for the food is sweet,  
The bread the Godhead conceals,  
Faith his presence reveals,  
And teaches us what we eat.  
For thee, 'neath a veil, He is nigh,  
A veil that faith may remove;  
If it were not for love,  
Why should He leave the sky?  
God from his throne above,  
Under this veil doth lie;  
If it were not for love,  
Why should He leave the sky?



## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## A STRANGE MEETING.

"Brightening to rapture from despair,  
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
And joy with her angelic air,  
And hope that paints the future fair,  
Their varying hues displayed."

*Scott.*

OVERCOME by the varied feelings of the moment, MacDermott stood over the corpse of his humble friend, forgetful of everything but the self-devotion that had saved his life.

"There is no time for useless regrets," said the Parliamentary officer, again addressing him; "you are not yet safe. Take charge of this lady, to whom you owe more than you are aware of. I will be with you again when the work I have on hands is finished."

So speaking, he consigned to MacDermott's care the rather embarrassing burden which he carried before him on his saddle.

The prisoner, with a heedless air, received these injunctions; there was no indication that he recognised his benefactor, or interested himself to discover the motives which prompted the kindness shown him.

"You do not recognise me, MacDermott," said the Parliamentary, half reproachfully.

The prisoner shook his head.

"And yet, when we parted at Benburb, I bade you remember Arthur Montgomery."

A look of glad surprise lit up the dejected features of the captive. "You are too generous," he answered; "you risk too much for me. Let things take their course. I have seen friends enough sacrificed to-day."

"Talk not so," returned the Parliamentary; "while one of yonder troopers, who are your sworn foes, can hold a sword, you are safe. But I must not stay longer. Look to the lady. You seem to have the art of making friends wherever you go. Expect me again in a few minutes."

He turned his horse away, and passing slowly along the line of his followers, advanced towards the spot where Ormsby and his comrade officers were standing engaged in vehement discussion.

MacDermott was not a little embarrassed by the charge entrusted to him. With his uninjured arm he supported the trembling form which leaned upon him, and to which consciousness now began to return. The hood of the cloak concealed the features of this benefactress, whose services to himself he could not clearly understand.

One dark lock of hair, escaping from beneath the head-dress, rested on the white, upturned throat, and MacDermott observed with a start how much it resembled the dark tresses of which his memory preserved a faithful picture since his last visit to Lough Ree. He might

have satisfied his curiosity had his disengaged arm not been powerless. As it was, he watched with impatience the signs of reviving consciousness in the slender figure he supported. At length, a delicate hand was raised from beneath the folds of the mantle, the hood was pushed aside, and Mary Dillon looked up into the soldier's face. She started to her feet in surprise, as she met his gaze. One glance about her served to remind her of her position, and she hastily drew the covering again over her face.

"You are saved! Thank heaven!" she said, in her low, sweet voice, to the wounded soldier. "I could never have been consoled, had I arrived too late."

"I have no words to express my indebtedness. I fear the life you have saved is not worth all it has cost to-day."

His eye, as he spoke, sought the corpse at his feet. The lady's glance followed his till it rested on the motionless though still bleeding body of the dead trooper.

"Good God!" she whispered, shuddering with horror. "What a death you have escaped!"

"Thanks to the self-devotion of my poor trumpeter," he answered; "he stepped before me at the moment they fired, and received in his breast the bullets that were intended for mine. Miss Dillon, may I beg a favour?"

"Any it is in my power to grant."

"O'Neill will take speedy vengeance for the trick these demons have played us to-day. They know him too well to doubt it. They will be wise enough not to delay here beyond a few hours. When we are gone cause decent burial to be given to the body of my poor comrade."

A tear glistened in her eye as she answered, with trembling voice: "I would willingly render you the sad service you ask, but I must probably quit this place almost as soon as yourself."

MacDermott looked down into her face with half curious, half alarmed look.

"They do not mean to carry you away with them?"

"No. I am not their prisoner. I almost wish I were. I am now under the guardianship of my cousin, Mr. Plunkett, and he has resolved to take us to-morrow to his home in Louth."

A deep flush of anger overspread MacDermott's face.

"And you would not go?" he asked.

"I should almost prefer to die."

She made no attempt to conceal her dislike for her cousin, and this display of feeling was far from being disagreeable to MacDermott.

"You are wise in doubting him," he whispered; "we owe him all the misfortunes of this unlucky day. In removing you thus, he is acting contrary to your father's last wishes. I heard Mr. Dillon with his latest breath implore him to see you safe to your mother's relatives in Limerick."

"And it was by the use of my father's name that he silenced our protests against this journey. Captain MacDermott, you have conferred on me one favour more by telling me this."

"Let me hope I shall be able to do you yet a greater. I now know Lucas Plunkett well enough to say that he will not stop at any villainy to accomplish his plans. There is little use in protesting against his arrangements; he will remove you, if necessary, by force. Take this ring from my finger; I cannot pull it off myself, my left arm is broken. Send the trinket to O'Neill—it was given me by himself after a hard-fought fight—and let your messenger ask him, in remembrance of the circumstances under which it was given, to despatch instant aid to the sender. Delay your departure till our troopers arrive, and you are safe. And now, farewell. Montgomery comes hither again. He will see you safe within Duneevin walls. My kindest greeting and my warmest sympathy to Kathleen. May we meet again."

"If your business is settled, MacDermott," said a voice beside him, "I have brought Ormsby and his colleagues to reason. You see I lead these Enniskillen lancers. Poor Hamilton, who commanded us to-day, has fared rather badly. Your fellows turned upon us out on these cursed moors. I must say they behaved gallantly. Hamilton was unhorsed, and, as we were obliged to withdraw, your friends took him with them to their own quarters. I have just pointed out to Ormsby that to injure you would insure Hamilton's being shot as soon as O'Neill hears of the proceeding; and I hinted pretty clearly that the sabres of these Enniskilleners would spoil the aim of any man who cocked a pistol at you. He understood the arguments and the hints. You are now my prisoner, and shall continue such till I can exchange you for Hamilton. I quit this cursed place and Ormsby's cursed service in a few hours. I shall send one of my troopers who is a tolerable leech, to see to your arm. When you are rested and properly bandaged we shall start. And now, if she will permit me, I will escort the lady to her home. This place and these scenes are not suitable for her."

Mary Dillon, with tears in her eyes, gave her hand to MacDermott. He raised it to his lips, murmured a hurried "good-bye," and stood watching her retreating form as she crossed the yard. He observed her stop to address a word to an uncouth figure which started up to meet her at the gate. He saw her deliver some glittering object into a thin, bony hand, and then pass on. From this he understood that his message was already on its way to O'Neill.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### A TWOFOLD SURPRISE.

"Checks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared,  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth."  
*Troilus and Cressida.*

IN braving the anger and resisting the authority of Major Ormsby, Montgomery had not, as might appear, outraged the prevalent notions

of military obedience. A large proportion of the forces then serving in the civil war, and more particularly the troops of horse, had been raised by the officers commanding them from among their own dependents. Commissions were eagerly granted by the party to which the officers chose to offer their services. These commissions meant little more than a patent to exact contributions, or in lieu of these to perpetrate cruelties, in the name of the King or Parliament, respectively. With regard to provisions and pay, none of the belligerent parties could offer much of either; their adherents were left to their own resources to procure both. In such a state of things it is not surprising that the allegiance of those half-feudal captains who fought in turn for the Crown and the Parliament, was measured by the advantages derivable from the service in which they were for the time engaged. There are not wanting many examples which show that a readiness to change sides was not a peculiarity of the inferior leaders, but that the same disposition was evinced by the highest functionaries, civil and military, of the time.

The detachment of horse which Arthur Montgomery now commanded had been sent to assist Major Ormsby in the execution of a certain mission entrusted to him by Sir Charles Coote. The service was little to the taste of the northern troopers. A reputation for chivalry, or even humanity, was a distinction to which they had no claim, and to which they did not advance any. But, bad as they were, they could look down on their comrades of the Connaught border, and were justified in abhorring their companionship. The annals of those "dark and evil days" record few atrocities akin to those which made the names of Hamilton and Ormsby the terror of the Irish of Leitrim and Roscommon. The Ulster officers felt a repugnance to serve by the side of the banditti who had already obtained such an unenviable renown, and this dislike was felt or assumed by their followers.

On this occasion they had an excellent opportunity of giving expression to these feelings. The usages of war gave them the principal voice in the disposal of the prisoners they had themselves made. The savage instincts of their allies had led them to violate this right. The Fermanagh men had, therefore, reasonable cause for complaint: Montgomery chose to mark his sense of the wrong done them by abandoning the society of the wrongdoers. His own followers approved his resolve; the opinions which might be formed outside of their ranks, he neither feared nor respected.

A few hours' repose sufficed to fit his troopers for the march. Day had just begun to dawn when his bugles woke the echoes of the lake. At the head of his followers, he quitted the encampment without any leave-taking. His prisoner, for whom he endeavoured by every means to diminish the inconveniences of the journey, rode by his side. As they passed an opening in the trees which gave a view of the island and castle of Duneevin, MacDermott turned to catch a last glimpse of the dark walls which loomed through the morning river-mists.

"Taking leave of your heart, which, I presume, remains behind?" asked his companion.

"No, regretting that it is all I can leave behind," replied Mac Dermott.

"Likely enough," rejoined Montgomery. "Good faith, had I succeeded in interesting yon dark-eyed beauty as powerfully in my fate as she has been in yours, the odds are, I would forswear the Covenant, and drink cups of sack to the health of his sovereign majesty King Charles. I am sorry that I have been obliged to deprive her of a devoted protector."

"You would be doubly sorry," returned MacDermott, seriously, "if you knew how much she needs one."

"Nay, nay, have no fears on that score," answered his companion. "Ormsby will not suffer the inmates of the castle to be further molested. I have it from his own lips."

"He is not their worst enemy; but he favours the schemes of the scoundrel who is. May heaven confound both of them!" And as they proceeded on their way, MacDermott related what he knew of the intrigues of Lucas Plunkett, and the results to which they had led.

Meantime, within those dark walls, now fading fast behind them, the schemes of that worthy intriguer were being pushed forward with vigour. Day had hardly broken when the remains of Arthur Dillon were committed to the grave. Not in consecrated ground; he was buried under the shadow of the castle-walls, where the waves would murmur a perpetual dirge beside his pillow. The gray-haired chaplain of the family with trembling voice read the funeral service. The wild and fantastic lamentations which usually attended the obsequies of the Irish chief, or the half-Irish Anglo-Norman lord did not resound about his grave. The tears and sobs of his children and his household accompanied the meagre funeral rites; these tokens of sincere but unostentatious sorrow were the only ones the occasion permitted, but they suited the sad ceremony better than the hired wailings of professional mourners. A death so nobly died deserved to be deplored in something better than mock lamentations.

The grave had scarcely closed over the body of Arthur Dillon when Plunkett showed his eagerness to be gone. He ordered the scanty luggage which should accompany the travellers to be transported to the shore. He himself superintended the transfer, and thus had an opportunity of satisfying himself that the escort promised by Major Ormsby was almost ready for its march. He hurried back to urge on the preparations of his fellow-travellers.

"It is piercingly cold," pleaded Mary Dillon; "can we not wait till the sun is up? The chill is too much for Kathleen to bear?"

The plea for delay was a good one, but Plunkett had determined that none should weigh with him.

"She shall travel in a horse litter, and will be protected from the cold. I am sorry to expose her to this inconvenience, but our danger increases with every moment's delay, and we must risk something to escape it."

He was not in a mood to be thwarted, and Mary felt that open resistance to his wishes would avail them but little. That he would carry his point by force, if he could not do it by persuasion, was

obvious. Were they destined to receive no assistance? Had her messenger, already tired out by long and wearisome journeys, found his way over the bogs and morasses? Had the token he carried gained credence for his story, and had his story moved the heart of the Irish general? Were O'Neill's fleet horsemen now spurring fast over the moors to revenge the defeat of their comrades, and to deliver her from a captivity worse than that to which Captain Mac Dermott was condemned? Poor MacDermott! so gallant, so self-sacrificing! whither was he journeying now? Was his parting wish that they should meet again ever to be gratified? Surely not, if she were conveyed to the hated home, whose hospitality was so disagreeably forced upon her. Oh, for a ruse which would gain one hour's delay, within which the white bannerets of the Ulster cavalry might be fluttering along the wooded shore!

She could devise no better expedient for deferring the moment of departure than to multiply, as far as she might, their preparations, and to execute them as slowly as she dared. Breakfast was ordered, and albeit her appetite was not of the keenest, she lingered over the meal as if she relished it exceedingly. Then she had to dress her sister for the journey, and after this her own toilet should be made. Lucas Plunkett ground his teeth in his impatience; he could see the glistening armour of the escort that awaited him, and could almost fancy that he heard the stamping of the fretful horses, and the muttered curses of their impatient riders.

"Look you, Mary," he cried, at length, addressing his cousin. "I will go again on shore, to quiet the impatience of the soldiers that await us. Be ready when I return; I must insist upon your accompanying me without an instant's delay."

It was at least another quarter of an hour gained! And, welcome sight! the red disk of the sun began to rise slowly from behind the trees that nodded on the Leinster hills! May heaven lend speed to the riders who must be already hurrying to their aid!

If Lucas Plunkett had been previously eager to begin his journey; the wish was intensified by the greeting he received from the commander of the small body of horse that waited for him.

"Gads zooks, sir! will you have us remain here till O'Neill's prickers come to set us in motion? Our main body is already half an hour's ride in advance of us. In ten minutes I follow them. If we have not the honour of your company, you alone are to blame."

Plunkett muttered an unintelligible apology, promised to return within the time marked out, and sped back towards the castle with all the rapidity his rowers could command. He rushed up the stairs which led to the apartment occupied by his cousins, and in terms which admitted of no remonstrance, bade them instantly descend.

Half blind by the tears she struggled to suppress, Mary Dillon supported her pale and trembling sister down the rugged staircase. As they crossed the threshold, a shudder passed through the tiny form that leaned upon her, and she turned to her cousin to make another appeal in behalf of her feeble sister. But her words fell unheeded on the ear of Lucas Plunkett. His eyes were riveted on the shore.

There was a movement visible among the expectant horsemer; a good deal of prancing and plunging; and then the horses turned towards the wood; and rank after rank disappeared among the trees.

"The devil!" explained Plunkett, angrily, "they wish to frighten us into haste. Come, come, you have delayed us beyond all patience," and he seized the invalid child by the arm, and hurried her towards the boat.

"Quick! quick!" he cried to the boatmen, as soon as the skiff had received its freight; "a crown to each if we gain the strand in five minutes!"

The rowers bent to their work with hearty good-will, and soon they had gained the middle of the channel that separated the island from the shore.

"Ha! I knew they but played a trick upon us," exclaimed Plunkett, joyously; "they are at their post again."

Mary raised her head and caught a glimpse of a line of horsemen in front of them. They were but imperfectly visible, standing, as they did, in the shadow of the tall trees. Kathleen, too, had caught sight of the dreaded soldiers, doubly dreaded and doubly abhorred, now that they had slain her father. She threw herself, weeping and sobbing, into her sister's arms, and implored her to save her from the sight of those ferocious men. Her alarm concentrated upon her the attention of both her guardians; they had eyes or ears for nothing else till the boat grated on the pebbles of the beach.

"Arrived at length!" cried Plunkett gaily, springing from the boat. "To horse! to horse! Let O'Neill and his hobellers follow if they list, they will——"

"Overtake you ere the race begins," said a quiet voice beside him.

There was something in the measured, unimpassioned tones in which the words were uttered, that roused even Mary Dillon to attention. She looked up in surprise at the speaker. He was within a few yards of her, seated on a charger whose dark, glossy skin was streaked with waves of foam. He was clad in complete armour, and his features were partially concealed by his helmet. Behind him two lines of cuirassiers were sitting motionless in their high saddles, silent and mysterious as their leader. From the lines of the troopers the lady's glance again reverted to their commander, and now her heart bounded with a thrill of strange joy. On the saddle-cloth, which covered the panting loins of the black steed, she observed that a blood-red human hand was traced upon a ground of white. She clasped her hands together, and in the fervour of her thankfulness exclaimed aloud:

"Heaven be praised! they are the soldiers of O'Neill!"

"The same, lady!" said the stranger, with a courteous exclamation. "If you would avail of their services, command them."

"May I speak with your general?"

"He will wait upon you as soon as pressing duties permit him. Meantime, you would do well to seek shelter from the chill air. In

yonder cabin you will be better sheltered than you are here. If you will permit me, I will conduct you to it."

The speaker threw himself from his horse and offered his gauntleted hand to the lady to assist her out of the boat.

"Come, Kathleen, come! these are Captain MacDermott's soldiers," she whispered in her sister's ear.

The child looked up with an inquiring glance, and meeting the kind and sympathetic look the stranger bent upon her, she put her hand into his, and allowed him to lift her from the boat.

As they turned away from the beach, their conductor issued a whispered order to some of his followers near him, and then passed quietly on. While they went, Mary noticed, for the first time, that the wood was filled with armed horsemen. Detachments were moving silently through the trees, and groups of dismounted riders were standing by their reeking horses, talking quietly together over the incidents of the morning's ride. Their conductor led the way to the Biatach's cabin, and bidding some soldiers near make what provision they could for the ladies' comfort, he took his leave and withdrew. As soon as he quitted the cabin, he turned again to the water's edge. His followers were still standing where he had left them, and Lucas Plunkett, somewhat crest-fallen and abashed, stood between two of the troopers.

"Listen to me," said the officer, in his smooth, unimpassioned tone, addressing the discomfited Plunkett, "if your baseness had its reward, you would be, ere now, dangling from a branch of the tree above your head. This punishment, so richly deserved, will not be inflicted now. For the present you are merely a prisoner, and such you shall remain, as long as the man you betrayed is a captive: but should the fiends to whom you betrayed him injure a hair of his head—I swear by Heaven! the instant I hear the news, the nearest tree shall be your gallows."

With a brief injunction to the guards in charge of the prisoner, and a few hurried words to the remainder of his following, he quitted the spot. The order had already gone forth, and the bands of horsemen were broken up, enjoying the agreeable disorder of an early bivouac. When he had made the round of the groups by the newly-kindled fires, the soldier who had first greeted them again presented himself before Mary Dillon and her sister. He doffed his helmet as he entered their presence, and disclosed a face striking if not handsome, which wore a careworn and wearied look, as if it were long since joy had been poured there.

"Will General O'Neill soon be here?" asked Mary.

"He is before you, lady," was the reply.

In the first outburst of her gratitude, the young girl threw herself on her knees before the soldier, and in earnest words poured forth her thanks for the services which had been rendered her.

"Your thanks are not due to me, lady," said O'Neill; "reserve them for him who deserves them best. He is one of the bravest soldiers I have the honour to command. You have won his heart. It is a treasure of which you are worthy, but of which you may well be proud."



A deep blush acknowledged the compliment.

O'Neill continued: "And now in regard to your future movements. For your own sake, as well as for the sake of the brave officer I have lost, I am disposed to do everything that lies in my power to aid you. Command my services, as far as I can offer them."

"It was my father's dying wish," replied Mary, "that we should be conveyed to our mother's relatives at Limerick; if you could assist us to reach that town, we should owe a deeper debt of gratitude than we owe already."

The soldier paused for a few moments.

"Lady," he answered, at length, "the road to Limerick is open to you, but it is closed to me. The presence of my banner would surround your journey with perils. I will, however, send an escort with you to Athlone. A kinsman of your own, if I mistake not, holds the castle. For the remainder of your journey you will be safer under his protection than mine."

A few hours later, Miss Dillon and her sister, accompanied by an escort of Irish cavalry, were on their way to the castle of Athlone. Beyond the woods of Duneevin they encountered regiments of pikemen and musketeers struggling forward towards the bivouac of the Irish horse. Cordial greetings passed between the soldiers attending them and the sturdy kernes that trudged onward lazily under the heavy burden of pike or musket. They themselves were greeted with many a cheer, or boisterous "God speed," as they passed the Ulster regiments. They felt lonely and downcast when they had left the rear-guard of the army behind and were alone upon the moors, and doubly lonely when their escort gave them a parting salute at the drawbridge of Athlone Castle, and then clattered noisily away through the narrow streets.

## IN THE VALE OF GLENOMRA.\*

I HAVE fled from the noisy city,  
Where men rush to and fro,  
To this fair and tranquil valley,  
Where the murmuring waters flow.

For my heart, once strong and hopeful,  
Grows sadder day by day,  
As fresh scenes of sin and sorrow  
Come thronging round my way.

And from 'mid the din and tumult  
My thoughts oft wander far,  
In hope of peace and respite  
From life's unceasing war.

\* *Glenomra*, or *Vale of Amber*, is the name of a beautiful valley in Co. Clare.

So I've sought this silent valley,  
'Mid the mountains wild and lone,  
Where no sound of woe can reach me,  
Nor sorrow's piercing groan.

For grief was preying on me,  
And clinging round my heart,  
And I longed for the happy moment  
When my soul from earth should part.

But a blissful change steals o'er me,  
As I sit 'neath this waving tree,  
And list to the merry songsters  
That sing gay songs to me.

On this hidden haunt of Nature  
The Lord seems to smile again,  
As once on the garden of Eden,  
Ere sorrow had fallen on men.

And the air so soft and fragrant,  
With the clouds that sail above,  
And the music that surges round me  
Expand my heart with love :     i j

Deep love for the great Creator,  
Who fashioned a scene so fair,  
And love for the wayward children  
That reckon not of his care.

Now I feel fresh strength and courage  
To renew the fight of life,  
And to cheer with words of kindness  
My brothers in the strife.

And when again I am weary,  
And life seems dark and drear,  
I shall think of this lovely valley  
And the calm and sunshine here.

For not, not in the gloomy city,  
Where revel sin and woe,  
Can the heart with sorrow clouded  
God's blessed sunshine know.

But in spots like sweet Glenomra,  
Where light and shadow play,  
We feel that the night of sorrow  
But heralds a joyous day.

D. G.

## SIR THOMAS MORE.

A Lecture delivered to the St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Union of Ireland.

BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q.C.

**I**T was at first my intention to address you upon some subject more immediately connected with our own country; but finding that the topic which I had thought of, or at least one close akin to it, had been already selected by another gentleman who is certain to do it the amplest justice, it occurred to me that you might not be sorry to spend some little time in dwelling on the history of one among the best and wisest of mankind, one who crowned a life of unsullied virtue by a glorious martyr's death. It is a narrative in its main features familiar to most of you, yet it cannot be otherwise than good for us to study, and even to study anew, a story at once so attractive and so edifying. If we find a man, and that man a layman, married and the father of a family, who, gifted with a natural genius, acute, profound, and brilliant beyond any of his time, adding to that genius the gifts of patient industry and indefatigable diligence, so that he obtained at home the first rank and highest honours, and abroad was recognised by the learned of every nation as one of the foremost scholars of his time: to say so much would be to speak of a very great man. When we say, besides, that his personal character and disposition were gentle, sweet, and benign, marked by the tenderest attachments to his friends and his family; that he was so unambitious that he never seems to have once sought his personal advancement, and freely laid down the honours and dignities bestowed upon him with greater joy than other men embrace them; that the shadow of evil passion never overcame him; that he was generous, charitable, and unselfish to a degree that left him poor in the midst of every opportunity of acquiring wealth; and that his daily intercourse was marked by a uniform sociability and mirth which made him the most delightful of friends and companions: we speak of a character whose attributes, even if he had been a heathen or unbeliever, would have justly endeared him to mankind. Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors of England," says of him that his character both in public and private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit; and the cynic Dean Swift places him with Junius and Marcus Brutus, Socrates, Epaminondas and the younger Cato—places, I say, with these illustrious ancients Sir Thomas More as the solitary modern, "a sextumvirate (he says) to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh."

Yet when all this is said of him, we speak of things which are shadows in comparison with the reality that lay beneath. It is to be said of him that in an age of faithlessness, of unbelief, and self-seeking, he was one of the most humble and mortified of Christians; that his daily religious exercises in the height of his occupations and dignities would shame the idlest amongst us; that the shirt of hair

which he wore until the day of his death is still preserved in a convent in England; that he defrauded himself of sleep to find time to write voluminous works in defence of the Catholic faith against the errors swarming around; and lastly that he, a solitary layman, in conjunction with one single bishop and a few holy Carthusian Friars, were found alone amongst all the laity, all the episcopacy, and all the clergy, secular and regular, of England, to refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of the King over the Church: we cannot wonder that God bestowed upon him the crowning grace to complete a life which was truly the life of a confessor by the death of a martyr.

Such was Sir Thomas More. Happily abundant materials for a history of him have come down to us. His first biographer was his son-in-law, Roper, who knew him intimately, and was, like all his connections, enthusiastically devoted to him. A Life of him was afterwards written in Latin by Dr. Stapleton, and another by Dr. Hoddesdon, both Catholic priests. But by far the fullest and most interesting biography is that published some eighty years after his death by his great-grandson and namesake, Thomas More, in the reign of Charles I. In that Life almost all we could desire to know of him is contained. Much also of the traits of his personal and domestic character may be found in his own letters, and those of his distinguished contemporary and intimate friend, Erasmus. His Latin works, including his famous "*Utopia*," were collected and published at Cologne shortly after his death; and his English works were given to the world in Queen Mary's reign, in two volumes folio, in black letter and with double columns. They would form a dozen or more of our ordinary octavo volumes. They consist partly of sprightly verses and *jeux d'esprit* written in his youth, full of that innocent gaiety which superabounded in his nature—partly of historical and biographical essays; such as a history of Richard III., and a life of that remarkable man, Pico di Mirandola. But by far the greater portion of the body of his writings, at least six parts out of seven, are devoted to the defence of the Catholic faith, and manifest a profound acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, with the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and with theological principles and reasonings. Besides these, there are devotional writings upon comfort in affliction and upon our Lord's Passion, written in the Tower during his last imprisonment, and in expectation of death. From these writings, from the biographies of him which I have mentioned, and from the history of his times, we are enabled to know him very thoroughly. I purpose to give you such an account of him as the brief space of this discourse permits.

It is now close on four hundred years since his birth. He was born in the very centre of London, in the year 1480, while the Plantagenet House of York still held the throne. What his family had been cannot now be well known, the family records having, as his great-grandson says, been seized upon at the time of his attainder by Henry VIII. and never recovered. But he says they were of honourable lineage, and (what is of some interest for us) were connected with the Mores of Ireland, though whether the English or the Irish

were the parent stock he had no materials for ascertaining. His father, Sir John More, was one of the Judges of the King's Bench, and he seems to have possessed many of the qualities by which his son was afterwards distinguished, especially those of piety and gaiety. He lived to a great old age—lived to see his son Lord High Chancellor; and you will pardon me for anticipating what occurred fifty years later, and mentioning a trait of manners which marks the difference between those times and our own. When Thomas More was Lord Chancellor and went each morning to take his seat in Westminster Hall, it was his invariable custom to enter the court of King's Bench where his father sat, to kneel down and ask his blessing. What in our time would excite unmeasured ridicule was then a simple act of filial and religious piety.

That the son of such a father was carefully and well educated was a thing of course. He was sent to one of the best schools then existing in London, St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle-street. At the age of fourteen he was transferred to another theatre of education according to a custom which prevailed in the middle ages, but which has been now for centuries abandoned. He was sent to be a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury. To be a page in a great family, so far from indicating anything of a menial position, was looked to as a most important part of the training of a young gentleman. The idea was—and, like all ideas, it was more or less perfectly realised, or not realised at all, according to the character both of the individual who was the subject of it, and of the household which received him—but the idea was that youths should in the plastic and flexible period of life be fashioned into obedience, courtesy, and knowledge of mankind, should have illustrious examples to look up to, should receive what is now so little thought of—an education of the habits—and at the very lowest be moulded into what was most dignified and gracious in external manner.

Cardinal Morton, into whose establishment at Lambeth More was thus received as a boy, was himself no ordinary man. He was the same Morton, formerly Bishop of Ely, who in the reign of Richard III. had succeeded in making his escape beyond seas and joining Richmond, who was then meditating an invasion of the realm. His single defection brought more home to King Richard the danger in which he stood than the armed insurrection of the Duke of Buckingham.

"Morton with Richmond troubles me far more  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength."

After the overthrow and death of Richard III. Morton's fortunes rose to a high pitch under his successor, King Henry VII., whose friend and counsellor in exile he had been. He became successively Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, and Cardinal. When More was put under his charge, he was far advanced in years—of the age of eighty-four—but with all his faculties vigorous and alert. More afterwards describes him thus in the introduction to his "*Utopia*:"

"I was then much obliged to that reverend prelate, John, Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal, and Chancellor of England; a man that was not less vane-

nable for his wisdom and virtues than for the high character he bore. He was of a middle stature, not broken with age. His looks begot reverence rather than fear; his conversation was easy, but serious and grave. He took pleasure sometimes to try the force of those that came as suitors to him upon business, by speaking sharply though decently to them, and by that he discovered their spirit and presence of mind, with which he was much delighted when it did not grow up to an impudence, as bearing a great resemblance to his own temper; and he looked on such persons as the fittest men for affairs. He spoke both gracefully and weightily; he was eminently skilled in the law, had a vast understanding, and a prodigious memory; and those excellent talents with which nature had furnished him were improved by study and experience. The King depended much on his counsels, and the government seemed to be chiefly supported by him: for from his youth up he had been all along practised in affairs; and, having passed through many traverses of fortune, he had acquired, to his great cost, a stock of wisdom which is not soon lost when it is purchased so dear."

Cardinal Morton, as Roper tells us, was not slow in discerning the very remarkable talents of the young page who had been confided to him.

"For the Cardinal would often make trial of his present wit, especially at Christmas merriments, when, having plays for his recreation, this youth would suddenly step up among the players, and, never studying before upon the matter, make often a part of his own invention, which was so witty and so full of jests that he alone made more sport than all the players beside; for which his towardliness the Cardinal much delighted in him, and would often say of him unto divers of the nobility who at sundry times dined with him: 'This child here waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous rare man.'"

After having been two years under Cardinal Morton, More was by his advice sent to Oxford. At Oxford he remained for two years—no longer. He left it at the age of eighteen with a thorough knowledge of the classics and a mastery over the Latin language which made his name earlier and more widely known on the Continent than it was in England. One circumstance will manifest what his endowments were. In 1497 Erasmus came to Oxford, being then a man of established fame in the world of letters. He was thirteen years senior to More, being then thirty, while More was but a lad of seventeen. Yet so strong were the admiration and attraction with which Erasmus was drawn towards him that a friendship began which was constantly fostered by the most friendly correspondence, and which only ceased with More's death. I shall have occasion later on to refer to the colours with which Erasmus depicts his friend in a letter to the well-known Ulrich Hutten.

Leaving Oxford at eighteen, he entered the Inns of Court in London, and gave himself to the study of law with like ardour and like success. He himself was strongly disposed to embrace a religious life, and for a time he practised extraordinary austerities in order to test his capacity to endure the strict discipline of the Franciscans; but he became at last persuaded that such was not his vocation. He was so advised by his director, the famous Dean Colet, who told him that to be a layman and a married man was best for him. The strong desire of his father that he should be a lawyer may have added its weight. However that be, I gather from some words which he spoke in the Tower to his daughter Margaret, shortly before his execution, that a hankering after the cell of the monk never quite left him.

After his call to the Bar his rise was wonderfully rapid. His son-in-law says he made by his profession £400 a year, which Lord Campbell, having regard to the difference in the value of money and to the amount of customary professional fees, thinks might indicate a position equivalent to what would be indicated by an income of £10,000 a year made at the English Bar at this day. Lord Campbell may be right upon the simple basis of comparing a first-class bar-income of that day with one in his own time; but, taking the mere value of money, it would be absurd to say that £400 a year then represents £10,000 a year now, or anything like it. I would estimate the difference in money value, having regard to the cost of the necessities and conveniences of life, as about one to eight, that is, £400 a year then would represent about £3,200 now.

At the age of twenty-four he became a member of the House of Commons, and distinguished himself by his opposition to the exactions of King Henry VII., who, though he has left a fair name behind him in comparison with his son's, was in his own day regarded, and rightly regarded, as an avaricious tyrant. More's opposition to his exactions inevitably aroused the wrath of the King, who, having no means to wreak it upon Thomas himself, took a mean revenge, of a kind common to princes, and made his father feel his resentment. Upon slight pretence he mulcted the old man in a fine of £100, equal say to £800 or £1000 of the present day.

But in the year 1509, when More was twenty-nine years of age, King Henry VII. died, and Henry VIII., then a youth of eighteen, succeeded. At his accession there was a universal outburst of joy. Nothing was known of the new King that was not favourable; and at such an age everything is hoped and everything is pardoned. The avarice of Henry VII. and the unscrupulous means taken to satisfy it had so repelled and disgusted the people of England that the accession of his successor in the flush of youth and hope was as the advent of an angel. So did Thomas More regard it, and his feeling broke out into Latin verses on the accession of the new King. They are almost the counterpart of Virgil's *Eclogue*, singing the return of the golden age and the glorious days that are to be. This poem, which celebrates the gentleness, the clemency, the cultivation, the humanity of King Henry VIII., reads strangely now in the light of his after-history.

I have not yet spoken of More's marriage and domestic life. He was twice married—first at the age of three or four-and-twenty to the daughter of an Essex gentleman, Colt of Newhall.\* This first union brought him happiness unalloyed. The young lady was, according to all the accounts of her which have come down to us, of disposition and tastes kindred with his own; but, bred as she had been in the country, her education was somewhat behind what he desired. This gave him the happy occasion of superintending and completing her education. Erasmus says: "He married a maiden of good family,

\* The same Newhall which, having fallen to such a curious succession of owners as would almost make its history an epitome of the history of England, is now a convent of nuns.

very young, and as yet untaught, having spent her life hitherto in the country with her parents and sisters. Wherefore he had the greater opportunity to fashion her to his own mind. He instructed her in literature, and had her taught every species of music."

There can hardly be a more beautiful picture than that of a husband of high tastes and attainments thus forming and training the mind of a loving and sympathising wife. Something of this kind is expressed by Shakspeare when he makes Portia address her future husband—

"The full sum of me  
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised,  
Happy in this she is not yet so old  
But she may learn, and happier than this  
She was not bred so dull but that she can learn—  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed."

More's happiness was not of long duration. His wife bore him three daughters and a son, and died about six years after their marriage. When two or three years had passed, he married again. The same felicity was not found in his second union. He married a widow, seven years his senior. The avowed motive of his marriage was that he might have some one to govern his house and bring up his children. In these respects he had no reason to complain of the result. She was an attentive and thrifty housewife, neither was there any lack of kindness to the children—(she bore him none of her own)—but she was hard, narrow, worldly, and never had the least comprehension of More's character, which was quite above and beyond her. Owing to this total want of sympathy, she, though an excellent woman in her way, became an adversary instead of a consolation to him in his last great trial.

In the meantime, he was growing into high favour with Henry VIII. and the King's great minister, Cardinal Wolsey. Both appreciated his talents and qualities. They desired to draw him from his legal and literary pursuits, and to win him over to the life of a courtier and politician. He wisely preferred the independence which his profession gave him. Still he was from time to time employed in missions to the Continent to negotiate treaties of trade and commerce. In all these he acquitted himself well, yet the employment was repugnant to him. He made friends abroad, amongst them Peter Giles of Antwerp, to whom he inscribed his "Utopia." He loved the works of art and the evidences of higher civilization to be found in the higher cities, yet he always yearned to be in his home again or busied with his daily occupations in Westminster Hall.

Yet in the midst of all this activity, with a professional business full enough to engross him, and with those occasional inroads on his time made by Wolsey or the King, he was able to find leisure for literary composition. His *Life of King Richard III.* was written about the year 1513, when he was three and thirty years of age. It is in many respects a very remarkable composition. It is evidently most authentic as a narrative, for More had mixed on the most familiar terms with the survivors of those who had been the chief actors in



the events of that reign, Cardinal Morton among the number. Again it is remarkable as being the source from which all succeeding writers drew their materials. The chronicles of Hall and Stowe are, as regards this reign, little more than transcripts from Sir Thomas More. But, what is to us of far greater interest, Shakspeare follows in his footsteps with an almost literal observance. The character of King Richard III., as portrayed in the pages of Shakspeare, may naturally seem an ideal and imaginary one. The fiery quickness of action, combined with the deepest cunning and forethought, the utter unscrupulousness as to means, and the barefaced hypocrisy employed to secure whatever end was in view, might appear, as delineated in Shakspeare, a creation, if not quite out of nature, still, for dramatic purposes stretched and overstrained. Yet when we turn to the actual pages of the history, we find literally all that we find in Shakspeare apart from the mere dramatic form and the cadence of the blank verse. I am tempted to give you a passage both for the foregoing reasons, and to exemplify the truth of what Lord Campbell says, that Sir Thomas More was the first writer of elegance in English prose. It is indeed, curious to see how little the language was in substance changed during three hundred and sixty years. The passage I am about to cite is that which relates to the murder of Lord Hastings the Lord Chamberlain, previously the devoted friend of Richard, bound to him in a common enmity to the Queen, the widow of King Edward IV., and her relatives and connections. Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, was Protector of the realm and guardian of his infant nephew, King Edward V.; but he was resolved to seize upon the crown. In this design the Duke of Buckingham, Catesby, and others whom he had suborned, were his unscrupulous abettors, and he caused Lord Hastings to be soundered, not doubting that he might reckon on him as one of his adherents. But Lord Hastings, attached as he was to Richard, indignantly repelled the idea of being unfaithful to his late Sovereign's son, the infant King. Richard, when this was reported to him, determined without a moment's scruple to make an end of him. This was the mode in which it was effected, as told by Sir Thomas More. It is to be remembered that Cardinal Morton, then Bishop of Ely, who was More's informant, was an eyewitness of the whole scene.

"Whereupon soon after, that is to wit on the Friday, many Lords assembled in the Tower and there held Council touching the solemnity of the King's coronation, of which the time so near approached that the pageantries and subtleties were making day and night at Westminster, and much victual killed that afterwards was cast away. These Lords so sitting together, communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been asleep that day. And after a little talking with them, he said to the Bishop of Ely: 'My Lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden\* at Holborn. I

\* These gardens were afterwards at Queen Elizabeth's command made over by her Bishop of Ely to her lover and "dancing Chancellor," Sir Christopher Hatton. It was upon the first demur of the Bishop to this alienation of the property of his see, that she wrote the famous letter beginning, "Proud Prelate!" and ending, "By G——, I will unfrock you." They have been ever since known as Hatton Gardens.

pray you let me have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my Lord,' quoth he, 'would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that.' And therewith in all haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The Protector set the Lords fast in communing; and thereupon, praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon, after one hour between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber among them all, charged with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting and gnawing his lips, and so sat him down in his place, all the Lords sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail. Then, when he had sitten still awhile thus, he began—'What are they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the King and Protector of his Royal Person and his Realm?' At this question all the Lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the Lord Chamberlain, as he for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were. And all the others affirmed the same. 'That is,' said he, 'yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and others with her'—meaning the Queen. At these words many of the Lords were greatly abashed that favoured her. But the Lord Hastings was in his mind better content that it was moved by her than by any other whom he loved better; albeit his heart somewhat grudged that he was not afore made of council in this matter, as he was of the taking of her kindred and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this selfsame day—while he was not aware it was by the other devised that himself should the same day be beheaded at London. 'Then,' said the Protector, 'ye shall see in what wise that sorceress and that other witch of her council, Shore's wife, with their affinity have by their sorcery and witchcraft withered my body;' and therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where he showed a verish withered arm and small, as indeed it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave him, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For well they wist that the Queen was too wise to go about any such folly; and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk least make Shore's wife of council, whom of all women she most hated. And also no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such from his birth. Natheless the Lord Chamberlain answered and said: 'Certainly, my Lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.' 'What!' quoth the Protector, 'thou servest me, I ween, with *ifs* and with *ands*! I tell thee they have so done, and *that* I will make good on thy body, traitor!' And therewith as in a great anger he clasped his fist upon the board a great rap, at which token given one cried 'treason!' without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come there rushing, men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings, 'I arrest thee, traitor!' 'What! me, my Lord,' quoth he. 'Yea, thee, traitor,' quoth the Protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrank at the stroke and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers, except the Lord Chamberlain whom the Protector bade speed and shrive him apace: 'for, by St. Paul,' quoth he, 'I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.' It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at adventure and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to till this were done for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel, within the Tower and his head laid down upon a long log of timber and there stricken off. And afterwards his body with the head was interred at Windsor, beside the body of King Edward, whose both souls God pardon."

I am tempted, after this, to read for you the corresponding passage of Shakspeare's play.\* It is an almost literal transcript. That greatest of poets and dramatists, endowed as he was with a surpassing faculty of imagination, yet discerned that in the simple narrative

\* King Richard III., Act iv., Scene 4.

of history there is a truth and reality which no invention can over-leap; and, as in his great Roman dramas, he almost servilely followed Plutarch, adding only poetic touches which made the traits of character more pointed and incisive, so here he really did nothing but dramatise the story as given by More. As I must hurry on to other things, I must only ask you to read the passage in Shakspeare, and compare it for yourselves.

More's next literary production was written in Latin, and is the most widely popular and enduring of all his works—his famous "Utopia." We must remember, that during the middle ages, and down to the period of which we treat, and afterwards till the end (we may say) of the sixteenth century, Latin, the use of which the Catholic Church had preserved and fostered, was the common language of the learned. There was thus a republic of letters, as it was termed, of a kind which in our day exists no longer. No matter from what country a work of any merit emanated, it was at once republished and disseminated over all Europe, and was as well known in Germany, Holland, Italy, France, and England, as if its author had been born and written there. The "Utopia" of More was better appreciated and had a wider popularity on the Continent than in his own island. The word Utopia has given an adjective to our language, and many use the epithet "Utopian" without any very distinct idea as to the source from which it sprang. It is a Greek compound, and means, literally, the country of Nowhere. It is the portraiture of an imaginary republic, and embodies the conception of the author, partly sound, and partly fanciful, as to an ideal excellence of laws and institutions existing among ideal people. Such a conception has been a favourite topic among speculative thinkers, from Plato downwards. Swift attempted something of the same kind in his description of the kingdom of the Houynhims in "Gulliver's Travels." The latest of these purely imaginative dreams is Lord Lytton's romance of "The Coming Race," published a few years ago. But in the last century, and since, down to our own days, these sports of the imagination have taken a very different form. They have been transmuted into proposals to carry such chimeras into actual practice. They have found fanatical advocates of what we now term Socialism and Communism. It has happened to me, in my time, to have read all, or all that I could find of these essays, whether they were of the merely sportive and imaginative kind, such as the "Utopia," or of the fiercer and more daring school of latter days; and I have found that, underlying their proposals, there was always one radical fallacy, namely, that they not only invent ideal institutions for mankind, but invent an ideal mankind for their institutions. Thus, Sir Thomas More supposes his Utopians to have no such thing as individual property, but to enjoy all their possessions in common, distributed under the rule of wise and just administrators. Well, under the force and energy of a potent religious idea, as among the first Christians, or among the convents and monasteries of the Catholic Church, such a conception is not only possible, but has been and is realised. But, taking the mass of mankind as they are, what would a community of

goods amount to but a premium given to the lazy, the selfish, and the vicious to prey upon industry and virtue? Again, he supposes the Utopians to allot but six hours in each day to labour; and he shows in very clear and beautiful language that, putting aside the artificial cravings of luxury, that time would be ample to provide for all the real needs of the people, leaving the rest of the day for healthful recreations, for reading and prayer. True, but supposing the leisure thus afforded was wasted in lavish expenditure upon poisonous drink, what would become of the theory? By no means disparaging the effect of wise laws, it cannot be too often repeated that every hope for mankind lies in each individual's amendment of himself. I always remember a story which I once read of a French writer who had elaborated one of these ideal social systems, and then submitted his work to a friend for criticism. The friend said to him: "All this is extremely fine, but what are you to do in your new commonwealth with the Seven Deadly Sins?" "Ah!" said the writer, "there is my difficulty, which, to tell you the truth, I have as yet been unable to solve."

In my judgment, the most interesting part of More's "Utopia" is the introduction, in which he puts his finger on real and flagrant vices of the law of England, some of which were not removed till near three hundred years afterwards, and some remain unabolished till this hour. He dwells with great force upon the iniquity of the law as to the punishment of theft. Theft was a felony punishable with death, and confiscation of all the goods of the offender. It has been computed that in the single reign of Henry VIII., some 12,000 human beings were put to death for this crime. Even supposing this to be an exaggeration, there is no doubt that the law, and the execution of the law, were sanguinary in the extreme. Sir Thomas More anticipated Beccaria and modern jurists by showing that such unmeasured penalties absolutely tended, instead of stifling crime, to increase it by rendering men desperate; and he proposed, first, a statesmanlike examination and removal, as far as possible, of the causes, then the substitution of a milder punishment for the extreme penalty; and, lastly, instead of the forfeiture of the offender's property to the king, he proposed a measure of simple justice, which I regret to say has not even yet been made law, namely, that restitution should so far as possible be made to those who had been defrauded by the theft.

Another part of the introduction which is by no means devoid of interest to us, is where he dwells upon a social change then taking its course in England, as it has been and is now taking its course in Ireland, namely, the decrease of tillage and the great increase of pasture, by which (as he pithily puts it) sheep, the mildest of animals, might be said to devour men, and unpeople not only villages, but towns. This was one of the causes to which he ascribes the great increase of the crime of theft and robbery, multitudes being thrown out of employment and means of living, and having no other resource but to beg or steal.

The same causes always tend to produce the same results. The

outrages of the Whiteboys and the Hearts of Steel in the last century had a similar origin; and if these excesses do not now appear, it is owing to the outlet of emigration, which did not then exist.

I have been somewhat led away by these observations on More's writings, his history, and his romance, from his personal story. I now return to it; and first I will mention the apology which, in sending this very work of the "Utopia" to his friend of Antwerp, Peter Giles, he makes for not devoting more time to literary composition.

"Whilst I daily either pleade other men's causes, or heare them sometimes as an arbiter, otherwhiles as a judge; whilst this man I visite for friendshipp, another for businesses and whilst I busie my selfe abroad about other mens matters all the whole day, I leave no time for my selfe, that is for studie: for when I come home, I must discourse with my wife, chatte with my children, speake with my servants; and seeing this must needes be donne, I number it amongst my affaires, and needefull they are, unless one will be a stranger in his own house, for we must endeavour to be affable, and pleasing unto those, whome either nature, chance, or choice hath made our companions; but with such measure it must be done, that we doe not marre them with affabilitie, or make them if servants our masters, by too much gentlenes and favour; whilst these things are doing, a day, a month, a yeare passeth. When, then, can I find any time to write! for I have not yet spoken of the time that is spent in eating and sleeping, which thing alone bereave most men of halfe their life. As for me, I get only that spare time, which I steale from my meate and sleepe, which because it is but small I proceed slowly; yet it being somewhat, I have now at the length prevailed so much as I have finished and sent unto you, Peter, my Utopia"

In the meantime, while he thus lamented having so little leisure for literary pursuits, his favour, both with the great minister, Cardinal Wolsey, and with the King himself, was daily mounting. He was made successively, and without his own seeking, a knight, a Privy Councillor, Treasurer of the Exchequer, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. King Henry took great delight in his companionship and conversation. I will read for you some passages from his biographer, which show upon what terms they stood.

"King Henry finding still more and more sufficiencie in Sir Thomas, used him with particular affection for the space of twenty years together; during a good park whereof the King's custom was upon holidiaies, when he had done his devotions, to sende for Sir Thomas into his Traverse, and there, sometimes in matters of astronomie, geometrie, and divinitie, and such other sciences to sitt and conferre with him; otherwhiles also in the cleere nights he would have him walk with him on the leads, there to discourse of the diversitie of the courses, motions, and operations of the starres, as well fixed as the planetts; and because he was of a verie pleasant disposition, it pleased his majestie and the queene at supper-time, commonly to call him to heare his pleasant jestes. But when Sir Thomas perceaved his wittie concepts so much to delight him, that he could scarce once in a month get leave to goe home to his wife and children, whom he had now placed at Chelsey, three miles from London, by the water side; and that he could not be two daies absent from the Court, but he must be sent for again; he much misliking this restraunte of his libertie, began thereupon to dissemble his mirth, and so by little and little to disuse himselfe, that he from thenceforth at such seasons was no more so ordinarilie sent for."

I think I may say that this is an almost solitary instance of a man conscious of the high favour in which he stood with the King, and of the natural gifts and graces which won him that favour, yet prizing other and better things so much beyond the courted smiles of royalty,

that he absolutely dissembled and concealed the natural charm of his conversation, so that the King might let him go back to his family and his books. But even to his own house, the King would follow him.

"The king used also, of a particular love, to come on a suddain to Chelsey, where Sir Thomas now lived, and leaning upon his shoulder, to talke with him of secrett counsell in his gardin, yea and to dine with him upon no inviting."

And again, as his descendant relates :—

"King Henry tooke such extraordinarie love in Sir Thomas, his companion, that he would sometimes on a suddin, as before I touched, come over to his house, at Chelsey, and be merrie with him; whither on a time unlooked for, he came and dined at his house, and after dinner walked with him the space of an hower, holding his arme about his necke most lovingly in the gardin. When his majestie was gone, my uncle Rooper rejoiced thereat, and tolde his father how happie he was, for that the king had showed him such extraordinarie signes of love, as he had never seen him doe to anie other, except the cardinal, whome he saw with the king once walke arme-in-arme. Whereeto, Sir Thomas answering, said: I thank of Lord God, I finde his grace my verie good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as anie other subject, within this realme; howbeit, sonne Rooper, I may tell you I have no cause to be proude thereof; for if my head would winne him a castle in France (for there there was warres betweene France and us), it should not faile to go off."

It is to be remembered, that when More thus spoke of King Henry VIII. with such marvellous insight into his real character, that monarch was, to all outward appearance, one of the best that ever sat on the throne of England. I will not myself say anything as to this extraordinary discernment on the part of More, but I will quote for you the words of Lord Campbell :—

"This authentic anecdote shows in a very striking manner, how More had early penetrated the intense selfishness, levity, heartlessness, and insensibility to remorse, which constituted the character of the king, while these bad qualities were yet disguised by a covering of affability, hilarity, and apparent good humour, and before they had shed the blood of a wife or a friend. The world could little anticipate that Henry would actually one day cut off More's head, even without any such substantial advantage as the winning of a castle. For the present his Majesty delighted to honour him."

This must have been about the happiest period of his life. Middle age had come upon him with its usual stealthy footsteps, but it had brought with it all its brightest natural accompaniments, "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," and, high above these, the certainty of an unclouded religious faith, and the serenity of a conscience perfectly at ease. His daughters had grown up and were married, but they were not separated from him. Daughters, sons-in-law, and all, lived with him in his home at Chelsea. It was of this period of his life that Erasmus wrote to Ulrich Hutten :

"More hath built neare London, upon the Thames side (to witt at Chelsey, that which my lord of Lincolne bought of Sir Robert Cecile) a commodious house, neither meane nor subject to envie, yet magnificent enough; there he converseth affably with his family, his wife, his son and daughter-in-lawe, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children; there is not any man living so loving to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a young mayde, and such is the excellencie of his temper, that whatsoever happenethe that could not be helped,

he loveth it as if nothing could happen more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academie, but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academie, wherein there was only disputations of numbers, and geometricale figures, and sometimes of morall and vertues. I should rather call his house a school, or universitie of Christian religion, for there is none therein but readith or studieth the liberall sciences; their speciall care is pietie and vertue, there is no quarelling or intemperate words heard, none seen idle, which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not governe by proude and loftie words, but with all kind and courteous benevolence: everybody performeth his dutie; yet isthere always a lacritic; neither is sober mirth anie thing wanting."

Yet even then he had deep, instinctive misgivings, as to the future of England. His son-in-law, Roper, afterwards his biographer, himself a truly religious man, began one day to speak exultingly to him of the happy state of the realm that had so Catholic and zealous a prince, so learned and virtuous a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, such loving and obedient subjects, all agreeing together as if they had but one heart and one soul. Sir Thomas answered: "And yet I pray God that some of us may not live to see the day in which all this will be changed, and in which we will be glad to be permitted to possess our own churches and our own religion in peace."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

### THREE ROSEBUDS.\*

#### I. CLOUD-SHIPS.

DO not ask me!  
 I cannot laugh and run.  
 I fain would lie and bask me  
 In the morning sun,  
 Under this stalwart pear-tree  
 In the cool-shaded grass,  
 While round me and above me  
 The shadows pass.  
 I see, where the breeze divideth  
 The heaving boughs,  
 Snow ships sailing in the blue sky  
 With burnished silver prows,  
 Freighted with angel visitants,  
 Chartered for earth's shore—  
 Blow, panting breeze, and land them  
 Ere the day is o'er.  
 Blessed thoughts and deeds of love  
 Are stored within the hold,  
 And angels guard o'er treasures rare,  
 Richer than gold.

\* We guarantee these little pieces as the genuine and unrevised work of a child about half way through her teens, Printing them after many years is

"As if a rose should shut and be a bud again."

Blow, breeze! and speed them :  
Lacketh many a soul  
The healing launched by God this day—  
Blow, breeze! and speed the cloud-ship to its goal.

## II. BEGONE DULL CARE!

SULLEN step and face of woe—  
Part old Care and let him go  
A pilgrimage to Jericho!  
He's a sulky fellow-traveller,  
Drags one on with bleeding feet—  
Never sees the cooling river,  
Never tastes its waters sweet.  
Prop him with his staff of grief,  
Longing packed within his wallet,  
In his breast a vulture nestling—  
Heartache, we were wont to call it.  
Turn him facing towards the north,  
Throw the lucky slipper after!  
While we watch his form receding,  
Let us hold our sides with laughter;  
Let us send him not a thought.  
Up! and o'er the hills of summer—  
Friends will meet us on our way:  
Bee, the pleasure-hunting hummer—  
Birds, that split the air with song,  
Waiting, watching for our greeting.  
We will have a jovial day,  
All our old companions meeting.  
Laughing still to think of him,  
Grim, old, dim-eyed Care, retreating.

## III. A WILD NIGHT.

GOD be with us, what a storm;  
Angels guard us, how it blows!  
'Twere an awful night to be  
Rocking on the sea.  
The angel of the icy breath  
Sweeps the sea to-night;  
Jesus grant that on his wing  
He may healing bring!  
Chilling hearts grow strong in death—  
Christ is walking on the sea!  
Struggling fear and anguish cease  
In everlasting peace.  
Souls despairing shriek aloud—  
Jesus walks not on the sea!  
Methinks I hear their drowning cry  
Ringing through eternity.



## NEW BOOKS.

I. *Life of the Apostle St. John*. Translated from the French of the Abbé Baunard. (New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1876.) IN setting at last about the pleasant task of introducing to our readers the new books which have lain so long on our table, we think it but courtesy to begin with one of many which have come across the Atlantic. M. Baunard has in this goodly volume woven together all that concerns the life, work, and writings of the Beloved Disciple with a grace and fervour of style and a richness of erudition that make the book almost worthy of its theme. The beauty of that theme cannot be described more vividly than in the following passage from one of Dr. Newman's "Discourses to mixed Congregations:"

"Yet still more beautiful, and almost as majestic, is the image of his namesake, that great Apostle, Evangelist, and Prophet of the Church, who came so early into our Lord's chosen company, and lived so long after all his fellows. We can contemplate him in his youth and in his venerable age; and on his whole life, from first to last, as his special gift, is marked purity. He is the virgin Apostle, who on that account was so dear to his Lord, 'the disciple whom Jesus loved,' who lay on his bosom, who received his Mother from Him when upon the cross, who had the vision of all the wonders which were to come to pass in the world to the end of time. 'Greatly to be honoured,' says the Church, 'is blessed John, who on the Lord's breast lay at supper, to whom, a virgin, did Christ on the cross commit his virgin-Mother. He was chosen a virgin by the Lord, and was more beloved than the rest. The special prerogative of chastity had made him meet for his Lord's larger love, because being chosen by Him a virgin, a virgin he remained unto the end.' He it was who in his youth professed his readiness to drink Christ's chalice with Him, who wore away a long life as a desolate stranger in a foreign land, who was at length carried to Rome and plunged into the hot oil, and then was banished to a far island until his days drew near their close."

The American translator has, on the whole, performed his difficult task satisfactorily. We are reminded a little too often by the style that what we are reading was written originally in French. When the late Abbé le Hir is quoted, one could hardly recognise under the name "Religious Essays" the well-known periodical to which he contributed—the *Etudes Religieuses*, which the translator seems to mistake for a work published by the learned Sulpician.

The readers of this "Life of St. John," so excellent in matter and in form, will rejoice to learn that Madame Barat, the Foundress of the Order of the Sacré Cœur, has found her first biographer in its author, M. Baunard. They will also hear with pleasure that this recently published "*Vie de Madame Barat*" will soon be introduced under the happiest auspices to its place in English religious literature.

## II. *Simple Tales*. (London: R. Washbourne.)

THE world is growing old. There is some difference of opinion as to its precise age on its next birthday; but certainly the world is growing old. And yet, old as the world is growing, it retains the

same childish fondness for story and song. Song and story alternate pleasantly in this little volume; but even the poems are also stories, and come under the common title of "Simple Tales." Simple indeed they are with that simplicity which is the result of culture and much care. The little volume has been brought out very tastefully by the publishers; and, unpretentious as it is, it satisfies us better than any similar collection that we have come across for many a day. There is one omission that ought to be supplied; the title-page gives neither the name nor initials of the Author.

### III. *The Voice of Creation as a Witness to the Mind of its Divine Author.*

Five Lectures. By FREDERICK CANON OAKELEY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Balliol College. (London: Burns and Oates.)

CANON OAKELEY treats of Natural Theology in five discourses, addressed, not like Paley's famous work to those who require to be convinced of God's existence, but to an ordinary Christian audience. The subjects taken up are—the Love of God in the Creation; the Ways of God in Creation; the Vestiges of the Fall, and the Types of the Gospel in Creation. These most important and interesting topics are discussed in a very attractive and impressive manner. The following passage recalls the somewhat similar observations of Cicero, but ends in a sphere that Cicero knew not of:—

"The earliest visitant of the morning is light; and light comes to us, not in a rushing flood and in violent contrast with the darkness which has preceded it, but with the soft step of a friend fearing to startle us. When it reaches the earth, it meets in each one of us with an organ precisely fitted to receive it. This organ is so constructed as at once to reveal the vast multiplicity of objects which lie within the range of its view, and to allow an accurate inspection of such among them as are brought more immediately under its cognisance. It is also placed so as to insure a protection adequate to its value, and demanded by the number and variety of the dangers to which it is liable. An over-arching brow shades and defends it from above; a flexible lid instantaneously and instinctively secures it against injuries which threaten it in front. It is lubricated by a secretion of fluid which, after performing its office, is carried off by a channel answering the purpose of a waste-pipe. It is, moreover, so fortified by the projecting bones which surround it, as to save it from the effect of accidents which would be fatal to it in a more exposed position. Hence it is that the Church, when she seeks the Divine protection against the perils of the night, asks in the words of the Psalmist to be kept as the apple or pupil of an eye."

In illustrating another branch of his subject, Canon Oakeley speaks of the web of that "unpopular little insect," the spider. "On this flimsy footing the little acrobat poises herself with the skill of a Blondin, and woe to the adventurous fly that presumes to molest her in her stronghold."

Cardinal Manning, in his cordial letter of approval prefixed to this beautiful little work, points to the lecture on the Vestiges of the Fall as specially valuable. Would that the indefatigable investigators of Nature did not so often forget God in his works!

### IV. *The Three Pearls; or, Virginity and Martyrdom.* BY A DAUGHTER OF CHARITY. (New York: Catholic Publication Society.)

"WHAT is the third pearl? Virginity and martyrdom are only two,"

said a casual reader of this title-page. But virginity and martyrdom are combined in each of the Three Pearls, namely, the three virgin-martyrs, Agnes, Cecilia, and Catherine of Alexandria. The pious writer tells the story of each, first in prose, and then in verse. She would herself be the readiest to declare that her poetry, correct and tasteful as it is, is too commonplace for themes so attractive and so poetical. The best type and paper have been laid on the shrine of these three young saints.

V. *Union with our Lord Jesus Christ in his Principal Mysteries. For all Seasons of the Year.* By JOHN BAPTIST SAINT JURE, S.J. (New York: Sadlier & Co., 31, Barclay-street.)

THE solidity and unction of Father Saint Jure's spiritual writings are acknowledged by all. The present translation of one of his best works has been revised by a Father of the same Society, and has received the approbation of Cardinal M'Closkey. It is brought out more sumptuously than we are accustomed to in our religious literature.

VI. *Supplement to the Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual—Penance and Matrimony.* By the Rev. JAMES O'KANE, Senior Dean, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. (Duffy: Dublin and London.)

VERY many of the Irish clergy are now among our subscribers, and each week that passes adds several to the number. This is, therefore, not altogether an unsuitable place to notice with a few words of praise the last service which the late Dean O'Kane bestowed on his brethren in the priesthood. The "Supplement" is worthy of a work which the Roman authorities have characterised as *vere aureum et accuratissimum opus*. Those who procure the present publication will be sure to add to their theological libraries (if they do not contain it already) the "Notes on the Ritual," to which after a minute examination this authoritative approval was given. The interesting question discussed in so vigorous and interesting a manner by "H. F. N." in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for last November and December—"Domicile, Quasi-domicile, and Simple Habitation"—is treated here with still greater fulness. The late Dean and the ex-Professor of Maynooth take precisely the same view of the question. Those who remember with affection and reverence the solid and amiable qualities of the Author of this little work will set a special value on this last relic of a holy and learned priest, who in all that he has written has exemplified the conscientious accuracy of his mind and the genuine sincerity of his character.

VII. *S. Joannis Chrysostomi de Incomprehensibili et S. Gregorii Nazianzeni Orationes Theologicae.* (Londini apud David Nutt.)

UNDER shelter of the remarks with which we introduced the preceding work into seemingly uncongenial company, we beg again to call the attention of priests and ecclesiastical students to the series which Father Hurter, S.J., is editing at Innsbruck under the title of *Sanctorum Patrum Opuscula Selecta ad usum præsertim Studiosorum Theologiae*.

Complete editions of the Fathers, each in many folios, will be rarely purchased and more rarely read. These volumes, of which the present, just published, is the twenty-ninth, range in price from a little below to a little above one shilling. They contain, not selections, but choice works of the Fathers, given in their entirety, extremely well edited and carefully annotated. To those who we hope will read this paragraph, we may commend also a little threepenny book printed lately at the Propaganda Press: "*S. Thomæ Doctoris Angelici Preces.*" It will be for many more useful and pleasant than larger and fuller prayer-books.

VIII. *Reflections on the Stations of the Cross; or, the Love of Jesus in his Passion.* With the Devotions of the *Via Crucis*. By the Very Rev. DANIEL CANON GILBERT, D.D., V.G. Second Edition. (London: Burns and Oates.)

Those who have used Dr. Gilbert's little book, "The Love of Jesus, or, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," will lose no time in procuring this companion-work. Indeed many have been beforehand with us, as the first edition has been exhausted since New Year's Day. The reflections and prayers are full of thought and feeling, expressed with a directness, clearness, simplicity, and what we may call good sense and good taste, which are not always to be found, especially in translations from the French. This little book is manifestly no translation, but has grown up from meditation and great experience of the world and of souls. Even the size of the pages and of the type, and the special sort of binding, have all been chosen with a view to convenient practical use.

IX. *The Irish Judges and the Irish Chairmen.* By GEORGE FOTTRELL, Jun., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.)

This interesting pamphlet consists of a paper which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of March, 1875, together with some articles contributed by the same writer to the *Nation* newspaper. Those who will be disposed to combat Mr. Fottrell's thesis most energetically must needs acknowledge the great clearness and ability with which he has urged the points in its favour.

X. *Adhemar de Belcastel; or, Be not Hasty in Judging.* Translated from the French. (New York: Catholic Publication Society.)

This very handsome volume does great credit to the indefatigable zeal of the Society to whose spirit and enterprise American Catholics and, indeed, all English-speaking Catholics owe so much. Paper, printing, and binding approach the luxurious. The tale would not have been selected for such honour by "A Graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmetsburgh," if it were not moral and edifying—perhaps a little too much so. We owe a translation of Frederick Ozanam's "*Land of the Cid*" to the same publishers, and (as we think, in spite of what seems a mistake on the very title-page) to the same translator. The charm of the original has urged the translator to perform his task with great care. The book is a very graceful and lively record of the impressions made on a gifted and devout mind by a tour through a part of Spain.

XI. *The Mirror of Faith: Your Likeness in it.* By FATHER CUTHBERT HOOKER, Passionist. (London: D. Lane; Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.)

THERE is a great deal of vigour and originality in the manner in which Father Cuthbert treats the old questions of Man, and Sin, and the Redemption. Sometimes, in his determination not to be dull, he says things which are not only striking, but a little grotesque. A glance down the clever headings of paragraphs in the very minute table of contents will entice the reader to turn to the pages where sundry interesting questions are discussed; and he will find that this spiritual book might lay claim to that epithet in another of its French meanings also.

XII. *A Memorial of First Communion.* (London: Fontes and Mac-Swiney, Warwick-lane.)

As there are pictures in words, so there are words in pictures. Some pictures there are which teach their lesson and preach their sermon better than many printed books. A book of prayers and meditations given as a souvenir of First Communion could hardly discharge this duty as effectively as this memorial-picture. The design is very good, and it has been executed with taste and care. The season of First Communion has now begun. We hope that many of the children will be furnished with this reminder of one of the most important epochs in their lives.

XIII. *Flower and Fruit; or, the Use of Tears.* By CECILIA M. CADDELL, Authoress of "The Miner's Daughter," "Blind Agnes," "The Virgin Mother," &c. &c. (Dublin: James Duffy & Co.)

THIS is one of the latest, but not the very latest, of the services which Miss Caddell has conferred upon Catholic literature. Though the fourteen chapters of the book have special headings, there is, by a curious oversight, no index or table of contents to let us see at a glance the various aspects of the question which are here discussed with much grace of language and solidity of thought. The first of the works named on the title-page quoted above—"The Miner's Daughter"—has, we perceive, reached a second edition. It is perhaps too successfully disguised by the name it bears; for in reality it is a careful book of instructions on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Was that ingenious guess as to the reason why the memento of the living is made *before* the Consecration, and the memento of the dead *after*, original with Farmer Price? In any new edition of "The Virgin Mother and the Child Divine," we think the two small volumes ought to be joined in one, like the convenient little quarto which all the others of the series form. It is the life of our Lord told in an interesting way for children, who will relish the pretty legends that are discreetly and sparingly used to illustrate the inspired record.

### WINGED WORDS.

1. All contradictions are reconciled in Jesus Christ. To know God and not to know our misery is pride. To know our misery and not to know Jesus Christ is despair. But to know Jesus Christ delivers us from both pride and despair; because in Him we find God and our misery and the only way to repair it.—*Pascal*.

2. Philosophy should not answer more than it is asked.—*Novalis*.

3. There is no use watering last year's crop.—"*Mrs. Poyser*."

4. Hell, a wise man has said, is paved with good intentions. Pluck up the stones, ye sluggards, and break the devil's head with them.—*Julius Hare*. [But no, God forbid that we should come within arm's length of those missiles.]

5. In an age and country where success, and, above all, success in making money, is becoming more and more the object of men's hopes and prayers and efforts, it is good for us all to be reminded that, if self-assertion is the first law of nature, self-sacrifice is the first law of God.—*Anon*.

6. We know how easily the uselessness of almost every branch of knowledge may be proved to the complete satisfaction of those who do not happen to possess it. How many not altogether stupid men think the scientific study of languages useless, think ancient literature useless, all erudition useless, logic and metaphysics useless, poetry and the fine arts idle and frivolous. Even history has been pronounced useless and mischievous by able men.—*John Stuart Mill*.

7. It is by no means a small matter not to despise small matters.—*Pope Sixtus*.

8. Love is the Amen of the universe.—*Novalis*.

9. No one of himself is able to rise out of the depths, but must clasp some outstretched hand.—*Seneca*.

10. Drive away wicked thoughts by good.—*The Abbot Nilus*.

11. There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness about work. Blessed is he who has found his work. Admirable was that of the old monks—*laborare est orare*: "work is worship."—*Carlyle*.

12. What follows after all your victories, Pyrrhus? "To sit down and be merry." And cannot you do so now?

13. One of the prime vices of this age is a thin-skinned cynicism. We think it philosophical to be ashamed of our emotions.—*G. A. Sala*.

14. It is not only by doing the right thing but by doing the right thing in the right way and at the right time, that we achieve the great triumphs of life. . . . All success is self-contained. . . . To concentrate your powers on any given object—to go directly to the point, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and resolutely determining to succeed—is to secure success. If once you begin to *sprawl*, you are lost. [Alluding to the advice given to an amateur-coachman: "Keep them well together, keep them well together—don't let them *sprawl*!"]

15. I was delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry: while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of.—*Sir Roger de Coverley.*

16. The general conviction that we are admirable does not easily give way before a single negative; rather when any of Vanity's large family, male or female, find their performance received coldly, they are apt to believe that a little more of it will win over the unaccountable dissident.—*George Eliot.*

17. It is possible to have a strong self-love without any self-satisfaction, rather with a self-discontent, which is the more intense because one's own little care of egotistic sensibility is a supreme care.—*The same.*

## IN MEMORY OF TWO DEAR PUPILS.

I F angel led me by the hand,  
In deepest vigil of the night,  
To gaze upon the robe of white  
You bear in the immortal land;

And if I saw your golden vest  
Of spirit radiance, and the palm,  
Or heard the heavenly virgin-psalm  
You chant within the realms of rest;

I scarce could feel more faith than now  
That you have touched the blessed goal.  
Methinks I see with sight of soul  
The diadem upon your brow.

And oft in joyous ecstasy  
I think that on your throne above,  
Forgetting all my want of love,  
You supplicate our Lord for me.

Rememb'ring how I fain would teach—  
Though feebly and with little skill  
Yet, trust I, with sincerest will—  
The way your home of bliss to reach.

O dearest dead! keep long in mind,  
And aid to guide in path of truth  
The fond mates of your mortal youth  
Who linger in the vale behind.

And in my hour of solemn need,  
When this frail being shall have died,  
Be present at our Mother's side,  
And at the throne of Pity plead.

## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

WE have a pretty story to tell this month of a feast-day in the Big House. St. Joseph is one of our dearest friends in heaven, and we could not let his day pass without holding a fête, in his honour, in our own little way. Exciting hopes had been busy in many small heads and hearts, thrilling hopes that a bright warm sun might shine on that morning, allowing of high festival being held in the garden; but March winds were too strong for our desires, and though the sun did shine, yet the world out-of-doors was not a warm enough place for little backs that were getting mended, and little chests sore with coughing. We were obliged to hold our revel in the wards, where about luncheon time there was a merry sight to be seen.

The table was prettily spread with cakes, oranges, etc., but the crowning treat of all was a quantity of "cracker" bon-bons which were at first an object of much curiosity and some awe to the children. Great was the delight of the boys and the nervous trepidation of the little girls when they were taught how to pull them, and found the wonderful crackers go off in their hands. But when each was found to contain a beautiful paper cap, or pretty Cinderella's slipper, then wild was the surprise and the fun.

After a time little Jemmie D—, aged three years, was crowned with a high cap of pink and white, seated at the head of the table, and declared to be Lord Mayor at the feast; while Baby, a dear little convalescent of two, was placed opposite as Lady Mayoress, decked in a becoming head-dress, all over with blue and white bows and rosettes. All the little pale faces in the beds were also adorned with the most fantastic of head-gear, and we can tell you that the Lord Mayor's Banquet was a decided success. The only flaw in the whole affair was (we are sorry to say), some undignified conduct on the part of his Worship in the chair. When the feast was over, and he saw all the pretty dishes carried away, and found himself sitting at the head of an empty board, then this poor little Lord Mayor lifted up his voice and wept! He had to be consoled and put to bed; and so ended St. Joseph's Lord Mayor's feast.

One day soon afterwards, on going into the wards, we found two little boys dressed up in the same imposing caps that had figured at the feast, and walking gravely round each bed, pretending to be the doctors. Every child had to put out its tongue as they went along, and the prescriptions promptly given, were by no means varied. Nurse was in each case told to administer a dose which is much more common than agreeable.

At the same time the girls were holding a wedding-party, the "breakfast," (consisting of all kinds of little broken cups and saucers) being elegantly laid out upon a bed. The wedding guests, in "cracker" adornments, looked a funny assemblage indeed: little sic-



and bandaged faces laughing out of a framework of orange and rose-colour and blue.

When acknowledging gifts of pretty dolls lately, we omitted, by a strange mistake, to mention a charming dolly sent us by the young ladies of Cabra Convent. One of their number, little Maggie Phelan, **was sick** herself, and loved to think and talk of the Big House, and the poor little patients; and she bought this pretty doll, wishing to dress it and send it to us for them. But before the kindly act was completed, God took little Maggie to himself. The doll was left behind, still unclothed, wrapped only in the wishes of its little mistress, which seemed to lurk in the silver-paper swathes in which it was bound. When the young companions had dried away the tears that fell for Maggie, they set to work lovingly with needle and thimble, to realise those wishes of their vanished little friend. The choicest of outfits was prepared for the doll, and she arrived at her destination as a gift from the dead. Surely a plaything more sacred, was never placed in our hands; and that is saying much, considering the touching bequests we have received.

## TO ST. JOSEPH.

### A SONNET.

**S**AINTS know thee best, O hidden, silent Saint!  
 And would that I had e'en a little part  
 Of that great love Theresa's kindred heart  
 Felt for thee, Foster-father! But the taint,  
 The chill is on my soul; and few and faint  
 The sighs that from this earthy bosom dart  
 Up to that heavenly throne whereon thou art  
 In glory, not too high to hear my plaint.

Patron of all who work in humble ways!  
 Pray that from pure and earnest motive I  
 May fill with patient toil the moments flying.  
 Patron of happy death-beds! when my days  
 Have reached their term, be thou, dear Joseph! nigh,  
 With Mary and with Jesus, while I'm dying.

M R.

## SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q.C.

## PART II.

BUT, in truth, the time of that change was hard at hand. I do not desire to dwell upon the history of King Henry VIII. further than is absolutely necessary for my subject. In its main features, it is known to all of you. The King having lived for nearly twenty years with his excellent and virtuous wife, Catherine of Aragon, was suddenly seized with a passion for Anne Boleyn, and professed to be struck with a tardy scruple as to his marriage with his deceased brother's wife—though there is no doubt she had been his brother's wife only in name, and that Henry's marriage had been ratified by a full dispensation from the Pope. Cardinal Wolsey, fatally for himself, and in utter blindness as to the King's real intentions and desires, had fostered these scruples, in the hope of marrying the King to a sister of the king of France, and thus dissolving the alliance between England and the Emperor Charles V., who had stood in the way of his own personal ambition to obtain the popedom. Henry, after vain efforts to obtain from Rome the sanction for his divorce, procured it at last to be pronounced by his own servile instrument, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his court at Lambeth. When all the modern sophistry that has been written upon this subject has been fully weighed and considered, we must own that what has been always the popular verdict is the true one, and that the actual facts of the case are admirably condensed by Shakspeare, when, after the Lord Chamberlain says to the Duke of Suffolk: "The King's marriage with his brother's wife has crept too near his conscience," he makes the Duke of Suffolk answer: "No, his conscience has crept too near another lady." Anne Boleyn wrought the fall of Wolsey, the great Cardinal, a truly splendid statesman and administrator: who, if his virtues had been commensurate with his mental faculties and powers, would have left the foremost name among English ministers. It is to be said of him that, whatever may have been his faults of pride and worldliness, yet so long as he was at the right hand of Henry and governed his councils, Henry's character at home and abroad stood as high as that of any sovereign in Europe. Anne Boleyn was Wolsey's enemy, and he fell. He was deprived of the Great Seals, and was banished (for it was to him a banishment) to his diocese of York. He would infallibly have soon afterwards lost his head, if death from a broken heart had not anticipated his doom. On Wolsey's fall, Henry cast about for a successor to him, and, with the approbation of all the kingdom, his choice fell upon Sir Thomas More. This was in the year 1529, when More was forty-nine years of age. He held the Seals for about two years and a half. He was the first layman who, for a considerable period, had been raised to that dignity. Lay Chancellors had from time to time been appointed in the reigns of the Edwards, but afterwards, as previously, the office had been com-

mitted to ecclesiastics. There can, I think, be little doubt—strange as it may seem to our modern notions—that our system of equitable jurisprudence is, in the main, owing to the succession of great churchmen in that place, versed in the Roman and civil law, and the canon law, by which, as Burke truly says, the jejuneness and barrenness of our municipal law was enriched and strengthened. But to More all the great repertoires of jurisprudence were familiar. It is conceded that he made one of the best Chancellors who ever sat. He even attempted, three centuries before the time, to effect that fusion of law and equity so loudly demanded and partly accomplished at the present day. He called the Judges together, expounded to them how the writs of injunction from Chancery restraining proceedings at common law had their origin in the utter injustice which the rigour of the common law in many cases occasioned, and said that if the common law were only modified, so as to give judgment according to the real right and equity of the case, there would be little further occasion for any Chancellor to interfere with them. To this they declined to listen, their motive being, as More thought, that they did not wish to assume a responsibility in the judgment of causes which the common law enabled them to cast upon a jury. For myself, speaking as a lawyer, I must say I think it fortunate that Sir Thomas More did not then succeed in his attempted fusion of law and equity; for the great Chancellors who have succeeded in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries have given a fulness and completeness to equitable principles, which Judges bred to the strictness and rigour of the common law would hardly have done. Sir Thomas More devoted himself to his duties as Chancellor with the utmost zeal. Cardinal Wolsey, notwithstanding his rare talents for business, yet occupied as he was with the concerns not only of the kingdom but of all Europe, had left a large arrear of causes unheard. All these were cleared off. So that Sir Thomas More, one day sitting in his court and calling for the next cause, was told that there was none. This gave rise at the time to the following punning epigram:

“When More some years had Chancellor been,  
No more suits did remain;  
The like shall never more be seen,  
Till More be there again.”

In the midst of all this, his pleasant and mirthful disposition never deserted him. An amusing little anecdote has come down to us of a lap-dog, or, possibly, as it might be now termed, a toy terrier, having been stolen from a poor woman, to whom it belonged, and sold to the Lord Chancellor's lady. The woman having discovered that her dog was at Chelsea, laid claim to it. This claim Lady More indignantly denied. Sir Thomas, having come in in the midst of the dispute, said: “Well, I am Lord Chancellor, and I will decide this cause.” Accordingly he placed his wife at one end of the hall and the poor woman at the other, and sat himself in the middle, having the dog in his lap. He bade them both call him, whereupon the dog jumped down and

ran to his former owner, to whom Sir Thomas More at once adjudged it. Solomon or Sancho Panza could not have decided better. Accusations of corruption in his high office were made against him, such as were, unhappily, too well founded in the case of some who went before and some who came after him, amongst others his great successor, Lord Bacon. But from the high-tempered armour of proof in which More was clad, they fell utterly harmless. A lady who had a suit before him sent to him a glove filled with gold pieces. He said it would not be polite to refuse a lady's present, so he kept the glove, pouring all the gold into the hand of the messenger who brought it. Almost the same thing occurred with a gold cup sent to him by another suitor. He poured a little wine into the cup, drank it, and then restored the cup to the bringer.

But I must hasten onwards to the end. Things went their destined way. King Henry was determined to have his will in the matter of the divorce. So long as the question was undetermined by the Court of Rome, More assisted Henry in trying to procure a final judgment; but when it became plain that the decision of the Holy See would be adverse to the wishes of the King, then came the parting of the ways in which More had to choose between his conscience as a Catholic and the honours and rewards of this world. He supplicated Henry to relieve him from his office of Chancellor. The King, with reluctance, accepted his resignation, still promising to him "that, for the good services he had done him, he should not fail to find him a good and gracious Lord." How that promise was kept we shall see. This resignation took place in the year 1532, when More was fifty-two years of age.

We cannot help contrasting his feelings upon this abandonment of worldly honours with those of his great predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey. Comparing the two men, it can hardly, I suppose, be doubted that Wolsey, to use a cant phrase of the present day, was a man of the greater brain-power. He was a great founder, a great administrator; a man of action and achievement; ambitious, sumptuous, and proud in his prosperity. But when he lost the favour of the King, and the world turned against him, all failed him. "He wept like a woman, and wailed like a child." Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. More's heart had never been set upon the world, and so he retired from the Chancellorship with unaffected delight to his literary pursuits at Chelsea, giving himself up with the greatest content to writings in defence of the Catholic Faith against the errors to which Luther's revolt had given birth. He found little sympathy from his wife. "Tilly vally, Mr. More," she said (you may remember this exclamation which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Mrs. Quickly, equivalent to our "pooh-pooh" or "tut-tut"). "Tilly vally, will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? My mother always told me it was better to rule than to be ruled." More received these observations with much the same composure as Socrates did those of his wife Xantippe. After all his gains at the bar, after all his employments in the State, he was poor—such had been his unselfishness and his generosity. He had realised about £100 a year, worth

say, £700 or £800 a year at the present day. "Well," he said to his household—his daughters and his sons-in-law—"before I was Chancellor I had experience of poorer fare, the commons of Oxford and the commons of the Inns of Court. We will fall back first on the one, and then, if necessary, on the other; and if we fail in providing even such meagre fare, we can but beg at last, and we will sing boldly the *Salve Regina* from door to door, in spite of all that Tyndall and others have said against hymns to our Lady." But he was not to live unmolested in his retirement. First, Henry VIII. summoned him to be present at his public marriage with Anne Boleyn. With this invitation he refused to comply, and so earned the implacable hatred of both. Henry had now determined to sever himself wholly from the jurisdiction of the Pope, and to declare himself sole head of the Church in England. This was, of course, complete and absolute schism, a total separation from the body of the Catholic Church. That he was able to effect it as he did remains to my mind the most inexplicable phenomenon in all history. That individuals or nations should revolt from the Church we can all understand. Such was the course of the Reformation in Germany and in Scotland. But in England there was no revolt whatever. Opinions against the Faith, so far from being fostered, were sternly and even cruelly repressed. Those who held them were the merest handful. The Church was to all outward appearance in as high and healthy a condition as ever it had been. The Bishops and mitred Abbots held their seats in the House of Lords. The universities and colleges throughout the land were schools not merely of learning but of orthodox religious teaching. Yet at once, at the bidding of a tyrant, mad with self-will, and passions which never knew check or rein, this splendid episcopacy and clergy, and the laity whom they drew after them, renounced so cardinal a doctrine of the Catholic Faith as the supremacy of the Pope.

There does not appear to have been a single voice of dissent, or even hesitation, in either House of Parliament when the law was passed which not only ratified the schism, but made it high treason to declare a contrary opinion. To attribute all this to dastardly fear is impossible. There were no braver people than the English for anything in which they had their hearts. We are forced to the conclusion that their hearts were then not in spiritual but in material things, and that although the Church of England flourished in outward splendour there was some canker at the root. More, in his Chelsea retirement, was not blind to the coming storm. Having asked his daughter, Margaret Roper, one day how the world went and how Queen Anne did: "In faith, father," said she, "never better. There is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting." "Never better!" said he. "Alas! Meg, it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs, but it will not be long till her head will dance the like dance." The crisis soon came; the oath of supremacy was tendered to the clergy, who freely took it, but as yet it had not been tendered

to any layman. It was resolved to begin with Sir Thomas More, in the expectation that if he did not resist no other would. It was on the morning of the 13th of April that he received the summons to appear at Lambeth. Before he went thither, he went, according to his custom, to Chelsea church, and there was confessed and received at Mass devoutly the Blessed Sacrament. He left his home with great heaviness of heart. He took his son-in-law, Roper, in the boat with him, for they went by water. He sat silent for a long time, but at last he spoke, and his words were these: "My son, I thank our Lord that the field is won." What occurred when he was brought in before the Commissioners he narrates in a letter to his daughter. It is to the following effect: After he was called before them he requested of them to see the oath, which when he had read unto himself he answered that he neither would find fault with the oath, nor with the authors of it, nor would blame the conscience of any man who had taken it, but for himself—he could not take it without endangering his soul of eternal damnation, which, if they doubted of, he would swear unto them that that was the chief cause of his refusal, in which second oath if they did not trust him, how then could they trust him in the former? Lord Chancellor Audley told him they were heartily sorry to hear him make such an answer, and that he was the first man who had refused the oath. Thereupon he was commanded to walk about the garden and bethink himself; and, in the meantime, those of the clergy who had been summoned for the same morning were called in—some bishops, many doctors, and priests—and all took it, except Bishop Fisher and one Dr. Wilson, without any scruple, stop or stay; and the Vicar of Croydon, says Sir Thomas, called for a cup of beer at the buttery bar, and drank very familiarly. Sir Thomas was then called in again, and the oath tendered to him anew, enforced by the examples of those who had taken it. Upon his persisting in his refusal he was severely rated for his obstinacy, and he was given in charge to the Abbot of Westminster in a kind of honourable imprisonment. This lasted only four days, at the end of which the oath was offered to him for the third time; and on his third refusal he was committed to the Tower. He still kept up his spirits and his sportive disposition. The lieutenant of the Tower had been an old friend of his, and under many obligations to him, and he came to Sir Thomas excusing himself for the hard fare which he was forced to give him, saying he would treat him much better but for fear of the King's displeasure. "Indeed, Master Lieutenant," said Thomas More, "I heartily believe you and thank you. I do not think I am likely to find fault with your treatment of me, but, if ever I do, I give you free leave to thrust me out of doors."

After he had been in prison about a month, his daughter Margaret succeeded in getting access to him. He said to her: "I believe, Meg, that they who have put me here think they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee, on my faith, mine own good daughter, that if it had not been for my wife and you my children, whom I account the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room as this, and

straiter too. I find no cause to reckon myself here in worse case than in my own house, for methinks God, by this imprisonment, maketh me one of his wantons (that is, his favourite children), and setteth me upon his lap, and dandleth me even as He has done all his best friends." From his wife he received but cold comfort. She was really a devoted wife, and spared no pains or sacrifices to obtain for him whatever material conveniences he was permitted to receive; but his state of mind was a mere bewildering riddle to her. She rated him soundly for lying there through mere obstinacy, as she thought, in a filthy prison, when he had only to speak one word and be restored to his fair house in Chelsea, his books, his family, and his friends. "Don't you think, Mistress Alice," said he, "that this place is as near to heaven as Chelsea?" And when she answered with her usual petulant exclamation of "Tilly vally!" he said, more seriously: "Suppose I were to go back to my house in Chelsea, how long do you think we would live to enjoy it?" "Possibly twenty years," said she. "Twenty years!" said he; "why if you had said a thousand years it would have been something, and yet he would be a very bad merchant that would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years; how much the rather, as we are not sure of it for one day." If his constancy was, on the one hand, thus assailed in vain, it was on the other hand greatly fortified and strengthened by the example of the Carthusian monks, whom Henry caused to be butchered with all the horrible details of the punishment of high treason. The reason why More was so long detained in the Tower was this. To refuse to take the oath of supremacy was only misprision of treason, punishable by imprisonment and forfeiture of goods. To amount to high treason there should be a denial of the King's royal style and title of Head of the Church. Every possible effort had been made to induce More to commit himself in this respect, but he had been upon his guard. He had employed his time in prison in writing religious works. To deprive him even of this consolation Henry sent an order to take away his little supply of books, and even his writing materials. The execution of this commission devolved upon a lawyer named Rich, then Solicitor-General and afterwards Lord Chancellor. He was instructed to use the opportunity to elicit from More, if he could, either an admission or a plain denial of the supremacy. So, when the Lieutenant of the Tower and the gentlemen who accompanied Rich were busy in packing up More's little library, Rich took him aside into the embrasure of a window and commenced speaking with him, as if in the familiar and confidential tone of one who had been his brother-lawyer. He opened the subject of the supremacy. "Come now, Mr. More," said he, "suppose there were an act of Parliament to make me king, would you not take me for king?" "Yes, I would," said More. "Well, come now," said Rich, thinking he saw his advantage: "suppose there were an act of Parliament that all the realm should take me for Pope, would you not take me for Pope?" "Well," said More, "Parliament can very well settle the temporal affairs of princes, but in answer to your last question, let me put one to you. Supposing Par-

liament were to enact that God should not be God, what would you say in such a case?" "Oh," said Rich, "no Parliament could make such a law." More remained silent, discerning his drift well enough, and the books being packed the conversation ended. Nevertheless, even upon this slender evidence, Henry was resolved to bring him to his trial. A special commission under the great seal was issued for that purpose, consisting of Audley, the Lord Chancellor, and of several of the nobility and the judges. He was arraigned on the 7th of May, 1535; but in the hope of obtaining some better evidence the trial was put off till the 1st July. "On the morning of the trial," says Lord Campbell, upon whose language it would be impossible to improve, "More was led on foot, in a coarse, woollen gown through the most frequented streets from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The colour of his hair, which had become gray since he last appeared in public; his face, which, though still cheerful, was pale and emaciated; his bent posture, and his feeble steps, which he was obliged to support with his staff, showed the rigour of his confinement and excited the sympathy of the people, instead of impressing them, as was intended, with dread of the royal authority. When, sordidly dressed, he held up his hand as a criminal in that place where, arrayed in his magisterial robes and surrounded by crowds who watched his smile, he had been accustomed on his knees to ask his father's blessing before mounting his own tribunal to determine as sole judge on the most important rights of the highest subjects in the realm, a general feeling of horror and commiseration ran through the spectators; and after the lapse of three centuries, during which statesmen, prelates, and kings have been unjustly brought to trial under the same roof, considering the splendour of his talents, the greatness of his acquirements, and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime ever perpetrated in England under the form of law."

After all, strange to say, he was on the point of being acquitted. He showed so unanswerably that there was not a particle of evidence to bring him within the terms of the statute, that it would have been impossible to find a verdict against him, but for the part which Solicitor-General Rich earned his promotion by playing. An acquittal, indeed, would have been only a temporary respite. It would have simply given Henry the very slight trouble of getting an act of attainder passed by his servile Parliament; but from this necessity his Solicitor-General rescued him. Leaving his place at the bar where he was prosecuting, he stepped into the witness box, and detailed the conversation he had had with More in the Tower, with an addition which was a pure fabrication, namely, that when he had said that no Parliament could enact that God should not be God, Sir Thomas had replied, "No more, then, can Parliament make the King the head of the Church." When this shocking piece of perjury was delivered, Sir Thomas More answered with all the dignity that became him, but at the same time with a righteous scorn for the wretch who was thus forsworn: "If I were a man, my Lords, who did not regard an oath, I needed not at this time in this place, as is well known to



every one, to stand as an accused person, and if this oath, Mr. Rich, which you have taken be true, I pray I may never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to gain the whole world." He then related what really occurred between them, adding quietly: "In truth, Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your perjury than for my peril." The senseless rule of the English law, which to this hour debars an accused person from giving evidence on his own behalf, enabled the Lord Chancellor in charging the jury to tell them that they were to attach no weight to the denial of the prisoner as against the oath of the Solicitor-General; and so, after an absence of fifteen minutes, the jury, who no doubt had been carefully selected beforehand, returned a verdict of Guilty. Such was the flutter of the court at securing the verdict, of which for some time they had been in doubt, that the Lord Chancellor was about pronouncing sentence without even going through the essential legal form of giving the prisoner the opportunity of speaking in arrest of judgment. "My Lord," said Sir Thomas, very calmly, "when I was towards the law, the manner in such cases was to ask the prisoner, before sentence, whether he could give a reason why judgment should not proceed against him." The Lord Chancellor stopped, and had the question put to him, but I need hardly add that all the prisoner said against the statute and the form of the indictment was said in vain, and the following sentence was pronounced: "That Thomas More, knight, be brought back to the Tower of London by William Bingson, Sheriff, and from thence drawn on a hurdle through the city of London to Tyburn, there to be hanged till he be half dead, after that cut down yet alive, be ripped open, his entrails burned, and his four quarters set up over four gates of the city, and his head upon London Bridge." This frightful sentence had been literally executed in all its details on the poor Carthusian monks; but in the case of Sir Thomas More, Privy Councillor and Lord Chancellor, custom and mere decency compelled the King to commute it into simple beheading. To Sir Thomas, I suppose, it made little difference. When this change of his punishment was announced to him with a pompous declaration of the King's great mercy in remitting all the rest of the sentence, he answered with his usual grave irony: "God forbid that the King should show such mercy to any of my friends, and God preserve my posterity from such pardons."

To return, however, to what occurred immediately after his sentence. He then, as if a load had been lifted from his mind, declared that he now at last felt himself free to speak out what he thought of this law. He said he had studied for seven years together through all the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and that he never could find a trace of authority for the position that a layman could be head of the Church. The Judges then assailed him with the same cry which had been round him from the beginning, asking him why he should be so obstinate as to set himself against the Bishops of the realm. "Bishop for Bishop," said Sir Thomas; "where you can produce one I can produce a hundred; and as against this single realm, the consent of all Christendom for more than a thousand years."

He wound up his speech very beautifully. "More have I not to say, my Lords, but that like the blessed Apostle St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, who was present and consenting to the death of the proto-martyr, St. Stephen, holding their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now both twain holy saints in heaven and there shall continue friends for ever; so I verily trust and shall heartily pray, that, though your Lordships have been on earth my Judges to condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation." He was borne from Westminster Hall to the Tower, with the edge of the axe turned towards him as was usual in the case of persons attainted of treason. When he reached the Tower wharf, a very touching scene awaited him. His daughter, Margaret Roper, his best beloved child, was there to receive his last blessing. Without consideration or care of herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberds compassed him round, she there openly, in the sight of them all, clasped him round the neck and kissed him, unable to utter any word but "Oh! my father, oh! my father." He blessed her, and exhorted her to patience and submission to the will of God. Even now when he had tranquilly made up his mind to die, the King would not let him be in peace. He would have bought his apostacy at any price. A courtier came to him with the old importunity that he would change his mind; to which Sir Thomas answered at last, "Well, I have changed my mind." The courtier running off to the King with the news was at once commanded to go back and learn in what his mind was changed. "Well," said Sir Thomas, "I will tell you the truth. I had intended to shave before I died, but I have changed my mind, and now I intend that my beard shall go with my head." The night before his execution he wrote with a coal (the only material within his reach) a very beautiful letter to his daughter Margaret, sending her at the same time privately his shirt of hair and scourge, not wishing that the world should publicly know that he used these austerities.

On the morning of the 5th of July Sir Thomas Pope came to him and told him that it was the King's pleasure he should die that day. Pope, who brought the message, had been a friend of More's, and he burst into tears as he spoke. More, as it were, reversing their offices, comforted him, talking cheerily in his usual pleasant vein.

On his way to the scaffold a charitable woman offered him a cup of wine, which he declined, saying that Christ drank only vinegar and gall. Another woman took this very fitting occasion to importune him about some papers, which she said were left with him when he was Chancellor. "Have patience with me, good woman," said he, "and in another hour the King will relieve me from all trouble about your papers and all things else."

His bright wit, the testimony of a still brighter conscience, attended him to the last. His confinement had weakened him so much that he required help in ascending the scaffold. "Assist me up," said he to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "and in coming down I will shift for myself." And what he said to the executioner when his head was actually on the block, is the best known of all his utterances.

"Wait," said he, "till I put aside my beard, for *that* never committed treason."

The mean and brutal resentment of Henry was not satisfied with his death. He not only seized on his property under the law confiscating to the Crown the estates of traitors, but he had a special Act of Parliament passed for the purpose of annulling a settlement which More had made upon his children before the Supremacy Statute had been thought of. All he allowed his widow was a pension of £20 a year.

At the tidings of his death a cry of horror arose from all Europe, which has found its echo down to our day. In justice to mankind it is to be said, that writers of all times and of all tongues have united in execrating the atrocious iniquity of which he was the victim. I was about to say without exception; but there is one. That exception is Mr. James Anthony Froude, the same who has published three octavo volumes in support of his view, that the capital fault of England in dealing with the Catholics of Ireland has been too great leniency and gentleness. He has chosen to adopt King Henry VIII. as his hero, and we may pardon him for sake of the result; for, let him paint him an inch thick, he succeeds on the whole in rendering him, if possible, more truly hideous than he appears in the pages of any other writer. Mr. Froude alone justifies Henry's proceedings towards More. But it is not pleasant to have to say that in his account he entirely suppresses the flagrant perjury of Rich, suppresses the Lord Chancellor's indecent and illegal precipitation in passing sentence, and, worst of all, suppresses the grasping vindictiveness of Henry in deliberately seeking to reduce to beggary the family of the man who had been his companion, preceptor, and bosom friend in days gone by.

That I may not part from Mr. Froude in entire reprobation, I have to add that I cordially concur with him when he says that, if England had held many men as ready to lay down their lives for the Faith as Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and the saintly monks of the Charterhouse, the change of religion in that kingdom would have been impossible. He adds from his point of view: "perhaps it would not have been needed."

It was to the honour, and, let us hope, to the eventual good of England that she *did* produce a few such men. It was to her ruin, spiritually speaking, that she produced no more.

I cannot, I think, more fitly conclude this Lecture than with a portion of a sonnet of the poet Wordsworth:

"Therefore to the tomb  
Pass, some through fire, and by the scaffold some,  
Like saintly Fisher and unbending More.  
Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit  
Upon his throne—unsoftened, undismayed  
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene  
Of pity or of fear; and More's gay genius played  
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen."

## A HOROSCOPE.

BY WILFRID MENNELL.

DEAR, O how dear ! the present is to me :  
 Yet would I fain into the future grope,  
 And cast for thee, dear girl, thy horoscope,  
 And guess at all the things that yet must be.

The years shall onward pass, and thy young mind,  
 Like those fair flowers that with the dawn unfold  
 Their sleepy leaves of purple and of gold,  
 Shall open and shoot upward and unbind.

The years shall onward pass, and girlhood's grace  
 Shall be matured in tender womanhood ;  
 And power to will the evil or the good  
 Shall take of childhood's innocence the place.

The years shall onward pass, and struggles strange  
 Shall move thy heart, and thou shalt inly crave  
 For other friends than those thy childhood gave,  
 For other love less limited in range.

The years shall onward pass ; perchance by thee  
 The radiant crown of wifehood shall be worn,  
 And happy, black-eyed children shall be born  
 To kiss thy brow and cling about thy knee.

And thou shalt just for one short moment turn  
 To childhood's years, and, sighing, wish them back—  
 These very days, dear girl, which seem to lack  
 Something for which thy soul doth inly yearn.

But oh ! believe me, naught can ever fill  
 This void of heart : there must remain through life,  
 As child and maid, as mother and as wife,  
 A something longed for, and all vainly, still :

A thirst that never more shall be sufficed,  
 So long as thou, like Israel's sons, art led  
 Through desert tracts, though on sweet Manna fed ;  
 Nor till thine eyes behold the Face of Christ.

## THE STRANGE SCHOONER.

## A STORY OF BOFIN ISLAND.\*

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER I.

## DELSIE'S OLD WOODEN MUG.

**B**OFIN is a rock-bound fishing island of scanty pasturage, seven miles out in the ocean; destitute of tree, flower, and shrub; tormented and impoverished by sea and tempest, though sometimes momentarily gifted by these capricious elements, when curious spoils of shipwreck are tossed upon its shores. Seen from the mainland (which Delsie Prendergast always hated), it is a veritable Nibelungen Land, like those dream-islands just by the gate of heaven which one descries out of the sea-side broom on a drowsy summer's day.

One wild spring evening Delsie was standing all alone in her cabin, her hands clasped and her eyes on the ground. The cabin was empty; nothing in it but Delsie and a large wooden drinking-vessel which hung from a nail upon the wall. All the small effects of her father, lately dead, had been sold, one by one, to the neighbours during the past hard winter; but the old wooden mug on the wall could not be touched.

The fading light came through the open door, and fell on the desolate maiden and on her solitary piece of furniture. Delsie was not the kind of girl to sink into slovenliness or self-disrespect through misfortune; there was, even now, a neatness in her striped cotton bodice, and a grace in the folds of her crimson flannel skirt. She was active and healthful, and of a mirth-loving, true-hearted nature. Once this little cabin had been well stored, and Delsie had had enough to do to mend her father's nets and keep house; but the cruel winter came, as it will come, and swept away the home and all the little properties, and drove the old man into his grave. The boat was broken, the nets in rags; the fisherman might no more be ill treated by wind or tide.

A shadow darkened the door, and a man came in. The girl started from her troubled reverie.

"Well, Delsie, what way is it goin' to be wid you?"

"My old aunt Graunia's comin' from West Quarter to live wid me. She'll be here to-night wid her bits o' sticks, an' I'm goin' to my service in the mornin'. An' yersel', Murt?"

"No news, Delsie. No work to be had."

Murt was young, stalwart, weather-beaten, and his head dropped on his breast as he spoke; his whole attitude was hopeless.

\* [The Author of this tale has yielded to our request that it should be saved from the wreck of a periodical which met with the same fate as the schooner.—ED. I. M.]

"Cheer up, Murt; you're young and strong. You must think about goin' to America."

"Widout you, Delsie?"

"Widout me, Murt."

The man looked at her with a wistful gaze, and stared out across the sea.

"Sorrow's aisy," he said, "and death is aisy; but that goin' widout you, — it bates me up!"

"You'll come round to it."

"I misdoubt if ye ever loved me, Delsie."

"Ora, Murt! don't ye know that my love is ruination to you?"

"Maybe mine is ruination to you," said Murt, sullenly.

"We needn't fight if we can't marry," said Delsie, sadly.

"Maybe you're sorry ye didn't stay on the mainland when you were axed."

"I don't like the mainland," said Delsie; "a big, wild place, where a body might lose the way any day; roads goin' every ways, an' that long, ye can't tell where they'll end. Why, people's away for weeks together out yondher, an' they're on the roads all the time."

"The say's a longer road nor any o' them," said Murt; "and I'd hardly be gone till you'd be married to some wan behind my back."

Delsie shook her head. "You'll forget all this sooner nor I will," she said. "Men always does. An' if you don't believe me, why then you may be sure that there's too much poverty goin' for the likes o' me to get married. Whoever looks after Delsie'll have to be content with the ould wooden mug for a fortune."

"If that's what ye're thinkin' of," said Murt, "ye needn't be onaisy. There'll be plenty of good matches for you—an' sure it's the coward I'd be to wish to stan' in your way. Do the best ye can for yersel', in the name o' the God that made you!"

He was gone with this; and Delsie heaved a sigh, and leaned a wet cheek against the wall. A year ago Murt and she had been engaged to be married; before that dreadful winter in which father and lover had been sufferers alike. Now, there was no one to give a helping hand to this plighted pair; no one to lend money to buy a boat and nets for a fresh start on the deep. There was no hope for Murt, said his friends, except to work his way to America, as others had done. "An' don't you prevent him," said they to Delsie, "or you'll have the ruin of the young man at your door!" And Delsie was not preventing him, except by the fact of her existence, which she could not help.

As Delsie wept, a great shouting and whooping was heard, and looking out, she saw an old woman, in a dark-blue cloak, leaning on a staff, picking her way towards the door, followed by a donkey, laden with a small table, a couple of chairs, and some other household articles, a boy carrying a rickety dresser, and a troop of little boys and girls making merry over the flitting.

"My blessin' to ye, Delsie, an' here I am! Sure there's the

beautifullest schooner making right for Bofin, as hard as it can sod! The men's been watchin' it from the rocks this hour past. Misha, then, to think of you an' me bein' all that's left o' the ould stock! Well, it's not all so bad as a bad marriage! Was that Murtagh Courcy I seen flingin' out o' the door as if the devil was afther him? Don't you have nothin' to say to him. Two hungry mouths is sure to bite other. What's he doin' for himself, the crature?"

"Anything he can get," said Delsie; "but there's little work these whiles."

"It's thrue for you; but you needn't be frettin' yoursel' so thin about it. There's a girl out in Connemara has three cows, that'll be the quare comfort to him afore long. That an' the schooner is the whole o' my news; so hand me down the old mether, an' we'll drink other's health for better times."

Delsie filled the mug with cold water, and presented it to the old woman.

"Time was," said Aunt Graunia, "when it's tay or punch I have had out o' it; but sure all's good that the Lord sends! Here's long life, and a happy heart to ye!"

The old woman smoked her pipe and went to bed; the young one arranged the scraps of furniture in the cabin, and sat down upon the threshold to polish up the old mug with her apron before hanging it on the dresser. It is not to be supposed that this was an ordinary wooden mug. It was an ancient beaker, large and extraordinarily heavy, curiously designed, and beautifully carven, with a multitude of graceful figures thrown up on the surface. It was well known on the island, and there was a story concerning it. As Delsie polished the mug, her thoughts ran on the romance of her own young life. Of Graunia's two pieces of news only one had left any trace on her mind; and the shadow of three strange Connemara cows fell long and dark across the girl's imagination. Yet why should she repine at the prospect of Murt's good fortune? She had given him up herself; why then object to his being helped out of trouble by another woman? She had urged him to go to America; and would it be worse to know him happy on the mainland, than to bid good-bye to him at once for evermore.

"An' I'll certainly never have more to say to him in the world than 'How are you, Murt, an' how's the wife?' maybe wanst in the two years, when he comes to Bofin! I'm sure she's ugly and ould, to make up for the cows; but people can't have everything in this world. 'Two hungry mouths would bite other!' an' it's thrue for you, Aunt Graunia. An' I'd rather shake hands wid Murt in kindness wanst for all, than be bitin' him all my life. Ora, good luck to you, Murt, an' be happy wid your cows!"

And Delsie wiped the heavy tears from her cheek, and giving a final polish to the mug, hung it on the dresser, and went to bed.

The next morning, when Delsie came over the hill towards the beach going to her new service, she saw the spars of the strange schooner, of which Graunia had spoken, rising against the sky out of the harbour. "The Beach" in Bofin is the metropolis of the island.

The small harbour is formed by a curved arm of the land, ending in iron-like rocks, into which are welded some grim ruined walls, known as Cromwell's castle. Here the breakers seethe and foam, but within the little bay the waters are at peace. Occasionally a strange vessel, driven out of its course by storm, is beaten in here for shelter; and perhaps seeks repairs of the island boat-maker, before venturing forth again on its voyage. Some pretty green-capped cliffs adorn the harbour; just at the curve where vessels lie, there is a sweep of shingly beach, and about this little spot the busiest life of the island centres. The sun shines on a cluster of little houses, a low-roofed school, a whitewashed church, a small provision store, the boat-maker's shed, a heap of timber logs, splatches of amber and brown sea-weed; men in blue jackets, busy with their boats or talking to the boat-maker among his logs, chips, and shavings; women in crimson flannel attending to the nets, or carrying away the orange rack in brown cleaves on their backs; little sunbrowned children, with bare legs and great eyes, perched upon the rocks, or dabbling in the water. It was towards this exciting centre of life, that Delsie now bent her steps, leaving behind her the wilder part of the island, with its few scattered "villages," or groups of cabins clustered together for shelter.

It was with the family of Johnny Maillie, the boat-maker, that Delsie was going out to service. Johnny was a kinsman of hers, with a "long wake" family, and a delicate wife; and there was plenty of work in and about his doors for the willing girl to put her hand to.

"Ora, Delsie! did ye see the schooner?" cried Maury Maillie, as the girl came in. "Sure it's the beautiful luck for Johnny! She wants a power o' mendin', and the captain—long life to him—has put the job no further nor oursel's. So, off wid you now, and take Johnny's breakfast aboard!"

"There's more work for boatmakers nor for fishermen these times," murmured Delsie, as she took the little bundle and went with it through the fields and across the road, and down the shingly beach, where knots of people were standing staring at the strange vessel, and relating wild stories of the perils she had come through.

Johnny the boat-builder, a wiry little man, with a humorous twist in his face, was in high consultation with the owner of the ship over some of her dilapidations, when Delsie stepped up the plank in the sunshine, and boarded the vessel, gazing around her with the liveliest curiosity.

"Good luck to ye, Delsie, an' you're welcome to the beach, an' you looking as fresh an' as sweet as the mornin', God bless you! Isn't this the luck we have entirely, avourneen! It's my cousin Delsie, yer honor, misther Captain; an' ye may well take stock o' hre, for ye niver seen the likes o' her in that quare place ye come from, I'll go bail! Rotter Dam he calls it, Delsie, an' himsel's a Dutchman, an' ye ought to spake up and be civil to him, as he brought us the work."

Delsie made a curtsy to the stranger, who returned the salutation



with a profound bow and a continuous stare. He was a tall, massive man, with a hooked nose, and a soap-coloured complexion, and looked indeed as if he never had seen the like of Delsie, who though a simple islander, was that morning one of the prettiest women in the world. No wonder if any person who once loved her should cling to and fight for her. She had a face as brown as a nut, with rich rose tints that went and came, sweet gray eyes, and a tender voice; and she had a habit of throwing up her round chin and laughing out gleefully in a way that was both startling and delightful. A certain picturesqueness in the crimson folds of her draperies, and the frills of her clean, well-mended bodice gave a quaint effect to her beauty.

Jan Dow, the trader from Rotterdam, invited the island girl in broken English to inspect and admire his ship; and Delsie, delighted with the novelty of her situation, tripped after him up and down decks, and finally was regaled with oranges and preserves—marvellous dainties to one who was used to banquet on potatoes.

"I am no longer sorry for my accident," said the Dutchman, in his hesitating English. "I little knew that in the seas I have travelled so often there lay an island so hospitable—a maiden so charming. An ancient friend of my family was once wrecked on an island in these seas—I know not exactly where. Do you ever have people wrecked on your great rocks here, Jan Maillie?"

"Many's the time, Mither Dutchman," said Johnny, tossing his head. "I could tell you a power o' stories of this island, that would keep you shanaghin over the fire of an evenin' till mornin' dawned. But musha, Delsie! there's little Patsie signin' to ye on the beach beyant. Be off wit' you, ye witch o' the world, an' lave two dacent men to do their business!"

That evening, when Maillie was sitting at his door after work-hours with a child on his knee, Jan Dow, the Dutchman, came up through the little potato-field to pay an evening visit. Mrs. Maillie was presented to him, but the captain looked about for somebody else. He soon made it known for whom his visit was intended, asking was it possible that "that young woman with the pink cheeks" was not at home so late in the evening.

"Scarcely yet," answered Maillie, with a twinkle in his eye. "She left us about an hour ago; but it is a good step of a walk to Middle Quarter."

"Friend Jan," said the Dutchman, "are you inclined for a walk round your island? I have seen nothing of it yet."

The boatmaker loved a bit of fun too well to refuse, and giving the babe in his wife, set out to lead the stranger straight along the path by which Delsie had lately travelled. It was quite dusk when the two came in sight of the little mustering of gray, brown-roofed cabins called a village, and saw the waves breaking in curves of foam at the foot of the irregular causeway that led between their rugged lines. Delsie's was the first cabin of the straggling group, and Graunia was soon espied knitting and smoking in the doorway.

"I hope it's no complaint ye have agin her," said Graunia,

eying the visitors; "for she's an industrious girl, though she is my brother's daughter. Well, well, if it's only neighbourliness, walk in, an' she'll soon be here. She just went down to dip her feet in the say to rest hersel', she said;" and as Graunia spoke Delsie appeared with long hair in damp rings on her shoulders and gleaming bare feet and ancles.

It was well that Aunt Graunia had brought her furniture to Delsie's cabin before company arrived, and that there were two chairs and a stool in the place, never to speak of an inverted turf cleave, on which the old lady disposed herself with dignity. The good woman sighed impatiently as she remembered that there was nothing in the house to offer the stranger by way of refreshment—but she was not displeased when the Dutchman drew a flask from his pocket; and begged she would give her opinion of its contents.

Now, when Jan Dow left his vessel and put the flask in his pocket, he was actuated simply by a desire to see Delsie again, and a determination to make friends with the islanders, so as to pass the time pleasantly while his vessel was disabled; but when he quitted the cabin that night, his ideas were changed. In the meantime he uncorked his flask with the air of a man accustomed to good things, and looked round for glasses into which he might empty it.

Alas! in the list of Graunia's household goods there was no such item as glass, and nothing in the way of drinking vessels was to be seen but the old wooden mug hanging on the dresser, with a cup of blue delf on either side of it.

"Bring them down, girl! bring them down!" cried Graunia. "Niver be ashamed o' the best you've got. Sure it's the Lord Himself that sends the storms that blows a body's little house-things clane out o' the windy. Give his honor the old mether—sure it's handsome enough for anybody. It was made to hould plenty, and never fear but the good stuff'll taste sweet out of it."

Delsie brought a little table, and placed the beaker before the stranger, and the two delf cups before Maillie and her aunt, and then she stood by to see the beautiful yellow liquid poured out of the crimson flask, and laughingly drank a little from the mug before the Dutchman would taste of its contents.

"Charming!" cried Jan Dow, as Delsie held the beaker to her lips, and glanced with roguish eyes round the group; and there was a curious expression on his face as his eye fastened rather on the drinking vessel than on the maiden. He seemed eager to get the mug back into his hands, and when he did so, turned it round and round, passing his fingers over the sculptured ornaments, and studying intently the meaning of the design. Graunia watched him with pride, and Maillie with amusement.

"Ye won't see many of them in Bofin," said the old woman, holding up her chin.

"It's a quare ould piece o' furniture—isn't it?" said Johnny Maillie.

"Very fine, ve—ry fine!" said the Dutchman, slowly, without

taking his eyes from the mug. He seemed lost in a reverie, and the islanders waited politely till he chose to awake from it. Presently he looked up with the air of a person who had been far away or asleep, and said :

"I am remarking to myself how well this is carved. Your carver must make his fortune if he go out into the world."

Delsie's laugh rang out gaily. She was fond of the old mug and loved to hear it praised. Graunia held her head higher and higher. Maillie chuckled with merriment.

"I'm the only carver on the island mysel'," he said ; "an''twould be hard to tell where the man is now that done yon piece o' work. It came a say voyage, and from as outlandish a part o' the world as ye come from yersel' ; Delsie's grandfather, if he wasn't dead, could tell you more about it nor I can do."

"There is a story," said the Dutch trader, raising his eyebrows. "Tell it to me, good Jan—I am fond of stories, and you have already promised me some."

"It's soon tould," said Johnny. "Wan terrible winther long ago, there was a vessel wrecked over agin' the rocks at the West Quarther, and Delsie's gran'father here, he was out among the rest thryin' to save the poor cratures that was a drownin'. You niver seen the rocks we have over on the aff side o' the island ? Lord save ye ! sich rocks ! Why there was a man-o'-war washed clane into a cut betune a pair o' them cliffs that was the most beautiful fit for it iver ye seen. There it stuck till the waves rotted it away, an' it came out in pieces, glory be to God ! The 'Royal Oak' the vessel was called, an' the 'Royal Oak Cove' is there till eternity for you or you else to look at.

"It wasn't just there, but a bit further round, that Billy Prendergast fished his man out o' the say. A fine swim he had for him, an' a terrible fight for his own life afore he hooked him in ; but he done it for all that, an' brought him home, as plased like over the dhrowned man as if it was a new-born babe in the cradle. The sthranger recovered an' was nursed by Billy's family, and was dark and silent like ; but he seemed grateful an' fond o' Billy. I declare an' they do say he was a Dutchman like yersel' ; but he niver gave any name in particular, or if he did it was onchristianlike, an' the people didn't catch at it. To make a long story short, when the sthranger went away from Bofin, he sent a present to Billy of that ould wooden methier that ye hould in your hand. Neighbours jeered a little at Billy on the count of it, for the ould man was fond o' a sup, when he was young ; an' some said a usefuller present would ha' been more in a poor body' way ; but howsomdever people that know about sich things say the carvin' an' figurin' is beautiful and valyable, an' whatever way it was, Delsie's father was as proud o' the mug as if it had been an estate. 'Niver you fear, Johnny,' says he to mysel', 'but there's somethin' past the common in that ould methier or it wouldn't ha' been sent. There'll be luck in the family as long as it's presarved, an' hung on the biggest nail in the house, an' in the middle o' the longest wall.' That's what he said, an' though we can't boast much

of his luck, poor man !—still, God knows, everybody in Bofin has a kind o' respect for the mug; an' Delsie's mighty careful o' it, bein' all she has for her fortin', poor colleen !"

Jan Dow had listened with interest from the beginning of Maillie's recital, staring hard at the story-teller, and changing countenance many times. When the tale was finished, he sat lost in thought; then emptying the beaker he changed it from hand to hand as if considering its weight.

"'Twas an oddish sort o' a present to send a poor man, wasn't it?" said Maillie, as the Dutchman's eyes fixed themselves on his with a curious expression.

"A ve—ry strange present, indeed," said the foreigner; "but it is well carved and very pretty."

"Ye needn't be makin' little o' it," said Graunia, tossing her head: "quare or not quare, it's the handsomest article in Bofin; an' it's not payment my poor father wanted for savin' the life o' a fellow-creature. It's more credit to Delsie to have sich an honourable thing hangin' on her nail nor if she had ten golden guineas in a stockin'!"

"True, ve-ry true," said Jan Dow. "So beautiful a maid does not want for a fortune."

And then the stranger took his leave, and he and Johnny Maillie walked back across the island to the beach.

Jan Dow paced the deck of his schooner that night when everyone was asleep—everyone but Delsie, perhaps, who was taking advantage of the hour of privacy to cry her eyes sore over those three unfriendly cows that kept staring at her from the shores of the detested mainland. The Dutchman's solitary figure loomed through the clearness of the spring night as he strode about meditatively in the silent ship whose shadow slept in the water. The spars of the strange schooner soared and pointed at the moon, which hung small and lonely in the vast greenish space of sea-bound sky; the curlews wakened and cried, and made sudden dark flights from one rocky nest to another; but Jan Dow was more wakeful than they. He was reviving in his mind an old familiar story, and comparing it with the new and curious history which he had accidentally heard this evening from the islanders.

"It is wonderful! wonderful!" he said, as he paced his deck. "How could people be so stupid—if this be the actual beaker! Did the crazy old fool not write a letter of explanation with his present? If not, it was only like his eccentricity. These people know no more than they have told me, and yet the story must be the same. An island of these seas—a beaker—a grateful Dutchman saved from drowning; but I had thought it was an island not at all in this direction!"

It would be tedious to follow further the thoughts of Jan Dow. After dwelling long on the mug they passed to Delsie; and before the curlews had finally settled to rest he had determined to see more both of the maiden and her heirloom.

## CHAPTER II.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

SPRING progressed as it does in Bofin ; a few days of balmy, exquisite weather, larks singing in myriads between sky and sea of azure ; rocks warm and deep-coloured ; waves smooth and sleepy, just pearlying the dry and dazzling beach ; people living out of doors ; women singing to the pleasant thud of the oar in the water ; nets getting mended and dried in the sun ; the clink of the boatman's hammer ringing pleasantly with a far-and-near echo, which is a key-note for all the other life-sounds of the island to chime in with ; then a few days of wild storm ; then peace and paradise again. Meantime it seemed as if Jan Dow would never be satisfied that his vessel was in a seaworthy state : Johnny Maillie had again and again declared he had done all that was needful to the schooner, and still the Dutchman found new cause for uneasiness and more work to be done.

In the meantime the master of the vessel was a nightly visitor at Delsie Prendergast's cabin. There he would sit with the beaker before him, admiring the carving, delighting Graunia by assuring her of its beauty, and listening to her stories of its fame in the island. People began to say that the foreigner wanted Delsie for a wife, and that Delsie had forgotten Murt, and would marry him.

"An' masha but it's the fine chance for her !" said the gossips, "to sail away in a schooner of her own, an' be a travelled lady, an' see the world ! An' she a girl without a bit to put in her mouth since the father was stormed out, God be marcsiful to him !"

Murt, who had found some trifling work over at West Quarter, was not of this mind, however, and came striding across the island one night to accuse Delsie, and pour out his wrath on her head. Jan Dow had just left her cabin, having drunk as usual from the beaker, and held it in his hands lovingly the whole time of his visit. Delsie having come out for some turf, was drawing her breath upon the heath ; the plover whimpered out of the black-purple distance ; the starlight made clear the little knolls and rugged hills ; while the white gleaming line of the breaking wave curled and uncurled itself behind the straggling cabins at the edge of the great darkling sea. Delsie's eyes flashed with delight when Murt bore down upon her out of the shadows, and she listened to the list of her iniquities with a smiling face.

"So I'm goin' to marry the schooner, am I ?" said Delsie, when the young man stopped out of breath. "An' why not, I'd like to know ? Ora, it's as good to marry a schooner as three cows !"

"Cows !" cried Murt.

"Yes, cows," said Delsie, triumphantly. "Do you mane to put your hand on your heart an' say you're not goin' to marry three cows in Connemara afore the week is out ?"

"For shame, Delsie! Ye desateful young woman, to thry to cover up your own falsity wid sich a story about me! But I'll argufy no more wid you, not if you were dyin' for it. Sail away out o' Bofin as fast as ye like in yer schooner, and it's not Murt 'll stretch out a hand to hould ye back!"

Away strode the offended lover with his usual abruptness, leaving Delsie in dismay; for she could not now tell him she had already refused the schooner and the captain and all his possessions, and never meant to think of any man unless Murt should find himself able to marry her. She had quarrelled with her lover afresh instead of mending matters, and there was another night of crying for her, although her tears were not quite so bitter as they had been of late; the fierceness of Murt's wrath seeming to prove that there was no truth in that report about the cows. She went merrily enough to her work the next morning, and was able to joke with the Dutchman when he came hovering about her and pressing his suit.

"I don't like schooners nor vessels," said Delsie, "an I don't like the say, only lookin' at it this ways from an island. The very mainland I can't bear to be on for more nor a day. Somethin' buzzes in my head like to think of all the places I might go to all round me if I plased; an' still I never could go to them, unless I was runnin' on wheels instead o' feet."

"I will bring you across the sea very fast," said the Dutchman; "and you can go to as many places as you like. We will have sails instead of wheels."

"Musha," said Delsie, "it's wings I'd want afther a day or two, instead o' either sails or wheels. Sorra thing you can do for Delsie but just lave her on Bofin, where she can stand steady on her feet and know where she is an' what she's about."

In this way Jan Dow's courtship went on; not much to his satisfaction, for Delsie baffled him completely. She would not have his pretty presents, his corals, and shells, and other foreign toys, but she would laugh and jest with him as much as he liked. He became very downcast, and seemed to give up his suit, spoke of sailing from Bofin at an early date, and expressed great regret at parting with the friends he had made on the island. Maillie and others reproached Delsie for her folly in refusing so good an offer.

"It's not me he's in love wid, but the mug!" said Delsie, laughine. "Sure didn't he offer to buy it from me, till I up an' tould him that my father's blessin' wasn't to be sold."

"Nonsense!" said Maillie. "I niver seen a man make sich an omadhaun o' himsel' for a girl. What's in the mug for him that sees iverything handsome, an' him sailin' round the world!"

However, Jan Dow appeared one evening begging for a loan of the mug for a day, as he wanted to make a drawing of it, in order that he might get one carved on its pattern. "I shall drink out of it always," he said, "and it will remind me of the happiest days of my life." The request was granted, and Graunia boasted of it to her neighbours round about, while Jan carried off the beaker with a troubled air, and sighed very much as he offered Johnny a drink out of

it on board the schooner. The next day he came to Maillie's house, and begged of Delsie to do him one last favour before he sailed. Would she come on board for the mug herself, and allow him to return it to her full of sweetmeats? He had also some pretty things for Maillie's children, which she surely would not refuse to fetch away.

But Delsie did refuse.

"Let him bring the mug himself," said she, "the way he brung it to the ship;" and Jan Dow returned disconsolately to his vessel.

"It's a shame for ye, Delsie," said Johnny Maillie; "ye have no more heart in yer body nor a flinty stone. To think that ye wouldn't do that muchness of a compliment to the dacent man that brought us the work, and that paid you sich respect. His heart's raal down wid yer crassness; I seen him sittin' this mornin' all demurred an' quiet lookin' on the deck, spakin' to no wan. If ye have anything but imperence in ye, ye'll go off this very evening on board the ship, an' wish the captain good-speed to his journey, an' ax like a Christian for your methier."

Delsie tossed her head, but when evening came she signified her intention of taking Johnny's advice. Jan Dow was in the forecabin of his vessel giving some orders to his men when Delsie came tripping up the plank with a half-comical, half-scornful expression on her laughing face.

"I've come for my old methier, Misther Captain," said she, gaily, as Jan Dow rushed forward to meet her, beaming with surprise and delight, and pouring forth his thanks for her visit. "I'm in a hurry to get home, so ye won't keep me long, if you please."

"The beautiful beaker is in the cabin," said the captain. "I have made a little feast, and you will not refuse to drink my health before I depart."

"I've no taste for dhrinkin'," said Delsie, "as ye might know by this time; but I'll *ate* yer health in an orange if ye like."

She went down with him into the cabin where the feast was spread—fruit, and wine, and sweetmeats, fit to tempt any potato-eater who might have a latent sweetness of tooth. She would not be induced to sit down, but in order to be civil, ate of the fruits and sweetmeats, and afterwards gave her attention to some pretty things which she had never seen before, and which the Dutchman had reserved for this occasion. Time passed quickly, although Delsie was in a hurry, and the girl never noticed how long she had been on board till a slight vibration of the boards under her feet caused her to start and feel dizzy.

"What's this?" she cried, suddenly. "The vessel's movin'." She flew to the stairway. "Mother of Heaven, we're out at say!" As indeed they were, leaving the island behind them as fast as they could.

It was a deep-coloured evening, such as often glorifies the Atlantic islands—most often before a storm. There was war in the clouds—purple struggling with crimson, and great scarlet seas overflowing the horizon and pouring themselves downward into the

ocean. A solitary boat was lying on the surface of the deep tide off the North Beach, and a solitary figure was reclining in it, now giving an eye to the nets cast around him, and now relapsing into a dreamy mood in which he watched the clouds wreath and unwreath themselves, forming fiery forests, palaces, mountains, giants, angels, and children.

"Begorra," said Murt to himself, "but there's the beautifullest band of fairies that iver I seen—all holdin' other's hands, and with wings as long as a mainsail. Wirra! wirra! where are they makin' for at all, at all, with their goold hair streamin', and them growin' bigger every minute? Musha, but they're gettin' red in the face like the very coal o' fire, an' it's furies they are now instead o' fairies! Och, then, it's the way o' the world—changin' while ye look at them, like that witch of etarnity, Delsie, that I took for as thrue an angel as ever fanned a wing; and now its courting wid a soapy-faced Dutchman! Ora, Delsie, then my misery on you this day for a ——"

At this moment a faint cry fell on Murt's ear like the shriek of a distant gull. The vast glowing space of sea and sky was so utterly still that even this little sound made an event; and Murt raised his eyes in the direction whence it came. A vessel was passing at some distance—all sails spread; but it made slow way as there was little breeze stirring. A figure was leaning over the ship's side with arms outstretched towards the island, and it was from this figure the cry must have come. Again it rang out—louder and clearer, as if the distressed person had gained courage from having descried the solitary man in the boat.

Murt started up and gazed; the figure seemed familiar; it was a woman—a girl—it looked like Delsie. Only that the idea seemed so absurd, Murt could have sworn that it was Delsie. The whole thing was unaccountable. A vessel so near the island with a shrieking girl leaning over the side was a sight that a Bofin man would not expect to see. Another figure, tall and dark, now appeared as if remonstrating with the woman, and trying to take the girl's hand to draw her away, while she struggled towards the ship's side, and seemed about to throw herself into the water. Murt glanced away a moment, and then looked back to see if this extraordinary vision were reality or only a phantom, for the glamour of the cloud-pictures was still in his eyes. Then the truth burst upon him in a flash. The strange schooner was carrying Delsie away from the island.

Murt cast away his nets with a shout that was heard at the vessel, and seizing his oars, pulled towards it with all his might. With a long cry of delight Delsie recognised him, tore the handkerchief from her neck and waved it wildly. The Dutchman snatched this flag of distress from her hand and tried again to draw her from the ship's side; then turned and gave orders to his men, gazing about, and stamping his feet at the limpness of the sails and the breathlessness of the air. The vessel was almost motionless now, and the fishing boat, pulled by Murt's strong arms, was gaining on



it fast; the Dutchman held up his head, and long and loud whistled for the wind, cursed it for not coming, and then a grim look settled on his face as he walked up and down the deck. He would take good care that this island-man should be punished for his interference. He would shoot him rather than let him board the ship!

Another loud, long whistle pierced the air. "Wind! wind!" shouted the Dutchman. "Storm! tempest! anything to clear us of this coast!" And meantime Murt was plying through the red lights that were already fading on the ocean, and nearing, nearing the ship, turning his head now and again to measure with his eyes the space that yet parted him from Delsie.

He was within a few yards of the vessel, and Jan Dow, having disappeared for a few moments, returned and stood by the girl with a pistol in his hand, which he laid by her side, saying:

"If he attempts to climb up here I will shoot him to the heart."

The girl looked steadily in Jan's face as if to see whether he were in earnest, and then remained very quiet, watching Murt draw near, seeming to ponder on her lover's situation rather than on her own. This change in her demeanour pleased Jan, who turned for a moment, making signs to the sailors as a sudden breeze quivered rapidly through the sails. "The wind! the wind!" he cried, hearing a splash that sounded like the breaking of a newly-wakened wave against the side of the vessel. He turned his head again, and Delsie was gone.

Jan Dow grasped his pistol but did not fire. Yon pale, black-browed man in the boat was now the only one who could save the desperate girl from drowning, and the Dutchman was probably not so great a monster as he might have been. He dropped the pistol, and watched with intense interest the life and death struggle that now began, while Murt strove to seize Delsie by her floating dress as she rose to the surface of the tide, to draw her towards him, and at the same time to keep his boat from overturning in the water. She was not insensible, and though she could not swim she made a desperate effort to keep herself afloat. She had not taken the leap to destroy her own life, but to save that of her lover, and she knew enough of the sea to be aware how much her own safety depended on her presence of mind. It was done at last; she was drawn to the side of the boat and finally dragged in; and even then she did not swoon, being a vigorously-framed and strong-hearted young woman, who had been used from her birth to plenty of wind and weather, if not exactly to drowning.

As soon as Murt and Delsie had time to gaze around them they looked for the schooner; but nothing was left of her save a small wraith of a vessel standing out in the distance, pale and frightened-looking in a cloud of rainy gloom. The wind had come down in earnest; no sooner had that life-and-death struggle begun than, *heigh, presto!* the sails of the schooner filled, and like a startled bird she flew out to sea, leaving Bofin and Delsie (but not the mug) behind her.

"The storm is comin' fast," said Murt; "take the tiller in your han's, Delsie, and make for the nearest point!"

And the storm came down, booming along the darkened ocean, and scourging the sea till the island was wrapped in a shroud of foam. Long were Murt and Delsie beaten about the coast in their boat; often did it seem that the stranger's curse and invocation of the wind would yet accomplish their destruction, even after the tempest which had come at his call had borne him far out of their reach; but at last, after many terrible hours, they crawled up the slippery rocks, and felt themselves restored to the world of the living, and sure at least of each other's affection, since a word or two had been whispered between them while Death was at the helm, striving to baffle Delsie as she steered the little boat. It was midnight when Murt brought her, trembling, humbled, thankful, to the nearest cabin; and still the storm grew more and more terrible, till such a hurricane raged round Bofin as made the whole island shudder, accustomed as it is to such sudden visitations.

Next morning Delsie was as lively and active as if she had not been nearly drowned the night before; she set out with Murt and others to see the spoils of wrecks which had been driven in as usual on the strands of the island.

They met people from all parts of Bofin bent on the same errand, talking excitedly over the events of the night before, and all greeting Delsie as a heroine; Aunt Graunia among the rest, who fell on her niece's neck with outcrying thanks to Providence. Arrived at the beach, they found various articles strewn about; barrels of butter, kegs of spirits, boxes of fruit, great planks of timber.

"Glory be to God!" said Johnny Maillie, "but there's been a terrible night's work upon the say!" And many stood shaking their heads with him over these pledges of ruin; dumb witnesses that had lately seen the despair of human souls. Others, more matter-of-fact, fell to collecting the spoils, and carrying out the arrangements customary at such crisis as this, when a sudden cry from Delsie startled everyone, as she rushed forward towards a familiar object which had caught her eye across the sand. There was the wooden mug! of which she had been so proud, and which Jan Dow had stolen;—sitting meekly on the shingle as if nothing had happened;—full of shells and sea-water, as the tide had left it, but otherwise no way changed since the moment when Graunia had taken it from its nail in the cabin, and trusted it into the dishonest stranger's hands! Delsie gazed at it, touched it with her foot, lifted and emptied it, and finally swung it round her head with a cheer.

"The methier! the methier!" she shouted, and all pressed round her with cries of wonder and congratulation.

"Show us it!" said Johnny Maillie, and he examined it carefully. "Its very sel" was his verdict. "The 'dential nicks on it that nobody could deny, without iver countin' all the legs and arms goin' round it, as many's the time I did, an' we smokin' wid ould Billy. Take it, Delsie, an' make much o't, for it's plain that the luck of it's bound to go wid you!"

"Luck!" cried Delsie, with a spiteful glance at the innocent drinking vessel. "The quare luck it has! Only for it would I have dhrowned the life out o' mysel' an' Murt, as I did last night? The weary go for it for a mug! Nothin' but sorra has been supped out of it since ever it set foot on the island."

So speaking, she flung it out of her hand with a passionate movement, and it fell upon a rock, whereupon a cry arose, for in its fall the sacred beaker split right in two, while Delsie hung her head in shame; as she had not meant to destroy it after all. Something new and strange which now happened, however, diverted popular feeling into an unexpected channel. As the mug broke and fell asunder something was perceived to pour out of it, which no one had ever seen in it before; and not one thing alone, but two, three—a dozen little round yellow things which came tripping down the rocks—gold—as if scattered from a bountiful hand. Shouts of wonder rang through the air, and the people crowded round to pick up the coins.

Johnny Maillie took the two pieces of the mug and, examining them, found that the vessel was made with a false bottom; and in the hidden space had been deposited fifty guineas, some of which had been already let loose from their prison, the rest lying still wedged in the wood.

"My blessin' to him!" said Johnny, "but the Dutchman knew what he was about when he fell in love wid the mug!"

"To think of Billy's fortune lyin' buried there these years!" cried a neighbour.

"An' us dhrinkin cowl'd wather out o't, an' it lined all the time wid the price o' tay an' whisky!" cried Graunia.

"Aisy!" said Johnny, giving one of the sides a shake to get the gold out; and as he spoke a slip of paper fluttered over the heads of the people, and sailed off to sea on the out-going wave.

"Stop it! save it!" cried Maillie; and half a dozen pairs of legs were soon wading wildly after the floating paper; but it went too fast and far for their following.

"Bad manners to't!" said Maillie; "the Lord knows what it was!" and he made his further researches with greater caution. When all was done it was found that Delsie Prendergast had got fifty golden guineas for her fortune, they having been found in the mug which was bequeathed to her by her father. Last of all, when the mug was fairly taken to pieces, an inscription was found written in plain English on the lowest bottom of the vessel.

"One thousand pounds for Billy Prendergast, who did not grudge to risk his life for a stranger, nor spare his hospitality to the wretch he saved." Then followed the date of that wreck so many years ago, and a strange foreign name which even the Bofin schoolmaster could not venture to pronounce.

"One thousand pounds!" cried all the people, aghast; and they made up their minds that the other nine hundred and fifty pounds must have been mysteriously contained in the paper which had fluttered out to sea.

"Never mind, Aunt Graunia," said Delsie, as the old woman bewailed the loss of such fabulous riches. "Sure Bofin wouldn't hold a thousand pounds, do what you could wid it; an' if it hadn't took itsel' off sure it's out to the mainland I'd have had to carry it—an' I niver could bear the mainland, as everybody knows! An' what I'm to do wid fifty pounds itsel' the Lord only knows that sent it to me!"

Delsie with her fortune in her apron was cheered and congratulated all round a hundred times, and when the excitement was beginning to wane she set out with the old woman for her cabin.

"Will you be up in the evenin' to see us?" she said, looking back over her shoulder at Murt.

"I don't know, Delsie; ye're not the wan young woman ye were wid the goold in yer skirts."

"But it's the goold that wants ye. If it had been only Delsie she wouldn't have had to make so little o' herself as to ax ye, I hope."

Some time after that Murt and his wife had a cabin and fishing boats and nets of the best; and Delsie had three fine cows of her own which banished for ever the recollection of those other unfriendly animals which had used to annoy her from the mainland. It was some time before the islanders remembered that the return of the mug was testimony to the fact that the *Strange Schooner* and its crew had been lost. Readers of newspapers learned about that time some account of the picking up of the forlorn crew of a foreign trading vessel which had been wrecked off the western coast of Ireland; but newspapers rarely come to Bofin. However it may have fared with him, Delsie says the rosary every night for the repose of the soul of Jan. Dow the Dutchman, who was cut off in his sins; her six children, and the breakers outside the cabin door, crying "Amen" to the prayer.

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### SONNET.

TO MISS ALICE THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "PRELUDES."

THOU art not like to others; in thine eyes  
There shines a light and sweetness all thine own;  
A melody unique is in thy tone,  
And in thy touch a mystic magic lies.  
With more than woman's wisdom thou art wise;  
Nature to thee her very soul hath shown,  
And all the hidden mysteries made known  
Of birds and flowers, green earth and azure skies;  
And thy skilled hand doth tenderly unfold  
To us our mother's beauties one by one,—  
Her manifold secrets with a pen of gold  
Doth write in words that they may read who run.  
Thou art my "moon of poets"—and, all told,  
I love the moon far better than the sun.

## HOW STRAFFORD GOVERNED IRELAND (1632—1641).

## IV.

THE first session of the Parliament summoned in 1634 ended on the 2nd of August. The Deputy was not idle during the recess. Knowing well what importance the Irish people were wont to attach to titles and outward show, he petitioned the King to confer on him an Earldom. Affairs were in a prosperous way in Ireland; few other means would improve them so much as the credit vouchsafed by his Majesty to his representative. Much had been done; much more remained to do, greater things than he would dare to propound until he had matured them for his Majesty's judgment. His duties were far above those of his predecessors; it was meet that his dignities should be on a par with his position. He asked that he might obtain this mark of the royal favour before the next meeting of Parliament; it would give proof to all of the approval his conduct in the government of Ireland met with from the King.

In the beginning of his career as a courtier he had been created a Viscount, and made President of the Council of the North, "the highest place of honour in those parts." Now he was set to rule a kingdom, to personate the King, to repress a haughty and jealous nobility; surely he might lay claim to all the aids that could be afforded to him to carry out his arduous task, to all the rewards that gratitude could confer on a devoted servant. So certain was he of the success of his petition, that he sent to his friend Coke, the Secretary of State, a letter containing the title he wished to take. After a tedious delay of a month, the King deigned to answer. He began by expressing his great contentment, especially for keeping off the odium of a necessary negative of those "unreasonable graces" that the people expected; he differed from the Deputy's opinion only in the matter of the free exportation of tallow. He was not displeased with the asking of such a favour, but at present he would not grant it; he would do all things *a su modo*.

The people had shown a readiness to aid the King in his distress; the judges, on their next circuits in the full assizes, were ordered to assure them of his Majesty's good opinion of the faithfulness and loyalty manifested in the last Parliament, and of his desire to show himself gracious to them as occasion should offer. It was a matter of unavoidable necessity for the defence of the country against foreign invasion and intestine rebellion, and for the protection of the vessels trading on the coasts, to call for the yearly contribution of £20,000; but this burden would be soon removed; the tax would cease in December; the subsidies, so generously granted by the Parliament, would be expended solely for the advantage of Ireland. In the next place, they should direct the attention of the people to the unsettled condition of many estates throughout the country, arising from the distempers and disturbances of the late rebellions.

For their benefit, the King had been graciously pleased to issue a Commission of Grace for the confirmation of defective titles, and to give in the last Parliament his royal assent to an act for confirming all estates to be passed in that Commission. The profits arising from it should be employed in defraying the public charges of the kingdom. This, he assured them, was a much more general provision, and a far better security for all who compounded than the law passed in England, which concluded the rights of the crown in three score years' possession; and in due time, after the present Commission had ended, they could have even that law, if they pleased, which they seemed to desire so much. The excessive fees of the officers, both in the temporal and spiritual courts, should be moderated, that all might gather the blessed fruits of justice with as great expedition and as little expense as might be. The Archbishops and Bishops should in future forbear all questioning about clandestine marriages and christenings, which had hitherto been a great burden and charge on the people. Cattle, corn, and other articles, named in the Graces of 1628, could be exported free of charge. A promise was made, too, that a choice of all the best laws enacted for above a hundred years past, for which the subjects of England had paid threescore subsidies at least, and which were not yet in force in Ireland, should now be introduced and enacted. Between the present time and the next session of Parliament, all were to bethink themselves of anything that might tend to their welfare, and make the same known, the good of the kingdom being that which his Majesty principally intended.

Wentworth next drew up a list of the "Graces," fifty-one in number, which had been asked for and promised in Lord Falkland's time. By the side of each he set down, "the humble advice of the Lord Deputy and Council, to be of good use to his Majesty in framing the answer which he would send to the petition of the Lower House." "With some art and difficulty," he obtained from the Council a written adhesion to his own views; but he thought it "the more comely way," that the refusal of the Graces should proceed from those who were interested in obtaining them, and that his "Majesty might be saved from all appearance of declining to grant what would be so prejudicial to the Crown." The list was submitted to the King; and with it the request of the House of Commons presented in 1628, and the instructions issued in reply under the royal signature that had been brought over by the agents. The instructions he now "humbly craved leave to disavise in some parts, as not consisting with the furtherance of the King's service and the good of the kingdom."

The second session of Parliament began on the 4th of November. The first demand of the Commons was that the "Graces" should be confirmed. They had done their part; the bargain struck in Falkland's time had been more than fulfilled; even the most ardent hopes of Wentworth had been surpassed by their generosity. With the Speaker at their head, they asked to be admitted to present their demand to the Deputy. The Lords were n

less earnest. But Wentworth had his answer ready made. On the 19th of November, he wrote to the Secretary of State, "I am resolved to give them an answer, round and clear, such as, I trust, will stifle them in their replication. I hope to have the Council along with me; howbeit, rather than fail, on I will alone by myself. The course I purpose to hold is, to give my answer in writing, negative or affirmative, as the case requires, without any reason at all, saving that, in the preamble to those I refuse to transmit, as neither fit to pass as laws, or indeed to be once offered to his Majesty, as being, in my judgment, hurtful to the Commonwealth, I will express it in general terms to be done for great and weighty reasons of State and Government. The Graces I will divide into three kinds: the first, of those that are not to be at all granted; and these I will let them know I have not at all transmitted, nor indeed shall, for the reason before expressed; so as they are herewith to rest satisfied, and to look no further after them. The second sort of them may be well granted; and these I will let them know I have transmitted, and his Majesty is graciously pleased they proceed as is desired. The third sort of them may be continued by way of instruction, so long as shall please his Majesty, but not to pass for laws, as they desire. These I will likewise allow to have transmitted over to his Majesty, and that his Majesty is graciously pleased the subject may continue to take the benefit of them, unless his Majesty shall hold it fit for the better government of his people to alter the same. Thus, as I take it, all that is to be denied we take clearly from the King to ourselves, and all that is to be granted we leave it for them wholly to be derived from the bounty and goodness of his Majesty."

Such was the return made for the nation's generosity, such the answer to the confidence placed in the King's repeated pledges. No wonder "the Catholic party showed a wayward frowardness. They lost all temper, and broke forth into such a froward sullenness as was strange; to that excess it went, that, had it continued two days in that state, the Deputy was resolved to adjourn the House." The Protestants, who had hitherto given him an unqualified support, now began to absent themselves in such numbers, that the Catholic party had a steady majority of ten, and used it to reject most of the bills that were brought in. Wentworth had boasted that "all the graces prejudicial to the Crown had been so bound asleep, that he was very confident they would never be awakened more." This boast was premature. "I was very much troubled," he wrote to the Secretary of State, "albeit the King had got his reply. I was wondrously unwilling any malevolent tongue should seemingly charge us that, having served the King, we now meanly became careless of what in honour and justice we owed to his people; extremely loth so many good laws should be lost, which might be of excellent use in the future redcement of this kingdom to civility, to a peaceable and sure temper of Government." He summoned the Lords to his presence, and told them "what a shame it was for the Protestant party, that was in number the greater, to suffer their religion to be insensibly transplanted, his Majesty in some degree disregarded, the good ordinances

transmitted for their future peace and good government, to be thus disdainfully trodden under foot by a company of wilful, insolent people, envious both to their religion and fears; and all this for want of a few days' diligent attendance upon the service of the public. He besought those of the Council to speak with all their friends, and show them their great fault, thus to suffer the opposite party to boast and pride themselves in destroying all that the wisdom of his Majesty had provided for the security of themselves and their posterity, and to urge them, in their own name and in his, to attend the House punctually for ten or twelve days, and there do their conscience." The remonstrance had the desired effect; the absentees returned to their duty. The next day, to test the strength of both parties, a motion was made for the expulsion of a member who was obnoxious to the Government; the Protestant party proved to have a majority of sixteen, which, in spite of protests, carried through every measure that was proposed by the Crown.

The cause of all this obstinacy, he asserts, were "the Friars and Jesuits, who, through fear that these laws would conform them to the manners of England, and in time be a means to lead them into a conformity in religion and faith also, oppose and fence up every path leading to so good a purpose." "I see plainly," he adds, "that so long as this kingdom continues popish, they are not a people for the Crown of England to be confident of. Whereas, if they were not still distempered by the infusion of these Friars and Jesuits, I am of belief they would be as good and loyal to their King as any other subjects."

The names of those who had shown most zeal on behalf of the royal interests, and "carried themselves with best affections," were sent to the King, that he might by letter "signify to them his knowledge and acceptance of their good endeavours." Sir Piers Crosby, one of the Privy Council, had not been as blindly obedient as the other members; on one occasion he thought fit to have an opinion of his own, and to give expression to it in the House "against all the rules of sure Government." He was summarily dismissed from the Council; and when he requested permission to wait on the King and present a petition to be restored, he was told he should have it "in convenient time." Lord Ormond was substituted for him at the Council board; "he had ever expressed very good affections to the Crown and Government; and without him no title could be found for the Crown to Ormond, nor a plantation be established there." A short time before, Ormond had dared to refuse obedience to the Deputy's order. At the opening of Parliament, a proclamation, first issued in Chichester's time, was renewed, forbidding members to enter the Houses with their swords. The usher of the black rod was placed at the entrance of the House of Lords to receive the swords of the peers. Ormond refused to obey; and when the demand was repeated, he replied, that if the officer must receive his sword, it should be in his body. He was allowed to pass; and he sat the whole day in the House with his sword by his side. When the sitting was over, he was summoned before the Council to answer for his



disobedience. Ormond admitted that he was aware of the order; but he added, that, as he was invested with his Earldom *per cincturam gladii*, he was not only entitled, but obliged by a superior authority, the royal command, to attend Parliament *gladio cinctus*. The Deputy, though sorely mortified at the rebuke, was prudent enough to conceal his anger. He dismissed Ormond, and sent for his friends Radcliffe and Wandesforde to take counsel with them whether he should admit his mistake, or avenge his offended dignity. His advisers recommended the milder course; they reminded him of the influence of Ormond in the House, of the necessity of gaining over some of the Irish nobles to his side; and they pointed out that the talents and courage he had already displayed, made his friendship highly desirable. Overtures were made to him and gladly accepted. The quarrel was soon forgotten, and there was no firmer supporter of Wentworth's policy ever after than Ormond.\* The young Earl of Kildare did not think he was treated by the Deputy with the respect due to his high position as first peer of the realm. He determined, in consequence, to absent himself from Parliament, and to send his proxy. The King wrote to him, insisting on his personal attendance. He obeyed; but either from resentment, or through the influence of the Earl of Cork, his father-in-law, he opposed every measure brought forward by the Crown. Wentworth did not conceal his anger; he even went so far as to reprimand the Earl. Kildare, stung by such insolence, took ship privately for England, intending to lay the whole matter before the King, and seek redress from him. But the Deputy's letter anticipated him; he was told that he could regain the royal favour only by submission and a promise of future service to the Crown, a course which he was wise enough to adopt.†

During the Christmas recess Wentworth submitted to the Secretary of State his doubts about the future. The next session would open on the 26th of January; it would end before Easter; and all the laws he needed could be passed within that time. He doubted whether it was best absolutely to dissolve the Parliament or merely prorogue it; he inclined to the latter course. If prorogued, it could do no harm, it could exercise no power; at any moment before the day named for meeting "it might be blown over with the least breath from his Majesty." The House was well composed; the Protestants formed a compact majority, entirely devoted to the King's interests; it would not be easy to get such another. They would enable him to hold a rod over the Popish party, by putting it in the King's power to pass against them all the laws of England concerning religion; they would help to confirm and settle his Majesty's title to the plantations of Connaught and Ormond—a thing much desired by the Protestants. Even though it should be found that the Crown had no title to the countries, for reasons of State, and for the strength and security of the kingdom, an act would be readily carried through Parliament conferring them on the King. The King's arbitrary nature could not brook the constitutional check of a Parliament. He would not

\* Carte, "Life of Ormond," I. 64.

† Leland, III. 20.

have it prorogued ; it should be dissolved in all haste. " My reasons," he writes to the Deputy, " are grounded upon my experience of Parliaments here ; they are of the nature of cats—they ever grow curst with age ; so that if you will have good of them, put them off handsomely when they come to any age. For young ones are ever most tractable ; and, in earnest, you will find that nothing can more conduce to the beginning of a new than the well ending of the former Parliament. Therefore, now that we are well, let us content ourselves therewith." Wentworth, against his better judgment, prepared to carry out the King's wishes ; he had stated his reasons plainly, and all that was left him was to obey.

The two Houses united in a petition to the King for the establishment of a mint in Ireland. Several had been set up in this country during the reign of Edward I., to the great benefit of the Crown, which derived from them an annual profit of £3,000. The value of the exports from Ireland to foreign countries exceeded that of the imports by £200,000 a year. Very little of the foreign coin brought into the kingdom found its way to the English mint ; it was more frequently taken to France or Spain, " to the great loss of the Crown and to the injury of the country, since the scarcity of coin seriously impeded the increase of commerce." Wentworth supported their petition with earnestness. He proposed that a mint should be established on the same principles and subject to the same duties as the English mint. All the cost of the smelting-houses and other things necessary for the work was to be borne by Ireland. The only persons he thought likely to offer any opposition to the scheme were the officers of the English mint ; even though they should suffer a little in purse, he contends that " they should not be made such darlings, as to allow their private interests to interfere with the good of the King and his people." The prospect of new profits to the Crown triumphed over their opposition ; and the King, on the 11th of March, gave his consent to the request, with certain cautions and conditions, to be stated afterwards, in return for the loyalty and good affection shown by the Parliament. But the English Privy Council put such difficulties in the way, that the project was given up ; " thereby giving the Irish people occasion to reflect on the unhappiness of their situation in being under the control of a body of men of a different country, who have no natural inclination for the welfare of theirs, nor any interest in the good of it."\*

Both Houses reassembled on the 26th of January, 1635. The weather, " extreme fierce and strong," had prevented the sailing of the ship bearing the necessary despatches from the King. The attendance of members too was small. The Houses were in consequence adjourned for a week. A committee had been appointed early in the session, to consider the best means of taxing the people for the payment of the subsidies that had been agreed to. It was at first proposed to appoint commissioners for Dublin and to send them into the country ; another proposal was that each county should furnish

\* Carte's " Life of Ormond," I. 80.

its own commissioners. Wentworth pointed out that a subsidy raised in this way would cause much dissatisfaction, though it would amount to no more than £30,000 or £35,000. He therefore issued orders to choose commissioners for the counties adjoining Dublin, of whom two in each were Councillors. They had special instructions "to appoint assessors, and to examine them on oath, if necessary, about the uttermost value of every man's lands and goods within their several limits; and then when such presentment had been given in, in writing, to consult again with the committee before they proceeded to the final rating." Sir Christopher Wandesforde and Sir Charles Coote carried out the proposed plan in the county of Kildare; it was so well executed, that "it wrought the effect he secretly desired, and indeed had in his eye all the way. A mighty fright arose that, every man's income being known, it would be rated at the highest value." The Commons assembled in secret, and determined to bring in the subsidies themselves by setting a rate on each county, and appointing officers to raise it. Every subsidy payable by the Commons would amount to £40,000; the State would have the right to assess the proportions to be paid by the nobility and clergy as formerly. He assured the Committee of the House, appointed to make him this proposal, that the King was inclined to ease the people as much as might be; that he preferred their good affections to their money. He felt certain that £40,000 with their good likings would be more pleasing to him than twice as much raised another way. He would venture, therefore, to accept their offer for the first four subsidies; but for the last two, as only one could be paid each year, he should expect they would make them up to £45,000 each. But the whole amount should be made up in "neat money," without any defalcations upon certificates of persons severally charged in divers counties, and over and above the allowance of sixpence per pound set down by the statute for collecting the same. The next day the House assented "with all alacrity and cheerfulness to this new demand; they named commissioners, and assessed every county, thus leaving them the best contented that is possible, and the Crown free from their scandal and outcry." Six Commissioners were appointed to see that the burden was laid equally on the poorer and on the wealthier classes. For twenty years the nobility had given no subsidy; their contributions to the general exchequer must have been trifling indeed, if we may judge from the case of Lord Cork, who paid but six shillings and eight pence Irish a quarter to the revenue.

The most important Acts passed by the Parliament of 1634 were those of Uses and Wills. By the common law, lands and tenements could not be transmitted by will; hence no one could in this way provide for his younger children by charging his real estate, when his personal was not sufficient; nor could they be regularly conveyed from one to another unless by solemn livery and seisin, matter of record or writing sufficiently made *bonâ fide*, without cozen or fraud. Means were, however, invented to alter the property and possession of lands by fraudulent feoffments, fines, recoveries, and other assurances to secret uses and trusts, by long leases for a thousand years;

and sometimes by wills, made either in writing or by words, signs or tokens for the most part at the moment of death. Long leases were employed by Catholics to deprive the King of the wardship of their children, and save the heirs from taking the oath of supremacy on the suing out their liveries. The chief penalty of rebellion, the forfeiture of the lands of attainted rebels, was lost to the Crown by their timely transfer to the safe keeping of friends. The Acts now passed provided that all persons, for whose use any one else was seized of any lands or rent-charges, should be deemed in actual possession thereof; and that no conveyance of inheritance or freehold, by bargain or sale, should be valid, unless by writing enrolled in one of the King's Courts at Dublin, or in the county where such estate lay before certain officials, within six months after the date of the deeds. The chief object of these laws was to get hold of the youthful heirs of the Irish chieftains, that they might be reared in the tenets of Protestantism; a good foundation would thus be laid for the reducing of the rest of the nation to uniformity in religion, no people in the world being more disposed to follow the religion of their great lords than the Irish.\* "These Acts," writes Wentworth to Laud, "will gain six wardships to one to the Crown, besides an opportunity to bring up the best families in religion as they fall, which in reason of State is of infinite consequence, as we see experimentally in my Lord of Ormond, who, if he had been left to the education of his own parents, had been as mere Irish and Papist as the best of them, whereas now he is a very good Protestant, and consequently will make not only a faithful, but a very affectionate servant to the Crown of England. I judge it, without all question, far the greatest service that can be done to the Crown on this side, to draw Ireland into a conformity of religion with England." A third Act was passed later in the session, making these two retrospective; it vacated all fraudulent conveyances and encumbrances upon estates by lease or otherwise, and all fraudulent sales and alienations of goods and chattels, made since the beginning of King James's reign; and it inflicted severe penalties on such persons as were privy to the fraud.

The other laws passed during this session met with little opposition, their object being to promote the quiet and well-being of the realm. The odious distinction between English and Irish was abolished; taxes were imposed for the building of bridges and the repairs of highways; fishing on the sea-coasts was encouraged; the interest on loans was reduced to ten per cent.; the barking of trees, the burning of corn in the straw, the destroying of hedges and fences, were made penal. Some few measures which had been defeated by the Catholic party early in the session, Wentworth determined to put into execution by the exercise of the royal prerogative; the most important was that which would forbid Catholic parents to send their children to foreign countries to be educated. This "the King not only approved, but required to be effectually executed and with speed."

With the Parliament there sat also a convocation of the clergy of the Protestant Church. They granted eight subsidies to the King; and at the same time, they petitioned the Crown to redress several grievances, and to correct some disorders in ecclesiastical affairs. They complained, that "in the whole Christian world the rural clergy were not reduced to such extremity of contempt and beggary as in the kingdom of Ireland, by means of the violent intrusions into their rights in times of confusion, having their churches ruined, their habitations left desolate, their tithes detained, their glebes concealed, and, by inevitable consequence, an invincible necessity of a general non-residency imposed upon them; whereby the ordinary people were left wholly destitute of all possible means to learn true piety to God, loyalty to their prince, and civility one towards another." The parish churches and the parsonages were oftentimes in ruins. The tithes had been sold to laymen; in some dioceses there was scarce a living that was not farmed out at a few pounds a year to the patron himself or to someone else for his use. Even the provisions made for their support, on the settling of the plantations, had been defeated by the Commissioners and the planters. Five pounds was a very common stipend; in Connaught there were few vicarages the value of which exceeded forty shillings. Even the bishopricks had been impoverished by absolute grants and long leases made by the former holders. The natural result was, that no men of learning could be found to accept such wretched livings; the incumbents were oftentimes ignorant, irregular in their lives, a scandal to their profession, and objects of scorn to both Catholics and Puritans. They now asked that certain appropriations, still in the possession of the Crown, should be devoted to the support of a resident clergy.\*

An act was passed by the Parliament, "confirming all grants made or to be made by the late King James, the present King, or any other persons, of any manors, lands, &c., for the erection or support of any school, for the maintenance of any minister, or the building or maintaining of any church, school, or hospital, or for any other pious and charitable use; it obliged the bishops to be careful in executing and performing such trusts and uses, and subjected them to the inspection of the Court of Chancery, and to the cognizance of the Deputy and Privy Council at the Council board. Wentworth resolved to make an effort to restore the property to its original uses, even at the risk of incurring the enmity of some of the holders. "In faith," he writes to Laud, "I shall have at these ravens now this Parliament is passed; and if I spare a man among them, may God not spare me." Lord Cork was forced to surrender tithes amounting to £2,000 a year. Lord Clanrickard was found to have engrossed as many parsonages and vicarages as he could mortgage for £4,000, and a yearly rent of £80. The Church property needed to be protected not only against the rapacity of the laity, but of the clergy too. He therefore caused an Act to be passed, "that all grants, leases, and incum-

\* The Schedule will be found in "Letters," &c. I. 384.

branches, for a longer term than an incumbent was legally resident on his benefice, and all bonds, covenants, and other assurances for upholding the same indirectly by obligations of resignation or residence, should be utterly void to all intents and purposes whatever." These laws, carried out with exactness, soon added considerably to the revenue of the Church; the incomes of some of the bishops as well as of the inferior clergy were increased, and churches were repaired or rebuilt. Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, who had been appointed to watch over the temporalities, used to boast, a few years later, that he had increased the yearly income by £40,000.\*

It is not our purpose to dwell at any length on the line of conduct pursued by Wentworth towards the Protestant Church in reference to its religious teaching and practices. The Irish Protestants, then as now, were strongly leavened with Puritanism, partly on account of the great number of Scotch settlers throughout the country, partly because of their dislike of the Catholic Church and its authoritative teaching. Laud did not cease to press on Wentworth the need of introducing among them a creed and a liturgy perfectly uniform with those of the English Church. The adoption of the Thirty-Nine Articles was strongly urged by the English and Irish Governments. Ussher, the Primate, did not offer any opposition. To procure the general consent of the bishops and clergy was the principal object of the present convocation. Bramhall strove to persuade them of "the necessity of having all the Protestant churches in and under his Majesty's dominion to speak the same language." By threats and promises, the Deputy brought about that the English Articles should be received and approved. To appease the wrath of some, who were solicitous about the freedom of the National Church, Ussher proposed that the Irish Articles agreed on in 1615, should be ratified by Act of Parliament; but Wentworth threatened that, unless they ceased to agitate the public mind by such a proposal, he would order those articles to be burnt by the common hangman.† The canons of the Church of England were also received, not indeed in their entirety, but with some few unimportant changes suited to the circumstances of the country. When the meeting broke up, he wrote to Laud: "There were among them some hot spirits, sons of thunder, who moved that they should petition me for a free synod; but in fine, they could not agree among themselves who should put the bell about the cat's neck; and so this likewise vanished. My stirring herein will be strangely reported and censured on that side. And how shall I be able to sustain myself against your Prynnes, Pymys, and Bens, with the rest of that generation of odd names and natures, the Lord knows."‡ Andrews, the Dean of Limerick, who was chairman of a committee chosen by the Lower House, without the knowledge of the bishops, to consider the canons sent for their adoption, was punished for his temerity by being promoted to the see of Ferns, "one of the meanest of the whole kingdom." On his nomination, he preached

\* Mant, "History of the Church of Ireland," I. 508.

† Smith, "Life of Ussher," p. 73.

‡ Parr, "Life of Ussher," pp. 42 and 476.

a farewell sermon to his former hearers ; even in the pulpit he could not restrain his joy : " How long," he exclaimed, " how long have we heretofore expected preferment, and missed it ; but now, God be praised, we have it." He did not know that the gift conferred on him was so poor and encumbered as to be rather a punishment than a reward. " The Bishopric of Ferns," wrote Wentworth to Laud, " is already so saddle-girted and so spear-galled, as if the devil himself were the rider, he could not make worse of it than it is already. He is a good child and kisseth the rod ; so you see it was not a connection ill-bestowed on him."\*

On the 12th of April the Parliament was dissolved. The Deputy would have preferred a prorogation ; but the royal mandate left him no choice. He consoled himself with the thought that, " for the King's service and public settlement of the State, it was the happiest Parliament that ever was in Ireland, and that his Majesty had now made himself more absolute master of the kingdom by his wisdom than any of his progenitors were able to do by their swords. There being good reason for his Majesty to be pleased, he was well contented to give other men leave to censure as they list, fully delighted in his obedience and faith to his master, which would preserve him inviolably against any calumny and foulness of tongues." He now had leisure to enter on the inquiry into Defective Titles, a business he had long at heart ; by it he hoped to enrich the Crown still more. The history of this, the most tyrannical act of his cruel government, we must, for want of space, defer to our next issue.

D. M.

*(To be continued.)*

## YEARNINGS.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

**B**EYOND, where the branching trees divide,  
 In the trembling light of the dying day,  
 See the Suir's gold track, where the wavelets glide  
 Through the circling arch 'mid a shower of spray ;  
 Hear the music sweet of that old, sad song  
 It brings in its heart from the lone hills down,  
 And the cadence deep that it bears along,  
 As it streams away 'neath the shadows brown.

There's the convent gray and the spire above,  
 With its background clear of the deep blue skies—  
 I can see every spot in that place I love,  
 As I stand here now and I close my eyes—

\* Laud's Letter to the Deputy, I. 380.

Ah! 'twas never half in my youth so dear,  
Nor drew my thoughts to itself away,  
Not one-half as fair as I see it here,  
A picture framed in my heart to-day.

I know every stone in those ivied walls,  
From the shaded walk to the terrace high ;  
I know where the green of the spring first falls,  
Where the roses latest in summer die ;  
And I listen still as the Suir flows on—  
And it wrings my heart with a thrill of pain,  
For it sings of years and of old friends gone,  
Of voices I'll hear not on earth again.

On its margins green all the wild flowers grow,  
And they seem not to me so sweet elsewhere,  
And its waters linger, as loath to go  
Through the blossomed reeds and the rushes there,  
The forget-me-nots, and the woodruff tall,  
The strawberry blossoms that grow in the dells—  
And the fairest flower still of them all,  
The tender, trembling white sorrel-bells.

The fair white bells on the banks that lie,  
On their thick-strewn leaves of a beauteous green,  
On that soft pavilion laid out to die,  
With the purple streaks 'mid their pallid sheen ;  
Too fair and white on the earth to stay,  
In no common mould will they seek a grave,  
They'll droop and pine on their thrones away,  
Ere the parching sun shines out on the wave.

And they speak to me of a friend in pain,  
And the waters murmur as past they roll,  
With the cadence deep of that strange, weird strain,  
Like an echo caught from a human soul—  
That the best must die and the fairest fade,  
And the truest heart still the deep wound meet,  
But that Time can heal every scar it made,  
And from hours most sad weave a memory sweet.

Oh ! for ever still on the Calvary height,  
Doth a darkness stay that will not depart ;  
Only Life-sick eyes 'neath the Cross find sight,  
Christ's wounds but show through a broken heart ;  
He will draw tired souls to those heights above,  
And the sad ones fill with his special grace,  
He will shape hard ways with a jealous love ;  
Through the heart's deep rent He will show his face.



You were more unto me than words may tell,  
 Since you took my hand on a distant day,  
 And to one, since dead, said you'd guard me well  
 And hold her place and her gentle sway—  
 And ah ! shall I speak of that other hour,  
 When your voice stole out 'mid a life all pain ?  
 Shall I speak of the words, and the old, sweet power ?—  
 Forgive me ! Not *here* could I that explain.

But the sun is gone and the golden track—  
 Though I hear the Suir as it streams away,  
 And it sings of years that will not come back,  
 And it sings to me in the dying day :  
 That the best must go and the fairest fade,  
 And the truest heart still the deep wound meet,  
 But that time can heal every scar it made,  
 And of sad To-day make a memory sweet.

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## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### SPREADING THE TOILS.

"Canto guerrier pugnando  
 Già vincitor si vede ;  
 Ma non depone il brando,  
 Ma non si fida ancor :  
 Chè, le nemiche prede  
 Se spensierato aduna,  
 Cambia talor fortuna  
 Col vinto il vincitor."

*Metastasio.*

THERE is an indescribable buoyancy in the joy of newly-recovered liberty. Freedom, according to the universal theory of poets and philosophers, is a priceless blessing ; like all other blessings it is doubly prized when it is recovered after a temporary loss. For months Heber MacDermott had been a prisoner within the walls of Derry. His captivity had been lightened by the kindness of his captors, but had been irksome all the while. From the ramparts, where he was wont to walk for hours musing and alone, he had seen the hills of Donegal whiten with snow and then throw off their icy mantle and clothe themselves again in green and purple. In his solitude his mind had been busy with bootless self-questionings. He had occupied himself in divining what had been the further fortunes of his companions in arms, and oftener still, in conjecturing how it had fared with the gentle, heroic girl he had left alone in the power of her enemies.

With the end of spring there had come a season of tumult and excitement in the town. It was held by Sir Charles Coote for the Parliament of England. It was an important fortress, and was attacked early in the campaign organised by Ormonde in the name of the King. In the result of the siege MacDermott was but little interested; it was a matter of small moment to him whether he was detained prisoner in the name of the King or the Parliament. The operations of the besiegers were conducted without much energy, the blockade in no way increased the inconveniences of the prisoner's position. It rather relieved the monotony of his many unoccupied hours to observe the tactics of the garrison and their rivals. The game was rather spiritless, but it was better than nothing; he watched it from his solitary walk on the walls, and occasionally he descended into the narrow streets of the old town to hear the events of the hour discussed by the excited burgesses, who scowled at him as he went by—they were rebels themselves, but he was a "Papist" rebel, and, as they thought, one of the "Irishry." One day as he descended into the town on one of these excursions, he noticed that the faces of the cooped-up citizens had put off their gloom and wore a holiday look of pleasure. There was laughter, loud and boisterous, and eager congratulations, and a hearty interchange of pleasant greetings, in the groups where hitherto the speakers had muttered their fears and forebodings in half audible whispers, and with much significant shaking of the head, and rueful upturning of the eyes. Even his own appearance among them was not greeted with the usual marks of unfriendliness. Stout burgesses nodded to him good-humouredly; and fair eyes, that before had only gazed from behind the window-curtain at the godless rebel as he passed, now beamed their salutation from the open windows.

"Friend," he inquired of a Puritanical-looking townsman, whom he encountered in a lonely street, "may I inquire the reason of the general joy?"

"Odds, man," answered the citizen, "hast thou not yet heard that the siege is nearly over? The Lord, who draweth good out of evil, maketh use of the rebel, O'Neill, to deliver us from them that lie in wait outside our gates. The Irishry have covenanted with the worthy Sir Charles Coote to come up unto the deliverance of the city, and will be here anon."

The words sent a wild thrill of hope through the breast of the prisoner, and he hurried away in search of reliable information.

"It is even so," said Montgomery, whom he found on duty at a remote point of the city wall. "Sir Charles has been obliged to call in the aid of your former commander, to rid us of the persistent attentions of our loyal friends yonder. O'Neill is already on his way hither. We are in hourly expectation of seeing Sir Robert and Colonel Audley\* pack up their baggage, and bid us a reluctant farewell."

"Which adieu, I trust, will be speedily followed by mine."

\* Sir Robert Stewart and Colonel Audley Mervin.

"Doubt it not; all our standing accounts with O'Neill will be closed."

"Thou hast still been the father of good news," remarked MacDermott, with a smile.

"Learned! right learned! my worthy bookworm," returned the lancer, encouragingly. "But thou hast not outstripped me yet. I, too, have employed some of my prison hours to form the acquaintance of honest Will Shakspeare. Methought, however, the fervid speeches of the sighing Romeo would have fixed themselves in thy brain rather than the witless sayings of that dull fool, Claudius. Nay, never blush, man," continued the gay soldier, laughing at his own banter, and making his horse prance playfully round his victim. "Thou hast, I trow, stored up in thy memory a goodly supply of the graceful sayings of the young Montague, and wilt now be able to swear thy vows in pretty language to the mermaid of Lough Ree. Forget not when thou hastenest thither to expend a little of thy choice eloquence in tendering my most ardent homage. Lucky thou, that the necessities of the service retain me at this extremity of the Island! Thus art thou delivered from a dangerous rival. But stay not now to tempt me longer from my duty. Be early at the mess-table to-night; it will cheer thy melancholy soul to see us drain bumpers to the success of O'Neill."

Things had happened as Montgomery anticipated. The besiegers, as soon as they learned that O'Neill was marching to the relief of the town, withdrew from before it, and left Coote and his new ally to celebrate their reconciliation undisturbed. In return for the service done him, Sir Charles contributed a thousand beeves to the exhausted commissariat of the Ulster army, and thirty barrels of gunpowder to its scanty ammunition stores. O'Neill encamped outside the walls, and for a time, a friendly intercourse was maintained between the army of the Church and the army of the Covenant.

The civilities interchanged between the new allies were not limited to substantial favours given and received. There were not wanting gay festivities to celebrate the event. The streets of the old town echoed by day to the tread of daintily-clad gallants, and the tramp of richly-housed steeds; and at night they were flooded with light streaming from the windows of banquet-hall or ball-room, and the sound of music and gay laughter kept the staid burghers awake until the dawn. The garrison, though professing unbounded attachment to the political principles of the Covenant, liked not over well the rigidity of Puritan asceticism, and in the matter of morals inclined rather to the gaiety of the Cavaliers than to the gloomy piety of the Roundheads. Their Irish allies sympathised heartily with these tendencies, and thus in the pleasant merry-makings which followed the relief of Derry, Ulsterman and Parliamentarian met as if they had never fired pistols at each other's heads, or directed pikeheads against each other's hearts.

O'Neill cared little for the pleasures of the ball-room, but he was an ardent lover of the chase; in fact, his love of this sport had more than once brought his life into peril. His entertainer, the commander

of Derry, afforded him every facility for gratifying this passion. Almost daily brilliant cavalcades of ladies and gallants rode out through the gloomy gates, to chase the wild deer on the banks of the Foyle, and all day long the ringing of horns and the baying of hounds woke the echoes of the woods which stretched along the river.

The sport had been particularly good, and, wearied with the exciting amusement of the day, a party of ladies and gentlemen were returning to the town. O'Neill was of the number. He rode by the side of a lady, of brilliant dress and not unpleasant features, who evidently thought the Irish chief by her side no unworthy subject on which to try the effect of her charms of person and manner. It was, however, equally evident that the impression she made was not proportioned to her efforts or her expectations. It may have been the cold, searching look which glittered in her eyes as she bent them upon him, or it may have been the hollow, meaningless laugh with which his sallies were received, or the flippancy of the tone in which they were replied to; certain it is that, as the conversation continued, O'Neill's sprightliness of demeanour visibly diminished, his tone became graver, his observations more and more commonplace, and his manner more rigidly polite. He had much experience in casting the character of those about him, and he had, perhaps, learned that a calculating woman is an undesirable acquaintance, that if she be proud as well as crafty, she is not merely disagreeable, she is dangerous. If he did not know it previously, the experience that taught it to him was an expensive one.

"Thou art a heartless truant," said the lady, turning her eyes on the impassive face of her companion. "We miss thee from all our merry meetings."

"My presence would add little to the merriment; I should counterfeite gaiety not to appear a stranger in such scenes."

"Surely thou couldst steal away from the crowd of thy cares for a few short hours by night."

"They are watchful companions, lady," returned O'Neill, with a sad smile; "it is hard to evade their importunity. They not only haunt me by day, they keep watch by my pillow at night."

"Let them come with thee, then; I will warrant thee there is a witchery in bright eyes and fair faces which will scare them away."

O'Neill shook his head doubtfully. The lady's eagerness to overcome his reluctance increased in proportion as she began to understand the difficulty of doing so. It would be a gratification to her vanity to prevail where so many others had failed; and this satisfaction she was determined to enjoy.

"Thou slightest, then, the power of our charms?" she asked.

"Nay, I am not unjust," replied O'Neill.

"Wouldst prove it?"

"At any cost," was the reply his gallantry dictated.

"Try their virtue."

"Thou dost impose a heavy task, lady," remarked O'Neill.

"Thou becomest ungallant again, Sir Knight," returned his companion. "Methinks I could not have selected lists worthier of thy

prowess than our ball-room. nor imposed on thee a lighter service than to lead the dance to-morrow night with me."

"Would that thou hadst a knight more fitted to obey thy behests. Much do I fear me 'thy chosen cavalier will not do thee honour. With shame he confesses that he hath not even the harness which would befit the service, or the place where it is to be rendered."

The lady cast a glance at O'Neill's attire.

"I shall be satisfied if my champion appears within the lists armed as he is at present," she observed.

"And booted thus?" asked the unwilling cavalier, tapping with his whip the long boots of coarse leather which he wore.

"Truly, I could wish his foot gear of finer texture," she replied, smiling; "but for the amendment I will myself provide. We are no longer privileged to buckle on the spurs of errant-knights departing on adventurous journeys, but we may still be permitted to equip our *preux chevaliers* for the dance. A pair of boots is rather a novel kind of gift from a lady; but, considering the task I set thee to do, I cannot offer anything more appropriate. Expect, then, this gift; it will find thee in due time. Farewell, Sir Knight. Since thou comest not to the city, we part company here. I hasten to receive the congratulations of my cousin, Sir Charles, on the feat I have accomplished."

The lady inclined her proud head. O'Neill gracefully acknowledged the courtesy, and rode away by the road which led to his camp. His attendants followed, and the cavalcade, much diminished in numbers, pursued its way towards the town.

"Truly there is witchery in bright eyes and a fair face," said a smooth voice by the side of the lady who had been conversing with O'Neill, "since they have prevailed over the moodiness of that scowling rebel."

"You heard my arguments, Mr. Plunkett?" asked the lady, not a little gratified by the compliment so delicately administered.

"Yes, and wondered much at their effect. I have had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Owen MacArt, and am surprised that he yielded so easily."

"Yet, methinks it should not require much persuasion to prevail on him to accept what he must feel to be an honour."

"But what he regards it a vast condescension to accept."

"Sir, no man can stoop far to receive the hospitality of Sir Charles Coote," answered the lady, haughtily.

"Nathless, yon starving rebel thinks he has performed an extravagant act of gallantry in doing so at your solicitation. I have the misfortune to know him well, and to know, besides, the estimation in which he holds his entertainer, and, if I might dare to mention it, the ladies of his entertainer's family."

There were stories afloat concerning the family history of the Cootes\* which gave a peculiar poignancy to the concluding falsehood. The proud beauty winced under the pain so ruthlessly inflicted, and glared for an instant angrily upon her tormentor. The white face of Lucas Plunkett betrayed no sign of emotion under this scrutiny.

Some of which have been preserved to our own time.

"Only assure me that the wretched marauder has dared to breathe a syllable against the fair fame of our house," she gasped, in a whisper, while the passion that had been excited within her flashed from her eyes.

"I have spoken rashly, lady," said Plunkett, with well-assumed contrition. "Forget the despicable calumnies which I have so incautiously mentioned."

"Forget!" she answered, wrathfully. "Prove that our name has been traduced, and the insult shall be forgotten only when it is avenged."

"You must permit me to withhold this evidence," replied Plunkett. "I perceive I have already unwittingly angered where I only meant to warn."

"You shall tell me all," persisted the lady, cutting her horse with her riding-whip over the shoulders. "I must insist."

"At another time, and in another place, then," whispered Plunkett; "meantime, forget not to forward to your chosen knight the gift you promised him."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, with scorn, "I have been fool enough already. I will waste no more attentions on this base slanderer. Would you have me by further favours provoke further contempt?"

"No. My meaning was, that in conferring this one, you should find means to punish the insolence which scorned the others."

The angry woman bent an inquiring look upon the features of her companion, but she could trace nothing there which gave a clue to the import of his words.

"I fail to comprehend the suggestion," she observed.

"Transmit your gift through me, and it shall be made intelligible."

Again the lady's searching eyes scanned Plunkett's face, but without discovering anything which would explain the somewhat strange proposal he had just made. She understood that his plan, whatever it might be, boded no good to the guest whom she had invited, and she hesitated for an instant to lend herself to a plot against him. But there are few men and fewer women in whom mere respect for the laws of honour can counteract the desire of revenge. Her scruples were easily reasoned away. After all, if her guest suffered any wrong the sufferer was nothing more than a troublesome rebel, whose absence from the country would be a gain to all parties; and he suffered, too, by the hand of one of his own creed and party. It was clear that if there was anything culpable in the proceeding, little of the fault and not very much of the infamy could attach to Miss Coote.

"Be it so," she answered, at length. "I will entrust you with the present I am pledged to send. Fail not to have it conveyed to its destination."

"Doubt it not, lady," replied Plunkett, cheerfully; "thy favoured knight shall dance right merrily. And merry be that dance," he muttered under his breath; "it shall be his last."

## - CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE WITCH'S CELL.

"An' if a man did need a poison now,  
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua.  
 Here lies a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
 O this same thought did but fore-run my need;  
 And this same needy man must sell it me.  
 As I remember, this must be the house."

*Romeo and Juliet.*

AT the period with which we are concerned an insane dread of witches and witchcraft prevailed throughout Europe. In every unusual phenomenon the excited popular mind beheld a direct interference of some supernatural agent in the affairs of men. Deformity of person, and much more, eccentricity of character, were enough to convict men and women of correspondence with the unseen powers of evil, and this reputation served as a passport to the horse-pond, and in thousands of cases to the stake. Endless tortures were inflicted on the suspected wretches, and numberless lives sacrificed to the terrors of a superstitious age. It is not here the place to discuss the justice of the sentences passed on the hags who were proved to have careered across Europe at night on a broomstick, to hold revel with Satan at Beneventum, or to question the rightness of destroying whole villages in order effectually to suppress the practice of the black art amongst their inhabitants. That old women should be arraigned for such offences, and that these offences entailed such wholesale punishments, were not startling doctrines to the judges or legislators of the seventeenth century. The history of our own land is, happily, unstained by the cruelties to which these superstitions gave occasion throughout the Continent of Europe. But, though burning and drowning were not resorted to as means of extirpating witchcraft, nowhere was the belief in it more sincere, and the corresponding dread of witches more intense, than in Ireland. If a farmer discovered that his dairy was not as productive as usual the misfortune was traced to some old woman of the neighbourhood who had bewitched his cattle. If there were a dearth of eggs, his housewife could remember that a "lone woman" of the locality had cast an "evil eye" on the poultry in passing by; and not unfrequently disasters which affected the members of the family themselves were attributed to the same dark influence. In cases of this kind, the wrong done was not avenged by the death of the supposed malefactor. It was the custom to propitiate rather than to punish: and, for this reason, many whose relations with the evil spirit were far from intimate, bore without remonstrance the character of witch attributed to them by popular opinion. It must be admitted that in some of these instances natural depravity of disposition formed such a good equivalent for diabolical inspiration that it might easily have been mistaken for it. In general, however, the real crime of the witches was that they were older, uglier, less devout, more eccentric, and sometimes, possessed of more knowledge than their neighbours.

In one of the narrowest of the narrow streets of Derry dwelt at this time a member of this much-decried fraternity. She had once been young, though all the children of the street most firmly believed the contrary. She had had friends, who loved her and whom she loved; had enjoyed the pleasures of home, and contributed to create them. But these advantages had been hers long ago. She had lost them a long time since, and the world had punished her, as it always punishes those who are wicked enough to fail in life—it had cast her off. Embittered by her misfortunes, she adopted a mode of life which made her an object of superstitious dread to the world from which she was an outcast. The musty cellar in which she lived was adorned with a varied collection of dried herbs; skins of various animals hung upon the wall; a stuffed owl stared vacantly at the opposite wall from above the shelf on which the old woman kept her few kitchen utensils; and a living black cat sat by the fireside, apparently as constant at his post as the owl. Here in this weird sanctuary, which only some powerful motive of self-interest induced the uninitiated to enter, was the witch supposed to hold her communings with the powers of evil. Here she performed her diabolical rites to the demon she served. Here she wrought those spells which brought disease among the cattle, and blight upon the crops, and death into the households of the neighbourhood. Here, too, she concocted those wondrous mixtures which charmed away the sickness with which offended spirits punished their enemies, as well as the subtler potions which the heart of youth or maiden could not resist. It was whispered that her skill extended beyond the science of charms and philters, and that she was acquainted with drugs and essences of a less harmless character; but the simple peasantry, on whose credulity she practised, had no occasion to put this branch of her knowledge to the test. She had gained the reputation no one knew how.

The old woman was sitting by her cheerless fireside, her long, bony hand clutching a thick staff with which she seemed to prop herself upon the chair; her gaunt figure was bent forward over the embers, and her dull, sunken eyes watched their flickerings and expirings with unconscious steadiness. The black cat, animated by the example of his mistress, was pursuing his customary occupation of observing the fire with unusual energy, and the owl upon his perch seemed more than ordinarily observant. It was growing dark; passengers were rarely afoot in that quarter at such an hour, and the few whom necessity compelled to come abroad made a circuit to avoid the dwelling of the witch, whom they believed to be at that time preparing for her nightly rambles. It would, therefore, have been matter of surprise to the inmates of the cellar, had they been capable of the feeling, that at so late an hour the tramp of a well-booted foot waked the echoes of the lonely street; they would have wondered still more that the wayfarer stopped before their own dreaded dwelling; and their astonishment would have reached its height to observe a tall figure, wrapped in a long cloak, present itself at the door, obstructing the feeble rays of light that struggled to enter by it. Occurrences so unwonted ought to have excited the wonder of all the denizens of the



cellar. As it was, the cat alone seemed to make note of them. He turned his glaring eyes for an instant on the individual who had intruded upon his solitude, growled an unpleasant greeting, and then concentrated his energies on his previous occupation of blinking at the smouldering embers on the hearth.

Determined that his presence should receive a more marked recognition, the visitor struck the crazy door several times with his foot. The sable cat again glared fiercely at the daring intruder, and lazily erected himself into a posture of defence. The beldame shook her staff at her favourite, and turned to greet her visitor. Shading her leaden eyes with her trembling hand, she fixed them on the figure that filled the doorway.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she asked, in a shrill, cracked voice.

"A customer, mother," returned the cloaked figure, with a polished accent not often heard within the witch's abode.

"And what have I that such as you can buy?" demanded the crone, in no way mollified by the answer she had received. "Do you come for a charm against murrain or blight, or a draught which will subdue the heart of some of those proud dames who toss their feathered heads, and laugh in scorn at us, poor wretches, as we hurry out of the way of their horses' hoofs?"

"Not any of these, good mother," replied her customer, blandly. "I trust thy skill in compounding those subtle mixtures, but I am neither a creaght nor a lover. I would have a drug which brings death, not one that preserves life, or excites love."

"Death!" repeated the old woman, slowly. "What would you with death? He will come soon enough; do not hurry him on. Let him come when he will, you will think he has come too quickly," and the hag shuddered as if the dread spectre were already by her side, and she felt all the horrors of his presence.

"Thanks for the advice," returned her visitor. "I have no intention of seeking an introduction to the monster just yet. I want the drug merely to give a quiet death to a brute who might hurt somebody if we attempted to dispose of him by violent means."

"Ay, 'tis the custom of your class," retorted the woman, bitterly: "cruel to your fellows, considerate to your beasts! Yes, I will sell you a mixture, a drop of which poured into his drink will kill him straight."

"Nay, I am even more tender-hearted than you suppose me," was the reply. "I would have the animal die a slow death. I should like to spare him the writhings and convulsions produced by such quick-working draughts."

"It would be kinder to put an end to his sufferings at once; but, like all your class, your whims make cruelties of your kindnesses. Be it as you will. You may have draughts which, by slow degrees, will infect the blood; which, step by step, will force its way into all the mazy channels of the body, and drive out life from every hiding-place."

"And look you, mother," interposed the stranger; "if it were

such that it might be conveyed into the blood on the point of bodkin, by the prick of a pin, it would suit my purpose all the better."

The hag fixed her glassy eyes on the face of the speaker—a pale face, with small glistening eyes, and a brow which contracted with every question and answer that issued from the thin lips; hardened as were the lines of the face, it betrayed a momentary abashment under the scrutiny.

"I cannot stay much longer," said her visitor, uneasily, slipping a few gold pieces into the witch's shrivelled hand. "If you can give what I seek, let me have it and be gone."

"What matters it to me?" mumbled the woman under her breath. "You shall have it," she continued, aloud. "It is not every day my wares are paid for in gold; my services are usually rewarded in baser metal."

Concealing the coins in the bosom of her worn-out gown, the crone hobbled across the room, and drew from a dingy cupboard a small dark phial.

"See here!" she exclaimed; "the prick of a pin that has been dipped in this is certain death. The poison will spread itself slowly through the veins, and raise in the blood a ferment death alone can still. If you had a foe who had done you deadly wrong, the scratch of a bodkin dipped in this liquid would give you terrible revenge."

"I have none such," answered the purchaser, hastily; "and even though I had, you would not surely advise me to seek revenge by murder?"

"I give no advice," replied the woman, putting the phial into his hand.

"Good night, mother, good night," said her customer; "remember as little of this visit as you can. It will be better for both of us."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, and quitting the cellar hurried along the street at a rapid pace. Emerging into the more frequented parts of the city, he stumbled upon a gay party who had just quitted some dinner-table at which the wine had been abundant.

"Whither away, bird of the night?" asked a laughing soldier, whom he had jostled, grasping him rather unceremoniously by the arm.

"On the service of the State," he answered, in a whisper; "the most important that has been undertaken here for many a day."

"And on the devil's service, too, I doubt not," muttered Arthur Montgomery, as he recognised the pale features of Lucas Plunkett.

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

## XXIV.—MARRIAGE.

I HAVE already spoken of marriage on the ground of its being an object of ecclesiastical authority and legislation, and holding an important place in the relations of the Church to society.\* I said all that I then considered needful on this subject. My purpose was to point out clearly the nature of the contract and of the sacrament, and to remove some misapprehensions that are common enough, even among Catholics. I explained the position of the Church with reference to matrimony, and her power of prescribing conditions, on which not only its lawfulness but its validity may depend. I did not undertake to vindicate the conduct of the Church. I saw no particular occasion for doing so, and my plan at the time continued to be mainly confined to statement of doctrine. This plan I have somewhat varied since, on account of Mr. Gladstone's attack on the Catholic Religion. That attack has by this time lost a good deal of the perhaps rather undue importance which was attached to it when first made. Mr. Gladstone is, no doubt, a man of great ability, a distinguished statesman, a man, too, that did stand well with Catholics, and was, and even still is, less unfair and less rabid than many other opponents of our Faith, not, however, now entitled to the same credit as he was, or seemed to be, under these last mentioned respects. Yet, as the Gladstone controversy made some noise so lately, as some of the points taken up in it are of a certain permanent interest, which was rather increased by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets, and as answers to objections made by an individual living opponent have, in consequence, more of a look of definiteness and, so to speak, of reality about them, I will, on the subject of marriage, as I have done on different others, take up and reply to Mr. Gladstone's difficulty. Having already, as I have just now remarked, written something about marriage, I must, to avoid repetition, refer my readers to the earlier paper, and request them to read it and bear in mind what is there said.

Coming now to Mr. Gladstone. In his "Vaticanism," at p. 26, he says:—"I have before me the Exposition, with the text of the Encyclica and Syllabus, published at Cologne in 1874, with the approval of authority. . . . In p. 45 it is distinctly taught that with marriage the State has nothing to do; that it may safely rely upon the Church; that civil marriage, in the eyes of the Church, is only concubinage; and that the State, by the use of worldly compulsion, prevents the two concubinary parties from repenting and abandoning their guilty relation to one another. Exactly the same is the doctrine of the Pope himself, in his speeches published at Rome; where civil marriage is declared to be, for Christians, nothing more than a mere

\* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. II., pp. 422 and following.

concubinage, and a filthy concubinage (*sozzo concubinato*). These extraordinary declarations are not due to the fondness of the Pontiff for speaking *impromptu*. In his letter of September 19th, 1852, to King Victor Emmanuel, he declares that matrimony carrying the sacrament is alone lawful for Christians; and that a law of civil marriage, which goes to divide them for practical purposes, constitutes a concubinage in the guise of legitimate marriage. So that, in truth, in all countries within the scope of these denunciations, the parties to a civil marriage are declared to be living in an illicit connection, which they are called upon to renounce. This call is addressed to them separately as well as jointly, the wife being summoned to leave her husband, and the husband to abandon his wife; and after this pretended repentance from a state of sin, unless the law of the land and fear of consequences prevail, a new connection, under the name of a marriage, may be formed with the sanction of the Church of Rome.

"It is not possible, in the limited space here at my command, adequately to exhibit a state of facts, thus created by the highest authorities of the Roman Church, which I shall now not shrink from calling horrible and revolting in itself, and dangerous to the morals of society, the structure of the family, and the peace of life.

"It is true, indeed, that the two hundred thousand non-Roman marriages, which are annually celebrated in England, do not at present fall under the foul epithets of Rome. But why? Not because we marry, as I believe nineteen-twentieths of us marry, under the sanctions of religion—for our marriages are, in the eye of the Pope, purely civil marriages—but only for the technical, accidental, and precarious reason, that the disciplinary decrees of Trent are not canonically in force in this country. There is nothing, unless it be motives of mere policy, to prevent the Pope from giving them force here when he pleases. If, and when that is done, every marriage thereafter concluded in the English Church will, according to his own words, be a filthy concubinage.

"The decrees have force already in many parts of Germany, and in many entire countries of Europe. Within these limits, every civil marriage, and every religious marriage not contracted before a Roman *parochus*, as the Council of Trent requires, is but the formation of a guilty connection, which each of the parties severally is charged by the Church of Rome to dissolve, under pain of being held to be in mortal sin.

"In 1602, when the Decree of Trent had been in force for thirty-eight years, it was applied by the *Congregatio Concilii*, with the approval of Pope Clement VIII., to non-Roman marriages, by a declaration that heretics were bound to conform (which was impossible) to the rules of the Council, in default of which their marriages, whether religious or civil, were null and void.

"To this portentous rule exceptions have been made, especially by Benedict XIV. in the case of Holland. Indeed, he questioned its propriety; and Pius VII., in a communication to the Primate Dalberg, formerly Archbishop of Mentz, referred with approval to the language

of Benedict XIV. Many theologians have held an opinion adverse to it, and clergy have been allowed to act at times upon that opinion, but only under cover of a policy of dissimulation, a name by which the Court of Rome itself has not been ashamed to describe its own conduct. But when the abrogation of the rule for non-Roman marriages has been prayed for, even by bishops, and bodies of bishops, the prayer has failed. It has been kept alive, and transactions positively dreadful have taken place under its authority, and under other provisions calculated for the same end. Perrone, who may be called the favourite theologian of the Curia, points out that it works for the benefit of heretics, as on their conversion it has often given them an opportunity of contracting a new marriage, during the lifetime, that is to say, of the former wife.

"The upshot, then, seems to be this: that Rome, while stigmatising marriages not Tridentine as concubinages in the manner we have seen, reserves a power, under the name or plea of special circumstances, to acknowledge them or not, as policy may recommend. This is but the old story. All problems, which menace the Roman chair with difficulties it dare not face are to be solved, not by the laying down of principles, good or bad, strict or lax, in an intelligible manner, but by reserving all cases as matters of discretion to the breast of the *Curia*, which will decide from time to time, according to its pleasure, whether there has been a sacrament or not, and whether we are married folks, or persons living in guilty commerce, and rearing our children under a false pretext of legitimacy.

"This, then, is the statement I now make. It has been drawn from me by the exuberant zeal and precipitate accusations of the school of Loyola."

So far Mr. Gladstone, from whom I have given a rather long extract, that his view regarding the point at issue may be fairly before my readers. They will understand that some vague statements which occur, as, for instance, about "transactions positively dreadful," and also his general description of the proceedings of the Court of Rome, are to be taken with certain allowances for excited feelings and too ready a belief of the exaggerated accounts and misrepresentations he may have met with in others.

By way of reply, I will endeavour to exhibit the real state of the case.

First of all, the Council of Trent, in enacting the law which prescribes the presence of a parish priest and two witnesses as a necessary condition of valid marriage, did not intend to increase the connection between the contract and the sacrament, which connection could not, indeed, be increased by any human power, even that of the Church. It did not intend to increase the necessity of any sacred rite; as a silent presence fulfils the condition. The object of the Council was to guard against the evil consequences of marriages not sufficiently attested. There was no desire thereby to throw difficulties in the way of non-Catholic parties, either among themselves, or in case of their contracting with Catholics. It is true that the Church, as a rule, abhors and discourages mixed marriages; but

this particular requirement was not established with any such view. It was directly meant to provide against abuses among Catholics. Nay more, one motive at least, for making the obligation of this law dependent on a promulgation in each parish—a very unusual provision—was to exempt Protestants in great measure from its operation, as is explicitly stated and held by Benedict XIV., on the authority of Pallavicini, in his History of the Council of Trent.

It is well to explain here that, though the authority of the Church to prescribe conditions and institute impediments of marriage is connected with the sacramental character wherewith this contract is invested in the New Law; yet the doctrine of the authority alluded to is not identical with the doctrine that matrimony is a sacrament, nor is either doctrine strictly dependent on the other. Christ our Lord could have made matrimony a sacrament without giving the Church all the power he did regarding it. Such power is, no doubt, congruous, fitting, and might be conjectured about as a likely accompaniment of the sacramental institution, but it is not a *necessary consequence*, so far as I can see. On the other hand, still more obviously, the power could have been given without the elevation of the contract to the dignity of a sacrament. As a matter of fact, it is a dogma of faith that matrimony is a sacrament, and it is a dogma of faith that the Church has the power we are speaking of with reference to the contract; and it is not a dogma of faith, though it is otherwise sufficiently certain, that the contract and the sacrament are inseparable. Long after the Council of Trent, there were theologians who held with impunity that the contract might be entered into validly and indissolubly by Christians and Catholics without their receiving the sacrament. But these theologians held, at the same time, that the validity of the *contract* depended on its conformity with the laws of the Church; and that where an ecclesiastical diriment impediment stood in the way, the parties did not become man and wife, whence their subsequent life together would be one of concubinage. Suppose a theologian of fifty years ago holding, as many held, that the priest was the minister of the sacrament, and that his active ministration was required to effect it—suppose, I say, such a theologian, asked to state the different classes of cases that might occur, in the marriage of two Catholics, with reference to the priest's intervention, and the results which would respectively follow, he would have said: Where the decree of Trent is not published, the matrimonial contract, without the presence of the parish priest, or any other witness, is valid as a true marriage, but not a sacrament; with a priest's *ministration*, whether he be the parish priest of either party or not, and with or without other witnesses, it is a sacrament also. Where the Council's decree is published, if the parish priest of either party, or an authorised substitute, and two other witnesses are silently present, a non-sacramental, but valid contract is effected; but if the priest perform the marriage rite, the sacrament is received. On the other hand, if the parish priest of neither party is present, nor his substitute, or if there be not also two other witnesses, the marriage is null and void, and the cohabitation of the parties will be a concubinage. My object in this detailed exposition is to show that no recent de-

claration as to the identity of the contract with the sacrament has any practical bearing on the validity of the contract, since ecclesiastical impediments were all along understood to affect *the contract*, identical or not with the sacrament.

I may be asked why it is that, in the Syllabus and elsewhere, so much stress is laid on the inseparability of the contract from the sacrament, and precisely in connection with the absolute nullity of marriages celebrated otherwise than in conformity with the Tridentine decree. It would seem from this circumstance that the validity of a marriage must stand or fall with the separability of the contract from the sacrament. The answer is easy, and may be gathered from the propositions set down in the Syllabus. The reason then is, that the supposed separability was made a ground for withdrawing the contract from the operation of the law of Trent. This ground was relied on, not by otherwise orthodox theologians, but by innovators. As therefore, in reality, the contract and sacrament are not separable among Christians, a short way of dealing with these false teachers was to say so: but their pernicious conclusions were no necessary consequence of the imagined separability, and had not been held by those sound Catholic authors who mistakenly believed that the contract might exist among Christians without the sacrament. Those marriages which from any cause do not fall under the Tridentine law may be not only valid but sacramental without the presence of any priest, as I have clearly explained in that previous paper to which I have referred.

Now, as to the statement which has so much offended Mr. Gladstone, that the quasi-matrimonial life of those who have not received the *sacrament* of marriage is a life of concubinage, let us consider the force and meaning of that statement with relation to the fulfilment of the condition prescribed by the Council of Trent, the presence, namely, of the parish priest of one of the parties and two other witnesses. Wherever the Tridentine law is in vigour, a Catholic man and woman attempting marriage without the fulfilment of that condition *know*—as a rule—that their act is null; that it leaves them unmarried, as they were before. If in any case they chance to be inculpably ignorant of the invalidity, they are not accountable, and what is to be thought of this state of things I will say a little further on. So much for Catholics. What is to be said of Protestants? In many places where Catholics fall under the operation of the Tridentine law, Protestants *certainly* do not. With regard to some other places, none of them in these kingdoms, there are differences of opinion into which I do not feel myself called upon to enter. But suppose that in those places Protestant marriages are affected by the law of Trent, on that principle to which Mr. Gladstone alludes in his "Vaticanism," at p. 71, note: "See," he says, "the anathemas of the Council of Trent against those who deny that heretics, as being baptized persons, are bound to obedience to the Church. I hope the Archbishop (Manning) has not incautiously incurred them." I have written something on this subject in an early paper of the present series.\* Suppose, then, I was saying, that in some places Protestant marriages

are affected by the Tridentine decree on clandestinity, what will be the result? First, the parties are deprived of *the sacrament* of marriage, of which privation they cannot be expected to complain, as they reject this sacrament, and do not believe it to be received by Catholics. Then, *the contract* is invalid *in itself*, but not in their estimation, not according to *their conscience*. Their condition is practically the same as if it was valid. The contract of marriage, abstracting from the sacrament, is a mutual agreement by which the parties, as far as in them lies, bind themselves to each other. Where it is valid it causes a certain indissoluble relation between them; where it is *not* valid, but is in good faith *reputed* valid, so long as the belief continues the parties are as much warranted and bound before God to do what they agree upon as if there was no flaw. Their life is not a concubinage, nor was it of such cases the Pope spoke when he used the word. If at a later period the parties, or either of them, come to know of the nullity, in consequence of being converted to the Catholic Faith, the Church will readily afford a means of meeting the difficulty. In some very exceptional and very rare cases there may be a separation. But such rare and exceptional cases are not appreciable. As a fact, we do not hear of unpleasant results, at least with any frequency, on this particular ground. There may be dissatisfaction, or anger, or ill-treatment, on the score of change of religion, but scarcely ever is there any difficulty with reference precisely to the marriage bond. I will here cite a passage of the previous paper already referred to, where I have expressed myself as follows: "I do not pretend that every act done by a Protestant, in contravention of laws which he knows to be enforced in the Catholic Church, is an imputable sin. Even though he be not in what is called invincible ignorance, even though he be guilty of grievous neglect in not inquiring into the truth of his own religion—which, by the way, we are to remember is, unlike ours, a religion of inquiry—even though he be violating the obligation to examine the claims of the Catholic Faith, as is often the case, still it does not follow that he is called on in the meantime to observe the precepts of the true Church, not recognised by him as such, for instance, to keep its prescribed feasts and fasts."\* In this passage I specify, by way of example, precepts as to feasts and fasts; but the principle is applicable to any ecclesiastical law of the Catholic Church.

But why, Mr. Gladstone may ask, should there be any question of Protestant marriages with reference to the Tridentine decree? Why should they be comprehended? I reply, that, *so far as they are comprehended*, this results from the general principle alluded to. The law was enacted, and, as is usual in laws of the Catholic Church, no exception of non-Catholics was expressed, and so the law included them—so far, I repeat, as they are included. An unusual provision was made in the law itself for restricting its operation, and that operation has been still further restricted since. It must be remembered that the Church *legally* and *judicially* views baptized non-Catholics as disobedient subjects not deserving of special favour, whatever may happen to be the actual extenuating or excusing



causes which affect individuals. It must be remembered, too, that Ecclesiastical Law, like all other human laws, proceeds on certain general principles, with considerable regard, no doubt, to varieties of circumstances in different times and places, but not such regard as to remove all difficulties, or even what may be termed hardships. The Church, moreover, is conservative, and somewhat slow to modify her enactments. The decisions and answers of ecclesiastical tribunals include and rest on interpretations of the law and apply it to the cases proposed, without changing the law, though, within certain limits, there may be at times an exercise of a discretionary power, either permanently possessed by the tribunal or supplied by the action of the Sovereign Pontiff. There is, too, that, at least, apparent contradiction which occurs in the determinations of civil courts in our own and other countries, often attributable to a comparatively minute difference of features in the cases, a difference which cannot always be afterwards clearly traced. We know what an array of conflicting judgments and dicta is often brought forward by counsel engaged on the two sides of a cause, and what ingenuity is bestowed on explaining and reconciling them. I have spoken of decisions and *answers*, because there are ecclesiastical tribunals which reply to questions where there is no judicial sentence pronounced between parties, and where there is not properly any *suit* before the court. nay, where what I call a *tribunal*, for want of another term, may not have properly judicial attributes. Then, besides decisions, juridical or otherwise, there are *dispensations* from ecclesiastical laws: these are granted either by the Pope, in virtue of his supreme authority, or by his delegates at Rome or elsewhere, or by bishops in virtue of the authority annexed to their office. The Pope, too, may abrogate or vary particular ecclesiastical laws either throughout the Church or in one or more countries. To return to decisions and answers regarding ecclesiastical law; though there is a machinery provided for giving them, it is by no means to be supposed that they either are or could be so copiously given as to eliminate controversies as to the meaning and comprehensiveness of ecclesiastical laws. The laws once made are left a good deal to themselves and to unauthorized interpreters—that is to say, writers or others who may be often well qualified to deal with the questions arising, but not commissioned to pronounce on them. Often certainty cannot be attained, but a reasonable probability sufficient for moral direction may be reached. It is a pretty generally received principle that a really doubtful law does not bind in conscience. This principle extends to a solid doubt whether certain cases are comprised in a law otherwise known to exist. The law is doubtful as regards those cases. I have used the terms *really* doubtful and *solid* doubts, because frivolous, unsubstantial, factitious doubts do not stand in the way of obligations. The application, too, of the principle I have mentioned requires reflection and a proper acquaintance with the subject. Now, as to the *policy* which the Pope and his Curia are said to practise with regard to marriage, or with regard to other matters of ecclesiastical law, I cannot undertake to enter thoroughly into an involved question of this kind, nor to vindicate in detail the proceedings of the

Holy See. Mr. Gladstone's charges are sweepingly made in a few sentences. A complete explanation and refutation of them would take at least many pages, and these I cannot afford to give. I will content myself with a few observations.

What is meant by *the policy* of the Pope or the Holy See, and measures dictated by this policy, or adopted for the purpose of carrying it out? Here I must clear away and put aside some matters which do not concern me at the present moment. There is not question, just now, of political intrigues which a Pope or his Curia might be imagined to engage in, either through ambition or through partisanship with friendly sovereigns, nor even of favours bestowed on kings or princes, or nations, from gratitude, or for the purpose of conciliation. We have to deal with laws of strictly ecclesiastical discipline, and the mode of their administration or enforcement. The Pope, with or without the aid of a General Council, legislates for the Church, and is presumed to do so with the intention of promoting the spiritual welfare of his subjects and carrying out the designs of God. The laws thus made the Pope—as possessing the chief executive authority—and under him the bishops and clergy throughout the world apply and enforce, it is again presumed, in the same spirit and with the same view. These laws, besides being liable to total repeal, admit of dispensation as to particular persons, and also of partial abrogation as to places. Questions likewise arise about their meaning and comprehensiveness, that is to say, the cases and circumstances which they comprise, and many such questions are decided at Rome, as I have stated above. The decision of these questions depends a great deal on various circumstances, and upon alleged facts about which there may be mistakes. Even independently of such mistakes, the answers given are not infallible, though sufficiently reliable for practical purposes. Now, before going any further, I may observe that an ordinarily prudent and perfectly honest course followed in the making, administering, applying of ecclesiastical laws in the department of marriage, as well as in other departments, even where extraordinary difficulties did not occur, would involve results not very intelligible to persons not well versed in such matters. There would be seeming contradictions and inconsistencies. In the civil order this is the case. But in the jurisprudence of the Church some considerations enter that have not place in that of the State. The great object the Church has in view is the spiritual welfare of the faithful, and this object demands that there should be more regard for human infirmity than is or can be paid to it by temporal legislators and tribunals. There are two things to be balanced and reconciled, namely, sufficient strictness of discipline and a fair amount of suavity and allowances made for difficulties. I would not be understood to deny that there ought to be, and is, a measure of this mildness in the civil order, but the measure is less, and by no means unjustly so, as could be shown if we had time to go more fully into the subject.

Besides this intrinsic economy, if I may so call it, of ecclesiastical law, and its administration, provision has to be made for collisions between the Church and the State—collisions arising from false

principles and tyrannical action on the part of the latter. Even Catholic governments often ignore, in many things, the rights of the Church; and this is, in a true sense, *natural*; not because it is according to the dictate of natural reason, but because it flows from the corruption of nature, like the rebellion of the passions in individual men. This unfortunate tendency is increased and promoted by false opinions, sometimes innocently, sometimes guiltily, held by Catholics, and still more by those who, while nominally Catholics, are in reality little or nothing better than infidels. From Protestant governments we cannot, of course, expect Catholic principles, though we might expect, even from them, more of consistency and social fairness than we find. Well, then, the action of ecclesiastical laws is obstructed and contravened by kings and cabinets and parliaments. What is the Church to do? What is Rome to do? Is it to sweep away the laws, which are otherwise judged fit for the spiritual government of the Faithful? Surely not. This course would be too prejudicial in itself, and would be, besides, yielding unduly to what all Catholics must consider to be an unjust pressure. Are the laws of the Church to be declared inoperative as to baptized non-Catholics? Are baptized non-Catholics to be explicitly exempted from them? Not certainly as a matter of right: for this would be against principle. Not universally; for this, too, would more or less compromise the principle. How far it is expedient to go in the way of such exemption is a matter for the prudential judgment of the Holy See. But, even where there is not an exemption, is the Church in every instance to insist loudly on the fulfilment of the laws, to protest loudly against their violation? Is she bound in all circumstances to bring out into relief the effects which follow from non-observance, as, for example, the invalidity of certain marriages? Surely the Pope cannot be condemned for having regard to the difficulties in which his spiritual subjects are placed by the perversity of civil rulers, for not increasing those difficulties, and intensifying disagreements and unnecessarily provoking anger and persecution. The good of Religion does not demand indiscriminate open interference in all cases, and fruitless attempts to set everything right. The good of Religion *does* require that sound doctrine and essential rights should not be compromised, that truths unpleasant to many should be proclaimed and maintained at every cost; and this the Pontiffs do, and assuredly Pius IX. does not shrink from the duty. This fact shows abundantly that what is called *policy* is not allowed to interfere with the demands of conscience, and the paramount interests of the Faith. When Popes and Bishops fulfil their office thus fearlessly, they and the faithful laity, too, who obey them and echo their voice, are charged with aggression and disloyalty. When, on the other hand, a prudent tolerance is practised, where there is room for it, with a view to avoid additional troubles, it is called *policy*, in no complimentary sense. After all, Mr. Gladstone ought to know that a *wise policy* is not a thing to be condemned.

I may observe that Mr. Gladstone has *played* upon a word, and most likely with effect as to many of his readers. The word is *dissimulation*, "a name," he says, "by which the Court of Rome itself has not been

ashamed to describe its own conduct." This is a good hit ; but is it a fair one ? The term *dissimulation*, I freely admit, conveys, for the most part, a bad meaning. It implies artful concealment, with a view, either to carry out more securely hostile intentions, or else to obtain from the party that is their object favours or concessions that would not be granted if the designs were known, or with some other sinister purpose. It includes *double-dealing*, which last word has the merit of not admitting any but a disreputable sense. But *dissimulation*, or at least *dissimulatio*, in Latin, which is the official language of Rome, can be taken, and often is taken, for an innocent, and sometimes merciful, concealment or passing over of something which it would be painful to have noticed and acted upon. We have several instances of this signification in the Latin Vulgate, which, where the Pope is concerned, is not a bad standard.\*

Johnson, in his dictionary, under the word *dissimulation*, gives the following sentence from "South's Sermons : " "*Dissimulation* may be taken for a bare concealment of one's mind, in which sense we commonly say that it is prudence to dissemble injuries." The Imperial Dictionary has this remark : "Dissimulation may be simply concealment of the opinions, sentiments, or purpose ; but it includes also the assuming of a false or counterfeit appearance which conceals the real opinions or purpose." It is clear that *dissimulation* may be of a friendly and beneficial character, and that where this is the case, unless the concealment be unlawful for some special reason, there is nothing to be ashamed of. If, for instance, I know a debt is due to me by a man who is either unaware of it or unable to pay it, and I carefully avoid all allusion to the debt, to save the party from pain and trouble, though for good reasons I do not remit the obligation, no one will say that I am committing a guilty act of *dissimulation*. It would be otherwise if my silence were intended to afford my debtor a false security, and thus ensure me the opportunity of coming down on him at a still more unfavourable time and effecting his ruin. Now, there is not the least doubt that the *dissimulation* which the Court of Rome attributes to itself is not of that vicious kind so commonly designated by the word. The Pope's *dissimulation* is not practised for the purpose of circumventing, for the purpose of later taking an unfair advantage. It consists in abstaining from a pressure which might do harm to the parties concerned. This is plain from the nature of the cases which the so-called *dissimulation* regards. It is rendered, if possible, additionally plain by the fact of its being *acknowledged*. Surely Mr. Gladstone ought to have more faith in the *astuteness* of the Roman Court than to imagine it would acknowledge *double-dealing*.

\* 1 Kings, x. 27, "Ille vero *dissimulabat* se audire." Douay version : "But he *dissembled* as though he heard not ;" Authorised (Anglican) version : 1 Sam. x. 27, "But he held his peace." Job, iii. 26, "Nonne *dissimulavi* ? nonne silui ? nonne quievi ;" Douay version : "Have I not *dissembled* ? have I not kept silence ? have I not been quiet ?" The Authorised version differs here from the Vulgate. Wisdom, xi. 24, "Sed miseris omnium, quia omnia potes ; et *dissimulas* peccata hominum propter pœnitentiam." "But Thou hast mercy upon all, because Thou canst do all things, and overlookest the sins of men, for the sake of repentance."

## MISS ALICE THOMPSON'S "PRELUDES."\*

**P**OETRY and painting have often been spoken of as sister arts. There is, therefore, something gracefully appropriate in the fact that of the two sisters, Elizabeth and Alice Thompson, the one has made herself famous as a painter, and the other has claimed a place among the poets. Jean Ingelow says that anyone who has ever longed to be a poet may be accounted such; but Miss Thompson's claim to the title will stand a much stricter test than this, and her volume of "Preludes" bears to be judged by a higher standard than the maiden works of many pre-eminent authors. She has constituted herself the poet in our own times of all that is most beautiful in nature and in art—of "the innocence in children's eyes," of "the daybreak winds," the "rainbow showers" and "the patient rain," of "boundless silence" and of "lost melodies." Glad of her knowledge of this "green, warm earth of ours," she exclaims, in the poem, headed "In early Spring:"

"O Spring, I know thee! Seek for sweet surprise  
 In the young children's eyes.  
 But I have learnt the years, and know the yet  
 Leaf-folded violet.  
 Mine ear, awake to silence, can foretell  
 The cuckoo's fitful bell.  
 I wander in a gray time that encloses  
 June and the wild hedge-roses.  
 A year's procession of the flowers doth pass  
 My feet along the grass.  
 And all you sweet birds, silent yet, I know  
 The notes that stir you so,  
 Your songs yet half devised in the dim dear  
 Beginnings of the year.  
 In these young days you meditate your part;  
 I have it all by heart.  
 I know the secrets of the seeds and flowers  
 Hidden, and warm with showers;  
 And how, in kindling Spring, the cuckoo shall  
 Alter his interval.  
 But not a flower or song I ponder is  
 My own, but memory's.  
 I shall be silent in those days desired  
 Before a world inspired.  
 O dear brown birds, compose your old song-phrases,  
 Earth, thy familiar daisies."

But though the poet thus timidly exults in her part-knowledge of Nature, she also deeply feels her infinite ignorance of its manifold

\* "Preludes." By A. C. THOMPSON. With Illustrations and Ornaments by Elizabeth Thompson. London: Henry S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill. [Many of our readers have lately enjoyed in Dublin an opportunity of studying "The Roll Call" at Mr. Cranfield's Gallery. Their interest in these gifted sisters will be increased by the circumstance that they are converts to the Catholic Faith.]

mysteries ; and the sorrow that attends this consciousness, as well as the balm which may fantastically be applied to heal it, are beautifully depicted in the following verses "to a Poet." We omit some.

"Thou who singest through the earth,  
All earth's wild creatures fly thee.  
Everywhere thou marrest mirth.  
Dumbly they defy thee,  
There is something they deny thee.

"Pines thy fallen nature ever  
For the unfallen Nature sweet ;  
But she shuns thy long endeavour,  
Though her flowers and wheat  
Throng and press thy pausing feet.

"Though thou tame a bird to love thee,  
Press thy face to grass and flowers,  
All these things reserve above thee  
Secrets in the bowers,  
Secrets in the sun and showers.

"Wait, and many a secret nest,  
Many a hoarded winter-store,  
Will be hidden in thy breast ;  
Things thou longest for  
Will not fear or shun thee more.

"Thou shalt intimately lie  
In the roots of flowers that thrust  
Upwards from thee to the sky,  
With no more distrust  
When they blossom from thy dust.

"Silent labours of the rain  
Shall be near thee, reconciled ;  
Little lives of leaves and grain,  
All things shy and wild  
Tell thee secrets, quiet child.

"Nought will fear thee, humbled creature ;  
There will be thy mortal burden  
Pressed into the heart of Nature,  
Songless in a garden  
With a long embrace of pardon."

There are thirteen sonnets, properly so called, scattered among Miss Thompson's "Preludes," and of these the following is not the least beautiful :—

"THOUGHTS IN SEPARATION.

We never meet : yet we meet day by day  
Upon those hills of life, dim and immense,  
The good we love, and sleep, our innocence.  
O hills of life, high hills ! and higher than they  
Our guardian spirits meet at prayer and play :  
Beyond pain, joy, and hope, and long suspense  
Above the summits of our souls, far hence,  
An angel meets an angel on the way.

Beyond all good I e'er believed of thee  
 Or thou of me, these always love and live,  
 And though I fail of thy ideal of me,  
 My angel falls not short; they greet each other;  
 Who knows, they may exchange the kiss we give,  
 Thou to thy crucifix, I to my mother."

Miss Thompson displays great skill and care in her choice of metres and in her poetic diction. In the longest of her poems, which she places last—"A Study, in Three Monologues, with Interruptions"—there is a deep, suppressed dramatic feeling. Her blank verse, of which this is the only sample, is richly modulated. We are glad to know that this volume is not likely to be her last, and we shall watch with interest the further development of the poetic faculty which she possesses in so high a degree—the summer fulfilment of her springtide promise. In her verses we recognise a sweet medley of the tones of Shelley, of Coleridge, and of Keats; and if she has created no new kingdom of her own in the great world of poetry, she has at least re-peopled an old one with fresh forms and living faces such as it will be the delight of many to look upon.

One word of admiration must be added for the dainty embellishments and suggestive illustrations with which the painter of "The Roll Call" has enriched her sister's book of pictures in words, making it indeed, within and without, "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever."

### A REAL "CHILDREN'S PRAYER-BOOK."

THOUGH this very charming and very holy little book [*Holy Childhood: a Book of Simple Prayers and Instructions for very Little Children*. Dublin: Charles Eason, Middle Abbey-street] has only come into our hands on the eve almost of "Magazine-day," we cannot take upon our conscience the responsibility of keeping its appearance a secret from our little friends for a whole month longer. It is unique in English literature, certainly in English Catholic literature; and we suspect that, even in German, the good Canon Schmid, who ended his long series of children's books with a "Prayer-book for the Young," was not able to write down into the very heart of childhood, entering into all its feelings, and speaking with its very lips, like the Author of "Puck and Blossom," "The Little Flower-Seekers," and "Five Little Farmers." We could not refrain from offering this hurried word of welcome to "Holy Childhood" without allowing another month to pass by of this bright season of First Confessions, First Communions, summer-prizes, and seaside holidays, during which this beautiful prayer-book, with its large print and gay binding, its simple prayers, musical hymns, and wise and pleasant little instructions, will be a greater favourite with a great many good little boys and girls than the best of their story-books.

"Holy Childhood" bears the *Imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin.

## MRS. JAMESON.\*

BY HENRY BEDFORD, M.A.

I MUST confess to a certain amount of nervousness in addressing an audience so different in its constitution from those with which I am familiar. Ecclesiastical students, undergraduates, and the mixed gathering which a popular lecture attracts have little in common with an assembly like that now before me. Yet that "little" which they have in common encourages me in my present undertaking; for surely it includes a willingness to be pleased and a desire to be informed, and this serves at once to put us in accord, lecturer and lectured, with one another, and to create a sympathy between us, without which my efforts and your patience would alike fail.

When I, somewhat rashly it must be confessed, undertook to address you, I was in much doubt what subject to select, and when I laid aside my own particular occupation—science—and chose literature, the field was but little narrowed. Then I determined to speak to you of some modern authors, and then I narrowed my field into manageable dimensions by resolving to speak to you only of my *own* list, selecting for my first lecture a female author. And, now, permit me to say just a few words, to make clear what I mean by *my* list. Were I undertaking a formal course of lectures upon English literature, it would of course be my duty to read up and thereby to make myself more or less acquainted with a whole host of writers; but in the present undertaking I only aim at setting before you and recommending to your attention a few authors with whom I claim a kind of intimacy. My wish is to introduce to you a certain number of my own personal friends—friends whom I have known for some time and whom I have learned to admire, and perhaps to love: friends whom I wish to make yours also. And therefore you will not be surprised that my list, being so select, is, almost of necessity, short. It is my misfortune and not any one's fault, unless it be mine own, that it is not longer; but somehow, perhaps, none of us care to have our most intimate circles very wide.

Now, when I had arrived at this point, and had resolved upon speaking to you to-day of a female writer, and only of one of my own friends, I had no difficulty in determining upon the one I would introduce to your notice. Mrs. Jameson came at once into my mind. Gratitude as well as admiration and respect requires me to put her name first before you. To her I owe my earliest love for art; her "Lives of the Painters" opened a new world to me—a bright and sunny world, wherein Nature's rich colours are wondrously wrought into beautiful copies of her own glorious works; where imagination dis-

\* This is the first of the second course of Afternoon Lectures for Ladies, delivered during the months of May and June, 1876, in the Loretto Convent, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.



ports itself in regions all its own ; and where the pencil preserves for future ages the forms and lineaments of the great and good. To her also I owe a deeper insight and a fuller appreciation of Shakspeare, especially in his female characters ; for where else can we find such investigation, as in Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women?" While to her also I owe the fuller enjoyment of many a bright Italian scene, where she was my guide and companion. You see I speak of her with much personal feeling, as one may do of a friend of such long standing. And yet in truth I never spoke to her ; indeed I never saw her. No ; she through these long and many years, has been the speaker and I have been the listener. She has spoken in her books. It is the writer and not the woman that I have known. And yet, perhaps, it would be quite true to say that I have known the woman in her writings quite as well as her nearest friends knew her in the world, outside the library. And so it is of the writer that I would speak, and only of the woman as we know her—and know her well—in her writings ; and so, you see, I have nothing to tell you about "Mrs. Jameson"—as she is always called in her books—nothing about her personally, not even so much as her Christian name. I read some of her works many years ago, others from time to time, as they came out ; and now she is among us only in her books, and may she long live therein—for I believe her to be a teacher of the highest order ; as gentle as she is skilled, as true as she is intellectual, as pure as she is earnest. Do you feel disappointed that I can tell you nothing about her ? In truth, I do not sympathise much with you if you do. Some writers there are of whom people wish to know much, and of them often voluminous lives are written ; but there are others of whom we like to form our own ideal, and who seem to have almost a sacred character into which it would be irreverent to pry.

Of course we all like to come in contact with people of renown. I feel a pleasure in the recollection of having met Thackeray at the Reform Club ; and I regret having missed an opportunity of seeing Douglas Jerrold when he played his own "Painter of Ghent." There is a satisfaction in having seen the Duke of Wellington, and still greater at having heard Dr. Newman preach. But what I confess I do not sympathise with, is that morbid taste for prying into the details of the private life of our favourite authors.

I love to know them in their writings, to form my own idea of what they are from what they say and how they say it. There, if anywhere exterior to themselves, are their hearts and minds—there may we study them at our leisure—there where they are speaking calmly and deliberately. The chances and circumstances of life may and doubtless will affect their actions and at times influence their writings ; but these will be but as passing clouds, chilling a bright scene, and lowering a clear sky. When they have gone, the landscape will brighten up, the sky will once more glow—the individual character will come out distinctly and we shall know it better than those who have seen it under these fitful influences.

I care not to know the details of the lives of those I love or admire in their writings. Few attain to the high standard to which they

aim. It must be an ungenerous mind indeed which can take pleasure in the individual illustration of their shortcomings. And, what is perhaps more to the point, who are we, that we should sit in judgment upon our fellow man, and with that knowledge, which at best can be but superficial, which his recorded life can give us, pronounce upon his shortcomings?

And so, in truth, I think it comes to this, paradoxical as it may sound, we know and understand our authors best when we know nothing of them but what their published writings reveal.

I grant that there is a noisy pretence of knowledge, which a life in two or three volumes imparts—like the bustle among details in which a weak mind loses itself—but after the bulky, well-padded volumes are closed, what do we know of the writer compared with what a calm study of his works will reveal? It seems to me to be all the difference between what a man can, if he will, tell you of himself, and what his gossiping friends will tell you about him. But you may object, will he tell us of himself?—will he not dress himself out, a *beau idéal*, seeing that the pencil is in his own hand? I believe an author will not, because he cannot do so. He will play a part—who does not play a part?—in life; he will posture himself and make up a face for his friends, and especially when they look to him to do so; but he can hardly do this in his writings—you might as soon expect him to do it in his prayers. When the busy and inquisitive world is shut out, when the author is alone, when his pen is on his paper, and he communes with his own mind, he must be a consummate hypocrite indeed who can deliberately write down what he knows to be false. You have him there at his best—and that is surely how you wish to have him. He pours out his heart; what is good within him comes forth—the refined scholar, the earnest teacher, the soaring poet, the profound thinker is there; and if you have not the weaknesses of the man, who will desire them—who will miss them? We hunt up photographs, now-a-days, and we think we know our favourites when we gaze upon these rude pictures; but depend upon it, Desdemona—that is, Shakspeare—judged better when she says:

“I saw Othello’s visage in his mind,”

There she studied him, there she learned to love him. Her worldly-minded father could not understand this, and still less could the coarse nature of Iago comprehend it; but so it was, and so it will ever be with those who can rise above the lower level. Now, of course all that I have said upon this matter applies in its fulness only to great authors. It would be but a waste of time to seek to find the mind in many works, where there is no mind to be found; but when authors are worth studying for themselves as well as for what they teach, I believe this method will best repay our labours.

Thus much—and I fear you will think it too much—by way of explanation of my method in dealing with the authors I hope to bring before you; for it will apply quite as much to others as to Mrs. Jameson. I want you to see them in their works, and indeed to think of

them only as they put themselves before us, or as they unconsciously develop their own minds when thinking least about themselves.

In the first of Mrs. Jameson's works to which I wish to direct your attention, she has saved us much trouble by explaining in the introduction, which takes the form of a dialogue, her object in writing what I believe to be her best work, and which I especially commend to your careful perusal. She calls it "*Characteristics of Women: Moral, Poetical, and Historical.*"

Rather a formidable title, it must be confessed; but do not let it frighten you, for what after all is it, but an analysis of the chief female characters in Shakspeare's plays. You will, I am sure, be glad to hear Mrs. Jameson speak for herself in explanation of her design and the motives which actuated her in writing. "This little book," she says, "was undertaken without a thought of fame or money; out of the fulness of my own heart and soul have I written it. In the pleasure it has given me; in the new and various views of human nature it has opened to me; in the beautiful and soothing images it has placed before me; in the exercise and improvement of my own faculties, I have already been repaid. If praise or profit come beside, they come as a surplus. I should be gratified and grateful, but I have not sought them, nor worked for them."

Here, I imagine, we may discover the reasons of her success. She writes, you see, "out of the fulness of her heart," simply because she cannot help writing. Such are all really great works. She does not sit down, pen in hand, to think what she shall write about; but the full heart and full mind seek relief in writing; and so what comes from the heart goes straight to the heart. The reader instinctively comprehends this, and soon the writer and the reader are as one.

Next let us hear what "is the subject and the object of the book." "I have endeavoured," she says, "to illustrate the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes and results." And then she naturally and quite unaffectedly tells us what she has in view, and her own qualifications for the work. "My life has been spent in observing and thinking; I have had more opportunities for the first, more leisure for the last, than have fallen to the lot of most people. What I have seen, felt, thought, suffered, has led me to form certain opinions." And then she tells us the outcome of all this, which, I think, you will allow is very important, and of especial interest to my present audience. "It appears to me," she says, "that the condition of women in society, as at present constituted, is false in itself, and injurious to them; that the education of women, as at present constituted, is founded in mistaken principles, and tends to increase fearfully the sum of misery and error in both sexes. But I do not choose presumptuously to fling these opinions in the face of the world, in the form of essays on morality, and treatises on education. I have rather chosen to illustrate certain positions by examples, and leave my readers to deduce the moral for themselves, and draw their own inferences." But, it is objected, why choose the illustrations from Shakspeare rather than from real life? And her answer is, she could not do otherwise without becoming a female

satirist, and "that will I never be." She says some strong things, but not too strong, I believe, upon this point, which are perhaps even more needful to be said now than they were years ago when she uttered them. I only wish that we could say that she was right in her anticipation respecting its passing away. "The vile taste for satire and personal gossip will not be eradicated, I suppose, while the elements of curiosity and malice remain in human nature; but as a fashion of literature I think it is passing away—at any rate it is not my *forte*."

"Long experience of what is called the world—of the folly, duplicity, shallowness, selfishness, which meet us at every turn, too soon unsettles our youthful creed. If it only led to the knowledge of good and evil, it were well; if it only taught us to despise the illusions and retire from the pleasures of the world, it would be better. But it destroys our belief—it dims our perception of all abstract truth, virtue, and happiness—it turns life into a jest, and a very dull one too. It makes us indifferent to beauty, and incredulous of goodness; it teaches us to consider self as the centre on which all actions turn, and to which all motives are to be referred." This is the protest of an earnest and noble mind, which is virtuously indignant at a vice assuming to be a virtue, and impatient at what is so much in the way of what is good. And when it is urged that satire is useful to correct mankind, she exclaims, "Correct them! Show me that one human being who has been made essentially better by satire! Oh, no, no! there is something in human nature which hardens itself against the lash—something in satire which excites only the lowest and worst of our propensities. The truth is, that a vice never corrected a vice." Let me conclude what I have to quote—for I quote but a very small portion—from Mrs. Jameson on this point, with a passage which will merit and receive your warm approval; for it is womanly, in the highest and holiest sense of the word. "I abhor the spirit of ridicule—I dread it and I despise it. I abhor it because it is in direct contradiction to the mild and generous spirit of Christianity; I fear it, because we find that in every state of society in which it has prevailed as a fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and literature, it marked the moral degradation and approaching destruction of that society; and I despise it, because it is the usual resource of the shallow and the base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy, which is twice blessed, seems to me twice accursed; evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it."

We have seen, then, why she did not choose her illustrations from real life—but why not from history?—why resort to people of the imagination, the poet's fancy portraits?

She gives her answer, which is well worth considering. "History informs us," she says, "that such things have been done or have occurred; but when we come to inquire into motives and characters, it is the most false, and partial, and unsatisfactory authority we can refer to. Women are illustrious in history, not for what they have

been in themselves, but generally in proportion to the mischief they have done or caused. Those characters best fitted for my purpose, are precisely those of whom history has never heard, or disdains to speak; of those which have been handed down to us by many different authorities under different aspects we cannot judge without prejudice; in others there occur certain chasms which it is difficult to supply; and hence inconsistencies we have no means of reconciling, though doubtless they might be reconciled if we knew the whole instead of a part." And then she goes on to show that "the riddle which history presented I found solved in the pages of Shakspeare. All I sought I found there. His characters combine history and real life. They are complete individuals, whose hearts and souls are laid open before us; all may behold and all judge for themselves." And if all—as is the fact—do not judge alike, why "herein lies a part of their wonderful truth." Moreover—and here is the great use of such a book as I am now speaking of—with Shakspeare's characters "we can do with them what we cannot do with real people, we can unfold the whole character before us, stripped of all pretensions of self-love, all disguises of manner. We can take leisure to examine, to analyse, to correct our own impressions, to watch the rise and progress of various passions—we can hate, love, approve, condemn, without offence to others, without pain to ourselves."

And when it is suggested that such characters are like those exquisite anatomical preparations of wax, which those who could not without disgust and horror dissect a real specimen, may study and learn the mysteries of our frame and all the internal working of the wondrous machine of life, she says, "it is the safer and the better way for us at least." And then her vivid fancy and delicate taste rising above this rather unpleasant comparison, she adds an illustration which I commend to your admiration. "But look—that brilliant raindrop, trembling there in the sunshine, suggests to me another illustration. Passion when we contemplate it through the medium of imagination, is like a ray of light transmitted through a prism; we can calmly, and with undazzled eye, study its complicate nature, and analyse its variety of tints; but passion brought home to us in its reality, through our own feelings and experience, is like the same ray transmitted through a lens—blinding, burning, consuming where it falls."

I think from the few and brief passages I have already quoted you will be able to form some sort of idea of the kind of person Mrs. Jameson is, as she sets herself before us. You will not fail to remark that she has a clear intellect, a vigorous style, and a determined purpose. And so we may expect that she will carry out to the end her resolution; that she will not be daunted by difficulties, which she herself will be the first to see and the last to shrink from.

But if these characteristics of Mrs. Jameson's self stood alone, I imagine she would not win many among us to receive her as a teacher, or, if she prevailed so far, that she would not succeed in holding us in her hands. These qualities, standing alone, might and should command our respect, we should perhaps look up to her, but in truth, we might be excused if we did not love her. The writer who would hope

to influence us permanently for good, must win our hearts as well as captivate our intellects. We look for something to smooth down the ruggedness, and to soften the hardness which such characteristics as those I have here spoken of imply ; and if Mrs. Jameson were wanting in these, you may depend upon it, I should not recommend her as I do to your attention.

But these winning and holding qualities are not so easily quoted as the harder and sterner ones. They are like the fragrance that pervades the rose, which makes its presence felt, but which cannot be classified and described by the botanist. It is like the charm that lurks in an author's style, which individualises a composer's music. We fail not to recognise it, often in a mere fragment, and yet we should be sorely puzzled were we called upon to define or describe it. And so I must send you to Mrs. Jameson's books themselves for their beautiful characteristics ; and right glad shall I be to find that you are willing to seek for them there. Bear in mind what I have already said is her object in these studies of Shakspeare's heroines. "I have endeavoured to illustrate the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes and results."

Shakspeare has drawn those characters, Mrs. Jameson illustrates them. The word *illustrate* is indeed happily chosen. You know what it generally implies. An artist selects a scene or a person from some favourite author and makes a picture of it. The ready hand portrays what the quick, intellectual eye has seen, and so we have as the result the author's words translated into the painter's work. The eye can now assist the mind in grasping the one thought which thus appeals to two senses ; and who can tell how much of the realization we achieve is due to the originator, and how much to the illustrator ? Or, to take another kind of illustration with which perhaps many among you have lately been made familiar. The great Italian artist, Salvini, has illustrated Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello with a perfection which we never saw before and can hardly hope to see again in others. Here the poet's ideal is realised ; the beings which he saw so clearly "in his mind's eye" have stood and lived before us as distinctly and as really as he ever saw them. For in Salvini are combined those rare qualities which constitute a perfect actor—a mind which is capable of grasping the idea and of mastering its every thought and feeling, together with a form and face which can give expression to all that the mind has made its own. Here indeed is a study of the highest and subtlest kind—an impersonation which commends itself for its truth and reality to the most careless observer, if such a one can be in the presence of Salvini ; while it affords matter for deep thought at the time and much profitable consideration when the excitement of the stage has passed away.

Mrs. Jameson's illustrations of course are not of either of these kinds, though in truth hers was no novice hand in the use of the artist's pencil, as her works clearly show. The poet's word-picture is illustrated by other words ; the heroines which Shakspeare has so marvellously embodied in his various plays, are examined by her clear intellect, are assayed in her powerful analysis, and are warmed, as it

were, into new life by her poetic handling and her womanly heart. And this latter property it is which gives such life and beauty to her sketches, and removes them so far out of and above the region of dry criticism and anatomical study into that living world wherein our human sympathies and home affections have place and field for action. And then it is that we see, under her skilful guidance, not only (as she so aptly phrases it) "the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible," the vast variety which it assumes, and under one form or another exercises such a mighty influence in the world around, but also "their causes and results"—what in each case determined the precise form which the individual took, what indeed made it individual, so that it was what it was and none other; but (equally instructive) what came of that special character, what grew out of that personality, what mark it left, not only for itself but for others too, upon the world to which it belonged, whether that world was large or small, whether a kingdom or a family circle.

I cannot offer you an illustration in full; for of course so subtle an analysis cannot be given of any one of Shakspeare's characters in less than several pages, but I may quote a few sentences which hit off, by contrasting some of the differences of characters which yet have much in common. Thus Portia, Rosalind, and Beatrice are set before us. Speaking of Rosalind, she says: "I come now to Rosalind, whom I should have ranked before Beatrice, inasmuch as the greater degree of her sex's softness and sensibility, united with equal wit and intellect, give her the superiority as a woman; but that, as a dramatic character, she is inferior in force. The portrait is one of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth." Again: "Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice, yet we find her much more nearly allied to Portia in temper and intellect. The tone of her mind is, like Portia's, genial and buoyant; she has something, too, of her softness and sentiment; there is the same confiding abandonment of self in her affections; but the characters are otherwise as distinct, as the situations are dissimilar. The age, the manners, the circumstance in which Shakspeare has placed his Portia, are not beyond the bounds of probability; nay, have a certain reality and locality. We fancy her a cotemporary of the Raffaelles and the Ariostos; the sea-wedded Venice, its merchants and magnificos—the Rialto and the long canals, rise up before us when we think of her. But Rosalind is surrounded with the purely ideal and imaginative; the reality is in the characters and in the sentiments, not in the circumstances or situation. Portia is dignified, splendid, and romantic; Rosalind is playful, pastoral, and picturesque. Both are in the highest degree poetical, but the one is epic and the other lyric."

With one more quotation I must be content, for my wish is to create and not satisfy an appetite, to send you to the book itself, which is so rich in gems of thought. "Ophelia! poor Ophelia! O far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? for eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain

of sad, sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms—like the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth—like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses—such is the character of Ophelia: so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would profane it—so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply. The love of Ophelia, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own. Her sorrow asks not words but tears; and her madness has precisely the same effect that would be produced by the spectacle of real insanity if brought before us. We feel inclined to turn away and veil our eyes in reverential pity, and too painful sympathy.

“Once at Murano, I saw a dove caught in a tempest; perhaps it was young, and either lacked strength of wing to reach its home, or the instinct which teaches to shun the brooding storm. But so it was; and I watched it, pitying, as it flitted, poor bird! hither and thither, with its silver pinions shining against the black thunder-cloud, till, after a few giddy whirls, it fell, blinded, affrighted, and bewildered into the turbid wave beneath, and was swallowed up for ever.

“It reminded me then of the fate of Ophelia; and now when I think of her, I see again before me that poor dove, beating with weary wing, bewildered amid the storm. It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person have attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet. Passion with Juliet seems innate, a part of her being:

“‘As dwells the gathered lightning in the cloud;’

and we never fancy her but with the dark, splendid eyes and Titian-like complexion of the south. While in Ophelia we recognise as distinctly the pensive, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the north, whose heart seems to vibrate to the passion she has inspired, more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet, alas! loving in the silent depths of her young heart far more than she is loved.”

This is a long quotation, but in truth I could not bring myself to shorten it; and yet after all it is but an imperfect fragment of a beau-



tiful analysis, and so can at best convey but an imperfect idea of the whole exquisite chapter.

I have left myself but little time to speak of Mrs. Jameson's other works; nor need I much regret this, for I feel confident that, if I have succeeded in winning your attention to, and interest in these Characteristics, so that you will read and study them for yourselves, you will not rest content without seeking out and enjoying the other works of her pen.

The next of Mrs. Jameson's works to which I have, very briefly, to direct your attention is her "Sacred and Legendary Art." This is one of three works into which the whole subject is divided; the other two being "Legends of the Monastic Orders" and "Legends of the Madonna." She tells us why she wrote it. "It was partly by the pleasure I took in a task so congenial, and partly by the conviction that such a work has long been wanted by those who are not contented with a mere manual of reference, or a mere catalogue of names . . . It has been written for those who are, like myself, unlearned, yet less, certainly, with the idea of instructing than from a wish to share with others those pleasurable associations, those ever new, and ever various aspects of character and sentiment as exhibited in art, which have been a source of such vivid enjoyment to myself." Now, what is the origin and aim of this extensive work? Simply this—Mrs. Jameson had a great love for art; she visited the leading galleries and churches of Europe, and studied the pictures and other works of art which she found therein. But she was not content to study them in the usual fashion. She was not satisfied with knowing the names of the artists, the schools to which they belonged, and the periods in which they flourished. She wanted still more; to know what the pictures and sculptures were about—who were the people painted, what were the incidents in their lives which were represented. What more natural than such inquiries, and yet, strange to say, she could get no satisfactory answer, either from people, or books on art.

You must remember that Mrs. Jameson was not a Catholic. She had no Catholic tradition to fall back upon. She had not, as you have, the advantage of being familiar from earliest years with the lives of the saints, and of her, the great Queen of Saints; she did not live among pictures and statues which every moment recall the lives of God's holy ones, and sanctify the daily associations of life by their benign influence. No, it was her misfortune to know none of these things; not to speak now (as it would ill become me to speak) of still higher and holier privileges. So, when she went forth into Catholic lands she found herself indeed a foreigner, and surrounded by memorials of people and their deeds, of saints and their marvellous lives, of which she understood next to nothing. Many wander through churches and picture galleries in as much ignorance, but few with such reverence and with so ardent a desire to learn. So she set to work to learn what all this meant; and, like a diligent scholar as she was, she turned to the highest authorities, and sturdily worked her way through such ponderous volumes as the "*Legenda Aurea*" of Voragine; Ribadeneria's "*Flos Sanctorum*," Baillet's "*Lives of the*

Saints," in thirty-two volumes, to say nothing of that wonderful mine of concentrated learning, with which I suppose most of you are familiar, Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints."

Then it was that the great pictures became intelligible to her, and then it was that she resolved to impart to others the knowledge which she had thus painfully obtained; and so she wove into beautiful garlands the flowers of sanctity which she had gathered in these quaint old-world gardens, and with a reverence worthy of her holy work, she handles them with such loving care that their grace and fragrance are alike preserved. And so it comes to pass that we have at her hands beautiful sketches of the lives of the saints, in which many well-nigh forgotten legends are preserved to illustrate a great picture, or to explain a doubtful one.

Of course in her hands it is "Sacred and Legendary Art," and nothing more—and, perhaps, it is well that it should be so; we do not look to those outside the Church to go beyond this. But with occasional expressions which are natural in such a quarter, and with shortcomings and misunderstandings which are inevitable under such circumstances, we shall all of us find much which will instruct us in her beautiful pages.

Another of Mrs. Jameson's works is called "Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns," and gives us what she thinks should, perhaps, more properly be called "Comparative Sketches, or Memorials" of twelve great rulers. I will just mention their names to give you an idea of the wide scope of the work: Semiramis, Cleopatra, Zenobia, Johanna I. and II. of Naples; Isabella of Castile; Mary, Queen of Scots; Elizabeth of England; Christina of Sweden; the Empress Maria Teresa, and Catherine II. of Russia. Her intention in writing is, she says, to give in small compass, and at one view an idea of the influence which a female government has had generally on men and nations, and of the influence which the possession of power has had individually on the female character. "It would have been," she adds, "far easier to write such a work in twenty volumes than in two; but in that case 'the latter end of the history would certainly have forgotten the beginning,' and the principal object, that of presenting a general *coup d'œil* which might be grasped by the mind at once, would have been defeated altogether." She has, of course, her own views in which many others share, respecting the manner in which we are driven through a course of history as part of our early education. "The memory," she says, "is loaded to repletion with facts, dates, and names; meanwhile, some of the best faculties of the mind, which might well be exercised on these subjects, remain dormant, the natural judgment is surrendered to mere words, producing prejudices and false associations which tinge our feelings and opinions during our whole lives."

And would you wish to hear her opinion, drawn from history, of what comes of female rule over nations? I wonder whether you will rejoice or grieve at it. Be this as it may, here at any rate it is:

"On the whole it seems indisputable, that the experiments hitherto made in the way of female government have been signally unfor-

tunate ; and that women called to empire have been, in most cases, conspicuously unhappy or criminal. So that, were we to judge by the past, it might be decided at once, that the power which belongs to women (us), as a sex, is not, properly or naturally, that of the sceptre or the sword." Perhaps I ought to add, that this was written before our queen came to the throne.

Mrs. Jameson is, as you must ere this have seen, a traveller, and one who has not limited her wanderings to the well-beaten tracts, though these, of course, have been carefully and profitably trodden by her. We have the fruits, not only indirectly in her works on Painters and Pictures—her *Lives of the Painters* I mean, and her treatise on Sacred and Legendary Arts—but directly in her volumes of travels. Her *Diary of an Ennuyée*—a somewhat affected name which, it seems, her publisher gave to her pleasant volume on Italy; and three volumes of "*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada.*" Here we have the same thoughtful mind, the observant eye, the independent judgment, and the refined womanly spirit, which indeed show themselves in all her works, and make us willing to put up with and pass silently over passages which jar upon our Catholic instincts, and pain us more indeed for her sake than our own.

And this I do not wish to dwell upon, but yet cannot pass over in silence. We must make up our minds to meet with opinions and statements in Protestant writers which we of course should not, or ought not, to find in what comes from Catholic pens. It is one of the penalties which we must pay for using such books at all ; and of course it is much to be wished that we had writers enough of our own to supersede them altogether. The time may come, let us hope and pray, when such will be the case. But seeing the peculiar circumstances under which English literature has sprung up and grown through the last three centuries—how it was, we might almost say, born with Protestantism itself, and how it has grown and flourished under that unholy influence ; we cannot wonder if the anti-Catholic spirit is strong within it, and so its teachings have to be carefully watched and duly guarded against.

We cannot, at present at least, throw it aside, or with it we must abandon almost all that constitutes English literature. But while we have good schools and colleges to ground us in the faith, and to instil into our minds sound Catholic principles of criticism ; while history is stripped of its false tinsel, and men and actions are weighed in the only true balance, that of the Sanctuary ; while our appointed guides give us the Church's clue which alone can keep our steps from straying in the mazes of the world ; while, in short, we come forth into the broad fields of literature, pure in heart and sound in faith, we may not fail to profit even by writers who are not of us, at least when they are as honest in their writings, as earnest in their efforts at doing good, as upright in their intentions, and as true in their hearts as Mrs. Jameson.

## MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S "HUMAN TRAGEDY."\*

THE name of Alfred Austin has been long and favourably known in the world of letters. As a prominent contributor to the London press, and as the author of works both of poetry and prose, he has established his reputation as a thoughtful and a polished writer. But the poem now before us—fragments of which have been previously published—entitles him to be called much more than that, and gives him, if we mistake not, an undoubted place among the English Bards whose fame is not confined to their own day and generation. Of course we speak of Mr. Austin's work from a purely literary point of view ; from a Catholic standpoint we should find much to censure in it, though less, perhaps, than might at first sight be supposed.

We will indeed account for our leniency towards much that is blameworthy by taking our first extract from that portion of the poem which was originally published in a separate form under a title which in itself was a homage to the Blessed Virgin, "Madonna's Child." Olympia—a maiden of whom we shall have more to say anon—is this child of the sweet Mother, whom Mr. Austin speaks of as "by Divine decree Immaculate made." She spent hours in prayer before her altar ; she kept its lamp bright, its flowers fresh ; and she sang our Lady's praises with "melody unearthly sweet, taught her, it seemed, by the celestial throng :"—

"O Mother Mary, full of grace,  
Above all other women blest,  
Through whose pure womb our erring race  
Beholds its sin-born doom redressed,  
Pray for us !

Thou by the Holy Ghost that wert  
With every heavenly gift begirt ;  
Thou that canst shield us from all hurt,  
Pray for us ! Pray for us !

"Tower of David, Ivory Tower,  
Vessel of Honour, House of Gold,  
Mystical Rose, unfading flower,  
Sure Refuge of the unconsolated,  
Pray for us !

Mirror of Justice, Wisdom's Seat,  
Celestial shade 'mid earthly heat,  
The sinner's last and best retreat,  
Pray for us ! Pray for us !

"Bright Queen of the angelic choir,  
Of patriarchs, prophets, worshipped Queen !  
Queen of the martyrs proved by fire,  
And Queen of confessors serene ;  
Pray for us !

Queen of the apostolic train,  
Queen that o'er all the saints dost reign,  
O Queen conceived without a stain,  
Pray for us ! Pray for us !"

\* W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

The subjects of which Mr. Austin mainly treats in "The Human Tragedy" are Love, Religion, Patriotism, and Humanitarianism. On the first of these he touches with an almost Byronic warmth, yet, withal, a delicacy which we cannot too much admire, especially when we call to mind the semi-paganism of his lovers, and their creedless indifference to all social laws. The religion with which love struggles in the "Tragedy" is the Catholic religion; for, though the hero had "passed out from the Temple," he

"Did ever the old faith and ways revere;"

And

"To him, too, did it seem Rome's hoary creed  
Was still the trunk from which the rest had spread  
Dependent branches; and if it indeed  
Was slowly dying, they were already dead;"

Nor could he put aside

"The constant recollection that the wise,  
The great, the good, the many-martyred dead,  
Virgins with heaven's light radiant in their eyes,  
Doctors and confessors with nimbused head,  
Had firm on that foundation built the skies."

The Patriotism dealt with in "The Human Tragedy" is the passion for Italian unity; and this is loved and battled for by some of Mr. Austin's heroes—to say nothing of heroines—whose distorted dreams of Humanitarianism finally lead them to fight as comrades with the wretches of the last Parisian revolution whose hands are stained for all history with the blood of the hostages: or, at best, to live as idle visionaries, hoping

"For common happiness to all mankind—  
Surely a blameless creed."

Mr. Austin's poem, which fills a bulky volume, is written throughout in the metre which Keats has immortalised by his "Isabella;" and his verses have a sweetness some Italian poets have made peculiarly their own, but which is rarely met with in the English tongue. Some of Mr. Austin's expressions are stronger than we should like to hear, or care to repeat; but this, perhaps, is inevitable in a description of such scenes, for instance, as some of the hellish orgies of the Commune; and here and there he makes use of words which are so obsolete that we had to refer to dictionaries in search of their meaning, and sometimes without success. But these are small blemishes, which it seems almost ungenerous to notice, in a poem which, taken as a whole, is not less beautiful in its execution than bold in its design.

Godfrid is the principal actor in the "Tragedy," and, while making a few extracts from the poem, we will fill in at the same time a rapid outline of his life. In his first youth, he fell in love with Olive,

"An English maiden, unexiled  
From that true paradise—an English home—  
Where fair Eve's fairer daughters, unbeguiled  
By tree or subtle serpent, still may roam."

But even in this "Paradise" sorrow all too surely stalked ; for though Godfrid and Olive loved each other, they were forced to live apart. Olive became the wife of Sir Gilbert, a country gentleman, who could sport much better than he could speak French, and thought of all outside England only as Papists and Revolutionists, yet who, by a rather unlikely and inconsistent change of character, as it seems to us, became later in life the reddest of the Paris " Reds." Godfrid went abroad and settled down in a little town upon Italian shores.

"The worship of the place, like all beside  
In it, was old, and had the peace of eld.  
No strident sects each other's God defied,  
But one sole flock the self-same gospel held,  
Sang the self-same sweet hymns, and side by side  
Besought one heaven to have their woes dispelled ;  
Before the same dread Mystery crouched and wept,  
And said one common prayer before they slept."

In the little village church Godfrid daily knelt, even though he did not pray,

"When transubstantiated wine and bread  
In mystic Mass renewed the gainful loss  
Of cruel Calvary, or tinsured head  
O'er carven pulpit banned as worthless dross  
All that the flesh can win, or doleful tread  
Followed the tearful Stations of the Cross."

To the same church a beautiful and sinless maiden was also daily wont to come. Godfrid loved to watch her as she prayed ; and one day when she was out gathering blossoms in the neighbouring wood, and had caught at a branch which was more than she could manage, he, happening at the moment to pass by, stepped up and plucked it for her :

"And she said,  
'Thanks, gentle sir ; my flowers are not for me  
But for our Lady's shrine afront the sea.'

"Then place these there,' he said, 'unless, indeed,  
By my base touch their virtue be annulled ;  
And when thou mayst for other sinners plead,  
O breathe one orison for him who culled !  
In this cold world, where sunless lives we lead,  
Faith oft grows petrified, contrition dulled ;  
But who would not feel blest to know that prayers  
Mounted from lips like yours to ears like hers ?'"

The maiden was Olympia, and how she and Godfrid loved each other, the poet beautifully tells, but we cannot linger over his verses, even when he touchingly describes the parting which takes place between them in consequence of Olympia's refusal to marry one who will not humbly pray, which her lover declares he cannot honestly do. Neither can we pause to follow Godfrid through his Garibaldian campaign, or to quote the magnificent description Mr. Austin gives of the triumphal procession of the Holy Father to S. Peter's, when the French troops arrived in Rome, in 1867, and, for the moment, put the Church's foes to flight.

Godfrid and Olympia, the parted lovers, meet again. It is in Paris during the Revolution of 1871. She, now a nun, has been sent thither to tend the wounded on the very scene of slaughter, and he lingers near, aiding in her holy work, until, side by side, in the last throes of the Commune, before France reconquers her own Capital, together they are slain.

"Thus were they found, when, rummaging among  
Mixed heaps of slain, the victors came to save  
The corpses of their brethren, ere was flung  
The refuse in one contumelious grave.  
And seeing that one who wore Christ's habit, clung,  
Even in death, to form so worldly brave,  
They touched them not, but prayed that priest or nun  
Would come and say what meet 'twere to be done.

"Then quickly from the convent thither sped  
The reverend mother, with two daughters dear;  
Who, when she saw this bridal of the dead,  
Weeping, commanded: 'Put them on one bier,  
And bear them after me with gentle tread.'  
And straight she sent for him who many a year  
To them had been Heaven's helpmate in that place,  
A venerable man, with prayer-lit face.

"To him in hearing of them all, she told  
The story she had learnt when first,  
Six brief weeks gone, Olympia joined their fold;  
And next, how Godfrid, aiding her, had nursed  
The wounded she with deeper balm consoled;  
But from their eyes withholding not the worst,—  
His strange, sad, unbelief, which still had kept  
The pair apart, till one in death they slept.

"The aged pastor, thuswise as she spake,  
In silence listened, and then slowly said:  
'My children, these two souls, for Truth's pure sake,  
Divided were, since Faith in him was dead.  
Who knows? perchance it did in death awake;  
And 'twas to save the lost Christ breathed and bled.  
Doubt, watered by such prayers, must somewhere bud;  
And see, he hath the baptism of blood!'"

We have noticed "The Human Tragedy" at some length, because we feel convinced that it is a work which will attract more than a merely passing interest, and that on Mr. Austin there will henceforth rest the awful responsibility of those who attain to something more than a temporary fame. We part from him in all kindness. Although he uses expressions, and expounds principles in "The Human Tragedy" which will prevent it from ever taking the place it might otherwise fairly aspire to among Catholic classics, there is a reverent appreciation of Catholicity, and an absence of anything like bravado of unbelief in its pages which make us hope for better things. If we might venture to read between the lines of his poem, we should be inclined to think that, like his own hero, the author had once been within the Temple, though now groping hopelessly in what Long-

fellow in his latest volume speaks of as "the endless bitterness of unbelief." If this is really the case, we are sure that our readers will do more than lend to Mr. Austin the "one kind thought" he modestly asks as the guerdon of his toil—they will beseech the dear Madonna, whose praises he has so sweetly sung, to join her prayers with theirs that the scales may be lifted from his eyes by angel hands, and that he may lovingly recognise, in the Catholic Church, the great Healer of Humanity and the one Home of the Lonely.

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

## XV.—ABOUT ILLUSIONS.

At every turn in nature and in society I find illusion; appearances leading to one conclusion, and hiding the reality that would establish a conclusion altogether different. We live and work amid illusions, and make them an integral portion of our life and of our work. I go forth in the early summer and see the distant hills clothed with unutterable blue till one can hardly say where mountain ends and sky begins. They are, or might be, the very hills of Beulah. And yet I know too well that the nearer I advance the more will the glory fade, and should I reach the mountain top I would find myself weary and footsore, my feet on boulder and my head in mist.

The world too—the human world—looks fair at a distance. I can look at it from what distance I please. I can lean my ear over the gulf into which one after one the centuries have fallen, and listen to the voices that still sound out of the past. The hero's voice is loud, the songs of some few poets strike upon the ear. Fragments of great doings of the world's great ones survive in what men call history. But these only serve in great measure to make one misconceive the past. Tones from the living present mingle in spite of me with the music, and make the old tune very different from what it was when it was new. These few voices that still sound, what can they tell me of the unrecorded millions who were dumb—for all historic purposes—even while they lived, and who surely have not found a voice in the grave? Then, impatient of a study the chief materials for which have perished, I turn to the men of to-day. Well, what can I know even of them? When I look at them they smile or frown, are gay or gloomy. But what can I infer without a fear of being deceived? The features of the face seem in league to disappoint us. The lip says one thing, the eye another. Tongue and thought are often not at one but at two. Theory is at war with practice. Yet I suppose men who live long enough to grow wise—*rari nantes*—do learn some skill in physiognomy, but it is always liable to mistake and open to correction.

No one will ever know either himself or the world who has not learned to know and make allowance for at least what may be called



the "stock" illusions of the great human drama. Think you, O fool, that men are what they seem? Think you, O greater fool, that men are what they say, or what they posture, or what they dress? They are only players.

You, young sir, who with open eyes of wonder and outstretched hands of eagerness have just arrived at this great fair of vanity, the performance is about to begin. In truth, it has always been beginning, but none the less will it begin again in your behoof. In your childish innocence you ask—Is it all true? And I, the chorus for the time being, answer—"Yes, it is as true as first-rate actors can make it." There is our king, a fine fellow, you will know him by his crown, which you are not near enough to see is only pasteboard; but a good coating of tinsel makes it look as well as if it were solid gold, and is much cheaper. Quoting unconsciously from the great playwright you pursue your inquiries—"Is this a dagger that I see before me?" Well, it is only lath. Nor is there any generous wine in that goblet, no more than there is poison in that suspicious-looking bowl. Here be heroes on pedestals which their robes conceal; villains, too, of dye as deep as the burnt cork upon their faces; ladies, fair as paint and spangles can make them. Here is virtue posturing in temporary rags (temporary, for we are nothing if not moral), and vice flaunting in equally temporary silk and satin—for we undertake to compress the whole moral order into our half-hour's acting. A word would I say in your ear; but your ear is too young, and too engrossed with the drum and pandean pipe to hear or heed me. It is this—the actors are only actors—so far as you can see. It may possibly be that the villainy of the villain is not even skin deep, and may come off with a washing; or—for I, the chorus, am quite impartial—it may be that he will carry his villainy into private life. Again, our hero's heroism may belong more to his coat than to his character, and when, after the performance, he quenches his heroic thirst in a pot of beer the keenest observer may not be able to discern even the latent possibilities of heroism. But, bless you, you are all too young to moralise or to be reached by a moral. You are steeped up to the eyes and ears in illusion. I should scarcely fear to let you handle the lath sword, and peer into the wineless wine cup, and examine the gilt pasteboard of the monarch's diadem; for over them all is a halo of illusion, that for many a day to come will with you pass them current, not for what they are but for what they seem.

A little later on I meet you again, but no longer before the noisy booth. You are older, or, to say it better, a little less young. You affect solitude, and have taken to your heart a favourite poet. Whoever the happy bard be, I swear without seeing that it is not Shakspeare. Too soon yet for Shakspeare by ten or fifteen years. Your favourite is not, that is, needs not to be, to be your favourite, a very deep thinker. He plays at most a three-stringed lyre—love, sorrow, death—these be the strings. There is no organ music deep with ground tones of passion of which you have yet no idea. The music is thin, but it suffices for your musical requirements. Your poet takes an arc of human society not much larger than your own eye has been

able to measure. He thinks habitually on about the same level as you think yourself, and excels you in not much else than the faculty of sweet expression. All the more you take him to your heart because he hits off life at precisely the angle at which it has presented itself to your juvenile experience. And for that reason, too, he is in your eyes immeasurably superior to the great world-famous fathers of song. You are too shamefaced to say as much, but you think it all the same, and are filled with secret wonder that your older cultured friends are so indifferent to *your* poet. You wonder why men will prate about the "*Paradise Lost*" which you find heavy, or about those Shakespearean plays that are so like the world they present that you can no more lavish admiration on them than you can upon the sun, moon, and stars, or the human characters that are developing before your unconscious gaze every moment of your life.

There is illusion about what you read—but there is a deeper illusion to which I want to call attention. You turn from the poetry to speculate about the poet. If you could only know him. If you only had the privilege of being his friend, how the common things of life would take new colour from his companionship. You judge the poet by his poetry; fallacious test—fond illusion. But afterwards you will come to lay it down as a maxim that in any kind of imaginative writing you can scarcely ever divine the real man from the man who held the pen. I do not say such divination is impossible, but it is possible only to experts whom time and experience have taught to read not only between the lines, but underneath the lines—to read not only what is written, but the unwritten things that have given it life and a voice. But you to whom I speak are ten or twenty years too young for any such skilled criticism. For you, for the present, what a man writes, that he is. Ah me, what fine fellows they are, these poets. Such an eye for beauty, such an ear for music, such a heart wide open to every subtle influence that coarser spirits never feel—such a "hate of hate, such scorn of scorn, such love of love"—such grand enthusiasm for the beautiful and the good—such lofty aspirations and irrepressible hopes. What a blessing it were to have such a man for your friend, who might in the common paths of every-day life occasionally lend you the rose-coloured spectacles through which would be glorified the everyday world which you find leaden-coloured and sombre. Well, revel in thoughts like these ere yet the world has passed before you and revealed the trick of scenic illusion. Do not as yet seek to peep behind the scenes. The poet who has thrilled your heart with lofty thoughts set to sweetest music, let him but lay down the lyre, and it may be that he sinks into a common man who very possibly has left his noblest thoughts at the bottom of his inkpot. He may be mean, may be selfish, may be envious of his brother bard who has got four strings to his lyre, not three. Such things have been, and shall be again and again, while the world is a world. It is so very easy and inexpensive to be noble—on paper.

A man's best work reveals to fine insight a man's ideals, which, whether he has written out in colours more lasting than printer's ink, whether he has realised in solid fact of character, remains to

tell. But of this be sure, the nobler his written work is, if his life has fallen much beneath it in loftiness of realised purpose, all the keener toothed is the curse that clings to him, and that, humanly speaking, is adequate punishment for his failure however great it be.

But on far less grounds than are afforded by a man's written words, estimates are made of a man's character. One of the chief illusions of youth is to be prompt and decisive in the reading of character. A young person has scarcely any conclusions to which he has not jumped. An older man forms his conclusions with more difficulty—makes large allowance for moral and mental gravitation—and is much slower to act on his conclusions even when they are formed. Can you tell a man's character by his eye, or his lip, or his voice? Well, probably the time was when you thought you could. You are wiser now, for you have learned how first impressions need to be revised—and have discovered the liability to mistake that accompanies these offhand judgments.

But can you not judge a man by his acts? Have you not the highest authority—"By their fruits you shall know them?" Very true; but what if the fruit have not had time to form. Do you think it would be quite fair to come when only the bud or the blossom is there, or when the fruit is crude and hard and tasteless, that might in due season mellow into refreshing sweetness. Isolated acts are to a certain extent indicators of character, just as the weathercock is an indicator to the direction of the wind. But the points of the compass measure large spaces, and it will need more than a cursory glance at the most correct weathercock to tell the precise degree on the quarter arc from which the wind blows. Besides, to carry on the illustration, there are certain temporary undercurrents that catch a weathercock, while all the time the great steady overcurrent may be bearing with all its force in quite another direction.

Acts may be elements of character, but they are so as points are the elements of a circle. Given one or another point we cannot hope straightway to prophesy the circumference. But we are prone to think we can. We rush to lay down a radius and complete the circle, and of course we are often woefully deceived. This is probably the reason why youth is generally in extremes in its judgments of others. It either loves altogether, or hates utterly—is guided either by a prepossession or a prejudice. All its geese are swans, and the geese that are only geese are the merest gabblers, incapable either of laying eggs or saving the Capitol. For, youth has got a point or two, and has completed the circle out of its own inner consciousness.

This too, perhaps, gives the explanation to a sufficiently curious fact. We are never a whit surprised at our own inconsistencies, but we are mortally pained by those of others. For instance, *we* can do a kind thing now and an unkind thing another time, even to the same person. And we expect him to keep his gratitude for the former unspoiled by his anger at the latter. We expect him to discriminate, but we ourselves discriminate but little. A series of benefits closed by an injury from the same hand will leave a total feeling that take most, if not all, its colouring from the last act of the series. Our

pleading in our own case is this: "I have done a kindness and (perhaps) an unkindness, let him then be grateful for the former even though he be hurt at the latter." When we stand on the opposite side we change the pleading. "This man did me a kindness, thereby leading me to believe he was my friend; now he disappoints my reasonable expectations by doing me this wrong—what a traitor—and since a traitor, what a hypocrite he must have been from the first."

We know that we are not always up to the level of our best mood, but we rigorously exact equality of mood from others. We are fond of judging by "samples"—which would be fair enough if they were offered as professed samples. But we select the samples ourselves and then turn upon our acquaintance as if he had given them in as express standards of judgment. Age teaches us tolerance; teaches that men are not all good, nor all evil—not all angel, nor, still less, God be thanked, all devil; that as much sometimes depends on the eye seeing as on the thing seen; that men may present to others a very different appearance from that they present to us, and that the reason of the difference may be quite as much in ourselves as in them. Perhaps we are not, as regards this particular man, sufficiently sympathetic; and sympathy is as needful to develop the best points of character as sunshine is needed to bring out the best points of a landscape. You have sometimes heard a friend speak enthusiastically about some one you never met. He is genial, full of wit and humour, a most delightful companion. Afterwards it happens that you meet him. He chills you, freezes you, has little or nothing to say, has not a spark of wit, or a ray of humour, is heavy and lumpish. How mistaken your friend was in him. Not so; you saw him under a cloud, and the cloud came in great part from your want of sympathy. He really was to your friend, what you would not let him be to you. Indeed, I think the world belongs in its fulness only to the sympathetic. And youth is rarely sympathetic. It has not time. It is too fevered with its own thoughts and dreams. It can scarcely make allowance for others, for it has not travelled far enough on the road of life to have come up with other persons' points of view. Meantime no better working maxim than this—

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil."

We are odd compounds full of explosive material to which circumstance may at any time apply a spark, with results undreamt of even by those who thought they knew us best. You never know what a man is till something comes upon him that shakes him somewhat out of his ordinary self; and if that something never come he may carry to the grave latent possibilities of heroism, or the reverse, which had they been realised would have been even more the surprise than the admiration or the disgust of his brothers and kinsfolk.

Take up some of these brown, insignificant looking seeds—very dull-coloured and very small. You may examine them under the solar microscope, but none the more will their potentialities be revealed to you. So long as they lie upon your study table they will remain seeds, neither more nor less. But plant them. Give them

the soil that suits and the conditions that foster, and in the appointed time you will have the flower or the fruit of which the seed gave no apparent promise. The life is, all the time, at the heart of the seed; but the heart is invisible. How many centuries the grains of wheat remained mere seeds in the dead hand of the Egyptian mummy, hoarding all the while the life that had outlived forgotten dynasties. So with men. A man may be your neighbour for years, and very possibly you may see nothing particular in him; and yet in a particular crisis, which, indeed may never come, he may be the one man of all men to do the work of a hero. You think there is here some exaggeration. Take, then, your favourite heroes of history. Do you think they were always heroes, or that even when in some particular crisis they reached the flood-tide of heroism, they remained at that elevated pitch during every particular moment of their after lives? Or do you suppose that their particular friends or their everyday acquaintances were the first to discover in them possibilities of heroism? Rather, were they not the last? Do you suppose that Cassius did not represent an important section of Roman society, when he could not for the life of him see that Cæsar was more than any other mortal man? Do you think that there was no schoolfellow of Brutus, who, mayhap, remembered him smarting under the ferula of the pedagogue, and who wondered where in the world was that loftiness of character that public opinion of all shades gave him credit for?

A prophet has honour except in his own country. If ever it be given at all, the suffrage of one's native town is last given to confirm a claim to the prophetic title. How hard it must always have been for the schoolfellows of great men to reconcile themselves to the fact that the little boy who sat upon the same form and stumbled at the same difficulties, mathematical or classical, is precisely the same individual who has since written his name (by the way, how badly he used to write) across the history of his age.

Take two boys of apparently equal endowments, running the schoolboy race, now one slightly ahead, now another, grown in the same soil, moulded under the same circumstances, acted upon by like influences—up to a certain point. Then they separate, and for ever. One goes away and quickly perishes from every local memory, except that of his mother. A letter comes now and then announcing strange things and rapid advancement; the which hearing the wise untravelled townsmen append the mental marginal note of “travellers’ tales,—mother’s partiality.” The other meantime stays at home, utilises his gifts, becomes a considerable personage in his native town; graduates in all the honours which a local constituency can confer, has, as of right divine, a hebdomadal place in the local newspaper; makes for himself a shell of worldly substance as substantial as the shell of an oyster, and if ever, at odd times, his thoughts turn to the companion of his boyhood, it is but to wonder at the mistaken perversity of his vagabond tendencies. Picture to yourself, then, that some day to this quiet town comes the intelligence that the vagabond lœsel, who had pointed to local imagination the parable of the prodigal son, has done some world-famous deed. What a stir, half of wonder, half of incredulity, the news awakens. It cannot have been

after all so great an achievement, since it was done by him. The world may wonder, but the world does not know him as we do. And, believe me, if he have, say, won a great victory, his quondam school-mate will shake his sapient head, and opine that the enemy must have been poor creatures, whom it took very little to conquer.

Let us not forget, however, that this side of the question may be urged too far. Long ago the cynics and the sneerers have got hold of it, and worked it to death. "No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre," says the cynical proverb. Long ago, too, in the days when upstrokes and downstrokes were much more important than the sentiment they might happen to express, we met the maxim in a more pretentious if less pithy form, in the headline, "Familiarity begets contempt." But with reverence to the proverb-mongers, I make bold to question their inferences. No amount of familiarity will beget contempt for anything that is not intrinsically contemptible—and if it beget contempt for noble things, it is that the mind on which familiarity produced such an effect has, in itself, no affinity to what is noble. Use, to be sure, somewhat dulls keen eagerness, and somewhat modifies our reverence for what is noble; but so far from destroying that reverence, use, if use have been in anywise worthy, only intensifies it, by drawing some of it inward from the surface to the great moral life centres.

If no man be a hero to his valet-de-chambre it is because no man can be expected to be up to the level of heroism in his intercourse with that functionary. Let us suppose that the "hero" has come home excited almost to irritability, physically and mentally exhausted by a successful effort in the "House." Do you expect him to bring the embers of any Demosthenic fire he may happen to have to bear upon his sleepy valet? Or say that he is a poet, and that before leaving his study he has given the last exquisite touch to a piece of word-painting worthy to hang for many a year on the "*flammanzia mania mundi*." Do you expect him to demand his chamber candlestick in blank verse? And if he be not such a fool as to do these things, how can his heroism reach his poor valet? The truth is, as no one is always wise, so no one is always a hero. Nor, if you think of it, could any right-minded man want to be.

I remember having my juvenile imagination greatly excited by the appearance of a man on stilts. I would have given anything for a pair and the power to use them. What a thing it would be to go through the old town in such wise that the first floor window-stools would be as familiar as the doorsteps. I thought I should never tire of them, never take them off. But reflection came later, and I be-thought me that there were several highly desirable positions with which stilts were manifestly incompatible. How could I sit at meals, indeed how sit conveniently at all? above all, how could I go to bed o' nights? Stilts might be very desirable, but only for occasional use.

There are no clearer instances of illusion than those connected with this same subject of heroism. Ask the question through all the seven stages of life, What is a hero?—and mark how different in

each will the answers be. Ideals flourish and fade and spring up into evernew ideals. To the very young boy *the* hero is probably his own father, as the most perfect specimen of human power with which he has yet made acquaintance. The thing his father cannot do has no place in his present list of abstract possibilities. Later on he begins to suspect the existence of other powers more admirable; then, he more than suspects, and other heroes crowd upon him as life widens. The drummer-boy of a passing regiment—is there anyone like him? Or our boy goes to a neighbouring racecourse and sees the winning colour flash by—could fortune bestow any greater destiny than to ride in the winner amid the plaudits of the crowd? I have known boys to whom upon the topmost pinnacle of human ambition was seated the driver of a locomotive.

Then the boy begins to make acquaintance with books. Here be heroes numberless, and each one from the gloomily grand to the blithely debonnaire, has his turn. And does hero worship and the making of ideals cease when a man grows older and grows old? Did it ever strike you what an immense amount of what under analysis would turn out to be poetry, is to be found in the lives of hard, practical men of the world? Certainly it is so, if by poetry is meant seeing the ideal under the actual. The motto of such men is, if not (ah, not) "*excelsior*" at all events "*ulterior*." They rest in no present. Some shining splendour lures them on to the far future, and so dazzles them that they see not, nor heed, the ruggedness of the road. Spectators from the outside, like myself, are simply amazed at their pertinacity and their endurance, but we see not the glittering glory of the talisman. We only see that their feet are bleeding and their breath failing, and, worst of all, their hearts hardening, to meet the exigencies of their toil; that, in their mad career the conditions of the highest human happiness almost thrust themselves upon them, and are slighted and cast aside. They trample on everything, on their own better selves, nobler instincts, higher impulses—degrading even these into stepping-stones to let themselves down into the pit of meanness and misery. Then as they have trampled on themselves so will they trample on others. Hence have we (even women sometimes rank in the melancholy band) mothers "preaching down a daughter's heart," and fathers on the watch lest any flower of unselfishness should spring up in their son's heart and cumber the soil that needs all its forces for the due cultivation of the absorbing plant, self-interest. And then comes retribution—retribution that has grown up a very child of the house, as retribution usually does, but that startles when it is full grown as if it were a spectre. What a sadly pathetic thing it is, and who has not seen it?—a father, who, in toiling for his son's advantage, has never had time to find the way to his son's heart, and who, dying under the shadow of a loveless home looks vainly for that delicate flower of human affection the seed of which he never cared to plant. Here be poetry, I say, not, my dear young reader, such as would befit a lady's album, but poetry, nevertheless,—for poetry can shriek as well as pipe, and even set itself sometimes, as in Dante's *Inferno*, to the howling of the damned.

It is a nice test of character, as well as a fine measure of the

density of the atmosphere of illusion, what sort of ending one wishes to the stories he reads: and as most people read stories now-a-days (and many read nothing else) the test and the measure would be of almost universal application. We all want, I suppose, "poetical justice," but poetical justice varies as the calibre of the mind that conceives it. Real poetical justice falls in marvellously with the moral order of the universe. Sham poetical justice would make itself a necessary appendix to the great scheme of things, which, according to this programme, has been left lamentably incomplete. But it is hazardous to retouch a masterpiece. Poetical justice of the baser stamp is very summary and must see itself out within very limited compass. It is the justice of persons who cannot believe in any action of justice that does not fall within the scope of their personal observation. They want results, and want them more quickly than the conditions of the universe can afford to grow them. They want to remake a world which, on the whole, has been very well made as it is. A "hero," born of this sort of poetical justice, is one who gets everything by the expenditure of nothing; produces effects without adequate causes. Young people, and some people are never old, will have their novel made up after the fashion in which children make their flower gardens. No waiting for the slow process of nature; for a child is as yet incredulous about long spaces of time—no seed-sowing and culture; above all, no delay. The child, then, plucks the gayest and gaudiest flowers and sticks the broken stalks into the little patch—happy if he forget all about them before they wither, as wither they surely must.

The boy and girl will have the villain punished in the last chapter and a (material) paradise of earthly felicity expressly created for a hero and heroine, who perhaps, on analysis, have little to recommend them except persistent self-seeking. But in any case, a paradise that is expressly created must be the work of a magic of which the real world has lost the secret since the days of Aladdin's palace. Later on we find such a paradise an unreality. If paradise there be it must have been the growth of time, and suitable material, and skilful construction. It must have antecedents. It must not be merely "stuck on." You think perhaps these things are of little importance, but you forget the effect on character of the persistent setting up of false standards. Never lose sight of the fact, which this juggling strives to hide, that there is a higher success than worldly success, a higher prosperity than material prosperity. "Because a man lives well he shall have pudding stuck all over with plums." This is a child's reading of the moral order. A man's—a wise man's—is different. "Because a man lives after the eternal laws of the universe his character shall be harmonised with these laws—because he has lived nobly, the nobility has grown into his character and his soul." Once it is so with him it matters not at all what comes to him from without. If life come he is fit to live, if prosperity, it will not spoil him; if adversity, his nobleness will be enhanced by the frolic welcome he can afford to give it; and if death come, then he who does not know that death is the hero's very crown knows not what a hero is. Nahum



Tate would have had Lear live on to enjoy the earthly counterbalance to his misfortunes. But Shakspeare sternly says no—

“Vex not his ghost ; O let him pass. He hates him  
Who would upon the rack of this rough world  
Stretch him out longer.”

And poor old Lear was not a hero—far less—and far less fit to die.

Illusions—you see I come back, however circuitous my route—illusions serve to very beneficent purposes. They are nature's toys for children of all ages, from four to fourscore. They serve to ease the strain of life, and to stimulate the flagging spirit. How could we get on at all if we had eyes to see nothing but the bare, hard realities of things? We do not see our own illusions, but they are present among the conditions of our existence. We easily see those of others. Watch men engaged in pursuits alien to your own—pursuits with which you have no manner of sympathy. At first you wonder where in the unsightly machinery can be hidden the mainspring of their energy and their eagerness. But after a little time you will be conscious that they see something which you do not see. These pursuits present themselves to them wrapped in a golden mist of illusion that lends them all their charm. Everyone creates, or at any rate, helps to create, the atmosphere in which life and the world present themselves to him.

I go into a house where there is a large family—father, mother, boys, and girls. All ages are represented down to the infant in arms; and to make the picture complete, there is the old grandfather laden with the somewhat obsolete wisdom of a bygone generation. These interest me, because among them I can go through the whole gamut of illusion. Take first the most important member of the family—the baby. I hold up before baby some glittering bauble, and immediately the little eyes are astare, and the little hands stretch. Is it not manifest that there is around the worthless bauble a halo which neither I nor anyone see. But baby sees it, and that is enough for him. All his little life is gathered up in a passion of desire. We all laugh at the eagerness that is so unmeaning to us. His mother laughs, but if she could only see it, her laugh is premature. So far as illusion is concerned, she and baby might change places. As around the bauble for him, so around him for his mother is a halo which nobody sees but herself. Anon comes little miss who is beatified by a new dress, the lustre of which lights up the very world. Then young master has got a pony; an elder brother has got a gun. Presently a young lady enters. Just now she is seeing life through a Tennysonian medium, and life has a pathetic sadness and sweetness with which the moods of boisterous brothers are scarcely reconcilable. The father is making his everyday work poetical with illusions made up of the home memories that haunt him even upon 'Change, and out of which he weaves a golden future of sons and daughters settled to his wish. And as for the old grandfather, he lives in the illusion that he is the earthly providence from which all these things came, and by which they are kept together; and, though he is eighty, there is one illusion that never leaves him, nor ever will till he be laid in the coffin—that he is sure to live, at all events, another year.

## TO A FRIEND IN ITALY.

BY WILFRID MENNELL.

THOUGH since we parted I have shed  
 In secret many a tear,  
 And deemed earth's flowers for me were dead,  
 Because thou wert not near,  
 Yet still, sweet friend, I would not have thee here.

Here, where our noblest art is mean—  
 Here, where love links with lust—  
 Here, where men toil and fret to glean  
 Their darling golden rust,  
 And have no thought of honour, truth, or trust.

Here, where romance is out of date,  
 And ardent love a dream ;  
 And truth a thing for fools to prate,  
 And faith a wild extreme,  
 And sight of gold—life's one delicious beam !

To such as these, O lady dear,  
 O friend, so sweetly mine,  
 I would not thou shouldst come too near,  
 Though nought of their design  
 Could mar, I know, that perfect heart of thine.

But I would rather thou shouldst be  
 Where art and nature vie  
 To make thy life a joy to thee ;  
 Where earth and sea and sky  
 Speak to thy soul of immortality.

## GOOD MORNING AND GOOD NIGHT.

A CHILD'S RHYME.

GOOD-DAY, my Guardian Angel ! The night is past and gone,  
 And thou hast watched beside me, at midnight as at dawn.  
 Another day's before me ; and, while it steals away,  
 Ah ! help me well to make it a holy, happy day.

Good-night, my Guardian Angel ! The day has sped away—  
 Well spent or ill, its story is written down for aye.  
 And now of God's kind providence thou image pure and bright !  
 O guard me while I'm sleeping. My Angel dear, good-night.

## ST. BRIGID'S ORPHANS.\*

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

**Y**OU remember the gentle remonstrance addressed by our Divine Lord to his disciples when they would keep back the children who came clustering affectionately round Him. "Suffer the little ones to come to me," He said, "and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This is only one out of many touching glimpses which the Gospels afford of the attraction that children felt towards the Redeemer and of the Redeemer's fondness for little children. What our Lord felt then our Lord feels now. "Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever." His "delight" is still "to be with the children of men." Nay, not in his own Divine Heart only; but, as the coming of the Son of Mary into the world raised permanently the condition of all the daughters of Eve, thus also Christianity, dating from the birth of the Divine Child, has attached to the very helplessness of childhood a dignity and a value which it had never known before. The infant Jesus has adopted as his little brothers and sisters all the children of the human race; and the cry of his Heart has ever since been the same—"Suffer the little ones to come to me!"

Dear brethren, our blessed Lord addresses the very same entreaty to you this moment on behalf of these orphans who are now appealing to your charity. These little Irish children are all just as dear to the Heart of Jesus as those Jewish children were—as dear, perhaps, as that child whom our Lord lifted up once in his arms and pressed to his Heart: although indeed a graceful legend would fain recognise in that favoured infant the martyr-bishop of after years, the first St. Ignatius. Each of these poor orphans can say as truly as St. Paul—"Jesus hath loved me and delivered himself for me." To each of them Jesus yearns with the same tenderness as of old, saying, "My child, give me thy heart." And therefore it is that Jesus implores of you now, dear brethren, to suffer these little ones also to come to Him, to forbid them not, nay, to help to bring them to Him, to defeat the

\* This Appeal was made in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin. It was suggested at the time that it should be addressed also to the readers of the IRISH MONTHLY in the hope of securing among them some new friends for St. Brigid's Orphanage. But it is right to confess that its publication at present is due to an accident which has postponed a contribution for which these pages were reserved till the last moment. This is mentioned partly as an excuse for the form, somewhat unsuited for a magazine, in which the paper has been allowed to remain. Our notes have also been transcribed too hurriedly to permit us to change the statistics of the Charity in accordance with the Nineteenth Annual Report which has since been issued.

Any of our readers who may wish to take part in this blessed work should address themselves to Miss Margaret Aylward, 46, Eccles-street, Dublin. We are glad of this opportunity of naming the lady whom God has used as his instrument in saving so many of the poor little ones of Catholic Ireland.

plots of his enemies who would rob Him of their souls—to secure as many as possible of these poor orphans in the holy shelter of St. Brigid's arms by showing yourselves generous and constant friends towards the Orphanage which bears her homely name.

A candid observer from outside the Church has said that “it would be difficult to realise a sight more richly endowed with all the attributes of moral beauty than the labours and watchings of the Roman Catholic brotherhoods and sisterhoods devoted to the regeneration of Ireland.”\* Amongst these not the least useful is the youngest of Irish Sisterhoods, part only of whose work comes directly under our notice to-day with its appeal for our earnest and practical sympathy. By far the most effective mode of urging its claims would be, if it were possible, to place in the hands of each of you, dear brethren, a complete series of the Reports which have been issued each Christmas since the beginning. The story told in these eighteen neat and skilful little books is more interesting than many of the ingenious fictions on which so much of mind and heart and time is squandered now-a-days by writers and readers. Even before this series of yearly Reports began, very nearly twenty years ago, in the preliminary address to the Catholic public, the plans which have since been carried out are sketched firmly from the first, and in particular this most distinctive characteristic—that of the destitute orphans rescued by means of this Charity the greatest number are placed with honest, simple peasants in the country, while the small central establishment in Dublin shelters those only who from sickness or other causes may be unfit for country training.

The most obvious but not the most important of the many unquestionable advantages of this system, is the saving of the money which would be spent on building and maintaining large and costly establishments—which saving, coupled with the fact that all is done gratuitously (not one paid officer or collector in the entire organization), enables the conductors in their last Report to declare that every shilling contributed by you and their other benefactors goes at once to gladden the heart of some poor child; or rather, they should have said, to save the soul of some poor child, and so to gladden the heart of its Father who is in heaven.

There is, manifestly, much beyond considerations of economy to commend this method of finding homes for the orphans in humble families in isolated country-places. Reared thus at a distance from the vice of cities, there is less danger of contamination for the poor children; and the social circumstances that surround them are such also as to fit them better for what is likely to lie before them when they grow up. One of the Reports (which I quote oftener even than I may acknowledge) remarks that what helps very much to develop in St. Brigid's orphans their native Celtic vigour and elasticity is the hardy training they thus receive in the home of cottiers and small farmers—the country life, the bracing air, the hard work going on around, very plain fare, some privations, the fireside talk, the village

school, the Sunday walk to Mass, and the sharing in all the struggles and contrivances of the frugal, laborious peasantry to maintain life, to keep soul and body together. This system affords the best substitute for family ties and the sacred spell of home, and it gains indeed for many of the poor orphans more than a temporary home. For, true to an old trick of the kindly Celtic nature—the historic influence of fosterage—a strong affection is sure to spring up between the poor children and the good people who have charge of them; and accordingly more than two hundred of the orphans have already been finally adopted into the families of their foster-parents, and are thus absorbed into the rural population of Catholic Ireland—a class and a country (let me dare to say what I firmly believe) a class and a country which in proportion to their extent send more representatives to heaven than any other class or country on the face of God's earth.

On the other hand, no doubt, as another of the Reports candidly observes, this way of rearing the orphans requires much vigilance and constant superintendence to make it really effective. Such vigilance and superintendence are not wanting. Very great care and caution are used in the selection of nurses, who must of course have the special recommendation of their own priests. The sum, small as it is, given for the support of an orphan, is a boon which these humble people are eager to gain and afraid to forfeit; and this and worthier motives urge them to discharge well a duty which is not entrusted to them till inquiry and examination have shown them to be qualified for training up the orphans in a good Christian manner, conducive to their best interests, and suitable to their condition and prospects. The priests of the parishes through which the children are distributed watch over them with paternal solicitude; and, several times in the year, the Reverend Director of St. Brigid's Orphanage makes a visit of inspection and examines carefully everything connected with his little charges, scattering judiciously these two useful incentives to the fulfilment of duty—penalties and rewards. The latter, for instance, in last July, took the substantial form of one hundred and fifty-four half-sovereigns; each half-sovereign bearing emphatic testimony to the fact that the child whose foster-mother received it, had mastered one of the five branches of the simple orphan-education, namely—prayers, catechism, reading, writing, and arithmetic. The zealous Director\* who superintends all these details with quiet, unflagging energy, has been most appropriately chosen from among the sons of that Saint whom the painter is wont to represent as clasping an infant to his bosom—recalling that well-known incident in the saint's life when, like his Divine Master, he lifted in his arms a little outcast child as his best appeal to certain pious ladies who were tempted to give up in despair a work somewhat similar to this of ours. And what fitter auxiliary could St. Brigid desire than that Saint of hard work and of various charity, Vincent de Paul?

Most of you must be aware, dear brethren, but you will all be glad to be reminded that in contributing to this Charity you save not

\* The Rev. John Gowan, C. M.

merely poor orphans but poor orphans whose faith is in danger. From the beginning this institution has battled bravely against the hideous system of proselytism, and against proselytism resorting to its most hideous device of kidnapping the souls of the forlorn and defenceless children of the poor. And remember, its policy, unlike that of its opponents, is a policy of protection. It acts strictly and simply on the defensive. It strives to rescue the children of the Catholic Church from the enemies of the Catholic Church. If its conductors could sacrifice principle and outrage conscience, they could not *afford* to attempt an aggressive warfare. Alas! they are not able even to protect their own.

Beloved brethren, we must not be deceived. We glory, indeed, and we have a right to glory, in the unconquerable fidelity with which through the darkest days the Celtic race and those who have become one with it, have clung to the Faith which they embraced so eagerly at the first. We glory, and we do well to glory, in the marvellous expansion of Catholic Faith and of Catholic works amongst us during the brief period since the cruel code of persecution was relaxed; all the churches and convents with which the pious munificence of our people, the pence of the poor more than the pounds of the rich, have consecrated anew the sacred soil of Ireland—many of them vaster and more splendid but none of holier or of more momentous interest than that temple which soon, thank God, shall crown worthily the great ecclesiastical college which is the focus and the centre of the Irish Church, the very heart out of which flows (and flows never to ebb) the tide of Ireland's sacramental life. We glory too, and good reason surely we have to glory in the triumphant power of the Catholic Church in drawing into the one fold so many of the learned, of the gifted, of the sincere, of those who are pure enough of heart to see God in his Church, and brave and noble enough to burst through every obstacle and fling themselves like little children into her arms, as heedless of rebuke or remonstrance that would keep them back as those children whom, at the beginning, we saw pressing round the feet of Jesus. We glory moreover (and are we not right in glorying?) in the wide and ever wide diffusion of that one true Faith with which Ireland is (blessed be God!) identified, twining ever the shamrock round the cross as I notice in the beautiful and suggestive little emblem adopted by St. Brigid's Orphanage: emblem of that religion of the cross which as the only inheritance which injustice or misfortune can never take from him, the Irish emigrant, twining the cross around with shamrocks, carries with him into his exile all the world over. And especially do we glory in the devotedness of the holy priests that wrench themselves away from home and kindred, and journey over land and sea to India, to China, to the furthest ends of the earth, that they may make the light of faith to shine on those who sit in darkness.

But over against all these gains is there no loss? What about the children of Catholic parents, the little ones of the Catholic Church, who are lost to her *at home* through various agencies, even in the workhouses and other public institutions of the state, in Eng-

land and elsewhere? And what of the fledglings that the vultures have torn from the mother's nest? And what of all the hapless victims of that unholy and heartless conspiracy which bigots and dupes have carried on so long, with ample but (thank God) rapidly decreasing revenues, chiefly of English gold, against the faith of Irish children, particularly since the fearful famine-time?

How dare they try to rob the poor Irish children of their only treasure, the Faith? What religion do they pretend to offer in exchange? What is their own symbol of faith but a dreary chaos of doubts and fears and lies, or at best, deformed and mutilated truths—of negations, objections, and sneers? Let them look back on the shameful origin and history of their shifting creeds—let them look around at the breaking-up of every mock-church: and can they have the cruelty, the cowardly wickedness, to steal these innocent babes from the embrace of that one only Church which bears the marks and tokens of God's Church?—the Church that alone can comfort the poor and strengthen the dying, the Church of the holy Mass and of the Sacraments, the Church of the Hail Mary and of the Sign of the Cross, the Church of martyrs and virgins, the Church of convent and orphanage and hospital, the Church of our own St. Brigid and our own St. Patrick, the Church of Agnes and Aquinas and Xavier, the Church of Peter and of Pius, the Church of all times and of all lands, the everlasting Church of God! The Catholic Church, rich in all amiable and glorious attributes and functions and ordinances such as even the hurried naming of these names calls up before your minds—this Mother of souls clasps these orphans to her heart, and begs of the good God to put it into your hearts, dear brethren, to give her wherewithal to secure at least *these* souls, for each of which Jesus, her Lord and Master, would pour out the last drop of his Heart's blood. And you, dear brethren, you will “forget the groanings of your mother,” but you will strive, to-day and always, to contribute your little part towards the worthy continuation and happy completion of that magnificent chapter in the history of the Church Militant which has been summarised in these terms: “Five dynasties, eleven generations, eighteen sovereigns, three hundred and fifty years, have witnessed the hopeless experiment to force Protestantism upon Catholic Ireland.” *Catholic Ireland*—yes! Ireland unchangeably, eternally Catholic, thanks to the almighty grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ working through many instruments, strong and feeble—few more efficient than, in its own modest sphere and measure, this little Orphanage of St. Brigid. For, to come to plain figures, since its first orphan was received on the first day of the Blessed Virgin's month in the year 1857, this institution has sheltered 1,400 orphans and destitute children, all of whom were either actually rescued from proselytising establishments, or from the imminent danger of falling into the clutches of proselytisers. More than a thousand of these children have been reared up, educated, apprenticed to suitable trades, or otherwise provided for, and are now earning honest bread in various employments. Many other children also have been saved by St. Brigid from what might seem the happy fate of being enrolled

among her orphans, for many a poor widow has been helped just at the right moment with a few shillings that put her on some way of earning enough to support the child for whom otherwise this charitable refuge would have been required.

Finally, dear brethren, when you are told that this work of the orphans, of which I have drawn the merest outline, is only a portion of the good accomplished by the religious ladies who, under the beautiful and appropriate name of Sisters of the Holy Faith, have banded themselves together to maintain, extend, and perpetuate the pious undertaking in which you are to-day allowed a share; when, in addition to all those orphans supported, clothed, educated, and put forward in life, you are told of so many schools, ten of them in the poorest districts of this city, and some elsewhere, established and kept in working order, teaching their thousands of poor children, and feeding and clothing the most wretched of them, you have no difficulty in assenting most heartily to the remark made in one of these Reports, which I must quote now for the last time, that every penny of their casual and uncertain revenue must have been beaten out to cover the greatest amount of good, and every source of profitable industry that presented itself must have been turned to the best account; especially, my brethren, when you are furthermore told (to sum up the strangest part of the marvel) that all this and more is done without endowment, without fixed income, trusting from year to year and from day to day to the kind providence of God, who opens the hearts and hands of such of his creatures as are "mindful of that word of the Lord Jesus that it is a more blessed thing to give than to receive."

And now, dearly beloved brethren, having listened so patiently to the words that have dared to break the silence of this holy place, and still more, having listened to the words which the Holy Ghost has meanwhile taken occasion to whisper in the deeper silence of your hearts, I hope and I believe that you now feel, dear brethren, that you will be greatly pleasing God and benefiting your own souls by being as liberal as you can towards St. Brigid's Orphanage. Any motives I have tried to impress upon you must be subordinate to this supreme motive—help these poor orphans for the sake of Him who said, and who says now: "Suffer the little ones to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Think of Him, and of his love for you, which He has proved so well; and then see Him pointing to these poor orphans, and saying, as He looks at you, "Whatever you do to the least of these you do to me." He, too, was once a little child. Already our hearts are turning Christmasward. The faithful shall soon kneel in adoration round the crib of Bethlehem. For the love of that infant Saviour, take compassion on these poor children, who are very dear to his Heart—so dear that He has thus made them his deputies and proxies in receiving the proofs of your love.

But there is a feast nearer to us than Christmas. Pleading the cause of the homeless orphan on this day, which heightens the mirth of so many happy homes—on this day, which immediately precedes



the glorious festival of All Saints and the solemn commemoration of All Souls—it is but fitting to adjure you, by the memory of all the happy Hallow-E'ens of your childhood, and of the beloved friends who helped to make them happy for you and who have left you since, whether they be now of those *to* whom we pray to-morrow or of those *for* whom we pray the day after—as you hope that your lot may be among the saints, and as you hope that, before then, *your* friends may hearken to you when in your turn you cry, as the suffering souls are crying to us now, “Have pity on us, have pity on us, you at least our friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched us”—by those memories and those hopes, I adjure you, beloved brethren, to use this opportunity as those souls would now wish to have used similar opportunities during their lifetime. Bring God's blessing on your homes at this festive time, and bring his plenteous grace into your hearts by helping and befriending those who, but for you and such as you, would be helpless, friendless, homeless, motherless.

There are mothers here. Mothers, you love your children. You would give your hearts' blood to save them from wrong, from want, from shame, from misfortune—from the worst of all misfortunes, mortal sin—from the only irremediable misfortune, the eternal punishment of unrepented sin. For the sake of your dear children, act a mother's part to these who have no mother of their own; and their guardian-angels, who always see the face of the Father who is in heaven, will be your intercessors before his throne. And you who have given angels of your own to heaven, mothers of children whom Jesus has drawn lovingly to Himself, saying, when your too earthly affection would fain keep them here, “Nay, suffer the little ones to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven”—for the sake of the sweet memory of these and by your hope of joining them soon to part no more, bestow your charity on these poor orphans of St. Brigid, as proxies for your own dear ones, for whom our heavenly Father has provided better.

And you, too, whose years are not so far removed from the tender age of these poor children, while you thank God for the blessings of your lot—for a devoted, self-sacrificing father, a tender, pious mother, kind friends, a happy home—pity these who have never known those best of earthly blessings.

Let your offering to-day, beloved brethren, be a pledge that you will take habitually to heart that exhortation of the Holy Ghost—“To the orphan thou shalt be a helper.” Help these poor children as far as may be at present, and take away with you the wish and purpose of doing more when it is in your power hereafter. Help them with your prayers, with your sympathy, with your alms. Help them by soliciting the alms of others, and by gladly availing yourselves of all opportunities for making this most meritorious and most useful work known better and more widely.

No, dear brethren, you will not forget St. Brigid and her orphans; and she and they will remember you. Her prayers in heaven and theirs upon earth—and in heaven, too, when with your aid they reach it—will plead your cause with God, and win you many and many a

precious grace in life and in death ; and they will help to bring you, in your turn, safe through life and through death, to the one true home, of which the happiest home that All Saints' Eve makes happier is not even the dimmest image—that home where God our Father shall reign in glory for ever ; where all the blessed shall be our sisters and our brothers ; where She, the mother of purity, whose feast is kept here to-day, shall be the happy and glorious mother of us all, and where the poor orphan shall be an orphan no more.

## EARLY DAYS OF MADAME BARAT.

BY CECILIA M. CADDELL, AUTHOR OF "WILD TIMES," "BLIND AGNES," &C.

### IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

WITH some few bright exceptions, we know far too little of the childhood and youth of the saints who lived in the early ages of the Church to satisfy our desires.

The world was less observant and less scrutinizing then. Literature, in the absence of the printing press, could only vegetate—few were the men who read, fewer still who wrote—and in the difficulty of multiplying their works by printing, the latter waited, naturally enough, until a man was famous before taking the trouble of chronicling his deeds.

Thus it often happens that, in history, we know little of the conqueror until the laurel is on his brow, or of the saint, until miracles have set the seal upon his sanctity ; and we seek in vain for some insight into the early training and surrounding circumstances which have led to these results.

This lack of information is, in the biography of the saint, a serious loss, for knowing nothing of his early struggles, of the failings he had to conquer or the virtues to acquire before reaching that full measure of sanctity, to which he was called by his Creator, we are apt to fall into the error of supposing him a saint (so to speak) ready made at his birth, and free from the passions and temptations which have beset us from the beginning. Such a view of the case, we need not add, would be infinitely injurious to ourselves and unfair to him : injurious to ourselves, because under the guise of humility it would give us an excuse for our own shortcomings, and unfair to him, because it would infer that his marvellous deeds of penance and of prayer were merely the *effects* of his sanctity, instead of being, as they really were, simply the *means* whereby he reached it.

No such mistake, however, can possibly occur concerning the saints and the saintly men and women who have illustrated the Church in these latter ages.

The press, which has done so many evil things against religion and morality, has, at least, this one redeeming point, that it shows us

the saint, not merely as he is when the world has acknowledged his merit, but as he was, in the immaturity of his youth, before even his nearest and dearest relations suspected the gifts by which that merit was hereafter to be attained.

We can visit him in his cradle, a child perhaps of many hopes, but with dangers such as await all human beings looming in the distance; we can follow him amid the joys, and sorrows, and faults of childhood; we can sympathise with him in the struggles, and trials, and perhaps real follies of his youth; and, having done so, we shall be compelled to acknowledge, both to others and to ourselves, that he became a saint, not because of the absence of temptation but because of the vigour and courage with which temptation was repelled.

So few years have elapsed since she, whose early life of study and of prayer we are about to record, was yet dwelling in the midst of us, that the traditions of her youth are still vivid in the memories of her religious daughters, and they have naturally felt it both a joy and a duty to preserve from oblivion all that tended to the honour and veneration of their mother.

Sophie Barat was a native of the town of Joigny, in Burgundy, and her parents belonged to that thrice-blessed class who are poor enough to be compelled to work for their own subsistence, and yet not so poor, as to exclude all ideas of education and refinement from their homes.

Her father, Jacques Barat, was a cooper by trade, but he was also the possessor of a sunny little vineyard, the inheritance of the family, placed upon the heights of Sauvilliers and Larry, and this, in the intervals of more profitable labour, he cultivated with his own hands.

He is described as a man patient, laborious, and loyal (when so many proved false and treacherous) to religion and his God, while of his wife it is averred, that she possessed a higher order of intellect and had received an education far superior to her husband.

This may have been; nevertheless, it seems to me that, in foresight and sound good sense, he infinitely surpassed her; for he not only silenced her womanly opposition to the plan of education traced out for Sophie by her brother, but he induced her to consent likewise to that memorable journey to Paris which decided her career, and without which, her especial vocation to the apostleship of souls, by means of education, could never have been accomplished.

The house in which she was born, and which for twenty years sheltered her young life, is still in existence; and though, of course, really different in most respects, there is something in the description given of it, in her life, which reminds us indistinctly of that Nazarean home where Jesus dwelt for thirty years, with his Mother and Saint Joseph.

The ground floor contained the workshop of the father, and the common room of the family where the children played, and worked, and studied, and had their meals, and where the mother spent her days (as mothers will) in the thousand-and-one occupations which

are at once so needful for comfort in a poor man's house, and yet so humble and unobtrusive, that, unless she be called away by death, and the family be left to its own devices, no one will ever dream of the unremitting toil which, up perhaps to the very last day of her existence, she expended on its welfare.

Over these lower chambers were two others, one of them, decorated with pious pictures and cheap articles of furniture, being destined for the parents, while the second, with the addition of a garret over head (which Sophie was not long in appropriating to herself), was set aside for the younger members of the family.

A small court at the rear of the house, planted here and there with shrubs and with two or three neat flower-beds laid out among them, completed the picture of the modest abode, where under the direction of her saintly and talented brother, Sophie unconsciously prepared herself for her future mission as mother of many spiritual daughters and foundress of a new Order in the Church of God.

She was the youngest of her family by a good many years, her brother, Louis Barat, being eleven, and her sister, Marie Louise Madeleine, nine years of age at the period of her birth.

The event was premature and caused by fear.

On the night of the 13th December, 1779, a great fire broke out in a house not far from the Rue du Puits-Charbon, and though it never reached that street, the terror which it awakened in the mind of Madame Barat, hastened the birth of her expected little one, and placed the life of both mother and child in imminent danger for many hours.

Her parents were, of course, extremely anxious that the little soul, thus hovering on the borders of eternity, should be bathed at once in the waters of baptism, and thus entitled after death to take her place among those who, having washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, stand for ever around his throne.

Early on the morning of the 14th, therefore, they carried the apparently dying babe to church; the young brother, who, at a later period, was to act as her tutor and director, being by a singular coincidence appointed to answer for her as godfather at the baptismal font.

Too much pressed for time to seek out a more responsible person for the office of godmother, they picked up the first young girl they met on the road for that purpose, and to her the child owed her first name of Sophie, while her second, Madeleine, was derived from her own mother.

Madame Barat was soon out of danger, and naturally enough she attached herself ever afterwards in a singular manner to the little creature thus born out of season, and needing all the care and tenderness of the most devoted mother to prevent the faint spark of life yet flickering in her bosom from being extinguished altogether.

Thanks to this unwearied watchfulness, Sophie not only grew and prospered, but gave, as she advanced into childhood, such evident signs of precocity both in character and intellect as more than repaid the loving cares by which her cradle had been surrounded.

She was full of life and movement, loving play and excelling in it, yet ever ready to return at the proper moment to graver occupations, and quite as eager to prove successful in them.

Passionate by disposition, and easily swayed by impulse, she was distinguished, nevertheless, by a love of truth, so ingrained into her very nature, that she would have died at any time, even in her earliest childhood, rather than have been guilty of a lie or of the slightest exaggeration approaching towards one. She was ambitious also was this little damsel of the Rue du Puits-Charbon, and would occasionally amuse herself with merry dreams of some mysterious future, when the world would crown her queen, and her young companions of the present day would be called upon to stand as ladies and maids of honour around her imperial throne.

Possibly an intuitive sense of her own superiority over those by whom she was surrounded had something to say to these tricks of fancy; and to the same cause may, perhaps, be attributed a certain tendency to remark and criticise the faults and follies of others which she exhibited in early youth.

But she soon conquered this unhappy failing. Her heart was too tender to permit of her deriving any real enjoyment from a practice that gave pain to others; and candour and good sense coming to her assistance, convinced her that her own superiority (whether real or fancied), being the immediate gift of God, she would be guilty of far greater folly than that which she mocked in her companions, if she ventured to arrogate its merit to herself.

The passionate eagerness and over sensibility of her temperament was a deeper source of uneasiness to her brother than any of these childish vanities, for he felt convinced, that if God did not take timely and entire possession of her affections they might prove a source, not only of much human suffering, but of far greater evils than mere suffering to her soul.

To avert this danger he did his best, from the moment he took her under his care, to give her habits of self-control; but his efforts in this direction were often thwarted by his mother, who not possessing the same insight into character, rather encouraged than repressed Sophie's passionate ebullitions, by seeking consolation in her own troubles in the sympathy and vehement affection of her child.

Her religious education had begun long before her brother commenced the office of instructor, and she was still so little and her voice so weak when first she attended Catechism in the parish church, that, to see and hear her at all, they were obliged to mount her on a footstool.

Young as she was, however, she contrived speedily to attract the notice of her pastor by an act of candour and generosity of which few souls, even when far advanced in virtue, would be capable.

The Curé having one day gathered his little flock around him in order to give them instructions on the sacrament of penance, closed his discourse by observing with energy, that if they made one good act of contrition they would certainly be forgiven.

This was enough for Sophie. The little creature rose at once from

her place, and in a clear, distinct voice commenced the catalogue of her own small sins, either because she fancied this would be a good act of contrition in itself, or because she hoped the Curé would help her to make one at the close of her confession.

Everyone began to laugh, and the Curé himself as he stopped her must have had some difficulty in repressing a smile. Nevertheless, he instantly recognised in this frank and innocent avowal, a soul capable of great things, and this conviction did her good service at a later period when preparing for her first communion.

She was barely ten years of age, and the Vicaire, considering her far too young for so sublime an action, wished to put her off to a later period; but the Curé, on the contrary, remembering probably his little pupil and her magnanimous confession, sent for her himself, and finding on examination that she was perfectly well prepared, admitted her at once to that personal union with our Divine Lord in the blessed sacrament, for which her young soul was sighing.

That first communion was destined to prove an epoch in her spiritual life, for by the graces and lights with which it filled her soul she read distinctly her future vocation to religion. The promise made by our Divine Lord to those who "leave all to follow Him" struck home to her very heart, and regarding it as an especial invitation addressed personally to herself, it filled her at once with love and awe. Young as she was, in fact, both heart and intellect were ripe for higher instruction and more closely defined religious teaching than she could naturally have obtained in her native town. But God never calls a soul to any especial work without giving it the means of forming itself for its accomplishment, and just such a counsellor and assistant as Sophia needed at the moment, she was fortunate enough to find in the bosom of her own family.

Her brother and godfather, Louis Barat, had long resolved upon taking holy orders, and though the impending revolution made it more than probable that the Church would soon have no other preferment to offer her sons than the prison or the scaffold, he was not to be deterred from his holy resolution. He entered for this purpose the Seminary of Sens, and, having at the age of twenty-two received minor orders he was sent, as professor of mathematics, to the College of Joigny, his native town, there to wait until he was of age for priestly ordination.

He had left his sister almost an infant in the cradle, he found her on his return a lively, intelligent little girl, the inseparable companion of her mother—now walking with her to the vineyard, now trotting after her, basket in hand, as she pursued her household occupations, and acquiring almost unconsciously under her direction a love of order and economy which proved invaluable to her afterwards in the course of her foundations.

The holy disposition and great natural talents of his child-sister quite took him by surprise, and with an instinctive feeling that God had sent him to Joigny to fulfil a great duty in her regard, he at once undertook her education.

Sophia proved an apt scholar, and for the most part a willing one, though her instructor almost overstepped the bounds of prudence in the life which he required her to adopt.

She rose at dawn, while the rest of the family with the exception of her father were still asleep; and no sooner had he entered his workshop or taken his way to the vineyard than she set herself seriously to the duties of the day.

The first and most important of these was the hearing of Mass at her parish church, but immediately on her return from thence she ascended to her favourite garret and plunged into a course of study which, with the exception of meal times and of some necessary intercourse with her family, or with perhaps the rare interlude of a holiday, occupied her till nightfall.

These holidays occurred for the most part during the pleasant season of the vintage, when the whole family turned out to assist in the grape gathering; but some few extra days of liberty were also obtained by the occasional absence of her brother. Her chief delight in such happy times of idleness was to walk with her father to his vineyard, and there she would sit for hours—now watching the river Yonne, as it wound like a silver serpent through the meadows, now gazing on the graceful amphitheatre of low hills which rise between Mont Tholon and the Montagne St. Jacques—or she would plunge with her mind's eye into the deep forest beyond, inhaling its odours and tasting the sweetness of its solitude until her soul, rising above all material charms, dissolved itself into love and admiration for Him whose eternal beauty is, after all, but dimly shadowed forth in the works of his creation.

Sometimes, however, in the midst of these innocent and healthy recreations her schoolmaster would unexpectedly reappear, and there was nothing for it then, but to retrace her steps and bury herself once more in the garret with her books.

Sophie did this sadly enough, but she never failed in submission or obedience, taking her only consolation in the well used-up maxim “that pleasure is never unmixed with pain.”

Happily for her Louis Barat was no mere schoolmaster, content if she learned well and nothing more; he possessed, on the contrary, an immense fund of unction and piety, and he knew how to soften his most rigorous exactions by holding forth the love of God both as their motive and reward.

Moreover, he was a poet before he was a mathematician, and he had a grace of language and delicacy of feeling which was sure to find its way to the heart of the young girl.

A little lamb, the plaything of her holidays, used to follow her wherever she went, and one day as she sat at work it came and laid itself down quietly at her feet.

Louis Barat saw it, and said immediately:

“Look at this lamb, my sister! What is it doing? Nothing apparently. But it loves—and all is said in that word!”

Sophie understood him at once; and this spirit of quiet love, this

entire self-abandonment at the feet of the Good Shepherd became from that moment one of the favourite and most practical sanctities of her soul.

Gradually, as her education proceeded, and her extraordinary capacity developed itself more distinctly, her brother followed up the lead by enlarging the circle of study in which he had at first intended to confine it.

Latin (she used to say, laughingly, long afterwards that she had been a "Virgilienne" before she was a Christian) was soon mastered. Greek followed, and then botany, mathematics, and astronomy—in all of which sciences he was a distinguished professor; while by way of relaxation, he taught her Spanish and Italian—an addition to her stock of knowledge which stood her in good stead afterwards when, as foundress of an order, she had to communicate with her religious in the various languages of their nations.

Sophie's father entered fully into the ideas of her brother with regard to her education, but Madame Barat found it hard to reconcile herself to the incessant study imposed upon her child.

*Her* only aim, poor mother! and her sole ambition was to see Sophie respectably married and settled near her at "Joigny," and she often questioned herself and others as to the use of all this extra learning to the daughter of a poor artizan.

She asked in vain, for no one had as yet a clue to the answer; and even Louis Barat himself, though he felt it intuitively to be his duty to cultivate as much as possible the great gifts with which God had endowed his sister, had no distinct idea of the use to which they were afterwards to be applied.

She herself, however, had never forgotten her early desires to belong to God, though she knew not where or in what manner she would be enabled to accomplish it. But at last, on the marriage of her sister, in 1792, she openly declared her intention to her family.

No soul of meaner metal would have chosen such a moment for the avowal.

The reign of terror had just commenced; altar and throne had gone down before it, and the prisons of France were choked, not merely with crowds of unhappy aristocrats—the first objects of its fury—but with priests and religious dragged, men and women, from their parishes or convents to perish on the scaffold.

Even the little town of Joigny was already trembling in its grasp, and the peace of Sophie's own home was troubled by the persecution which his refusal to accept the oath of adherence to the civil power had drawn upon her brother.

Misled at first by the direction and example of his bishop, the too famous Loménie de Brienne, Louis Barat had taken as subdeacon the oath in question; but hardly had he done so ere his conscience smote him for the error into which he had quite unconsciously on his own part fallen.

To see a fault and to repair it was always one and the same thing with him, and he wrote at once to the Council of the Commune retracting the oath which he had been beguiled into taking. He then



returned to the college where he hoped to be allowed to live unmolested while he continued to superintend Sophie's education from thence. But summons after summons followed, calling upon him either to take the rejected oath anew or to abide the consequences of refusal; and he resolved at last to go to Paris, where being quite unknown he might hope to pursue his studies in peace, and to eke out a modest subsistence by giving lessons to any pupils he could find. But this hope also proved fallacious. An old college companion chancing to meet him on his arrival, denounced him on the spot; and in the month of May of the fatal 1793, he was cast into one of those prisons of black renown from whence men only came forth to die. From the moment when this news reached Joigny the life of his family became one long agony of woe.

His unhappy mother especially, yielded so helplessly to grief and despair that they feared at last her mind would give way beneath the pressure. She neither slept nor spoke, and as she resolutely refused all nourishment her strength rapidly declined. In this emergency Sophie found at last a means of compelling her to eat. Day after day her mother rose from table without having touched a morsel, and at last Sophie pretended to follow her example. She declined dish after dish as her mother passed them to her; and when the latter, roused to attention by this proceeding, inquired if she were ill, she answered resolutely:

"No, mother, I am not ill; but as long as you decline to eat I have made up my mind to do so also. By this means, at any rate, we shall die together."

Touched by this affectionate devotion, and fearing perhaps that Sophie might really put her threat into execution, Madame Barat consented to her daughter's wishes; and as soon as with proper nourishment she had regained her strength she acquired also grace to bear with more resignation than hitherto the disposition of Providence with regard to her son.

The latter, meantime, was enduring all the multiplied sufferings which it was the will of the sovereign people to inflict upon their victims. Tied two and three together, placed upon rough charrettes and exposed to the jeers and insults of the mob, the unhappy captives were dragged, without motive or explanation, from one prison to another; and in this way Louis Barat, after remaining a short time at the Conciergerie was taken first to St. Pelagie, then to Bicêtre, then to St. Lazare, and finally to the Luxembourg, where he remained until the death of Robespierre put an end to the reign of terror.

Louis, however, did not receive his liberty until the February succeeding that event, just a year and eight months from his first detention. He came forth from prison disappointed indeed of martyrdom, but burning all the more intensely with zeal to do and suffer something for his God; and he received ordination almost immediately afterwards at the hands of Mgr. de Barral, the former bishop of Troyes.

At first he thought of foreign missions and then of joining the Jesuits in their Russian exile; but both these projects falling to the

ground he returned to Joigny and resumed the education of his sister Sophie.

She had just entered her sixteenth year, and her eldest nephew (a venerable priest, who quite lately died at Lille, and who was of course a very young child at the time of which we are treating) used always to declare that she remained engraven on his memory as an incarnate image of chastity, or of that heavenly wisdom from whence she took her name ; while there was a modest grace beaming over her face and person, and giving softness to her slightest movements, which, even without beauty, must have attracted notice.

Her dress was chiefly remarkable for its simplicity ; and if, in obedience to the remonstrances of her friends she consented for a time to make it a little more distinguished, even to trying the experiment of powdering her hair, these unaccustomed vanities were soon repented, and no sooner repented than renounced for ever.

Idolised by her mother, and treated with as much deference by her juvenile associates as if she were really the princess of her childish dreams, her very gifts seemed likely to be turned against herself by stifling her youthful desires for perfection beneath the incense of flattery and praise which they drew down continually upon her.

The keen eye of Louis Barat soon perceived the danger, and in order to avert it, he resolved upon taking his sister with him to Paris, in which city he had decided on residing for the future.

This idea found little favour in the eyes either of the mother or the daughter.

Madame Barat protested that she could not live without her child ; and the latter, sympathising with and sharing in this feeling, tried hard to persuade both her brother and herself that her duty pointed clearly to the same quiet life at home which she had led so far, and which would enable her hereafter to become the help and solace of her parents in their declining years. Vanquished for the moment, but not convinced, Louis returned alone to Paris ; but he was not the man to give up a design because of the difficulties by which it was surrounded, and after a long correspondence with his sister he went back to Joigny, this time resolved upon having his own way.

Sophie's father, as usual, was the first to yield. He saw that his daughter was beginning, probably on account of these conflicting opinions, to grow listless and lose ground. He knew he could safely trust her to his son, and he felt besides that brother and sister could be of much mutual assistance to each other in the life which it was proposed they should lead together in Paris.

Pressed by her husband with these unanswerable reasons, Madame Barat gave way at last, but she took good care to couple her consent with the express condition that Sophie should return every year at the vintage time and spend her vacations at Joigny.

The consent of both parents having been thus obtained, Louis Barat left no time for idle regrets, but took his sister with him at once to Paris.

Though she was accompanied by a young friend, who was going hither likewise, the journey could hardly have been a pleasant one for

Sophie. She loved her parents and her peaceful home too well to desire to leave them ; and Paris itself must have been rather an object of terror to her mind, associated as it was with the prison and guillotine from which her brother had so narrowly escaped.

Louis Barat made no attempt to soothe or mitigate her sorrow.

Bred himself in the school of martyrdom, and all on fire with zeal to give glory to God, both in his own person and that of his sister, he had no notion of allowing the pleasures of travelling to lighten its fatigues.

A journey of many days in a public conveyance does not present any very pleasurable ideas to the mind, but Louis Barat was too stern a disciplinarian to allow of its length and weariness being beguiled by anything like sight-seeing or even lively conversation.

The approach to Paris might naturally have excited the curiosity and imagination of both his young companions, but he took care to repress all indulgence of such feelings by the observation, that a spirit of prayer and recollection ought to absorb every lighter sentiment on entering for the first time a city, where the churches were closed, religion proscribed, and the very stones of the street still red with the blood of martyrs who had perished in defence of both.

Sophie had a soul to comprehend him, and it was therefore in the midst of the religious silence thus recommended that she entered the great city, and descended at the house of Madame Duval, a holy and venerable woman who had undertaken to give a home both to brother and sister during their residence in Paris.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE DANCE OF DEATH.

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill?  
Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."  
*Thomas Davis.*

CIVILISED society supports, and has long supported a remarkable class of individuals whom we may describe as "idle women of fashion." What purpose their existence serves in the social system can be determined by no principle of social economy. They contribute to swell the ranks of society, but can hardly be said to exist for

any more definite end. They are a race of beings who appear to have escaped the primal curse that man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his face. They have nothing to labour for, and healthy industry they have none; there is nothing beyond their reach which they consider worth an effort to obtain; they are listless and apathetic by a necessity of their condition. Fortune has supplied them gratuitously with a large assortment of the substantial prizes of life; content with their share, they are not prompted by any ambition to struggle for more. The springs of noble feelings and generous sympathies which a hard battle with the world, and an experience of its woes open up, are choked within them. They are not generous, sometimes not even humane. Incapable of enthusiasm for anything which does not contribute to their own enjoyment, they make self-gratification the measure of their zeal, their earnestness their friendship. The energies of their enfeebled minds are directed to the enjoyment of the pleasures within their reach; in their virtues as in their vices, self-indulgence is the supreme law of action. They are selfish in their kindnesses, ostentatious in their modesty, vain of their contempt for the opinions of others, worldly in their piety when they pretend to it, frivolous in their gravity, and earnest only when trifling. Thankless and unforgiving, they forget a benefit as soon as the present enjoyment it brings is past, but pursue with enduring hatred the individual who wounds their pride or disturbs their pleasures. Heartless, egotistical, insincere, vindictive, they are unscrupulous enemies and dangerous friends.

This class was worthily represented in Miss Edith Coote. She had lent herself to a plot against the man who had done violence to his inclinations and overcome his misgivings to gratify her whim. She could not shut out the consciousness that she had been instrumental in doing him a deep and deadly wrong; how deep and deadly she knew not. He wore her fatal gift. She knew that the compliment he thus paid her would cost him dear, but no feeling of remorse embittered the triumph she enjoyed in displaying him before the crowded ball-room as her obsequious partner. It was something to show to her admirers and her rivals that her powers had prevailed where so many other influences had failed. It was something to parade by her side before her cousin's mimic court the redoubted chief who had long been the bane and the terror of her kindred, conquered at length by her. She hated her captive, for she had been led to believe that he despised her, but her vanity was stronger than her resentment, and it was therefore the first to be satisfied.

Leaning on the arm of The O'Neill, she entered the room where her cousin's guests were already assembled. The entrance of the guest of the night produced an involuntary hush in the gay tumult of the scene. For a moment all eyes were turned on the chieftain, the story of whose deeds had often clouded the fair faces that now beamed with laughter, and to whom many of the gray-bearded visages in the room owed the scars by which they were ornamented.

O'Neill had laid aside, for the occasion, the costume of the Irish

chieftain, and, in compliment to his entertainer, was attired in the dress of an English gentleman of the period. His hose and doublet were of unexceptional texture, giving no token of the poverty of the wardrobe from which they were taken, and his russet boots might have moved the envy of many a Sassenach gallant in the merry throng.

"I prophesied truly, did I not?" asked his partner, with a smile, "when I told you that we could show a muster of fair faces and bright eyes able to put to flight a phalanx of cares?"

"It were obstinate heresy to deny it," replied O'Neill, pleasantly; "and I am too orthodox a knight to fall into it. It gives a new value to your present that it has enabled me to enjoy this spectacle."

"Hush!" replied the lady, somewhat uneasily; "you must not allude to my singular gift. It was such an odd present to make! I fear I shall be laughed at if the story gets abroad. I dread ridicule above all things; spare my sensitiveness, and say nothing of my message to you last night."

"Count upon my discretion, lady," replied O'Neill.

"Even should you be questioned on the subject?"

"My silence is assured."

"You promise on your loyalty as a knight?" asked the lady, with an uneasy smile, which belied the assumed gaiety of her manner.

"Even that solemn oath I swear," answered O'Neill, with a laugh. The woman was able to read his character well enough to understand that even a promise so lightly given would be faithfully executed. Her anxieties were dissipated. She put her hand into his, the music rose loud above the merry din of voices, and O'Neill and his partner joined the merry lines that were forming for the dance.

"By my faith, yon churlish rebel trips it right gracefully," remarked a soldier, in lancer's uniform—the centre of a small group that stood in a corner of the room observing the dancers. "There is nothing to put life in the leaden heels of our northern gallants like a little practice in the land of guitars and castanets, of sprightly señoras and gay hidalgos. And, mark you, he has learned to talk as well as to dance. See with what attention his partner listens to his gallant speeches."

"Ay, sir," growled a stout officer, in the same uniform as the speaker, "it is thus we are outdone by those apish foreigners. A dancing master's tricks, and a courtier's twaddle are more in honour with the women of our day than a strong hand and a clear head. A pest on their prancings and pratings! What say you, my melancholy friend, Plunkett?" he asked, turning to another gentleman of the group. "Would not the world be well rid of them?"

The individual addressed had been following with his eyes the movements of the leaders of the dance. His face was flushed, his glance unsteady, and it required no extraordinary penetration to discover that he had prepared himself for the fatigues of the ball-room by a liberal indulgence in the wine cup at the banquet.

"Why do you ask *me*?" he demanded, sharply; "what have I to do with ridding the world of them?"

"A thousand pardons!" said the soldier, apologetically. "Observing you to be of meditative mood to-night, I thought your opinion on such a knotty point would be worth having. However, had I known that you had left your good humour at home I would have addressed myself to some other philosopher. You seem deeply interested in the dance; let me not further distract you in your contemplation."

"Interested? Why should I be interested?" asked Plunkett, fiercely.

"How the devil should I know?" answered the other, carelessly. "Mayhap you dislike the attention Miss Coote pays to the whispers of this stranger knight; or it may be you find much to admire in his costume, though from the direction your glances take I should say your attention was attracted wholly to his boots."

"You become insulting, sir," exclaimed Plunkett, with bated breath, while the unnatural flush faded from his face; "your insolence deserves a chastisement which the company you find yourself in prevents me from inflicting."

"Bah!" retorted the soldier, contemptuously, "spare us your maudlin bravado. If in your cooler moments your courage is as high as it is in your cups, you shall have an opportunity of displaying it."

"By G— you shall answer for your impertinence this moment," hissed Plunkett, in a paroxysm of drunken anger. "If you would not have me brand you as a coward, follow me when I quit the room; you will find me beneath the wall, at the end of the street."

"Have with thee, my blustering bantling," answered the soldier, carelessly; "and if there be a slit put in your throat which spoils your crowing, you know where to cast the blame."

Plunkett heard but half the reply. He had made his way through the crowd, and was already at the door.

"You cannot mean it, Hamilton?" remonstrated the younger soldier, laying his hand on his companion's shoulder. "You would not soil your weapon on such carrion?"

"Let's follow, at any rate," replied the acceptor of the challenge. "I doubt much that the braggart's valour will stand the shock of the cool air outside. If it do, we must only try to convince him that it wants its better part, which is prudence."

He pushed his way through the gay throng, and followed by his companion succeeded at length in gaining the street. Though the season was far advanced, the night air was cold and raw, and they were obliged to quicken their pace to protect themselves against the chill.

Beneath the shadow of the city wall Plunkett was found waiting as he had promised. But he was no longer the fearless man of honour that he had been a few moments before. His light costume was but an indifferent protection against the chill night air, he trembled unheroically, and his teeth chattered with most unwarlike violence. The valour he had displayed under the influence of wine, and of an excitement which his friends were at a loss to understand, had evaporated in the cold atmosphere. His face had assumed its wonted

paleness, and his courage was at its accustomed level when his adversary arrived at the trysting-place.

"You have demanded satisfaction for the insult you conceive has been offered you," said Hamilton, drawing his sword; "you may have it now."

There was something intensely ludicrous in the expression of undisguised dismay which overspread Plunkett's features as he realised the consequences of his rashness. He was an abject coward, and the same influence that had made him a braggart in his anger made him a craven in his fear. He stammered some half-audible explanation, in which the words "momentary excitement" were alone intelligible; but his adversary, who was in no hurry to release him from the dilemma in which he was placed, pretended not to hear him.

At last Hamilton's companion interfered to deliver the distressed champion from his awkward difficulty.

"Let me beg you, gentlemen, to understand each other," he began with a smile. "Mr. Plunkett, I feel warranted in assuring you that Captain Hamilton intended nothing insulting in any of his remarks."

Mr. Plunkett was only too ready to accept the explanation, and hastened to profess himself abundantly satisfied by it.

"Friends of the same good cause, we must not turn our swords against one another's throats," continued the peace-maker. "For, know you," he added, addressing Hamilton, "we have no more sincere supporter than this gentleman, whose honour is so much dearer to him than his life. We are indebted to him for important services already, and we may expect others in future. No later than last night I surprised him on an errand of much moment to the state."

Plunkett listened to this encomium upon his merits with a demure modesty, which served to show the satisfaction he derived from it.

"Yes," he whispered, approaching his lips to the ear of his rescuer, "on an errand more important than any that state courier has travelled on for ten years."

"And you have doubtless achieved some great political success?"

"Removed a great political enemy."

"One of the Irishry?" asked the soldier, his curiosity excited by these mysterious revelations.

"Their chief!" answered Plunkett, in a hollow whisper.

The soldier laughed outright.

"Your brain wanders, man, or your eyes have ceased to do their duty," he cried. "The chief of the Irish is dancing in the glare of the lights you see burning yonder. You must have jostled him a few minutes ago when you pushed your way to the door."

"I know it," answered Plunkett, with fierce exultation; "but he is dancing his last measure. He will never tread ball-room floor again."

The savage earnestness with which this assurance was given dispelled the mirth of Plunkett's companions. There was no doubting that his words contained more than the crazy imaginings of a brain inflamed by alcohol.

"Look you, Mr. Plunkett," said the younger soldier, after a lengthened pause, "I do not know what plan these words may cover, but, whatever it be, let me beg you not to execute it. I am an enemy of O'Neill, but I never can permit that a guest of ours shall suffer harm within our quarters. For the sake of our good name, attempt nothing against him here."

Plunkett gazed in stupid astonishment at the speaker. He had expected that his communication would have been far otherwise received.

"You have spoken too late," he answered, curtly. "I will attempt nothing further; but he cannot be saved. Good night! If you love dancing, get you back to the ball-room. For me, I have had enough of enjoyment for one evening."

With this adieu Plunkett turned away, and soon disappeared in the darkness of a narrow street which led down into the city. The two soldiers retraced their steps to the scene of festivity discussing on the way their strange adventure.

There was a pause in the dancing, and O'Neill had quitted the apartment to seek some refreshment for his tired partner. At the door of the room he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Beware of a traitor amongst your friends; a plot is on foot to destroy you."

He turned in time to catch sight of a tall figure in the showy uniform of a lancer regiment, which was approaching the throng of revellers, and was soon lost to view within it. He hurried after his mysterious monitor, but he was already lost in the crowd. Returning to his partner, who was consoling herself for his absence by encouraging the attentions of a group of new admirers, he hastily explained that he was obliged instantly to depart on important business, and, in spite of the entreaties and reproaches of the lady, he quitted the ball-room, and was soon outside the walls of Derry, and, as he thought, beyond the reach of traitors' wiles.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### RECONCILED.

"Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,  
Do I take part."

*The Tempest.*

It wanted but a few days of the end of August. The yellow tint of autumn was upon the fields; the purple, summer hue of the mountains had changed to a dusky brown; and the bright green of the luxuriant woods that clothed the banks of the Foyle was merging into



the dingy iron tint that marks the approach of the season of desolation. It was the still hour of evening. The exercises of the day had concluded in the Irish camp, and an interval of comparative quiet had succeeded the tumult and bustle of afternoon drill. Soldiers in all the variety of a negligent undress were lounging on the slopes of the hill occupied by the army of O'Neill. Snatches of songs, bursts of gay laughter, or the noisy disputes of gamesters quarrelling over their games, broke in at times upon the stillness. Occasionally, too, were heard the shriller voices of the women of the camp who stopped as they went upon their errands to reply to the compliments of the lounging soldiers. Peaceful light-heartedness seemed the prevailing spirit in this school of war.

A wooden building rather roughly constructed crowned the hill. At an open window which commanded a view of the scene we have been describing, lay the Chieftain of Ulster. He was stretched upon a kind of rude sofa. His face was colourless, his cheeks hollow, his eyes sunken, yet strangely large and lustrous. His hand, once sunburnt and muscular, rested white and bony, on his breast.

By his couch sat a man advanced in years, with features which marked a character of mingled gentleness and energy, of tender feeling and high courage. His costume was an odd mixture of the ecclesiastical and the military, and left the observer in doubt to which of the two professions the wearer belonged. He was watching the motions of the pale form beside him with a touching look of sorrow and affection.

The eyes of the invalid were turned on the fair landscape before him. Again and again they travelled over the graceful undulations of the rich plain below, and traced the silver pathway of the Foyle from the spot where it lost itself in the broad estuary to the point where it hid its folds in the dark woods. The attention of the sick chieftain was called from this monotonous occupation to a group of his soldiers who were indulging in a noisy game of romps on the declivity of the hill. He watched their vigorous and agile movements with wistful gaze, and then turning his languid eyes on his own feeble limbs, he sighed deeply.

"Repining again?" asked his companion, gently. "You suffer much."

"Ay, my lord, in body much, but more in mind. The sight of the gambols of yon hardy fellows rouses the spirit of impatience in me. I am disposed to forget your lessons and to curse the fate against which I can no longer struggle. O God! that I could only borrow the strong limbs and fresh blood of some of these sturdy churls for one last effort before I die."

"Despair not, my son," said his monitor, meekly; "you may yet enjoy those blessings without borrowing them."

"Do not deceive yourself, my lord; me you cannot deceive. It is never to be. The heaven of death is in my veins. I shall never wield a sword or mount a steed again."

A tear stood in the bold, bright eye of O'Neill's companion; and he answered in a broken voice:

"Do not say it, Eoghan. You are the stay of Ireland and of her Faith; the God of both will not take you away."

The sufferer shook his head doubtingly.

"No one man is necessary to such a cause," he replied. "My fate is sealed. But it may be given me, before the end, to do another service to the cause for which we both have lived, and for which we both may die. Said you not the envoys of Ormonde come hither to-day?"

"I said so; I expect every moment to hear them announced."

"And your counsel is that they should be graciously received?"

"I do most earnestly advise it."

"My lord, you set me a hard task. They have called me traitor, outlaw, rebel, and from their mock parliament in Kilkenny have traduced my name before the country, and hurled at me every dart of ignominy their cowardly hands dared wield. They have done me wrongs which even on the threshold of the grave, where I am now standing, I cannot bring myself to pardon."

"You speak not like yourself, Eoghan," said his adviser, mildly. "Drive away these bitter thoughts. You have sacrificed much for our country and our faith, sacrifice to both this resentment, which, I admit, has been well provoked."

"But wherefore this alliance with Ormonde? Do not our present allies offer us fairer terms than this beggarly representative of a crownless king? They offer us liberty for our religion, and they will put us in possession of the lands which our gracious sovereign, as we have been taught to call him, took away from us. My Lord of Ormonde does not bid as high as General Monck, and is certainly not as honest a man."

"Traitorous subjects are never faithful allies," returned the other. "You cannot rely upon the promises of Monck or Coote."

"They will bear comparison with Ormonde," replied O'Neill, "and will suffer little by it. We have found them undissembling enemies, but not perfidious friends. Neither friend nor foe will be able to give this character of James Butler."

"I will not argue the point with you," said his companion; "but know you, the power they serve will never ratify their terms. It is useless to stipulate for freedom of our religion with Coote or Monck, or even Cromwell himself; their concessions would be disavowed by the Parliament, however honestly made by them. And if you are not yet persuaded, let me add an argument to which there is no reply. The instructions of his Holiness are peremptory. We are to attempt nothing prejudicial to the crown of England. He disapproves of our treating with the rebel Parliament or its delegates, and would have us break off all negotiations with them."

"His Holiness interferes in behalf of a worthless ally," observed O'Neill, bluntly.

"Not to gain a new alliance does the Holy See act thus. It is to maintain the sacred rights of royalty. Do you not perceive that there is a spirit abroad which rebels against the divine prerogatives of kings, and seeks to make the people the depository of all authority?"

"My Lord," broke in O'Neill, "I have no head for abstract

theories. I care not a jot who be the rulers of England, provided they do not use their power to tyrannise over us. Yet will I obey the commands of his Holiness. I have done so hitherto, and that when the risks were great; I will do so to the end. In this case, I act against my own judgment. I love not to be a prophet of evil, but I cannot help foreseeing that Cromwell will conquer in the end. I would willingly make my peace with him now, if it might be, and leave Ormonde and his friends to their fate. But since his Holiness will have it otherwise, and since you, as I perceive, have been influenced to form a judgment other than mine of his Excellency of Ormonde, it shall be as you desire. Let his messengers come, they shall have a reception much better than they deserve."

"Heaven bless your obedience, Eoghan," ejaculated his companion, "and reward this victory over yourself by a triumph over your foes!"

The invalid relapsed into silence, and resumed his listless occupation of gazing out upon the plain.

Suddenly he raised his head and listened attentively.

"I hear the tramp of horses," he said; "our visitors are coming. I will see them at once. I can meet them now. Sit by, and be witness how I shall keep my resolution."

He waited impatiently till a servant entered to announce Colonel Daniel O'Neill.

"Bid him come," answered the invalid.

In a few moments a tall and handsome youth, of slight but graceful figure, entered the room.

"Welcome! right welcome, Daniel!" said the sick man, stretching out his wasted hand, "even though you come as the messenger of the Sassenach. How has it fared with you in the camp of the south?"

"With me all has gone well—but thyself?"

"Even as you see me, boy; losing my hold on earth. His Excellency's commissioners have accompanied you?"

"They wait without."

"Pay your respects to my Lord of Clogher, and then bid them hither. They shall have my answer at once."

The young soldier turned towards the prelate, of whose presence he had been unconscious, bent his knee, kissed the hand extended to him, and then left the apartment.

He returned accompanied by two gentlemen, whom he presented to his uncle as Mr. Talbot and Mr. Nugent, the delegates of his Excellency the Marquis of Ormonde.

"You will pardon my not paying due honour to such distinguished visitors," said O'Neill, with a politeness which but thinly veiled the bitterness of his mind. "My ailments prevent me doing the reverence I owe."

"We are charged to express to you his Excellency's most sincere sympathy," began the spokesman of the deputation, "and we beg to add to it our own."

"I am deeply sensible of his Excellency's goodness," returned

O'Neill, in the same tone as before. "Has it pleased him to send me any further message?"

"Yes; the purpose of our coming is to remove the misunderstanding that has made you his antagonist. The fatal breach between you and him weakens a cause which both are interested in promoting. He has such confidence in your skill, and in the efficiency of the forces under your command, that he believes he could hold the country against the whole rebel faction if you consented to aid him."

"His Excellency's opinion of my modest merits is infinitely flattering," replied O'Neill, little mollified by the compliment. "It only surprises me that he can find so much to praise in one whom he so lately pronounced a rebel and a traitor."

"We have learned that this censure was foolish as it was undeserved," returned the envoy. "No one feels this more than his Excellency. You must consent to make allowance for the bitterness of party feeling. He, on his side, is disposed to forget everything which could trouble a friendship so necessary to the country."

"Herein his Excellency doth display a truly forgiving disposition," remarked O'Neill, sarcastically. "But does the fulness of his bounty not extend itself beyond a pardon for past offences? Dare I and my rebel forces, if we consent to fill the gap made in his Majesty's loyal army at Rathmines, hope for any further mark of the Viceroy's favour?"

"He bids you name yourself the conditions on which you will join him."

"I have named them to him ere this," replied O'Neill, with kindling eye and quickening utterance. "They are those for demanding which I was proclaimed a traitor."

"We are empowered to grant them."

"All—lands, rank, title, army?"

"All."

"Then further negotiations are superfluous. I will lead my forces southwards. Let his commissioners meet me on the way. As soon as the articles are signed I will unite my troops to his. His Excellency is, I presume, hard pressed. What does Cromwell?"

"Still lies with his army outside Dublin preparing for an attack on Drogheda."

"Drogheda will fall," said O'Neill. "Pray God it be only ruin Cromwell makes."

## WAITING.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

“**W**HY do you walk out there by the shore,  
 Reading the blue skies, watching the foam,  
 Chilled with the night-winds, wet with the spray?  
 Come with me, poor woman, back to your home.”

She looked on the waves, and looked to the sky,  
 And she pressed her brow with her trembling hand:  
 That bright star shone when my child sailed out;  
 I said I would meet him here on the strand.

They say he's dead, but I never heed,  
 And they speak of a wreck far out at sea;  
 But what did I do to those angry waves  
 That they'd take my one only child from me?

'Tis six long years, and he comes not back—  
 Six long, long years is my boy away—  
 And I watch the stars and I watch the sea,  
 And I wait till his ship comes, night and day.

The wild waves whisper and call his name,  
 And a music swells on the rising tide;  
 Should you ever meet with him out beyond,  
 Will you say I'm waiting, the strand beside?

He has deep blue eyes, and his hair is brown,  
 And his smile is sweet, and his look is mild;  
 Oh! do not blame me. Six long years gone—  
 And he was my one and my only child.

He loved me well, and he loved the waves,  
 But he loved them more, or we'd never part;  
 I only smile when they say he's drowned,  
 For the sea came first in my poor boy's heart.

They're not so cruel, those starlit waves,  
 As to take and kill him out far away.  
 Should you ever meet with him there beyond,  
 Say his mother waits through the night and day.

And they think I'm cold and lonesome here—  
 Walking away by the shore so wild—  
 Watching the stars and watching the sea,  
 And waiting still for my only child.

The kind old neighbours cry for me—  
 The cry for the boy hid under the foam ;  
 I only smile when they say he's dead,  
 But I know that myself must soon go home.

Yet I'll never rest 'neath the cold green sod—  
 I said I'd wait here down on the strand ;  
 They must let me lie where the wild waves moan,  
 They must make my bed in this soft, brown sand.

No mould nor worm comes here, I know,  
 And the waters whisper and call his name ;  
 I can watch the seas, I can watch the sky—  
 I said I would meet him here when he came.

I never mind when they say he's dead,  
 And you'll know him yet if out there you meet—  
 He has dark-brown hair, and his eyes are blue,  
 And he often smiles, and his smile is sweet.

Just say I'm growing a little tired,  
 And a little weak in the driving rack—  
 I sometimes feel I must soon go home,  
 Though I thought to wait till the ship came back.

But I'll never rest by the cold green sod—  
 They must make my bed where the sand is piled ;  
 Where the waters speak and the stars shine down,  
 I shall wait in peace for my only child.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Are you my Wife?* A Story of the Times. By GRACE RAMSAY, Author of "Number Thirteen," "A Salon in the Last Days of the French Empire," &c. (New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1876.)

OUR readers must not be frightened by the startling title Miss Ramsay has chosen for her new story. It is sufficiently sensational, or at least very interesting ; but it is a true work of art, of high aim, and exquisite finish. Its serious moral purpose is guaranteed by the fact that it has been the leading serial for many months in the excellent American magazine conducted by Father Hecker, the *Catholic World*, which has enriched Catholic literature with such high-class works of fiction as "The House of Yorke," and "Grapes and Thorns," and also with the authorised translations of the more recent works of

Madame Craven. A correspondent of the *Tablet* recently brought forward Miss Ramsay in proof of his thesis, that the apathy of the Catholic reading public is more to blame for the defects of Catholic literature than Catholic writers are, or Catholic publishers:—

“Grace Ramsay wrote a novel—‘A Woman’s Trials’—some years ago, of which the *Times* said ‘this book is likely to do for schools in Paris what Charles Dickens has done for them in England;’ and the *Saturday Review* said of ‘Iza’s Story’ by the same author, that ‘since “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” no work of fiction had appeared which was calculated to produce such a distinctive effect on public opinion.’ This was certainly not branding either as ‘dull and silly.’ Yet these two brilliant novels are out of print, because—so the circulating libraries say—they were too Catholic in tone and purpose to become popular.”

The writer whom we have just quoted seems not to have been aware that the very number of the *Catholic World*, of which he was taking exception to one very clever article, contained the second last monthly instalment of a new tale by the author, whom he very justly puts forward as a worthy rival of the author of the “*Recit d’une Sœur*.” It is a great pity and a grievous scandal that the Catholic reading public in these countries have not enough of taste, enlightenment, and generosity to encourage and reward duly the exercise of those gifts of intellect and fancy, of which there is certainly no dearth among the members of that race to which we rejoice to say Miss Grace Ramsay belongs.

II. *Terra Incognita ; or, the Convents of the United Kingdom.* By JOHN NICHOLAS MURPHY, Author of “*Ireland : Industrial, Political, and Social.*” (London : Burns & Oates. 1876.)

THIS is a popular edition of a very useful and successful book. It is much cheaper, contains eleven new chapters, and brings down the statistics of convents to the present day. The care and industry which were displayed in the laborious compilation and arrangement of so many interesting details have again been abundantly exercised. Where so much is new for the reader to whom the conventual system of the Catholic Church is happily no “unknown land,” what a revelation Mr. Murphy’s volume must be for the candid inquirer from without ! The *catena* of “opinions of the press,” chiefly from Protestant journals, shows the impression that has been made, and fills many pages, which, in their way, are as interesting as any part of this thoroughly satisfactory and excellent book.

III. *The Power of St. Joseph.* A new book of Meditations and Devotions in honour of the Foster-father of our Lord. Translated from the French by CLARA MULHOLLAND. (Dublin : M’Glashan & Gill. 1876.)

FATHER HUGUET’S book on St. Joseph has run quickly through twenty-one editions in French. St. Joseph’s English-speaking clients are not so numerous or so devoted, or at least their devotion does not generally take the form of encouraging Catholic literature. Nevertheless we anticipate a large share of public favour for this handsome volume, which in more than external appearance is an improvement

on the original. We believe it to be the best and most complete work on the subject, as indeed, without the careful examination that we have given to it, we might conclude from the fact that it has been recommended to the faithful by the Archbishops of Lyons, Milan, and Turin, and by several bishops of France and Italy. Besides the thirty-one Meditations and Examples, which form a good *Mois de St. Joseph*, and yet may be used at any time of the year, we have meditations for all the feasts in which St. Joseph is concerned, together with many beautiful prayers and devotions, and a little anthology of the best hymns and poems in his honour. The translator has done well to insert amongst the testimonies to St. Joseph's greatness some with which the French Marist Father, whom she translates, could not be familiar, extracts from the Pastorals of the late holy Bishops of Ferns and of Southwark, and from the writings of Father Dalgairns, Father Faber, and Dr. Newman.

IV. *Sermons on the Sacraments.* By THOMAS WATSON, last Bishop of Lincoln. Edited with a Biographical Memoir by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. (London: Burns & Oates. 1876.)

It is much to be desired in the interest of Catholic literature, that the Redemptorist Father who has brought to light this valuable old volume, should copy his sainted founder somewhat more closely in one respect—namely, in literary industry. What he has done he has done very well, but he has done quite too little. Not to speak of his two larger works—"The Ritual of the New Testament," and "Our Lady's Dowry"—his answer to Dr. Lyon Playfair, in the *Contemporary Review*, on the supposed antipathy of the Church to the use of the bath, was thoroughly good in its kind, full of facts put forward vigorously and skilfully. No small amount of accurate research is displayed in the editing of the present volume; but we want Father Bridgett to give us more of his own.

V. *Ireland Ninety Years Ago.* (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill. 1876.) THIS is a new and revised edition of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," which the publishers are certainly justified in calling "a very interesting little work." Has not a sufficient interval elapsed to allow them to increase its interest by announcing the distinguished authorship that is commonly assigned to it? What impression will be formed of our own day if a similar collection of personal anecdotes and social sketches be given to the world about the year 1940, under the same title of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago?" But it is not generally industry, propriety, or the sober domestic virtues which are chronicled by the writers of such picturesque sketches, or even in the collections of dignified gossip which sometimes go by the name of history.

VI. *Maria Lauretana; or, Devotions for the Month of May.* By a Member of the Loretto Community, Fermoy. (Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.)

THIS Loretto Month of Mary appeared just in time for the May of this year, but not in time to be brought under the notice of our



readers. It is, however, suitable for the pious use of the faithful at any time of the year. The meditations are solidly devout, and great pains have been taken in the selection of new examples, which, besides being novel, are instructive and interesting. The type is much larger than is usual in books of devotion. "*Maria Lauretana*" bears the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Cloyne, in whose diocese the Loretto Convent, to which we owe it, is situated.

VII. *Semi-Tropical Trifles*. By HERBERT COMPTON. (London: Washbourne.)

THIS amusing little volume contains eight prose sketches, together with five "metrical trifles." The author dubs modestly on the title-page "trifles light as air;" but, while he aims at making us laugh, he has a good object in view. One moral to be drawn from his sketches, especially the clever ballad in Bret Harte's style, is that the search for gold in the South African mines is attended with a good many inconveniences. In a rather too emphatically comic book it is creditable that there is not all through the slightest approach to coarseness. We hope to have good serious work yet from Mr. Compton.

## WINGED WORDS.

### X.\*

1. Advice is like snow: the softer it falls, the longer it stays.—*Coleridge*.

2. If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are worse than beasts.—*The same*.

3. Man is a prism through which pass the rays of God's light. It is not the prism that contains those beautiful hues, it is the rays—it is God; but without the prism we could not see the coloured rays.—*Dupanloup*.

4. Books of which the principles are diseased or deformed, must at most be kept on the topmost shelf of the scholar, as the man of science keeps monsters in glass-cases and poisons under lock and key.—*Wilmot*.

5. Sanctity is God coming down into the heart of man.—*Père Martineau*.

6. It was not by retiring into Himself but by going out of Himself, that Christ overcame the world.—*The same*.

7. The tree must be pierced for the aromatic gum to flow; the flower must be bruised for its perfume to exhale.—*Author of "Christian Schools and Christian Scholars."*

\* Some of these handfuls of *pensées* have been numbered incorrectly, and more not numbered at all. The present instalment is the tenth of the series.

8. Eternity is a timepiece, whose pendulum says over and over unceasingly: *Forever, Never! Never, Forever!*—*Bridaine*.

9. Every error is founded on certain truths that are abused.—*Bossuet*.

10. Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better than you are.—*Julius Hare*.

11. Wouldst thou learn to die nobly, let thy vices die before thee.—*Anon*.

12. It is good to prostrate ourselves in the dust when we have committed a fault, but it is not good to lie there.—*Chateaubriand*.

13. Perfect independence is a chimera. Law is a shadow which clings to us wherever we go.—*W. E. Gladstone*.

14. To attack another's faults is doing the devil's work; to attack our own is doing God's work.—*F. W. Faber*.

15. It is a pleasure to do good, but it is a mischief if we sleep on the thought that we are doing good. Pursue virtue earnestly but not too eagerly. Do not look back on the ground gained.—*The same*.

16. The whole difference between a man of genius and another man is, that the first remains in great part a child, seeing with the large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge, but conscious rather of infinite ignorance.—*Ruskin*.

17. A great part of knowledge consists in knowing *where* knowledge is to be found.—*Dr. Johnson*.

18. There should not be a transitory expression in a portrait, nor any kind of violence—it must not even think violently, as Lord Herbert of Lea is doing in Pall Mall.—*Anon*.

19. Cheerful, successful worldliness has a false air of being more selfish than the acrid, unsuccessful kind, whose secret history is summed up in the terrible words, "Sold, but not paid for."—*George Eliot*.

20. Subjects are apt to appear stupid to the young, as light seems dim to the old.—*The same*.

21. We are all of us born poets, but only a few of us find it out — *Father Faber*.

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## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

LAST month we were not able to publish any notes, and now we have many things to say to our little absent friends. Two important meetings have been held at the Big House: one a meeting of the Boy's Brigade, the other of the Little Children of Mary. At each there was a full attendance. Boys and girls laughed merrily at pleasant stories told them by their kind and reverend chaplain, and listened with kindling, sympathetic glances to his earnest and touching advice. At every meeting we find that new members are asking to be enrolled into each society.

We have so many interesting patients to talk about at present that we scarcely know which to begin with. There is our baby, a real darling, whose small white weird face and intelligent eyes are haunting us this moment. Then there is bright little Biddy-Ann, and there is Lizzie. Poor little Lizzie! I think we may begin with her.

Well, she arrived one day at the hall-door of the Big House; a loud single knock was heard; we opened, and there stood a small, trembling creature, quite alone (a vanishing girl being caught sight of in the distance, who had knocked for Lizzie, and left her waiting on the steps), her poor drooping head scarcely level with the key-hole. Such a shrinking, forlorn, piteous little figure as it was! From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot she was grimy and sore, unkempt, and almost naked. Her eyes were cast down, her wasted arms crossed under her chin, holding together, with a touching effort, the one ragged, unsightly garment, which partly covered her. In one little, dusky hand a piece of white paper was firmly clutched. As the door opened, she stepped in quickly, and stood silently in her down-cast misery before us in the hall. For a moment we did not know what she meant, and asked her if she wanted anything.

"I'm come, ma'am," she said, "I'm come to the hospital!" and she held out her "Open Sesame," the ticket of admission, which had been given her by the visiting ladies.

Not accustomed to see patients arrive in so utterly forlorn a fashion, we called Mary —, one of our nurses, and there we women stood together looking at the little creature till our eyes filled with tears. We had seen many sad specimens of sick, sore, and neglected children, but hardly ever one so utterly wretched as this. There was something unspeakably touching in her simple, confiding satisfaction at having made her way into our house, and in the patient uncomplainingness which made her seem unconscious of her own hapless condition. Never did we feel more glad of the existence of the Big House than when we carried off poor little Lizzie to the comfort of a warm bath; and when we saw her placed in her white bed, with her poor head resting on the pillows, we rejoiced keenly to behold the smiles of delight and wonder which crept out over her meek and sorrowful little face.

Poor Lizzie's story is easily told. Her mother is dead, her father a drunkard; the eldest of the family, a girl of fifteen, goes out to work by the day, to try and keep starvation from the wretched home, and there are other young children besides Lizzie, to fall into dirt and disease in the garret dwelling. Thinking of this, we beg our little friends, for whom these notes are written, to pray that God would soften the hearts of drunkards, and make them pity the miseries of their own poor perishing children.

The stories of Biddy-Ann and the baby must wait till next month.

## ON THE LITERARY STUDIES OF LADIES.

## AN AFTERNOON LECTURE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

**A**MONG sundry doubts which have beset me since I gave the promise I am now going to perform, one was whether this should be a lecture, properly so called, or only improperly. With your instinctive horror for everything improper you will say, "Oh! of course a *proper* lecture." But I find, on consulting Stormonth's excellent little Dictionary, that a lecture means strictly, "a *written* discourse on any subject; a dissertation read and not spoken." Shall I speak or read? Neither etymology nor Stormonth nor propriety has had so much influence in deciding this preliminary question as my conviction that the nature of the topics to be discussed this afternoon, the manner of discussing them, and, above all, the nature of the audience addressed and the other local circumstances, make it highly expedient for the lecturer to shelter himself behind a barricade of foolscap. Nothing indeed can happen here like what the blundering newspaper printer attributed to a popular assembly where "the excited multitude rent the air with their snouts." Shouts, laughter, and hisses are inconceivable in so civilised a mob as the present; but your unruffled equanimity itself might be almost equally effective in ruffling mine. For these and divers other reasons, I determined to take this little foolscap octavo volume of blank paper into my confidence, and to whisper first to its pages the thoughts which I must now proceed to share with *you*.

Mrs. Glasse little dreamed what a lucky moment for her everlasting fame was that precise moment of her life, when she penned the first item of her invaluable receipt for the making of hare-soup—"First, catch your hare." Writers and speakers of all kinds, and especially youthful essayists, are constantly admonished, and most wisely, that they also ought, first of all, to "catch their hare," by settling beforehand, and defining precisely the subject of their essay or discourse. Let us do the same. But has not *our* subject been printed on pink tickets by the hundred? Yes, but "the Cultivation of Literature" is much too wide and too vague a theme for profitable discussion. It must be at once "cabined, cribbed, confined" within the context of our present circumstances and aims; and, thus defined and narrowed, the question comes to something like this, thrown into the form of a resolution, such as might be proposed and seconded at a public meeting: **RESOLVED**, that the Catholic ladies here present, and others similarly situated in life, should use every opportunity which may lie within their reach, or which they, by stretching out, can draw within their reach for improving

\* The time and place of the Afternoon Lectures, of which this was the first, have been mentioned in a note to Mr. Bedford's paper on "Mrs. Jameson" in the *IRISH MONTHLY* for July. The title of this introductory lecture has been changed, to escape the charge of vagueness brought against it above.

and cultivating their minds. I indignantly refuse to let "the previous question" be mooted, namely, whether those concerned in this resolution have minds to cultivate. Sneers and epigrams, like that portentous fib which shocked me lately :—

"Men have many faults, women only two :  
Right they never say, right they never do"—

low and cynical views of this kind are quite opposed to the spirit of the Catholic Church.

The Church, which has canonised St. Theresa, and her whose feast falls on the morrow of to-morrow—St. Catherine of Siennay, the three St. Catherines, cannot justly be obnoxious to the charge of wishing to circumscribe unduly the sphere of womanhood, or to turn the daughters of Eve into slaves, machines, nonentities. Daughters of *Eve*? You have a higher title; for there is a second Eve, the true mother of all the truly living; and in her who is blessed amongst women womanhood has been blessed and consecrated anew. That Church, which alone assigns to the Blessed Virgin her proper place in the hearts of men, and in the heart of her Son and her God, has done most of all to elevate with Mary all the daughters of Mary. Some good, Christian souls have been startled and almost scandalised at the prominent part which the Son of Mary has given to these weak ones in confounding the strong, in Christianising the pagan world. Many a pagan must have exclaimed, as we know Libanius exclaimed, "Gods! what women have these Christians?" Everywhere we see them (says Monsignor Mermillod), these glories of the Church, that begin at the foot of the cross with the Immaculate One and the Magdalen, follow the apostles with St. Thecla and St. Prisca, issue from the catacombs with Agnes and Cecilia, are found again with Paula and Fabiola, under the direction of St. Jerome, reappear with St. Genevieve, St. Elizabeth, St. Clare, and Joan of Arc, with St. Theresa and those other heroines of Christianity whom I named a moment ago, to whom the exiled Bishop of Geneva joins Madame Legras, and to whom *we* might add such names as Nano Nagle, Mary Aikenhead, Louisa Ball, and Catherine Macaulay.

Over and above their own personal merits, these, and many other female saints, known and unknown, had their part in the sanctification of many who were joined to them by holy ties. At a political assembly in this city, very nearly thirty years ago, one of the fiery orators of Young Ireland\* made an appeal that was received with that "tremendous cheering" which sounds so sadly when it comes to us through the faded columns of an old newspaper. "But, sir," he cried, glancing towards the fair occupants of the galleries, "there are others besides her *sons* whose aid is wanted. Surely the daughters of Ireland—rarest examples in all other duties—will not neglect their duty to their country. No nation ever yet was great whose women did not glory in its greatness. Woman may well consider, even in

\* The late Michael Joseph Barry of Cork, at the aggregate meeting held in the Rotunda on January 13, 1847, for the formation of the Irish Confederation.

the gilded saloons of fashion, where her youth is flattered and her age neglected, whether it was not something to be the mother of a Gracchus, the wife of a Tell, the daughter of a Cato, the sister of a Sheares, or the betrothed of an Emmet—names enriched with the glory that has blazoned man's success, or embalmed in the tears that have consecrated his failure." Something to have been a Cornelia, a Porcia, a Sarah Curran! Yes, something, but in many cases a fame, barren, and dreary enough. Yet, giving to this sentiment its full value, prizing at their utmost price devotion, generosity, courage, patriotism of any kind, it is still beyond all doubt that, where the two glories do not help one another, or are not fused into one, truer and higher are the glory and the gain for ever of having been the mother, or the daughter, or sister, or wife, who has had her part in forming heroes for heaven. Higher and truer the glory and the gain of having been the mother of a St. Augustine or a St. Louis, the sainted wife of a Clovis, first Christian king of the Franks, the worthy daughter of a Sir Thomas More, the sister of a Maurice de Guérin, nay (though this is a leap backwards in time, and, moreover, sounds like bathos), the grandmother of a Madame de Sévigné—under which title you may have some difficulty in recognising St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Not in *her* case, but in all the others, the names I have given them recall the share they had in saving and sanctifying great souls, whose sanctity and merits are partly their own. One of them had no special greatness; but we shall see in a few moments why Maurice de Guérin finds himself in such glorious company. But those saints!—would Louis of France, king as he was—and this clause is thrown in not as *pro* but as *con*—would he have been a saint if Queen Blanche could not say with truth, as she did say, "I would rather, my son, see you fall dead at my feet, than that you should commit one mortal sin?" Or—and this instance is more pertinent still to our precise object—would St. Monica have exerted over her gifted, erring son the influence which he himself proclaims with such reverence, and love, and gratitude, "*cujus meriti credo esse omne quod vivo*"—"whose merit is all that I am"—would Monica have deserved to be addressed by Augustine, whom a too impartial judge, Victor Cousin, places among the four greatest men of all humanity, addressed by him in terms such as those with which the poet makes St. Brendan greet St. Ita :

"O Ita, mother of my heart and mind,  
My nourisher, my fosterer, my friend,"\*

would she in very deed have been the mother of his heart and mind, his equal and trusted friend, if her intellect also had not been worthy of his, and even trained so highly as to enable her to take her part in those philosophical discussions, of which that great Doctor of the Church has left us some record in his *Confessions*, and in which St. Monica's words, if the fewest, are amongst the wisest and most profound?†

\* Denis Florence Mac Carthy's "Voyage of St. Brendan."

† A very interesting sketch of the religious influence of mothers and sisters upon the education and lives of many of the learned Christians and Fathers of the Church

Another that I have mentioned—the name of the young Frenchman, Maurice de Guérin, would have had the good fortune of falling on the ears of so many Irish maidens and matrons if he had only been the author of the *Centaure*, and not also the brother of Eugénie.\* When the shadow of the unhappy Lamennais fell upon his pupil Maurice in his impressionable youth, he would have had a poor chance of escaping from it, and dying, as he died, a Christian death, if his sister at home, at Le Cayla, had not gone on, unceasingly, untiringly, thinking of him, and praying for him, and loving him; and if, moreover (let me observe, parenthetically, that this *moreover* brings us back closer to our special point), if her mind had not been sufficiently cultivated to enable her to do more than pray for him, to take an intelligent interest in his literary work, to discuss grave questions on terms of equality, to influence his heart through his mind. So is it, thank God, in all classes, the high and the low; and the grateful entries in Eugénie de Guérin's Journal about her two brothers going to confession are quite similar to the fervent ejaculation of a good, poor woman in the country who had some trouble in keeping her husband, not a poet, but only a very inartistic cobbler, up to the mark in his religious exercises, and who used now and then to confide her triumph to a sympathising neighbour: "Glory be to God, our Jamie got done the day, and is goin' forrid† in the mornin'." But, by-the-by, this is a specimen of womanly influence, exercised rather through the heart than through the intellect, whereas it is of woman's intellectual training that there is now question.

But this *is* our question. I made use a moment ago of an awkward little device, which Dr. Johnson, I believe, has employed only once or twice in all his writings, and Macaulay almost as rarely—I interjected a remark between a pair of parentheses for the express purpose of assuring you that the special and definite object which ought to be before my mind *has* been before my mind in thus enumerating some of the triumphs of the Apostleship of Womanly Faith, and Piety, and Worth. A little boy once complained of a certain very economical stew, that it was all potatoes, and that he could see no meat in it at all; but his frugal mother consoled him by explaining

in early times is given in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1867, Art. "English Catholic University Education." Still more to the point are the proofs, adduced from the letters of St. Jerome and others, of the high standard of education then assigned to Christian women. Almost worthy of being named with Paula and Macrina and Marcella is the Dominicaness of Stone Priory, to whose learned volumes the reviewer refers. Perhaps no woman in our day has added to Catholic literature a work of more solid merit than "Christian Schools and Christian Scholars." And now we have to thank her for a work of high merit in a very different department—"Songs in the Night."

\* "'Our baby is called *Eugenie Esther*,' said young Mrs. Cohen, vivaciously." The hybrid pronunciation which *Daniel Deronda* ridicules by italicising the first syllable might be avoided by naturalising among us as "Eugenia," the name of the ex-Empress, which certain charming Letters and still more charming Journal have further popularised among Catholic ladies.

† *Forward*. Northern idiom for going to confession to-day and receiving Holy Communion to-morrow.

that the meat was boiled through it. Allow me to proffer similar consolation for a somewhat similar complaint which may arise with respect to the moral purpose of this discourse. I *am* coming to the point, though not as straight as an arrow might fly or a compass might steer : yet even the arrow's path is a curved line, and

"The ship that holds the straightest course  
Still sails the convex sea." \*

The conclusion, then, to which all these observations, such as they are, are supposed to converge more or less at their leisure, is so true as to be a truism—namely, that in all ranks of society, and in these years as much as any, in all eras of the world's life, and in the present as much as, or more than any, a vast amount of good and evil for time and eternity depends on the influence of women, and that the influence of women depends greatly on their education, their cultivation, their character. If that sister to whom was dedicated a certain fearful *Vie de Jesus*, had resembled that exquisitely gifted country-woman of hers to whom we have just referred, what scandal and ruin of souls might perhaps have been prevented by her gentle influence over its author, even later than his youthful years ! If the mother, whose name a learned historian of Civilization has inscribed on his opening page, had been a pious Christian mother, she might, I think, have done something to save her son from the guilt of being the author of a great bad book. Lamartine's confirmation for his faith is not a weak one ; and indeed we might have expected a more satisfactory son from the glimpses we get of Madame Lamartine in his memoirs :—

"Heureux l'homme à qui Dieu donne une sainte mère,  
En vain la vie est dure, et la mort est amère—  
Qui peut douter sur son tombeau ?"

Who, indeed, can fail to have his faith and hope confirmed when kneeling at the grave of a fond and holy mother ? "What France needs," said the first Napoleon, "is good mothers."

"A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has turned the course of many a river—  
A dewdrop on the baby-plant  
May warp the giant oak for ever."

The dewdrops that freshen and nourish those baby-plants, children's hearts, are mothers' tears—tears of love and joy, and not seldom sorrow. "Go thy ways, Monica, the child of such tears cannot be lost." Oh ! if there were more Monicas, there would be more Augustines.

As the name of the sweet and venerable saint whose feast occurs on next Thursday† has sprung to our lips again, you will be glad to have your attention called to a tribute paid to St. Monica by Dr. Newman in a sermon, the very title of which is an argument in favour of our thesis. It is entitled "Intellect the Instrument of Religious Training." Perhaps some here may have heard the sermon, for it was preached in the Catholic University Church, on the fifth of May, in



the year 1856. Let me read a few words which will tend to deepen and elevate that sense of the capabilities and responsibilities of your sex, of which one result would be earnestness in promoting in yourselves and others those objects which we are here to-day to encourage.

"This day we celebrate one of the most remarkable feasts in the calendar. We commemorate a saint who gained the heavenly crown by prayers and tears, by sleepless nights and weary wanderings, but not in the administration of any high office in the Church, not in the fulfilment of some great resolution or special counsel; not as a teacher, evangelist, reformer, or champion of the faith; not as a bishop of the flock, or temporal governor; not by eloquence, by wisdom, or by controversial success; not in the way of any other saint whom we invoke in the circle of the year; but as a mother seeking and gaining by her penances the conversion of her son. It was for no ordinary son that she prayed, and it was no ordinary supplication by which she gained him. When a holy man saw its vehemence ere it was successful, he said to her, 'Go in peace; the son of such prayers cannot perish.' The prediction was fulfilled beyond its letter; not only was that young man converted, but after his conversion he became a saint; not only a saint, but a doctor also, and instructed many unto justice. St. Augustine was the son for whom she prayed; and if he has been a luminary for all ages of the Church since, many thanks do we owe to his mother, St. Monica, who, having borne him in the flesh, travailed for him in the spirit.

"The Church, in her choice of a gospel for this feast, has likened St. Monica to the desolate widow whom our Lord met at the gates of the city as she was going forth to bury the corpse of her only son. He saw her and said, 'Weep not,' and He touched the bier, and the dead arose. St. Monica asked and obtained a more noble miracle. Many a mother who is anxious for her son's bodily welfare neglects the soul. So did not this saint of to-day; her son might be accomplished, eloquent, able, and distinguished; all this was nothing to her while he was dead in God's sight; while he was the slave of sin; while he was the prey of heresy: she desired his true life. She wearied heaven with prayer, and wore out herself with praying. She did not at once prevail. He left his home; he was carried forward by his four bearers, ignorance, pride, appetite, and ambition; he was carried out into a foreign country, he crossed over from Africa to Italy. She followed him: she followed the corpse, the chief, the only mourner; she went where he went, from city to city. It was nothing to her to leave her dear home and her native soil; she had no country below; her sole rest, her sole repose, her '*nunc dimittis*,' was his new birth.

"So while she still walked forth in deep anguish and isolation, and her silent prayer, she was at length rewarded by the long-coveted miracle. Grace melted the proud heart, and purified the corrupt breast of Augustine, and restored and comforted his mother; and hence, in to-day's collect God is especially addressed as '*Moerentium consolator et in Te sperantium salus*,' the consoler of those that mourn, and the health of those that hope. And thus, Monica, as the widow in the Gospel, becomes an image of Holy Church, who is ever lamenting over her lost children, and by her importunate prayers ever recovering them from the grave of sin."

You will readily forgive this long extract for the sake of the saint and the preacher. Nay, you will let me read some verses on the same subject, which I will shelter from your more ruthless criticisms by quoting beforehand a stanza by the American Dr. O. W. Holmes:—

"I sometimes sit beneath a tree,  
And read *my own* sweet songs;  
Though they may nought to others be,  
Each simple strain prolongs  
A mood which would have passed away  
But for that scarce remembered lay."

With such like pathetic associations are the following verses linked in the lecturer's memory.\*

- " Among the sainted matrons whom we honour  
 With Mass and matin song,  
 One draws the gaze of filial love upon her  
 From all the throng.  
 Next to St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin's mother,  
 I prize St. Monica o'er every other.
- " Great is the glory of Augustine—high  
 His place on earth, in Heaven.  
 But if St. Monica with prayer and sigh  
 Less hard had striven  
 To bring the child forth to his truer birth,  
 What were his fame in heaven, and e'en on earth?
- " His father's name to us is nothing strange—  
 ' Patrick,' but ah ! no saint.  
 Saint surely she who all so soon could change  
 That pagan taint—  
 Who wept and prayed, and suffered till she won  
 Her heathen husband, her half-heathen son.
- " Have you not seen them† sitting on the beach,  
 The younger face less fair—  
 They talk not, 'tis society for each  
 The other's there—  
 Hands interlaced, deep eyes upturned in thought :  
 Their hearts bless God, whose grace the change hath wrought.
- " Hid in her son, yet many a touching trace  
 In Austin's page we find,  
 Which shows her like to him not more in face  
 Than royal mind,  
 Another item for the common story—  
 How large a mother's part in hero's glory.
- " St. Monica, still many a mother shares  
 Thy strong maternal faith,  
 Still sheds such bitter tears, still breathes such prayers.  
 To save from death  
 Some soul perchance from all hearts else exiled  
 As vile or wicked, yet *her* child, her child !
- " Pray for the wretched mothers who this hour  
 Weep for the doubly dead ;  
 Weep for the cherished wanderer, and shower  
 Tears on *his* head,  
 Whose faults and sins would weary out all others,  
 Save the meek heart of Jesus, or a mother's.

\* This poetical extract was suppressed in delivery, but *epistola non erubescit*, neither does a lecturer blush in print. We may remind the reader here, as an explanation of the second last of these stanzas, that St. Monica's last words to her son were—" This only I ask of you, that, wherever you be, you remember me at the altar of the Lord ;" and that St. Augustine years afterwards wrote : " Do thou, O Lord my God, inspire thy servants, my brethren, that so many as read these Confessions may at thy altar remember Monica, thy handmaid, with Patricius, her husband, from whom thou broughtest me into this life."

† In Ary Scheffer's well-known picture which the little photograph has spread everywhere.

"When thou hadst longer been away from earth  
 Than she (God rest her!) yet  
 Who did far more for me than give me birth,  
 Whose cheek was wet  
 With tears less bitter (God be thanked!) than thine,  
 Austin asked prayers for thee—and I for mine.

"Be *Monicas*, O mothers! pray and weep,  
 Send ceaseless sighs to Heaven,  
 That ye for heaven and God secure may keep  
 Whom God has given.  
 Love them, hut save their souls at any cost—  
 'The child of holy tears cannot be lost.'"

It would be easy to weave together another little mosaic of thoughts of our own or of others about another phase of Christian love—a sister's influence. But you will prefer me to go forward more briskly and to insist more at length on the point I have already suggested. The relevancy of all that has been said and of all the rest that might be said on these and other aspects of Christian womanhood, may be couched in blunt terms like the following, that all these sweet and sanctifying home-influences cannot be wielded by mere butterflies, nor by mere dolls, nor yet (to go back to animated nature) by mere parrots or cats; and you understand perfectly the various species of ladies, young and old, symbolised under these opprobrious terms. These holy and hallowing influences cannot be wielded by rational animals with immortal souls, whose ambition it is to stroll, and loll, and simper through the best years of their lives with as little working, praying, and thinking as possible, and as much playing, and dancing, and rinking. These noble influences cannot be wielded by such ladies as really deserve the harsh judgment passed on ladies in general in a book by one of the best woman-writers of this century, the late Mrs. Gaskell, whom I quote the more willingly, because the great man whom I quoted a moment ago has himself found something in this very tale to cite with praise—a compliment which Dr. Newman has paid to no other novelist, I believe, except Walter Scott.

"Thou must leave off calling her 'little' Mary, she's growing up into as fine a lass as one can see on a summer's day; more of her mother's stock than thine," interrupted Wilson.

"Well, well, I call her 'little' because her mother's name is Mary. But, as I was saying, she takes Mary in a coaxing sort of way, and 'Mary,' says she, 'what should you think if I sent for you some day and made a lady of you!' So I could not stand such talk as that to my girl, and I said, 'Thou'd best not put that nonsense i' th' girl's head I can tell thee; I'd rather see her earning her bread by the sweat of her brow, as the Bible tells her she should do, ay, though she never got butter to her bread, than be like a do-nothing lady, worrying shopmen all morning, and screeching at her pianny all afternoon, and going to bed without having done a good turn to any one of God's creatures but herself.'"

"Thou never could abide the gentlefolk," said Wilson, half amused at his friend's vehemence.

"And what good have they ever done me that I should like them?" asked Barton, the latent fire lighting up his eye: and bursting forth, he continued, "If I am sick, do they come and nurse me? If my child lies dying (as poor Tom lay, with his white, wan lips quivering, for want of better food than I could give him), does the

rich man bring the wine or broth that might save his life? If I am out of work for weeks in the bad times, and winter comes, with black frost, and keen east wind, and there is no coal for the grate, and no clothes for the bed, and the thin bones are seen through the ragged clothes, does the rich man share his plenty with me, as he ought to do, if his religion wasn't a humbug? When I lie on my deathbed, and Mary (bless her) stands fretting, as I know she will fret," and here his voice faltered a little, "will a rich lady come and take her to her own home if need be, till she can look round, and see what best to do? No, I tell you, it's the poor, and the poor only, as does such things for the poor. Don't think to come over me with th' old tale, that the rich know nothing of the trials of the poor; I say, if they don't know they ought to know. We're their slaves as long as we can work; we pile up their fortunes with the sweat of our brows, and yet we are to live as separate as if we were in two worlds; ay, as separate as Dives and Lazarus, with a great gulf betwixt us: but I know who was best off then," and he wound up his speech with a low chuckle that had no mirth in it.

The last part of this passage I have read for its own sake; but is not the first part a pretty accurate description of the daily life of many average young ladies? "I hate," says a very impulsive young person whose acquaintance some of you have lately made, her initials being (as she herself says) Violet North—"I hate the people who could live such a trivial, dawdling, purposeless sort of life." Hate ought to be reserved for sin; but we must all agree with you, Violet, substantially in blaming these frivolous creatures very much, and pitying them heartily, and going as near as Christians can—perhaps a little nearer—towards despising them. How can such a one as these be happy even in the passing days? How can such a one expect to pass creditably through the judgment in which every moment of life must be accounted for? How can such a one, going beyond herself, hope to influence for good, as God wants her to influence for good, all those who now or hereafter ought in different ways to come under her social sway?

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## EARLY DAYS OF MADAME BARAT.

BY CECILIA M. CADDELL, AUTHOR OF "WILD TIMES," "BLIND AGNES," &C.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE life which Louis Barat contemplated leading with his sister was both by choice and necessity as poor and austere as if they had been actually religious; and frequent prayer and scanty food, little sleep and almost uninterrupted study sum up the history of each day, during the years spent by this girl of sixteen in noisy and pleasure-hunting Paris. Louis Barat earned their modest subsistence by giving lessons, Sophie aided as far as she could by the work of her own hands; and under their united auspices the house, which had so hospitably received them, soon assumed by its piety and regular hours the aspect of a convent. One of the rooms was set aside for an oratory and provided with an altar, upon which Louis Barat said Mass secretly every

day. A few zealous Catholics living in the neighbourhood were permitted to attend; and, Mass over, the young Abbé improved the occasion by giving familiar instructions to his little congregation, many of whom placed themselves in consequence under his spiritual direction. He was not long in recognising the germs of a religious vocation in some of the young people whom God had thus confided to his care, and he shaped his instructions accordingly. He did not pretend to determine any particular order as the one to which they might be hereafter destined, but convinced, that amid the ruins of faith and religion beneath which France lay prostrate, the apostleship of souls ought to enter largely into every religious vocation, and feeling that such apostleship could best be carried out by minds expressly educated for the purpose, he decided on giving his spiritual daughters the same high-class education which he had already bestowed upon his sister.

Madame Duval undertook to preside over these studies, and Sophie as a matter of course, became one of the students, though she was already so far ahead of the rest of the class that her master threw all sorts of obstacles in her way, in order to retard as much as possible her progress, and to extinguish every temptation to pride by keeping her on a level with her less gifted companions.

But Sophie was no longer so entirely a "Virgilienne," to use her own expression, in her aspirations as formerly. Human science soon loses its attractions to a mind upon which the light of heavenly wisdom has begun to dawn; and she turned at last gladly from classic lore to seek food for the soul as well as for the intellect, in the study of the Scriptures. Far from objecting to this her brother, himself a profound Biblical scholar, joyfully undertook to aid her in her new pursuit, and under his judicious guidance she had the good fortune to receive the same solid instruction in Scriptural lore as St. Jerome had conferred long ago on St. Paula and her daughter.

Over and above these occupations Sophie took charge of the education of a young girl named Laura; and she also, in conjunction with some of her young companions, gave catechetical instructions to the young children of the neighbourhood; a blessing, of which, owing to the unhappy state of religion in France, they would otherwise have been deprived.

On her first arrival in Paris her brother had placed her under the spiritual direction of M. l'Abbé Bruillard, who, half a century afterwards, could not hear her name mentioned without bursting into an earnest eulogium on her virtue. But he soon convinced himself that the brother who had brought her thus far in the path of perfection was still the best fitted for her present state, and resigned her in consequence once more into his hands.

From that day Sophie entered in earnest into the bitter sweet ways of the cross. From the very outset there existed a natural opposition in the characters of brother and sister well calculated to make pain an element even in their most affectionate intercourse with each other; Sophie being timid, sensitive, and distrustful of herself, while Louis possessed a harder nature, steeled moreover to

endurance in the school of martyrdom, and simply unable to conceive the possibility of a religious soul shrinking, even for a moment, from any trial proposed to it for the greater honour and glory of God.

Louis Barat loved his little sister dearly, but he had a soul to comprehend that the highest expression of that love would be to urge her by all ways and means onward in the path of perfection, and he pursued this idea with inflexible resolution. His first step was to endeavour to annihilate whatever of vanity or self-love yet lurked in her disposition, and no means appeared to him too stringent or severe for the accomplishment of this great object. Did a book seem to waken too vivid an interest in her mind, it was instantly taken from her; and a piece of work designed as a gift and agreeable surprise to himself was flung recklessly and thanklessly into the flames. Vanity was pursued into the most hidden corners of her heart and summarily expelled. For years he insisted on her wearing, even in the streets of Paris, a dress fashioned after the "*petit costume de Bourguignonne*" which she had brought with her from Joigny, and another dress, rather more elegant and more in conformity with Parisian ideas which she had managed to procure for herself, met with the same fate as her work and perished in the fire.

No wonder that Sophie sometimes shed bitter tears over these daily and hourly restraints upon her freedom. To her only—his little sister, whom he had held at the baptismal font and taken charge of from her very cradle—to her only, did he thus show himself severe. Full of indulgence for her young companions, his conduct in her regard might well have seemed to spring from a lack of brotherly affection, since she was far too humble even to suspect that, if he gave her a severer spiritual training than he gave to others, it was because he knew she had a soul to bear it. His sole method, in fact, of sweetening penance or mortification to his young sister consisted in proposing it for the love of God. Sophie answered bravely to the appeal, and never once drew back.

Nothing indeed could shake her confidence in her young director because she saw in his own life the exact reproduction of the austerities which he imposed upon hers; and in a very little while she had her reward; the spirit of obedience in which she had accepted them at first being changed and transfigured into a holy joy and eager desire for more and yet more of the very restraints which had seemed so painful and almost unbearable in the beginning. From that moment she became quite as desirous of mortifications as he could have been to impose them on her. She watched long hours in the night time, she fasted rigidly and frequently, tore her innocent flesh with disciplines, slept on the floor, and wore an iron girdle which the Abbé Barat himself presented long afterwards to the first nuns of the "*Sacred Heart*," as a trophy of the early austerities and virtues of their foundress.

In the midst of this holy and laborious life, Sophie never lost sight of her own family and friends at Joigny; and her letters to her sister, suffering from illness and not too happy in her married life, are models of sisterly sympathy and love, blended with that zeal for

her salvation and that desire to lift her mind from the troubles of this world to the contemplation of her God which have always transfigured and supernaturalised the human affections of the saints.

The promise made by Louis Barat to his mother was most rigidly fulfilled. Regularly at vintage-time Sophie returned to her own home, to aid her mother once more in her household occupations, to help her father in the gathering in of the grapes, and to share in the innocent mirth and festivity which that event, like our own harvest-home, brings with it both to rich and poor in the joy-loving land of France.

Her superior education, and yet more, her reputation for piety and prudence, gave her an extraordinary influence over all who approached her, and she was careful to use it solely in the interests of religion, loving all and sympathising with all, in order the better to win them to the love of Christ. But she never permitted these communications to degenerate into vulgar gossip, and the slightest approach to familiarity or to the expression of admiration from any of the other sex was certain to meet its punishment.

Children were her great delight, and those of her sister naturally took the first place in her affections. Her eldest nephew, the same who has already described her as a living image of virginity, gives us also an interesting account of his youthful aunt and of the impression which she made on him during these visits to her family. Her modest demeanour, her extreme gentleness of manner, and above all, the sweet, low melody of her voice acted on him (so he tells us) like a spell, and he was happy, with something more than the mere happiness of childhood, whenever she took him, as she often did during her vacations, to wander at her side among the high lands that overlook the sunny valley of the Yonne. There, sometimes strolling quietly along, sometimes seated beneath the shadow of a wide-spreading oak-tree, she would tell him pious stories, sing canticles suited to his age, or speak to him of God and of God's love for all his creatures but especially for children, adding occasionally with a tender pathos that may well have had its weight at a later period in the boy's choice of a vocation: "You are very happy in being a man, my nephew, for men can do so much for God."

He was only five years of age at the time, yet these conversations never wearied him, for she knew well how to blend amusement with instruction; and while speaking to him of God, she encouraged him to observe the beauty of God's works—to watch the shadows dancing among the trees, the ever-changing lights upon the mountains, the sudden flash of sunshine on the river—thus lifting his thoughts easily and pleasantly from the material loveliness of the scene before him to that unseen and incomprehensible beauty of which all earth's radiance is but an emanation and a shadow.

But while Sophie thus alternated between the laborious studies of her Parisian life and the lighter occupations that awaited her at Joigny, the desire to serve God in some religious order grew every day deeper and more settled in her soul.

It was no mere question, however, of vocation. Both she and

her brother had long ago recognised that as a fact, and they were simply restrained by a doubt as to the nature of the order which God willed her to embrace.

Sometimes as she studied the life of St. Francis Xavier, an earnest love of souls took possession of her heart, and she felt ready to go, as he did, even to the ends of the earth in search of a single sinner. Sometimes the image of St. Theresa, glowing and impassioned at the foot of her crucifix, imparted sweet thoughts of a life dedicated to God in solitude, sacrifice, and prayer, and attracted her to Mount Carmel. Active and contemplative life seemed to vie with each other for the mastery of her soul. Both were admirable, both were holy, both were for God, and both, though in a different manner, for the souls that God had made.

She could not decide, neither could her brother. They never, even in their dreams, imagined, that in filling her heart with these two apparently most opposite desires, God was in reality preparing her in a very especial manner to be the foundress of a new Order, in which the active and contemplative were to blend happily together; the one learning its lesson in the silence and solitude of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the other pouring out the love and sweetness thus acquired over the youthful minds which it was to be the glory and gladness of the religious of the Sacred Heart to educate for heaven. With his long experience in the guidance of souls, Louis Barat, however, probably felt intuitively that his sister, gifted as she was in heart and intellect, was intended for something more than the mere work of her own perfection; for instead of choosing at once a convent for her out of the few yet left to France, he waited, and at his desire she waited also until God himself should vouchsafe to give the keynote to her future destiny.

They were still in this attitude of patient waiting when a step which Louis Barat took entirely on his own account and without any reference to his sister, put an end to their long suspense. But to explain the precise nature of that step we must take our readers a little further back, and touch on the history of the Society of Jesus since its suppression in the year 1773.

The suppression of the Order of St. Ignatius had excited from the very first the deepest regrets in the hearts of all men devoted to order and religion; but it needed perhaps the atrocities of the first Revolution to lay bare to the whole world the fatal tendency of an act which accomplished to the very letter the wicked wishes of its contrivers, by depriving the Church, in the hour of her utmost need, of her ablest and best defenders. The truth at last was patent then, and not to be denied; but in the absolute impossibility of obtaining the immediate restoration of the Order and its recall from exile in schismatic Russia, where many of the ex-Jesuits had found safety and hospitality, a few saintly souls, inspired by God, conceived the idea of adopting all its rules and constitutions, and of reintroducing it to the world under a different name.

Père Tournely and Prince Charles de Broglie, both young and friends from boyhood, having studied together for the priesthood in



the seminary of St. Sulpice, were the first to whom this happy thought occurred, and the first also to endeavour to establish it as a fact. Père Tournely, chosen afterwards as first Superior of the young society, had the tenderest devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and in a moment of rapt contemplation before his crucifix he felt inspired to take that style and title for the Order which he governed, as the nearest approach he could venture to make to the name borne already by the sons of St. Ignatius.

On the 8th of May, 1794, he and his companion, Prince Charles de Broglie installed, themselves in a country house near Louvain, which had been lent them by a friend, and which, strangely enough, had belonged in former times to the Jesuits of that city. They soon received a welcome accession to their number in the persons of Xazier, brother of the Abbé de Tournely and Pierre Leblanc, who had just quitted together the army of Condé after a service of two years.

Père Varin was their next and most important acquisition. Born of a distinguished family, his brilliant qualities seemed to predestinate him as he grew up, to a high place in the world; but just as he had completed his nineteenth year he announced, to the astonishment of all who knew him, his resolution to study for the priesthood. For this purpose he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, where, under the direction of its saintly superior, M. Emery, he pursued his studies with all the fire and eagerness of his nature. But after two years of severe application his health broke down, and being in consequence compelled to return to his family, he accompanied some of them a few months later to Switzerland, whither they were forced to retreat in order to escape the ever-increasing perils of the Revolution. With them he remained some months, and then, having partially recovered his health, he joined the army of the French Princes at Coblenz, and received an appointment in the dragoon regiment of the Duc de Broglie, father of the two young princes, Charles and Maurice, both of whom had been his fellow-students of St. Sulpice, while the former was to have the happiness, at a later period, of inducing him to join Père Tournely and himself in the society they had just commenced. Under the Duc de Broglie he served the two campaigns of 1792 and 1793, and then after a short sojourn with his family he set off for Holland, with the intention of joining the army of the Prince of Cobourg in Westphalia.

But a good Providence awaited him on the road, for having heard that his former companions of St. Sulpice were just then staying at Vanloo, he turned aside from his journey in order to renew his old friendship with them, and perhaps also, to ask for letters of recommendation from Prince Charles de Broglie to his friends in Holland. He found the Prince on the point of starting with Père Tournely for Munich, but their journey was of course put off, and naturally enough they did all in their power during the day which he spent with them to induce him to reconsider the important affair of his vocation.

The mind, however, of the young soldier was fixed upon war—upon battles to be fought and victories to be won—and their exhortations fitted in badly enough with these glorious visions of the future. He

did not indeed attempt to conceal his annoyance at what he considered their ill-timed importunity, and at last Père Tournely proposed, as a compromise, that he should stay with them that night at least and go to confession and Communion next day. To this he reluctantly consented, much more, as he afterwards acknowledged, to get rid of the discussion than from any higher or more religious motive.

The result proved that Père Tournely was right. God spoke in the hour of Holy Communion to the heart of the ex-student as He never speaks except to souls predestined to important service. Varin left the altar bathed in tears, and after Mass taking the hand of the Abbé Charles, from which he had just received Communion, and pressing it affectionately in his own, he solemnly declared that if God had sent an angel to speak to him, face to face, he could not be more certain than he felt that moment of his vocation to religious life in their society.

He knew nothing of it then, but so it happened, that on the vigil of that very day which changed effectually and for ever the whole tenor of his life, his saintly mother, who had long deplored the change in her son's vocation, perished on the scaffold.

The history of her last hours shows her to be worthy of a place in the long list of illustrious and heroic women who half redeemed the horrors of the Revolution by the way in which they met them; winning for themselves the sympathy and admiration of the world, and proving on the very scaffold the strength and beauty of that religion for which, whatever the pretence alleged by their murderers might be, they were in reality condemned to die.

Accused before the so-called tribunal of justice of having kept up a correspondence with her emigrant son, she quietly admitted the fact, adding, with much simplicity, that not even to save her life would she consent to tell a lie, and when, after her condemnation some of her friends could not refrain from weeping, she turned round to them with the calm dignity of a martyr and said, "Why do you pity me?—why do you weep? Do you not understand whither I am going? First, indeed, to the scaffold—but then to God!" Her last prayer was for her soldier-son, that he might have grace given to him to return to his first vocation. But of course he knew nothing of this when he made his election at Vanloo, and not until a much later period did he suspect even that it had been bought for him with his mother's blood.

From Vanloo he accompanied his new associates to Augsburg, and there, after two years of sharp and heroic trial, he received ordination to the priesthood. Driven by the ever advancing waves of the Revolution from Augsburg to Passau, from Passau to Vienna, and from Vienna to Hagenbrunnen, where they at last found a resting-place, the little company continued, in spite of poverty and persecution, to increase in zeal and numbers.

It was during their residence at Hagenbrunnen that Père Tournely received from God the first idea of an order, founded on the rules of St. Ignatius, of religious women devoted in an especial manner

to the duties of education. Never was there a greater need for such an institution than at that very moment. Convents and colleges had been swept away by the ruthless hand of the Revolution—the very forms of religion, which remind men at least of the existence of a God, had been abolished by the satanic malice of those who would fain have Him forgotten altogether, and thousands of young people of both sexes had in consequence already grown up and were still growing up, either in utter ignorance of religion or in sharp and pointed antagonism to it.

Then, as now—then, as there always will be in the Church, there was a great work to be done outside and beyond the labours of the priesthood; and that work belonged almost especially to women. The priest could not penetrate into houses, closed against him by the very fact of his sacred profession. He could not stifle the blasphemy on the father's lips. He could not warm into fervour the indifference of the mother, accustomed as she was to the chill atmosphere of Atheism. He could not speak to the children of the baptismal font and its obligations, for they had never been brought to its saving waters, and his own tacit banishment from their home circles effectually prevented his leading them thither.

One thing, however, he could do, and this it was that Père Tournely was inspired to attempt. He could reach the woman of the world through the woman who had renounced it, and for this purpose he would found an order of religious women capable by reason of their own mental culture of giving such a high-class secular education to the young, as might tempt even the hardest and most worldly-minded parents to covet it for their daughters.

The children educated upon this double system would, he fondly hoped, leaven society afterwards by their example, and become unconscious apostles in the cause of truth. They would preach religion by the purity of their lives; by their gracious manners and their tender charity they would make it amiable; and, finally, by their superior attainments they would silence the senseless outcry against the Church as being opposed to the progress of the human mind.

The order of religious thus contemplated was in fact intended to run, as far as the difference of sex allowed, parallel to that which Père Tournely had already adopted for himself and his companions. He gave it the same object, the apostleship of souls; the same name, the name of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; the same rules and the same spirit, the spirit of Him who descended from his heavenly Father's throne to shed light upon the darkness of the world.

Père Tournely died before he could carry out this design, but he bequeathed it as a precious legacy to Père Varin, and on his death-bed prophesied success.

Fortified by this prediction, Père Varin no sooner succeeded his friend as Superior of their little company, than he commenced a most earnest search for that one particular soul destined to aid him in its accomplishment; for, as it was an especial work, he knew it would demand a woman gifted especially for the purpose to place it on a sure foundation. The task was difficult and needed time. St. Francis

de Sales had been guided by Divine inspiration in his choice of St. Jane de Chantal as the foundress of his new order, whereas Père Varin seems to have been left to a great degree to his own unassisted judgment; but he had the faith of an Abraham in his bosom, and never doubted that at the precise moment ordained by Providence for the commencement of the work, the soul needed for its success would be given to his prayers.

For one brief moment he thought, indeed, as Père Tournely had once thought before him, that he had discovered all he wanted in the person of a noble lady who actually founded a house at Rome for his new order. Unfortunately, however, Père Varin had consented about that very time to the fusion of his own little society into one formed on the same model, under the title of "Fathers of the Faith," by the Italian Paccanari, and by an error of judgment, proceeding from humility, he had ceded his own authority in favour of the latter. In consequence, the house at Rome fell into the hands of the new Superior, who unfortunately proved himself unfitted for the task, and under his direction it drifted so far from the bent and spirit of its first foundation, that it soon became evident it was not destined to be the cradle of the Order Père Varin was so anxious to establish.

He resolved to wait and pray, and in the meantime he and some of his old companions left Germany and went to reside in Paris, provided with letters of recommendation from its exiled bishop. Burning with zeal to evangelise that "city bereft of God," he presented himself and his companions, still under the title of "Fathers of the Faith," to the Abbé Bruillard, Sophie Barat's first director, and placed himself and his services at his disposal.

The answer of the Abbé was short and pithy. "If you wish to follow in the footsteps of the sons of St. Ignatius, do as he did. Begin with the lowest and roughest work—take the hospitals." Père Varin was not slow to follow advice which agreed so perfectly with his own desires, he sent Père Halnat at once to Bicêtre and took Salpêtrière for himself. The foot of a priest had not crossed the threshold of the latter hospital for at least ten years, and he found work, and more than work enough, both for himself and Père Roger, the companion of his labours.

There, unpaid, and dependent on chance or charity for his daily bread, he laboured night and day with such results that the fame of his sanctity went forth into the world, and hundreds flocked to him for counsel.

Père Barat was of the number. Impelled by his burning desire to belong in one form or another to the Society of Jesus, he went to offer himself to Père Varin, who of course accepted him with much joy.

Sophie was just then absent from Paris, enjoying her holidays at Joigny, and Père Varin did not even know of her existence until he chanced to question her brother one day on the subject of his relationships and connections in the world. The answer, "I have a little sister" made, he says, a deep and indescribable impression on his mind; but when, on pursuing his inquiries, he found that this "little

sister" was twenty years of age, a good Greek and Latin scholar, and desirous of religious life, he felt beyond the possibility of doubt that he had found the very soul he was in search of, and that Sophie Barat was destined by God to be the foundress of the new Order of the Sacred Heart.

His very first interview with the young girl confirmed him in this idea, and he communicated it immediately to her brother. The latter seized upon it at once; it was in fact the direct answer to the care and instruction he had lavished upon her from the cradle, and he gladly resigned her future guidance into the hands of the saintly priest whom God had so evidently selected for the task.

This change of directors did not come a moment before it was needed. The direction of the Abbé Barat, high and holy as it was, possessed, as far as his sister was concerned, a character of severity which almost passed the bounds of prudence. Anxious above all things to purify her soul from the faintest shadow of imperfection, he had insisted upon perpetual and most searching general confessions, and this, in conjunction with the severe tendency of all his rules, ended in producing a state of scrupulosity which made her hesitate at times even to approach the sacraments.

Père Varin was quite as firm in his direction, but his firmness was tempered with a natural gentleness of character, which enabled him to combine the tenderness of a father with the zeal of a director; and under his wise and judicious conduct Sophie's heart, no longer cramped and compressed by servile fear, soon began to dilate and expand in that generous and uncalculating love which thinks less of the danger of giving offence than of the exquisite delight of pleasing its beloved.

But though Père Varin had almost instantaneously decided her vocation in his own mind, he was in no sort of hurry to let her into the secret. He waited, on the contrary, some time longer—waited, and prayed, and tried her in many ways; and not until he had succeeded in eradicating all traces of scrupulosity from her mind and had established her instead, in such large and generous liberty of heart as would make her tolerant of the faults of others and not too intolerant of her own (a disposition of first-rate importance in a superior), then, and not until then, did he question her as to her vocation.

She frankly confessed her belief that she was called to religious life, and named Mount Carmel as the Order which, by its spirit of prayer and self-sacrifice carried to an heroic degree, seemed best suited to her wishes.

Père Varin promised that she should be satisfied to the full in these holy desires, observing at the same time, however, that owing to the quite exceptional education which she had received, it appeared to him she was intended for the apostleship of teaching rather than for the silence and solitude of the cloister. Then, without pausing even to allow her to reply, he sketched out rapidly and vividly the nature of the plan which had so long occupied his mind.

He told her of Père Tournely—of his apostolic life and saintly

death—his earnest desires for the restoration of the Society of Jesus—his tender devotion to the Sacred Heart—his unfinished project of forming an order of women under the same rules and bearing the same name as that which he had founded for men—his certainty of this idea having been a Divine inspiration, and his prophecy on his deathbed of its ultimate success. Finally, after touching upon the commencement and probable failure of the house at Rome, he pointed out the need which France, above all other nations, had of such educational assistance in order to combat the Atheistic tendencies of her present teaching, and wound up by declaring his conviction that young, unknown, and humble as she stood there before him, God had fixed upon her for the accomplishment of this work.

This revelation, which yet answered to many of her secret and most cherished thoughts, came like a clap of thunder on her soul. Astonished and delighted, trembling alike with perplexity and joy, taking in with her strong intelligence the full importance of the scheme proposed, embracing it with her large, willing heart, and yet unable, in her humility, to conceive the possibility of its conduct devolving upon her, she felt incapable of accepting or refusing, and could only falter forth a promise that "she would think about it."

But Père Varin knew that the time for thought had passed away, and that the moment had arrived for action, and he would not accept this compromise. Sophie's entire life, from the cradle to that very hour, had been evidently a preparation for the work in question, and Père Varin dwelt so deliberately on this fact, that with the same blind reliance on her guide which had distinguished her under the direction of her brother, she at last yielded to his wishes.

"I knew nothing," she used often, with an indescribable accent of humility, afterwards to say, "I knew nothing, and I foresaw nothing. I accepted, and that was all."

Sophie's engagement to Père Varin was no sooner made known in the Rue de Touraine than many of her companions, already prepared by the instructions of Père Barat for a similar vocation, resolved to follow her example. Octavie Baillie, one of Sophie's greatest friends and admirers, who was at that very time aspiring to Mount Carmel, yielded to the ascendancy the young girl, just ten years her junior, exercised by her piety and zeal upon her, and begged for a place in the embryo order; Mademoiselle Loquet, well known in the Paris of those days for her many good works and pious publications, made a third aspirant; and Marguerite, the devout and humble servant of Madame Duval, obtained the favour of joining it as its first lay sister.

Hidden from the world in the almost deserted "Quartier Marais," and as far from the tumult of Paris and its many-coloured occupations as if they were actually inhabitants of a desert, the newly-elected sisters commenced their trial of conventual life at the house of Madame Duval in a spirit of zeal and holy emulation which could not fail to ensure success. Père Varin gave them a rule of life, in which prayer and meditation, work and study, filled up the hours from early morning until night in an unbroken but judicious chain, and

day by day, and hour by hour, in season and out of season, singly or together, he laboured among these chosen souls to fit them for their vocation.

Sought after and venerated as he was, Père Varin had no pretension to be an orator. His words were always few and simple, but they came from a soul filled to overflowing with the waters of Divine love, and therefore they seldom failed to fertilise and make beautiful the soil they fell on.

"God alone!" This was his favorite motto, and he took care to give it to his young novitiate as being the motto also of that Sacred Heart, whose virtues they were called upon to imitate, and whose name it was to be the honour and glory of their order to bear before the world.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus was generous in the most unlimited sense of the word—giving all to those who had nothing to offer in return; it was lofty, fixed upon "God alone," and therefore high above all the hopes and speculations which trouble our humanity; it was on fire with zeal for souls, and therefore utterly divested of all the miserable likings and dislikings, the littlenesses and petty feelings which so often weaken our best endeavours for the reformation of the sinner; it was, in fine, the Heart of the Good Shepherd who sought his straying sheep, of the Father who embraced his repentant son, of the Doctor who taught continually in the temple; of the Redeemer, the Saviour, the incarnate God, who laid down his life for a world which had yet never ceased to persecute and reject Him, from the moment when He first drew breath in Bethlehem to that in which He expired amid the agonies of the cross.

This Sacred Heart, so mindful of others, so unmindful of itself, was to be at once their namesake and their model, the fountain of their inspirations, the well-spring of their actions, the source from whence they were to draw the waters of heavenly love and wisdom in such abundant measure, that after sanctifying their own souls they would still have enough and to spare for the sanctification of others.

They could not go forth to preach the Gospel, they could not proclaim to the world the glory and beauty of its Creator, but like the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which sheds light and love even from the hidden recesses of the tabernacle, they could make religion sweet and amiable to all who came within their sphere or influence; they could do good to many; they could pray for all; and like—oh! how gloriously like—their Divine Lord, they could gather his own beloved little ones around them, and after winning them by word and by example to his service, they could send them back into the bosom of their own families to preach the Sacred Heart of Jesus, not so much by word of mouth as by the beauty and innocence of lives trained upon its maxims and made fruitful in all good works by its suggestions.

Sophie and her companions were all on fire with zeal as they listened to the instructions of their saintly director. Every hour which delayed their union with that Sacred Heart, whose interests were henceforth to be a thousand times dearer to them than their own, seemed to them an irreparable and almost insupportable loss;

and in order to satisfy their holy aspirations Père Varin proposed at last, that, pending the regular commencement of their religious life, they should consecrate themselves absolutely and for ever to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, binding themselves by a most solemn promise to teach it, in its tenderness and love and its thirst for souls, to all with whom they were brought in contact—to set it as a seal on their own hearts, and on the hearts of the young children hereafter to be committed to their care, by educating them in the most fervent devotions towards it, and thus to satisfy, as far as in them lay, the tender yearnings of that Sacred Heart, which desires nothing half so much as to be known and loved and worshipped among men.

This proposition, being an answer to Sophie's most vehement desires, was of course eagerly accepted, and on the 21st of November, the feast of the Presentation of our Blessed Mother, after a retreat of some days' duration, she and her companions entered the little chapel, so long the sanctuary of her soul, in the Rue Touraine, and made into the hands of Père Varin that solemn act of consecration, which, binding her for ever to the Heart of her Divine Spouse, has since, without doubt, become the brightest jewel of the crown which she wears as his spouse in heaven.

And here we must close our narrative, for a far more skilful pen than ours has undertaken to tell in English the full history of Madame Barat's life, and of the innumerable foundations by which she has helped to propagate and establish the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus far and near among all the nations of the earth.\*

We trust, however, that this short sketch of a saintly life will prove the theory which we set forth at its commencement.

If Sophie Barat possessed a disposition tending naturally to good, she had, nevertheless, faults and failings, as we all have, to contend with—pleasures to renounce and sufferings to endure, and it was only by the courage with which she met the one and embraced the other that she made good her claim to those higher graces which tend directly to perfection.

As a child she confessed her faults publicly and in spite of shame, simply in hopes of obtaining a deeper contrition for them. She gave up the innocent delight of waiting on her mother in order to become the pupil of a severe and self-constituted preceptor; she turned at his slightest word, reluctant indeed but yet submissive, from her father's sunny vineyard and the winding waters of the Yonne, to shut herself up in her garret chamber and plunge into that deep and uninterrupted course of study which was to occupy the day.

And, as a young girl, she refrained from all the little vanities of her age and sex, renouncing them almost as soon as she had touched them. She abandoned parents and friends, and her lovely native province, dearly as she loved them all, in order to lead a studious and laborious life in Paris. She obeyed her brother as strictly as if she had been still a child. She submitted to his exactions: she accepted the mortifications he took good care to procure her; she resigned

\* Lady Georgiana Fullerton's translation of Abbé Baunard's *Life of Madame Barat* is on the eve of publication.



herself to his apparent lack of love; she added fasting and iron chains to the penitential works he had prescribed for her already in his character of director; and it was by these, and by no lighter or more pleasant means, that she rose from one degree of perfection to another, until she attained that supernatural state of sanctity which seems to entitle the soul possessing it, to pass at once and without purgation from death to life—the life everlasting awaiting it in heaven.

## ST. PETER.

FULL gladly would Saint Peter leave a throne,  
 And all earth's thrones united into one,  
 Homeless, through winter's cold, through summer's sun,  
 To follow Jesus 'mid hard ways unknown,  
 Hungering for no reward save Love's alone:—  
 To sit near Him when day's long course was run,  
 To watch his sad eyes smile. This could atone  
 For more than earth might ever give or hold.  
 And he left home, old ways, and old friends prized,  
 His nets, his liberty, and sea-life bold;  
 These were his precious things: he'd have despised  
 Earth's pride and gold beside them placed as nought—  
 Yet left he all, and only Jesus sought.

A. E.

## HOW STRAFFORD GOVERNED IRELAND (1632—1641).

*(Conclusion.)*

ON the 12th of April, 1635, Wentworth dissolved the Parliament. He had now leisure to enter on the "great work of the plantations of Ormond and Connaught." He appointed a committee "to view all the conditions of former plantations, and out of them to take all they might conceive fit for the service of the Crown, the increase of religion, and the future peace and safety of the kingdom." At his coming to Ireland, the plantations had been recommended to him as "one of the chief cares entrusted to him by his Majesty, as the great subject to work upon, both to improve his Majesty's revenue and to

establish the sovereignty of his power in the kingdom of Ireland ;" and he was assured "that what complaints soever should be raised against him, the King would always support him and encourage his good endeavours with his favour."\* Wentworth was not less eager for the work than Charles ; he looked on it as "one of the hopefulest fruits now left to gather for his Majesty's advantage. Others had taken the plentiful harvest for themselves and left behind for him only such gleanings as these to pick up for the benefit of the Crown." These "gleanings," he reckoned, would amount to 120,000 acres, and bring an addition to the revenue of £20,000.† It may be that his zeal was roused by the ample rewards which his predecessors in the government of Ireland had obtained for engaging in and carrying through a like work : one of them, Sir Arthur Chichester, had lands bestowed on him which in 1633 were of the yearly value of £10,000 ; another, Lord Falkland, got a gift of £10,000.‡

One of the graces solemnly promised by Charles in Falkland's time was, that the King's title should not go back beyond sixty years ; another was, that the inhabitants of Connaught, of the county of Thomond, and of Clare, should have such assurances for the security of their several estates from all ancient titles accrued unto the Crown before threescore years last past as should be requisite and reasonably devised by their counsel, and that their estates should be confirmed to them and to their heirs by Act of Parliament, so that the same might never after be brought into any further question.§ Relying on the royal promise that these graces should be made into laws in the second session, the last Parliament had granted subsidies with no sparing hand. The people could not believe that the King's purpose was to take their money and to withhold so reasonable a concession. In "the humble advice which Wentworth had given to the King for the framing of the answer to be sent to the petition of the Lower House, he had declared that the grace to which he offered the strongest objection was that which would make sixty years' undisputed possession of landed property a bar to the claims of the Crown ; "it would prevent all plantation—a principal means of civilising the people and planting religion."||

A few years before, James I., by the system of spoliation called planting, had robbed the native Irish of nearly all that remained to them after the rebellion of Desmond and the flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. He had seized on six counties of Ulster, on Longford, the O'Farrells' country, Wicklow, held by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, the northern part of Wexford, held by the Kavanaghs, Irgan in the Queen's County, belonging to the MacGeoghegans, and Kilcoursey, the territory of the O'Molloys. South Munster, desolated in the last war, had also been replanted. Sir William Parsons, the Surveyor-General, was the agent employed by the Crown to extirpate the Irish race. He had come to Ireland in a menial position ; and

\* "Letters and Despatches of Thomas Wentworth, Lord Strafford," I. 159.

† *Ibid.*, p. 421, and II. 93.

‡ See M'Nevin's "Confiscation of Ulster," *passim*.

§ Carte's "Life of Ormond," I. 52.

|| Letters, &c., I. 92.

during half a century he contributed as much to the destruction of the people by guile and cruelty as any armed conqueror could have done by fire and sword. Through his exertions, all these vast possessions were found by inquisition to be vested in the Crown, on the testimony of witnesses, many of whom had been subjected to torture until they testified what was necessary.\* James had proposed to plant Connaught too, for a great part of it was still in the hands of the native Irish—all of whom were Catholics—and the land-hunger of the English Protestants was not yet satisfied. But the proposal was received with such horror, even by the English people, chiefly because some of the proprietors were of English descent, that it could not be carried through. Eighteen years before, an act had been passed to confirm the holders in the possession of their lands. In return, they had paid large sums into the Exchequer; the mere enrolment of the surrenders and patents in the Record Office had cost them £3,000. Unhappily the clerk *forgot* to register these in due form. This omission was afterwards made use of to invalidate their titles.†

The bold genius of Strafford was not turned from his purpose by the popular clamour. He determined, without further delay, to set about the opening of the Commission of Inquiry into Defective Titles. Connaught was the only part of Ireland that remained unplanted. His project was nothing less than to subvert the title to every estate in that province, and to establish there “a noble English plantation.”‡ Even the proprietors of English descent were not safe. He used to declare that the English of the Pale were the most refractory men in the kingdom, and that it was more necessary that they should be “planted” than any others, and that where plantations would not reach, defective titles should extend.§ Caution, however, was needed. To lessen the odium of the proceedings, he sought for the semblance of a legal title. Old records of State were examined, the libraries of ancient monasteries were ransacked, and “Mr. Attorney was ordered to get together such documents as the Tower of London could afford, and to send them severally to Ireland under the Great Seal.”|| After much study the Crown, lawyers made out the following “Brief of his Majesty’s title to the Counties of Roscommon, Sligo, Mayo, and Galway, in the province of Connaught.”¶

King Henry III. caused the whole lands of Connaught to be seized into his hands for the trespass of Oethus (Aeodh), King of Connaught; and afterwards, in the eleventh year of his reign, he granted the same to Richard de Burgo and his heirs, reserving the yearly rent of 500 marks, saving to himself and his heirs five cantreds\*\*

\* Magee’s “History of Ireland,” II. 87.

§ Prendergast, “Cromwellian Settlement,” Introduction, x.

† Carte, “Life of Ormond,” I. 48.

‡ Leland, “Hist. of Ireland,” B. IV. C. I. || Letters, &c., I. 424 and 433.

¶ Letters, &c., p. 454, where it is given in full detail.

\*\* A cantred is supposed to contain 100,000 acres. In the charter granted by Henry II. to Robert Fitzstephen and Milo de Cogan, the kingdom of Cork is said to consist of 32 cantreds. Now the number of acres is about 3,200,000. It contained 100 manors or villages. “Cantred in Wales is the same as hundred in England, for cantre in the British language signifieth a hundred” (Cowel).—See Gibson’s “History of Cork,” I. 19.

of the said land, the best and nearest to the Castle of Athlone. By virtue of which grant Richard de Burgo was seized in fee of twenty-five cantreds, as appears by sundry records in the Exchequer, where the said rent of 500 marks for twenty-five cantreds was put in charge. It also appears by an old ledger-book of the Abbey of Multifarnham, that Connaught anciently contained thirty cantreds. From this Richard de Burgo these twenty-five cantreds descended lineally to King Edward IV., according to the pedigree following, viz.: Richard, Walter, alias Redmond, Richard, John, William, Elizabeth, his daughter and heiress, married to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Phillipa, their daughter and heiress, married to Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March; Roger Mortimer, Anne, married to Richard Earl of Cambridge, Richard Duke of York, King Edward IV. And thus King Edward IV. was seized again of all Connaught, viz., of five cantreds saved out of De Burgo's grant, which continued still in the Crown, and were put in charge in the Exchequer in Ireland as lands in demesne; and of the said twenty-five cantreds, from descent by de Burgo; and the right thereof continued in the Crown ever since. But by reason of the continued wars and rebellions in Ireland and especially in these parts, the Crown made little benefit of these lands; but the profits were in a manner wholly taken by the inhabitants, most whereof were rebels; and the records and evidences which should entitle the Crown to these lands amongst others, were embezzled out of the Treasury of Trim, to the disherison of the Crown. For remedy whereof, by a statute made in Ireland in the tenth year of Henry VII., it was declared that the lordship of Connaught was annexed to the Crown; and it was further enacted, that it should be lawful for the King and his heirs to enter and seize on all such manors, honours, lordships, castles, and tenements, rents, services, moors, meadows, pastures, waters and mills, with their appurtenances, &c., appertaining to the said Lordship of Connaught.

The patents granted to the possessors of lands under Elizabeth by Sir John Perrott, were asserted to be voided by the non-performance of the conditions under which they were granted; those issued by James I. in 1615, to have been obtained by false suggestions and executed without due regard to the royal will and directions.\*

The inhabitants of Leitrim had already acknowledged the King's title to their lands, and submitted to a plantation. The work began with the county of Roscommon. Before the opening of the Commission, Wentworth ordered that a return should be sent in of all the wealthiest men in the county; these, having a heavy stake, would be examples for good or evil in the ensuing inquisition; besides, if they proved defaulters or disobedient in any way, "round fines in the Castle Chamber" could be inflicted on them. The sheriff was ordered to select "such jurors only as might be made amenable in case they should prevaricate; for this being a leading case for the whole province, it would set a value in their estimation upon the goodness of

\* Leland, B. V. C. I. The reader will find in "Fiction Unmasked," by Walter Harris, a detailed account of the various technical errors for which the patents were declared by the Crown lawyers to be void. See also Letters, &c., I. 455.

the King's title, if found by those persons of quality." This was not enough. "He inquired after fit men to serve upon juries and treated with such as would give furtherance to the King's title."\* He also proposed to raise "4,000 horse, as good lookers on whilst the plantations were settling." When the jury was returned, and the Commissioners had arrived, with Sir William Parsons at their head, Wentworth sent for six of the principal gentlemen of the county. "Understanding that divers affrights had been put into men's minds concerning the King's intention in this work," he told them, in presence of the Commissioners, what his purpose was. He begged them to repeat his words to the rest of the county, that the object of the Commission was nothing less than to find for the King a clear and undoubted title to the whole of that province, beginning first with Roscommon. Yet he would grant them a favour never before granted in such an inquisition. If any man asserted a title to any possessions in Connaught, it was his Majesty's gracious pleasure that his counsel should be fully heard in defence of his client's rights. And if there was anything else they desired, he was ready to listen and return a fair answer thereunto, as the King had strictly enjoined him, and to afford to all his Majesty's good people all respect and freedom in the setting forth and defence of their several rights and claims." This language, so different from his usual style, modified his first announcement, and "left his hearers marvellous much satisfied." He was a master of speech, and he knew that "good words pleased them more than one can imagine."†

The next morning they appeared before him with a petition numerously signed, begging that the inquiry might be put off for a time, as they were wholly unprepared to state their cases. He replied that the fault was all their own, since he had caused a *scire facias* to be issued from Chancery full twenty days before, in order that every one might have fair notice and ample time for preparation; in giving that warning he had exceeded what had been done before in similar cases. He therefore begged them to excuse him; but under these circumstances he could not think of adjourning the inquiry.

The proceedings began on the 10th of July, in the Abbey of Boyle. The Commission was read publicly, in the Deputy's presence. The jury was called and sworn. Sergeant Catelin, the Speaker of the late Parliament, stated the case for the Crown from the brief already given. The counsel for the defence replied. Wentworth, who was seated by the side of the judge, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that the chief motives that induced his Majesty to inquire into his undoubted title to the province of Connaught, were his princely desires to render the inhabitants a civil and rich people; this could be brought about by no other means so well as by a plantation, which he had resolved to undertake. He was far from wishing to take from them any of their possessions; he intended rather to bestow on them a portion of his own. It was his gracious resolution to question no man's patent that had been granted formerly upon good consideration and was of itself valid in law. His Great Seal was his

\* Letters, &c., I. 339.

† *Ibid.*, 442. Google

public pledge of faith, and should be kept sacred in all things ; he did not come to ask theirs ; his rights were so plain, that he could not in justice have been denied possession. The court, in an ordinary way of Exchequer, would have pronounced in his favour at the first word of the Attorney-General. But he was desirous in these public services to take his people along with him ; and therefore he was graciously pleased they should have a part with him in the honour as in the profit of so glorious and excellent a work for the commonwealth. As for his own interests, he was indifferent whether they found for him or not ; he had directed the Deputy to put no pressure in a case where the right was so palpable. But he, of his own accord, as one that must ever wish prosperity to their nation, desired them first to descend into their own consciences and take them to counsel ; and then, he was convinced, they would find the wisdom of the Crown clear and conclusive.

In the next place, he warned them to beware how they showed any obstinacy against so manifest a truth ; or how they let slip out of their hands the means to weave themselves into the royal thoughts, through a cheerful and ready acknowledgment of these rights and a due and full submission thereunto. If they inclined to the truth, to do what was best for themselves, they would find for the King ; but if, on the other hand, they were passionately resolved to overleap all bounds to obtain their own will, and, without any regard to their own good, to do what was most profitable to his Majesty, then he should advise them roughly and pertinaciously to deny the King's title altogether. After this he left them "to chant together over their evidence."\*

The jury retired to consider their verdict. What it would be, was not long left in doubt. "The next day they found the King's title good, without scruple or hesitation." To their verdict they added the following petition : "1. That their patents might be found in *hæc verba* in the office, to stand or fall afterwards according as they should prove good or not in law. 2. That all Abbey lands might be excepted, as they had already come to the Crown by the Act of Dissolution, and so were still lodged there, unless well conveyed to the subject since. 3. That all possessions of bishops, deans, parsons, &c. should be excepted." The three requests were readily granted by the Deputy ; "the two first his Majesty would never deny them ; if their patents be good, as, God knows, very few or none of them are, it is reason they enjoy them ; if otherwise, this manner of finding makes them neither better nor worse." The last request fell in with his own wish, and he granted it readily. An Act of State was soon after passed confirming the Deputy's reply. Wentworth asked the King to confirm it for form's sake ; "because he loved ever to reserve something to flow *ex abundantia* from his Majesty to his people, more than they asked, at least looked for, he added two particulars more than they mentioned in their petition." These were, that the confirmation of the Act of State should be printed and distributed ; and that it should not be confined to one county alone but extended to the other three. The title was then reduced into a legal inquisition, with all the necessary formalities.†

\* Letters, &amp;c., I. 441.

† *Ibid*, 443.

Wentworth, as usual, forwarded to the King the names of those who had shown most zeal in carrying out his wishes. "I confess," he wrote to the King, "I delight to do well for such as I see ready to serve my master the right and cheerful way, albeit it be no more than we are all bound to do, and churlish enough I can be to such as do otherwise." The foreman of the jury, Sir Lucas Dillon, "who having behaved with so much discretion, and expressed all along good affection, deserved to be extraordinarily well dwelt with," was specially recommended that he might be remembered in the dividing of the lands. He received a large tract of country, which is still in the hands of his descendants. Lowther, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Chief Baron, got, as their reward, four shillings in the pound of the first year's rent raised under the Commission of Defective Titles. This money, Wentworth declared "he found on observation to be the best given that ever was; for by these means they did intend that business with as much care and diligence as if it were their own private, and every four shillings once paid would better his Majesty's revenue four pounds."\*

The Commission for the county of Sligo opened at Sligo on the 20th of July; that for Mayo at Ballinrobe on the 31st. The juries in both places followed the example of Roscommon "with the like freedom and forwardness of affection." He then set about Galway. "Being a county lying out at a corner by itself, and all the inhabitants wholly natives and Papists, hardly an Englishman among them, for they keep them out with all the industry in the world, therefore it would be of great security they were thoroughly lined with English.† He was told that he should meet with difficulties in carrying out his purposes, that there was "much muttering" among the people. But such news only cheered him on. "I could wish," he wrote to the English Secretary of State, "that the county would hold out, for I am well assured it shall turn out to his Majesty's advantage if they do. Ulick de Burgh, Earl of Clanrickarde and St. Albans, was the most extensive landed proprietor and the most influential nobleman in Connaught. He was allied by blood with the chief families of the English nobility,‡ and much esteemed by the King. At this time he was absent with his son in England; it may be that he thought it prudent to keep out of the way and thus evade the wrath which his overt opposition would be sure to bring on his head. But his interests were confided to the safe keeping of his nephew, the Viscount Clanmorris, who no doubt was secretly incited by his uncle to offer whatever resistance he safely could to the claims of the Crown. He presented himself openly in court, and declared that he was ready to enter on the defence.

To prove the King's title to Galway, the Crown lawyers brought forward the same arguments that had been admitted without a murmur

\* Letters, &c., II. 41.

† *Ibid.*, I. 444.

‡ He was married to Frances, only daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth; Clanrickarde was her third husband, she having been previously married to Sir Philip Sidney and to the Earl of Essex. See Lodge,

by the juries of the three other counties. The counsel on the opposite side contended that the grant of Henry III. was confined to the royalties, and did not affect the lands; that the descent of Edward IV. from Richard de Burgo could not be proved, for one important link was wanting; that the statute of Henry VII. related rather to tenures than to lands. The Crown replied that as no grant could be produced from the Crown to any ancestors of the possessors to prove their right, the King's title must of necessity be good. The Deputy thought the arguments of the Crown lawyers "most just, honourable, and unquestionable to all equal-minded men that heard them." But the jury thought otherwise. In spite of the example of the neighbouring counties, the jurors, all but two, "remaining, as it seemed, resolute in the averseness they had proposed to themselves, all out of will, and accompanied in many of them with great want of understanding, neither regarding the clearness of the evidence nor the example of the neighbouring counties, most obstinately and perversely refused to find for his Majesty."\*

As they were all Catholics, their obstinacy was particularly gratifying to Wentworth; he would have an opportunity of laying a heavier fine on them than on the other counties. "We bethought ourselves," he wrote to Coke, "of a course to vindicate his Majesty's honour and justice not only against the persons of the jurors, but also against the sheriff for returning so insufficient, indeed we conceived, so packed a jury; and therefore we fined the sheriff" (Martin Darcey of Kiltullagh)† "in the sum of £1,000 to his Majesty, and bound over the jury to appear in the Castle Chamber, where it is fit their pertinacious carriage be followed with all just severity."‡ The jurors were fined in £4,000 each; they were to be imprisoned until the fines were paid and they acknowledged their offence in court upon their knees. One of the jurors, who, "with unsufferable boldness, pulled a fellow juror by the sleeve, while the Lord Deputy was speaking, he found it just and necessary to fine in the further sum of £500." The lawyers who pleaded for the proprietors were stripped of their gowns; Wentworth recommended that they should be called on to take the oath of supremacy; and if they refused, they should be excluded from all practice in courts of law.§

This was not the first time such means had been employed to promote justice in Ireland. The Star Chamber was declared by the Deputy Chichester, in 1613, to be the proper place to punish jurors that would not find for the King "upon good evidence."||

The sheriff died in prison. How little compunction Wentworth felt is proved by his letter to his friend Wandesford. "I am full of belief," he wrote, "that they will lay the charge of Darcy the sheriff's death unto me; my arrows are cruel that wound so mortally.

\* Letters, &c., 451.

† His brother was a member of the Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics, in 1642. Lodge's "Peerage of Ireland" gives an account of this family, I. 123.

‡ Letters, &c., I. 451.

§ *Ibid*, 454.

|| Desid. Curios. Hib., I. 262.



But I should be more sorry by much the King should lose his fine.\* The jury, a second time, petitioned to be discharged, offering to acknowledge the Deputy's justice and their own errors of judgment on condition that the inhabitants of the county of Galway should be put on the same footing with the other planted counties—the rule being that a fourth part of the land should be taken from the natives, and an increased rent put on what remained to them; but Galway should be planted “at a double rate,” in other words, half of it should be confiscated, “on account of its refractoriness.” They were told that they should be set free only by admitting that they had been guilty of actual perjury in their verdict. Such terms they rejected with disdain. At length, after suffering all the hardships of imprisonment for more than three years, they obtained their liberty, and had the fines reduced by the interposition of Lord Clanrickarde.† Among the grievances voted “real” by the House of Commons, when Wentworth was about to be impeached, was one which has been supposed to refer to the treatment of the Galway jury, “that jurors, who gave their verdict according to their consciences, were censured in the Castle Chamber, in great fines, sometimes pilloried, with loss of ears, and bored through the tongue, and sometimes marked in the forehead with an iron, with other infamous punishments.”‡

Wentworth published a proclamation, in which he ascribed the conduct of the jury to a plot. The reasons he assigned for their “averseness to his Majesty's designs,” were: 1. There was scarce a Protestant freeholder in the county, being in a manner altogether compounded of Papists, with whom the priests and Jesuits, who abounded in Connaught in far greater numbers than in other parts, had so much power, that they did nothing without consulting them. 2. The counsellors, being all Catholic recusants, showed themselves over busy, even to faction, in this service against the King; by their advice the jury was very much guided. 3. All the county depended on the Earl of Clanrickarde, whose great estate, together with his widespread kindred, the great relation both priests and lawyers had with his lordship, he being, moreover, governor of the town and county of Galway, in nature little less than a county palatine, rendered him so powerful that nothing could be done without him.§

The result of the inquisition and the causes of its failure were dispatched to the King by Wentworth. He besought his Majesty “to act with firmness” and to disregard the verdict of the jury, his title being above all law. Upon the well-governing of this occasion would depend the good or bad not only of this but of all future plantations, which, under God and his Majesty, must be the only means to reform this people as well in religion as in manners. If

\* Letters, &c., II. 13.

† Hardiman, “History of Galway,” p. 105.

‡ Curry, “Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland,” I. 154. This writer proves from Wentworth's letters that Carte's account of these transactions (“Life of Ormond,” I. 82) is far from correct. A historian who makes a hero of the Duke of Ormond is hardly a safe guide in disputed points of Irish history.

§ Letters, &c., I. 451.

followed by just severity, the opposition would prove of great use to the Crown, as any one thing that had happened since their plantation was first proposed. It would make a considerable addition to the revenue, bring security to this county, which of the whole kingdom most requires it, and make all the succeeding plantations pass with the greatest quietness that could be desired. Whereas, if this froward humour was negligently or loosely handled, it would not only blemish the comeliness and honour of that which was effected already, but cut off all hope of any future plantation. For if the contrivers escaped herein undisciplined, it would so encourage the natives in their natural averseness to these services, as they would never in these cases find any title for the Crown hereafter.”\*

He had still a hope that the Earl of Clanrickarde might disown the acts of his nephew, and offer to make some composition. He asked that no assent, by way of submission, should be accepted from him, unless he admitted the King's absolute right to all the lands in question; and if he did not conform to the proclamation within the time therein specified, that he should not be received on any terms. And lest the Earl should come to Ireland, and by his presence add to the rebellious spirit which showed itself there, he asked that an order should be issued, forbidding him or his son to leave England without special warrant. The fort of Galway needed repairs; the outlay would be at least £1,000. Four or five companies of foot should be put in it, to awe the inhabitants of the town; the same number of foot and a troop of horse should be sent to Athenry, a walled town about eight miles distant from Galway. The command of these troops should be given to Lord Dillon, “who, by reason of his ready services and affections, well deserved this honour, his Majesty being most willing to encourage him according to his devotion.” All the troops under the command of Lord Clanrickarde and his son should be removed from the infected county to distant stations, and reinforcements should be sent from other regiments.†

And when everything was made ready to enforce the King's will by arms, he proposed to confiscate the lands of the offending jurors, and of all others who would not “lay hold of his Majesty's grace, and take steps to declare his title.” In their place he would plant English settlers. “There is now,” he wrote to the King, “a fair opportunity to lay a sure foundation for reducing and securing the county of Galway—of all four by much the greatest—by fully lining it and planting it with English; which could not have been so thoroughly done as for the public safety it is necessary, if the pretended owners of lands in this country have not a greater portion of them taken from them than is appointed by the articles of plantation to be applied to his Majesty's benefit in the three other counties.” Of course, there were not wanting “planters” to seize on the confiscated lands. The Provost and scholars of Trinity College, Dublin, demanded to have allotted to them such a proportion of land as would amount to £388 15s., per annum, for the use of the said college for

\* Letters, &c., 450.

† *Ibid.* 453.

ever, in lieu of a pension of the same amount granted by the late King of happy memory.\* Lord Kircudbright besought Laud to obtain for him the lands of O'Hara Reagh and O'Hara Buidhe, lying in the county of Sligo and barony of Lynce—the said O'Haras and their ancestors having ever been rebels to the Crown of England—in return for services done by him to the Crown during twenty-two years, more especially for having transported to Ireland, eight years before, 50 horse and 100 foot at his own charge, which stood him at least £2,000. At that time he was promised, that if he could find any land in his Majesty's gift, it would be given to him. The Marquis of Hamilton besought the Deputy to let him know whether he could obtain more than 1,500 acres for his brother, Sir George Hamilton, who, he was anxious, should live and make a fortune under the government. Lord Erskine craved for himself and his Scotch dependents a portion of the spoil, the King having declared that he would hold him in special consideration if any plantation should fall out in Ireland.†

The King's title was now declared good to the whole of Connaught. An Act in Council was passed, ordaining that all who were possessed of lands in the several counties thereof in virtue of letters patent from the Crown, should enjoy their estates as fully as if they had been specially found in the Great Office, provided they produced their patents or the enrolments thereof at the Council Board before the next Easter term. Several patents were brought forward which had passed under a Commission issued in 1613. But it soon became proverbial that no title could stand against the Deputy. The ingenuity of the Crown lawyers found flaws in nearly all these grants; in one morning, one hundred and fifty were set aside by the court.‡ Resistance was in vain. The owners submitted, and by the payment of large sums of money obtained new patents.

Wentworth, when entering on the government of Ireland, had obtained a promise from the King that no one should be allowed to leave Ireland without his permission, and that no appeals from his judgments would be received. Yet in spite of these hindrances, many, who were the victims of his tyranny, went to England to seek redress. Three agents, Sir Roger O'Shaghnessy, § Darcy, and Martin, were sent by the inhabitants of Galway to complain of the harsh treatment they had received. The Deputy asked that the "priestly agents" should meet with the reception they deserved; thus the possession of Galway would be confirmed to the Crown, and such a victory over

\* Letters, &c., 436.

† *Ibid.* 117.

‡ Curry, I. 155.

§ Sir Roger was the head of the sept O'Shaghnessy, cujus nobilitatem, antiquitatem, et integritatem qui non novit, Hiberniam non novit. (De Burgo, *Hib Domin.* p. 505). He was later a leading member of the Council of the Confederate Catholics. By a special clause of the Act of Settlement he got back a part of his estates. His grandson, Roger, fought at the Boyne, and was attainted. His estates, including Gort, Inchgoree, and several other townlands in the barony of Killartan, county Galway, were given in custodiam to the first Baron Hamilton, and afterwards transferred to Sir Thomas Prendergast, ancestor of the Gort family. A suit was carried on for many years in the law courts by Roger's heirs to obtain the restoration of their property. A bribe of £20,000 to Lord Mansfield decided the case.

the most zealous part would be a victory over all, and that too in the matter of religion. A conformity of religion would follow in due course ; this he hoped to bring about rather by quiet means than by persecution, for attempts of this kind, he knew, would end in failure. Therefore he besought that they should be summarily dealt with, that they should be sent back as prisoners, and left in the hands of himself and of the Commissioners. Such a course of public agency he thought most indecent and uncomely ; besides, there was the prospect of bringing on "round fines in the Castle Chamber, not alone from the agents, but from the other confederates, who were neither few nor of low condition."\* The prospect of the "round fines" held out to the King induced him to be faithful to his promise. The agents demanded an audience. A day was appointed when they should be heard ; they were ordered to bring a statement of facts in writing. But before the day named, two of them were dismissed, with orders to wait on the Deputy, immediately ; on their return to Ireland, they were committed to prison. The third, Martin, was retained in England for some particular service. Soon after he petitioned to be restored to his practice in the courts of law. The Deputy and the Lords of the Council "thought him a fit object for his Majesty's mercy, for he expressed much sense of his transgression, having been brought into it by the principal *bonte-feu*, Darcy ; he counselled all to submit to his Majesty's title to Galway ; nay more, he persuaded those of Clare lately to do the like, and of himself brought in all the records he had concerning the title ; and lastly, he drew up a petition for Clare, and advised it to be signed before the arrival of the Commissioners."†

The severity of Wentworth's conduct alarmed his friends and gave to his enemies ample ground for complaint. But he affected to feel indifferent to fear or censure. When Lord Holland, in the English Privy Council, declared that the taking of so much as half their lands from the proprietors might induce them to call over the Irish regiments out of Flanders, Wentworth replied that if the taking of one half would move the country to rebellion, the taking of one third or one fourth would hardly ensure their allegiance to the Crown ; and if they were so rotten and unsound at heart, wisdom would counsel to weaken them and line them thoroughly with English Protestants as guards upon them.‡ The death of the Earl of Clanrickarde increased the popular odium against him ; it was attributed to the vexation conceived by this nobleman at the attempts against his property by an insolent governor, who took possession of his house at Portumna, and in his hall held court to impeach his title to his lands.§ Laud, his staunchest friend, thought it his duty to warn him of the danger. "My lord," he wrote, "I find that, notwithstanding all your great services in Ireland, which are most graciously accepted by the King, you want not them who whisper and speak louder than they think they may against your proceedings in Ireland, as being overfull of personal prosecutions against persons of quality ;

\* Letters, &c., I. 493. † *Ibid.* II. 68. ‡ *Ibid.* II. 33. § Leland, B. V. C. I.

and they stick not to instance in the Earl of Clanrickarde; and though I know a great part of this proceeds from your wise and noble proceedings against the Romish party in that kingdom, yet shall that never be made the cause in public, but advantages taken, such as they can, from these and the like particulars, to blast you and your honour, if they be able to do it. I know you have a great deal more resolution in you than to decline any service due to the King, State, or Church, for the barking of discontented persons; and God forbid you should. And yet, my lord, if you could find a way to do all these great services and decline these storms, I think it would be excellent well thought on.\* A rumour was spread abroad industriously, that he was out of favour with the King; the withholding of new titles was looked on by many as a proof of its truth. In May, 1636, he asked and obtained permission to go to England. A sudden attack of illness made him put off his journey for a few weeks. About the middle of June he reached London. His first act was to present himself at Court, and to give to the King an account of his stewardship. In presence of the Privy Council he described the state of the country as he had found it, and its present condition. He showed what improvements he had wrought in the Church, the army, the revenue, and the administration of the law. He then refuted, one by one, the evil reports that had been spread against him. To his friends in Ireland he wrote: "I met with a most gracious reception from his Majesty. In all this, I was far from assuming to myself any more than the glory of obedience. I did acknowledge I had been a dead instrument in the hands of his Majesty, without motion or effect further than as I had been guided by his direction in the course of my employment." When he was about to defend himself against the charge of severity in dealing with the sheriff and jury of Galway, the King cut him short, saying, that this was no severity, but rather he wished to be served in that way; and if things were carried on otherwise, he would not be served as he expected. "He was pleased to express his approbation of all I had done. So I kneeled down, kissed the King's hand, and the Council rose, all acknowledging that the King had never been served so before in Ireland."† Again he asked, through his friend Laud, that some special mark of the royal favour might be conferred on him, in such a way as should render it "comely and public." Instead of a title, he received from the King a letter full of high moral advice and friendly warnings.

A year later he caused two Commissions to be issued, one to inquire into the King's title to the county, the other to the town of Galway. The Commissioners met at St. Francis' Abbey, under the presidency of Lord Ranelagh, on the 5th of April, 1637. The county jury, terrified at the ill-treatment their predecessors had received, without hesitation found that the King was seized in fee, in right of his crown, of the whole province and dominion of Connaught. The town jury brought in the same verdict the following day.‡

\* Letters, &c., I. 479.

† *Ibid.* II. 213.

‡ Hardiman, "History of Galway," p. 105.

The 12th of August following was appointed for the opening of the Commission at Clonmel to establish the King's title to Ormond. Though well aware of the strength of his case, Lord Ormond wisely determined to make a compromise. "This," says Carte, "was so well taken by the Deputy, that, by the treaty made pursuant to this offer, he not only secured his own lands and rights, but also obtained a fourth part of the lands which his Majesty should take to himself to plant, over and besides the parts to be allotted to the natives, and 1,000 acres to each of his friends, John Pigott, Gerald Fennell, and David Routh, Esqrs., upon the like rent and terms as the planters of the rest of the premises should enjoy their shares." The articles of agreement having been signed in presence of the Privy Council, the Deputy proceeded to Clonmel, and had a title for the King found there.\* Clare too submitted, "the Lord of Thomond having been exceedingly diligent and forward in this service, not only leading himself, but persuading others into this good conformity."† The O'Byrnes of Wicklow saved a portion of their property by the payment of £15,000.‡ Though the terms of the re-grants were in most cases easy, a considerable addition to the King's revenue was made by them. The civil war which arose soon after prevented the plantations from being fully carried out. The King was anxious to obtain the support of the Irish, and he agreed to confirm the estates of the several parties sought after by the inquisition for an increase of rent amounting to £2,000 per annum.

Wentworth's despotic proceedings in the confiscation of Connaught were made one of the grounds of his impeachment; they constituted the 7th article of the indictment.§ But the prosecutors never intended to follow it up; its purpose was to swell the train of his accusers and to add to the list of his crimes. They did not mean to obtain redress for those who suffered from his oppression; for in the "Declaration of the Commons of England concerning the rise and progress of the Grand Rebellion in Ireland," it was made a ground of complaint against the King, that he had allowed the Connaught proprietors to compound for their estates, and by so doing had hindered the plantation of English Protestants from proceeding, as was intended, for the advancement of religion and the safety of the kingdom of Ireland.||

We do not purpose to enter into the history of the three last years of Wentworth's administration. The greater part of that time he passed in Scotland and in England; for though he was nominally at the head of the Government of Ireland, his presence was needed elsewhere to support the failing cause of the King. The rest of his career belongs, therefore, to the domain of English history, and there the reader will find it set down in full detail.

D. M.

\* Carte, I. 59. See Mr. Prendergast's "Account of the Projected Plantation of Ormond," in the *Kilkenny Archeol. Jour.*, I. 390.

† Letters, &c., II. 98.

‡ Rushworth's "Historical Collections," VIII. 64.

§ *Ibid.* 175.

|| *Ibid.* V. 346.

## A VILLAGE CONVENT AT CARRIGTWOHILL.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

**I**N the autumn of 1873, a sketch appeared in these pages of a religious congregation, which had taken its rise in Poland, in the year 1847, and by the year 1870, numbered its subjects by hundreds, and comprised three provinces. This sketch further described the establishment in England of a branch of that congregation, distinct in government, but similar in its rule and in its spirit.

Since that day, many changes have taken place. Six or seven Polish houses of the order of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, have been closed by the Prussian Government, and the doom of confiscation and exile is hanging over the whole institute.

In the meantime, the little seed sown in England has grown into a plant, still, indeed, in its infancy, but possessed of sufficient life and strength to stretch its branches across St. George's Channel and take root in Ireland.

The Polish nuns have calmly and bravely met their trials. If exile is to be their fate, they will cheerfully accept it. The Mother-General writes to the Superior in England: "We are touched to the heart by your affectionate invitation, and tears came into the eyes of all our sisters when I read to them your kind words. We will not leave our own land until compelled to do so; but if that day comes, it will be difficult to make a choice, for one and all are ready to go to England to-morrow." And then she adds: "It rejoices my heart to hear of your progress. I am so happy to think that if we cannot carry on the good work, you will continue to do so to the greater glory of God."

Thus, early in its history, the congregation has been marked with the stamp of the cross. But whilst checked in its labours by the hand of persecution, in the country of its birth, it begins, as it were, a new life amidst the colonies of our Irish poor in London, and in Ireland itself, whose daughters have enrolled themselves in this little army of Mary's servants.

If we were asked what is the distinctive character of this institute, so humble a one, so recently founded, so unexpectedly increasing, we should say, that it consisted, first, in a deep religious spirit applied to a life of constant labour, which enables the sisters to support themselves, and at the same time to minister to the spiritual needs of the poor amongst whom their lot is cast; and, secondly, in the facility with which they adapt themselves to the various requirements of the localities where they establish themselves. Poverty is both real and active in their case, and they realise, as nuns, that apostleship in humble life which brings the truths of faith and the influence of holiness close to the doors and to the hearts of those amongst whom they live and work.

Each house in England and in Ireland—all guided by the same

spirit, following the same rule, and under the authority of one Superior-General—differs in its works and in its circumstances. The foundation, which we would speak of at this moment, is singular in this respect, that, whereas, elsewhere the sisters are still obliged to live in hired houses, at Carrigtwohill a convent has been built for them in the midst of fair scenery and fertile pasture-land, and under the protecting shelter of the beautiful new church, which seems, from the rising-ground on which it stands, to keep watch over the lovely village at its feet. Within the sacred building, red crosses on the walls tell those who enter this House of God, that it is the consecrated abode of the Lord of Hosts. It is one of those sanctuaries which at once inspire devotion; and the beauty of the high altar is worthy, not indeed of Him of whom nothing earthly is worthy, but of the faith and love which have done their best to do Him honour.

It was a beautiful sight, in June, 1875, when the side aisles were filled with boys on the right and girls on the left, and the chief pastor went round giving confirmation. The progress of the mitred bishop and his clergy through the ranks of those kneeling children was a far more impressive sight than when, in accordance with modern custom, they are marshalled in files to the altar. It was like a picture of the olden times.

The church of Carrigtwohill is dedicated to the Mother of God; her dear image stands over the western porch. Through long, dreary ages of persecution she has been loved and invoked in this tranquil spot; and now the winter is past, the spring-tide has returned, she is openly honoured in a beautiful sanctuary, and a little band of her Poor Servants have been brought to dwell beneath her maternal eyes.

Just beyond the churchyard walls is seen in the distance an ancient and picturesque building, once the Catholic church of Carrigtwohill. A conventual one, tradition says, though of what order there is no clear record. It fell, of course, into the hands of the Protestants, and some of the additions which have propped up the old walls would have disfigured them but for the friendly ivy which covers the whole building with its green mantle.

The churchyard surrounding this ancient edifice has been, and still is, the village cemetery. The windows of the convent look upon it, and many a prayer will be breathed by the nuns for those faithful souls whose remains are awaiting in that quiet spot the great day of the Resurrection. Between the graveyard of the pious dead and the tabernacle where our Lord resides, most appropriately stands the abode of those who should be dead to the world, and live only a supernatural life. The lot of these nuns differs from that of their sisters who live and work in the "Seven Dials;" for instance, in the heart of great, huge, and wicked London, a bit of sky over their heads being the only one of God's works they have to gaze upon, and the sounds in their ears too often speaking of sin and impiety. But though the scene is different, the work is the same, that of drawing souls to God by the pure influence of holiness.

There is in Carrigtwohill a population of 2,500 inhabitants, and



great has been the change wrought in that locality since the Poor Servants of the Mother of God came to dwell there. The beautiful Irish faith has blossomed in rich beauty under their genial influence; and the pious people have been assisted in the varied forms of expressing that faith by outward tokens of devotion, seldom possible except in towns and cities. The guardian angels of the place must rejoice at the simple and earnest piety of the people, and bless their pastor for calling the good sisters into his own little portion of Christ's fold.

This leads us to speak of what has been done by this zealous priest for the glory of God and the good of his people: First, he built the church we have described at the cost of long and patient exertions; and when that was accomplished, at an age when many would have been content to sit down and rest, he determined to add to it a convent for the sisters whom he had invited to his parish. During the first year, they had resided in rooms over a shop, whilst, chiefly at his own expense, and with much anxiety and trouble, he erected the house, which was to be the centre of their works, and the comfort of his poor. But to finish it, a further sum is required, and for this purpose, a Bazaar is to be held on the 6th and 7th of September, with a strong hope that it will furnish the means of completing what has been so generously designed.

Carrigtwohill lies between Queenstown and Youghal. A green, shady lane leads from the station to the village. Is it too much to expect that at that lovely time of the year, when so many are travelling about for pleasure and for health, some may be tempted to visit this pretty spot, and to co-operate in the work on which so much depends?

Perhaps we may be allowed here to relate a little instance of the Holy Father's kind and genial sympathy, which may interest some of our readers, and incline them to help the Carrigtwohill Bazaar. One who has its success greatly at heart, asked a friend, a dignitary of the Church at Rome, to solicit from Pius IX. some little prize for the charity-sale in the remote Irish village, and spoke of the sisters' work amongst the poor. His Holiness had before him on his table white boxes containing some small cameos. He smiled, and said: "These would not be good enough." The answer, of course, was that, had they been far less pretty than they were, the gift of the Holy Father would make them most precious. "Take two of them, then," he said, in his kindest manner, and then spoke of other things. But the thought of the poor little humble convent near Cork was still in his mind, for before his visitor left, he said: "Two are not enough, take four for that Bazaar." And thus four chances of possessing the gifts of the Father of the Faithful are held out to those who will kindly respond to the oft-repeated request "to take tickets," the acceptance of which will help on the holy work we have described. Many other prizes of various sorts will swell the list of the Carrigtwohill Bazaar. But the richest that could be devised would hardly tempt the faithful children of the Church as much as the little gifts of the Holy Prisoner of the Vatican.\*

\* Tickets for the raffle, and also for the special drawing of the Pope's presents, can be had from the convent, Carrigtwohill, county Cork.

# “HOW BEAUTIFUL IS GOD!”

BY WILFRID MENNELL.

“**H**OW beautiful is God!”  
 A dying poet said.  
 Within the abbey dim,  
 With holy prayer and hymn,  
 His body low they laid,  
 While weeping friends stood round,  
 With sorrow’s girdle bound.

How beautiful is God  
 In all created things!  
 The earth His feet once trod  
 This silent anthem sings.  
 And yet we hear it not,  
 Because our ears are dull;  
 Because our hearts are full  
 Of self and selfish scheming,  
 Of love’s delight and pleasure’s dreaming.

O sing the message loud,  
 That all the busy crowd  
 May hear, and hear for ever,  
 As wearily they plod  
 Up life’s so long endeavour—  
 How beautiful is God!

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE LAST REVIEW.

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
 That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, th’ ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove’s dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell!

*Othello.*

THE fate of the royal cause in Ireland depended, in a great measure, on O’Neill’s fulfilment of the engagement into which he had entered with the Lord Deputy. The Irish general was honestly desirous to discharge as quickly as possible his portion of the contract. But with all the diligence he could employ he was unable to set his troops in motion before the end of September. The difficulty of collecting

provisions, and of organising a large force for a lengthened campaign, detained him in the neighbourhood of Derry for three weeks after the departure of Ormonde's commissioners. At length he began his march southwards. The violence of the disease from which he suffered increased every day. He could not ride, nor walk; and even the easy motion of a litter caused him intense suffering. Worn out in body, and by no means hopeful in mind, he was carried at the head of his troops. The progress of the army was slow, for the condition of the invalid who led it did not permit of rapid motion. Great events had meanwhile taken place in Leinster and Munster. Drogheda had been stormed, the garrison and the inhabitants had been indiscriminately put to the sword, and Cromwell had turned his face towards the south, avowing his intent of treating to the same mercy all who, stubbornly loyal to Charles II., refused allegiance to the supreme Parliament of England. The news of these misfortunes fell heavily on the heart of O'Neill, and, despite the exquisite tortures he endured, he struggled onwards to encounter the foe against whom he alone might hope to contend with success.

A fortnight after it had quitted Derry, the Ulster army halted, after a day of slow and toilsome marching, within a few miles of the town of Cavan. The spot chosen for the bivouac was in the midst of a region of rich and variegated scenery; it was surrounded by gently sloping hills, dotted with yellow groves, and green with luxuriant verdure. The little river Annalee poured its shallow flood over a bed of shingle with a rumbling noise which filled the woods upon its banks with countless echoes. A planter's stone house rose upon the summit of a hill close by, and looked out timidly from its bawn of sods upon the frothy stream; and below it a deserted mill kept its motionless wheel suspended in melancholy silence over the flowing waters. The locality, or "precinct," as the government surveyors of the reign of James the First were wont to style it, was one of the choicest allotments made to the English undertakers of Ulster. The untenanted stone house and the silent mill remained as monuments of the industry of the settlers; they themselves had, early in the rebellion, fled before the fury of the exasperated natives. In later days, another colony of settlers occupied the spot. The house was again inhabited; the mill-wheel was repaired and was again whirled round by the stream, and, in course of time, the village, which to-day is distinguished by the name of Ballyhaise, grew up around the manor and the mill.

"Whose is the castle on the hill?" asked O'Neill of a dust-covered officer who rode beside his litter.

"Egad, mon Général," returned the officer, with a laugh, "you overtask my geographical knowledge. But here comes one who is more conversant with such subjects. How, now, MacGuire?" he inquired, raising his voice to make himself heard by a horseman who was approaching from the direction of the house in question, "have you discovered who is the proprietor of yon fair mansion?"

"Faith, I entirely forgot to ask," replied the individual thus questioned. "I dare say the house and all the lands here about

belong by terms of law to some Warrall, or Waldron, or some of the other worthy patentees, who are now the owners of Lochtee. But this is a matter concerns us little. The master of the mansion has been absent since O'Reilly seized Cavan, and would probably have little welcome for us if he were at home. Its present tenants will be more pleased to meet us. It is occupied, I have learned, by a party of gentlemen who have been sent by the Marquis of Ormonde to treat on matters of moment with General O'Neill.

The sick man overheard the announcement, and hastily whispered to the officer at his side :

"I am glad of it, MacDermott. Let us on to the place of meeting. Come with me ; you have seen me win the position I have occupied in my native land, you shall see me renounce it. Bid them move on. I have the weakness to wish this scene over as quickly as possible."

The invalid was borne slowly onward ; his retinue followed in silence. At the entrance to the mansion, they were received by several gentlemen who insisted on conducting O'Neill to the apartments prepared for him.

"Let us to business first, gentlemen," said O'Neill, peremptorily. "I shall soon have ample leisure for repose."

He was borne into a room of the abandoned house by the arms of some of his own officers, and the commissioners of Ormonde gathered round his chair.

"How goes the campaign?" asked O'Neill, struggling with the pain which the movements he had been compelled to make occasioned.

"The King's cause has suffered heavily," replied one of the delegates ; "Cromwell has advanced against Wexford."

"Was no effort made to stay his advance through Wicklow?"

"None ; the Lord Deputy judged it more advisable to hold his forces in readiness to support the garrisons of the southern fortresses."

"It would have been better to have kept Cromwell at a distance from the fortresses," observed O'Neill, bluntly. "What are now the wishes of his Excellency?"

"He prays that you would advance with all speed to support him with your forces, and to aid him with your skill and experience. Should you be too unwell to travel, he begs you to send forward to his assistance a portion of your army. He hopes much from the discipline and courage of your troops."

"Willingly would I fly to the post of danger he offers," said O'Neill, "not," he added, looking round upon his officers who stood near, "to prove my duty to the Lord Deputy, but to save from the ruin that threatens her the land I have loved and tried to serve. But it must not be ; the field of battle is not the place for a helpless cripple. My gallant and faithful soldiers I can lead no more. But there are those about me here who can well fill my place ; under them the troops of Ulster will continue to be what they have been, the surest hope of Ireland in her distress ; forward where others shrink, faithful when others betray."

There was no response from the group of officers; a look of sorrowful dismay overshadowed the sternest face among them. The silence was unbroken till one of Ormonde's delegates hastened to express his sense of O'Neill's magnanimity, and to assure him of the satisfaction it would cause the Lord Deputy.

"The reward is greater than I presumed to claim," said O'Neill, with some irony. "The articles of our agreement we shall discuss at our leisure. I have yet some instructions to give to those who are to command my forces. I will not now trespass longer upon your patience. Another time we will confer upon the further objects of your mission."

The commissioners of Ormonde withdrew, and O'Neill remained alone with his officers.

The proud and haughty bearing he had hitherto maintained deserted him; the fire that had burned in his eye, subsided into a look of tenderness and sorrow, and the cold, stern voice in which he had addressed the envoys of the Lord Deputy, grew broken and husky.

"Comrades," he said, "the day I dreaded has come at last. We must part for ever. The hand of death is upon me; my path to the grave is straight and short; I have received the summons which all must obey, and which allows no respite. For you, there is yet, I trust, a glorious future. You will continue to lead to victory the brave fellows who have been so faithful to me. Be chary of their lives while the war lasts, and when it is over, insist, if you are victorious, on conditions that will secure them the fruits of the victory, which, if it come at all, they will have been most instrumental in winning. To you, gentlemen, who have stood by me in my days of adversity, and who have shared my joy and pride when fortune smiled upon our flag, I bid adieu with breaking heart. Together we have braved the perils of many a bloody field, together we have carried the 'Red Hand' triumphant out of many a desperate fray. Heaven permits that here my career should end. May it forgive the authors of my death, and accept my resignation to its will in atonement for the failings of my life. Be, when I am gone, what you have been whilst I was amongst you—faithful to your friends, generous to your enemies, undaunted in danger, incapable of dishonour—and the hope will light up my last hours that the old banner will still flaunt its white folds defiantly in the face of its many foes.

"To-morrow the larger portion of our forces will continue their march southwards. General O'Farrell, and Hugh O'Neill, to you I give in charge my trusted followers. You will be jealously tender of their interests for sake of the poor fellows themselves; be so, too, for mine. Let them not be robbed of the rights for which they have struggled so hard. If Cromwell be defeated, defend them against Ormonde; if Cromwell be victorious, stand by them to the end.

"My friends! had I lived, I would have striven to requite your fidelity to Ireland and to me. As it is, the last prayers of a dying man must be my only parting gift. These you shall have; my latest breath shall be expended half in a prayer for mercy for myself, half in invoking heaven's blessing on you. I would speak to you longer,

now that I am to speak to you no more. But this worn-out frame is unequal to the effort. To-morrow, at bugle-call, let me see you once more at the head of your regiments, and let these failing eyes look their last look of pride on the valiant ranks they have watched in many a deadly struggle but never seen broken yet. Good bye! good bye! Forgive my weakness. Sickness has made me womanish. I have not strength to conceal my sorrow."

Tears stood in the eyes of the death-stricken chieftain as he grasped in turn the hands of his officers; and many a rough, weather-beaten face bent low over the wasted fingers to hide the grief that threatened to unman its owner. No word of leave-taking was uttered, nothing but a silent clasp of the hand, with now and then a rattling sound in some hoarse throat that had oft made Saxon ears tingle with the war-cry of Tir-Owen, and one by one O'Neill's officers quitted the room.

"Not you, MacDermott," whispered the chieftain, as that officer stooped to take his commander's hand. "We part not yet. Your troop is of the detachment that accompanies me to Cloughoughter. I cannot bring myself to part from all; and from you I will take my leave only when I bid this world adieu. Stay with me a short time longer. You shall soon be at liberty to rejoin your comrades."

O'Neill had conceived a strong affection for the young soldier, who, with an early history so much resembling his own, had come to be associated with him in a struggle for a land which was not the home of either. The kindred enthusiasm by which they were inspired linked together the hearts of the Irish leader and this half-alien volunteer. O'Neill had learned by a distressing experience that much which looks like true friendship is proved not to be such when adversity comes. He had been deserted at the turning point of his career—the moment of his rupture with the Supreme Council—by the allies on whom he most relied. And, now that his last sickness was upon him, and that he felt himself nearing his end, he turned from the sympathy which his bettered fortune had conciliated, to the disinterested friendship of the young soldier, whom a chivalrous patriotism attached to his banner, and whose fidelity had been subjected to the rudest trials, and remained unshaken.

At an early hour next morning the regiments told off to join the Lord Deputy were under arms. They were drawn up in closest order, and stood silent and motionless, fronted by a dense wall of mist which rose upon the river's bank, and looked like the outworks of some gigantic fortification, though the fortress was being rapidly dismantled by the morning sun. No blast of trumpet or roll of drum disturbed the stillness of the quiet October morning, nor was the sound of laughter heard, nor song, nor merry joke, nor any of the mirthful sounds that cheer the soldier on his march. The men stood to their arms with clouded brows and discontented faces, and their officers stood by, leaning moodily on their swords, or conversing in low whispers before the lines.

A subdued and hollow murmur which gradually swelled into a mighty groan broke from the dense ranks as a litter was borne along

in front of them, in which a pale, emaciated form lay. The litter halted before the armed throng, and the pale form raised itself painfully from the cushions on which it rested.

"Soldiers!" said Owen O'Neill, with a voice which had something of its old vigour and all its characteristic earnestness, "I can lead you no longer. I have no more strength left. My presence among you as a helpless invalid would only delay your advance, and it is of vital consequence that you should push forward in haste. I must part from you here, to meet you again, or to meet you no more as heaven's decree and the fortunes of war permit. I take leave of you with sorrow, but it lessens my pain to think that I give you leaders worthy of the career of victory which has been yours. Follow them with confidence, and be faithful to them as you have been to me. Let the news of your heroic deeds done for Ireland's liberty come hither to cheer me on my sick bed. Every voice that speaks to me of your success will make me forget my sufferings, and send a thrill of joy through this tormented body. With confidence I leave to your keeping the flag that for seven years has been the shield of Ireland's friends and the terror of her foes. Let it still be seen foremost in the advance, steady in the centre of the conflict.

"One word more. In your success as in your adversities, remember that God alone gives victory; to Him give thanks for every triumph, from Him seek aid in every reverse. This is my last injunction to you. Farewell."

It was only as he pronounced the last word that the calm tone and composed manner, under which he hid the emotions of that supreme moment, gave way. His lip quivered and his voice faltered as he uttered it. But he conquered in an instant this transient weakness, the effect of which on his followers might have marred the execution of his resolve to separate himself from his army. His eye regained its unmoved glance, and with a steady hand he signed to the officers to proceed.

"Comport your pike—march!" rang out one gruff voice after another, and in front of their general passed the lines of the army of Ulster. Again and again the air was filled with the wild shouts and plaintive adieus of the poor fellows as they marched past the litter, but the pallid, almost stern face that looked out of it upon them showed no trace of the anguish that tore their leader's heart. The last regiment passed, the glitter of their pikes and muskets was growing dim in the distance, and their shouts becoming fainter and fainter; and still the pallid face looked its look of heroic resolve. But at length the sheen of the steel ceased to be visible to the eye of the watcher, and the voices of his followers to strike his ear.

"To Cloughoughter, MacDermott," he said, turning to an officer near his litter. "I am ready for death."

## ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF A CANDLE.\*

BY THE REV. GERALD MOLLOY, D.D.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Hamlet*.

**I**T may, perhaps, seem to you strange, after the stirring discourses you have heard on great orators and great statesmen, and more particularly, after the learned and eloquent discourse which has recently been addressed to you, on the nature and constitution of the sun, that I should ask you to come down from those lofty flights, and give your attention to so simple and homely a subject as a common candle. But there is a philosophy in small things as in great. The power and wisdom of God are manifested in all his works; and never do these attributes of the great Creator shine forth more beautifully than when they meet us in the dull routine of our daily lives, and minister by a thousand beneficent contrivances to our daily wants.

Yet it can hardly be denied that the beauty and the wisdom, the beneficence and the foresight, exhibited in the material works of God, are practically unknown to the bulk of mankind. The book of nature is a closed book for the great majority of the human race. It is written in a language they do not understand; I may almost say, a language they do not try to learn. I have often been struck with the eager curiosity of children, when this great book is first spread out before them. They are for ever putting questions about the works and ways of nature, and seeking, with ardent enthusiasm, to pry into her mysteries and her laws. But, somehow or other, as time goes on and childhood passes away, this curiosity gets blunted, this enthusiasm grows dull, until, at length, the man of mature years moves about amidst all the wonders of this beautiful world, and never concerns himself about them:

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more."

This change is due, in part, no doubt, to the cares and duties of life, which increase with years; but it is also due, in part, I am inclined to think, to the difficulty of getting that knowledge of nature for which the mind is yearning. The child goes on asking and asking, in all the brightness and buoyancy of hope; but finding none to answer his questions, he settles down, in time, into the dulness of despair; he makes up his mind that these things are not for him, that they are beyond his reach; and so he gradually gives up searching into the secrets of nature, just as, at an earlier period, he gave up crying for the moon, when he found that he cried in vain.

It seems to me, then, that we are, in a manner, impelled to the

\* A Lecture delivered before St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Union.



study of nature by an instinct of our common humanity, which was doubtless given to us for our good ; and that we are kept back from that study mainly by the difficulties and obstacles that lie in our way. Therefore it is that, when I was honoured with an invitation to address you this evening, I thought of choosing, for the subject of my lecture, some familiar phenomenon in which we might contemplate the forces of nature at work, and consider some of those beautiful contrivances by which she ministers to our material comforts. The phenomenon I have selected is the flame of a candle ; and while I try to unfold, with all possible simplicity, its structure and its constitution, I will seek, at the same time, to show you that the philosophy of nature is not really beyond your reach, if only you will bring an observant eye and a thoughtful mind to the study of it.

If you look at a candle, when burning, you will see that the upper surface of the wax or tallow forms itself into a sort of hollow cup ; the flame, in the middle, melts the solid material, whatever it may be, of which the candle is composed, reducing it to a liquid state ; the liquid stream then flows down to the bottom of the cup ; here it meets the wick, which is able, in virtue of a force known by the name of capillary attraction, to draw it up into the very heart of the flame. Next looking closely at the flame itself, we see a dark space within, round about the wick, and a burning shell without. The dark space within is occupied by the material of the flame, ready for use, but not yet burning ; the hot and luminous shell without consists of the same material converted into flame. Each part is deserving of careful examination.

The liquid wax or tallow, carried up by the wick, is at once enveloped in a flame of intense heat. The effect of this heat is to make the liquid pass into a vapour or gas. You know, from experience, that heat has the power to convert a solid body into a liquid, and to convert a liquid into a vapour. Thus, ice is melted by heat, and becomes water ; and if you heat the water, you may convert it into a vapour, which is called steam. This is the most familiar example. But the same changes can be shown to take place in a vast number of other bodies ; and, amongst the rest, in wax, tallow, spermaceti, and other substances of which candles are made. At ordinary temperatures these matters exist in a solid state, and so we can have our candle in the form of a solid rod or stick. But the heat of the flame, just above the hollow cup which forms the upper surface of this solid rod, is sufficient to melt the tallow, which then, as we have seen, creeps up along the wick into the middle of the flame, where the greater heat is able to convert it into a vapour or gas.

Observe, this is not a change of nature but only a change of condition. The chemical composition of water is the same, whether it exist in the solid state, as ice, or in the liquid state, as water, or in the gaseous state, as steam. So, too, the chemical composition of the gas now shut up within this chamber of flame, is the same as the chemical composition of the candle from which the gas has been obtained.

In the production, then, of a candle flame, the solid wax or tallow of the candle is first converted into a liquid; the liquid is next converted into a gas; and it is this gas that is burned in the end. Thus you see that a candle flame is, in a certain sense, a gas flame. Nay, more, the gas of an ordinary gas flame is the same, in its most important elements, as the gas in a candle flame; and the process of combustion, in the two cases, is the same in principle. The chief difference is, that in one case the gas is produced from coal a long distance off, and conveyed to the flame in a pipe, in the other, it is obtained from a candle, and produced at the very spot where the flame is wanted.

We have now to examine what is the nature of this gas, and by what process the flame is produced. We are told by chemists that the gas produced from a candle is, in fact, a mixture of several gases. But it only concerns us, just now, to remember that these gases are all compounds of carbon and hydrogen. Carbon usually exists as a solid body, and is familiar to us under a variety of forms. The black lead used in polishing grates is carbon, so is the black lead used in making pencils. Ordinary coal consists, in great part, of carbon; coke or charcoal is almost pure carbon, so likewise is the soot of our chimneys. Hydrogen, on the other hand, when it exists by itself, is always a gas; and it is the lightest of all gases. Now you have to conceive the gas before us, in the middle of this flame, as made up of these two elements. The atoms of carbon are locked in closest union with the atoms of hydrogen. They are held together by a force called chemical affinity; and so powerful is this force, so close is the union it produces, that, while the union lasts, the carbon ceases to exhibit the properties of carbon, the hydrogen ceases to exhibit the properties of hydrogen, and the two combine together to form a third substance—a hydro-carbon—different in its properties from both.

But the union is not destined to last. It cannot stand the penetrating power of heat. Within this hollow chamber of flame the gas is raised to a very high temperature, and at this temperature, it is found that the force by which the atoms of carbon and hydrogen are held together is enfeebled, and new tendencies are developed. All round the flame is an abundant supply of atmospheric air, and in this air, a large proportion of oxygen. Now, when the gas within is intensely heated, the hydrogen atoms lose their attraction for carbon, and acquire a strong attraction for oxygen. The old union is dissolved and a new union is formed. Atoms of hydrogen and of oxygen clash together in countless multitudes, and enter into chemical combination. This process is called combustion. The hydrogen is said to be burned when it enters into chemical combination with oxygen; and in the process of burning, heat and light are produced. This is the first part of the candle flame. The hydrogen burns with a faint blue light which may be easily seen in the lower part of the flame and round about the edges.

In the meantime the carbon atoms, when deserted by the hydrogen, seek also to unite themselves with oxygen. But the oxygen at

hand has been in great part used up by the hydrogen, and not enough remains to satisfy at once the wants of all the carbon. Only a portion, then, of the carbon enters immediately into combination with the oxygen of the air, and this burns like the hydrogen with a faint blue light, adding strength to the hydrogen flame. But the greater part of the carbon can, for a time, find no oxygen to unite with; and so a vast multitude of minute solid carbon particles are left floating in the upper part of the flame, surrounded by a shell of burning hydrogen. What is the consequence? The solid carbon atoms glow with white heat, just as the end of an iron poker glows with a white heat, when you plunge it into a furnace; and thus we have a throng of countless minute stars, each one shining with its own light, which constitute the luminous part of the candle flame.

You have now, I trust, before your minds, a clear conception of the structure and composition of a candle flame. First, there is the dark space in the middle where the gas is prepared and kept ready for use, but is not yet burning. Next, there is the flame itself without, which is twofold. There is a bluish flame below and round about the edges, which is only faintly luminous, but intensely hot. This is mainly due to the chemical combination of the hydrogen with the oxygen of the air, that is, to the burning or combustion of the hydrogen. Then there is the mass of white light above, where a vast multitude of solid carbon particles, floating in an atmosphere of burning hydrogen, are glowing with intense heat.

The presence of these solid carbon particles is a characteristic feature of every luminous flame; and there is a very simple experiment by which you can manage to see them for yourselves. Take a leaf of white paper and lay it down on the brightest part of the flame: it comes into contact with the atoms of carbon, which cling to it in vast multitudes, and form in a few moments a considerable deposit of the finest soot. In connection with this experiment I may notice a point of some practical importance. If the candle is well made, and burned under favourable circumstances, all these carbon particles of which I have been speaking, having existed for some time at a white heat, are finally burned before they leave the flame, that is to say, they come into contact with oxygen, and enter into a new chemical combination. But if the carbon predominates unduly, in the composition of the flame, as it sometimes does, then a portion of the carbon, not finding any oxygen with which to combine, will, in the end, pass away in a solid state as smoke, and discolour the walls or ceiling of the room with a soot deposit, just as this paper was discoloured when I held it in the flame.

On the other hand, if oxygen is supplied in unusual abundance, then there may be sufficient oxygen to unite, *at once*, with all the oxygen and all the carbon as well. In this case there are no solid particles of carbon left, for a time, to float in the burning hydrogen; because carbon and hydrogen are burned together. You can anticipate, I am sure, what the consequence would be. The flame would be very hot, but it would have no brightness; the white light, due to

incandescent particles of solid carbon, would be wanting, while the rapid combustion of hydrogen and carbon together would develop intense heat. A flame of this kind is found very useful in chemical and physical laboratories, where great heat is necessary. It is obtained very effectively by means of a lamp, invented for the purpose by a German philosopher, and named after him, the Bunsen Burner. Something similar may be seen in the streets on a windy night, when gas lights are burning in the open air. The wind carries the air to every part of the flame: thus, the supply of oxygen is increased, the carbon is instantly consumed along with the hydrogen, all brightness disappears, and only a faint blue flame remains.

Let us now turn our attention to the products of combustion. When a candle has burned away, the material elements of which it was composed have altogether disappeared from view. But you must not, on that account, suppose that they have ceased to exist. The fact is, nothing has ceased to exist; nothing has been absolutely destroyed; nothing has been lost. The elements of the candle have only passed from one state of existence to another. Nature has gathered up every particle of matter of which the candle was formerly composed, and has laid them all by, in her great storehouse, for future use. Hydrogen combining with oxygen produces water. The hydrogen atoms go in pairs together; two atoms of hydrogen, added to one atom of oxygen, produce one minute particle of water. Again, carbon combining with oxygen produces carbonic acid gas. In this union the oxygen atoms go in pairs: two atoms of oxygen meeting with one of carbon, produce one minute particle of carbonic acid. This is really a wonderful picture to contemplate, when once we get it distinctly and clearly before our minds. Here, in this flame before us, are countless myriads of atoms clashing together—oxygen and hydrogen, carbon and oxygen—developing in their union light and heat, and yielding up, in myriads, particles of watery vapour and of carbonic acid gas, which go streaming away, and diffusing themselves into space. Lastly, if any of the carbon remains unburned, that is, if it fail to find oxygen with which to combine, this portion of the carbon is yielded up in a solid state, and passes into the air in the form of finely divided soot. Thus you will understand that a candle flame yields up, of necessity, two products—watery vapour and carbonic acid gas; to these, when combustion is imperfect, a third product is added, namely, solid carbon.

Some of you, perhaps, may find it difficult to believe that watery vapour is passing off, at every moment, from a candle flame. But here is an experiment by which you may prove the fact for yourselves. Take a common drinking glass, perfectly dry and cold, and turn it upside down over the flame of a candle; the watery vapour of the flame is condensed on the cold surface of the glass, and, in a few seconds, forms a deposit of dew distinctly visible to the eye.

We have seen that the light of a candle is due to minute particles of solid carbon, which are raised to an intense heat in an atmosphere of burning hydrogen; and the heat of the burning hydrogen is de-

veloped at the moment that the hydrogen atoms enter into chemical combination with oxygen. Thus the light of the flame is traced to its heat, and its heat is traced to the energy of chemical action. Our investigation would, therefore, be incomplete if we did not inquire how this chemical action is capable of producing such intense heat. This question leads us to the border-land of science. Up to the present point each step in our theory is capable of experimental demonstration. But here we come to consider the forces of nature in their operation on the ultimate atoms of matter, which in their extreme minuteness lie beyond the reach of our experiments, I might almost say beyond the reach of our imagination. Nevertheless, we may reasonably suppose that the forces of nature, acting on those minute atoms, follow the same general laws that we see exhibited in those forms of matter that come within the range of our senses. Now it is a general law that, whenever one thing strikes against another, heat is developed. You clap your hands together, on a cold day, and they get warm. If you strike cold steel against a cold flint, heat is produced, and a brilliant spark leaps out. A horse's shoe is cold when he leaves the stable, but when he has trotted along the hard road for a quarter of an hour, it is hot. In rifle shooting, every one knows that a bullet is made intensely hot when it strikes against a target. It is needless to multiply examples. You are convinced, from daily experience, that heat is produced when bodies strike together. I may tell you, however, that scientific experiment leads us further into this subject than our ordinary experience can do. It shows us that the development of heat, in these cases, is not merely an occasional phenomenon, but a general law; that in all cases where collision takes place, heat is produced, and that the amount of heat produced increases as the force of the collision is increased.

There seems no reason why we may not apply this common experience to our oxygen and hydrogen atoms. It is true that they are exceedingly minute, when compared with the bodies of which we have been speaking; but they are still matter, and, as we must suppose, endowed with all the essential properties of matter. Moreover, though small, they are present in countless myriads, and they are drawn together by a mighty force. May we not suppose, then, that when they clash together, millions at a time, in the flame of a candle, heat and light are developed by the action of that law with which we are so familiar in the examples I have adduced.

We are now in a position to take a general survey of the whole process of combustion, as exhibited in a candle, which we have been hitherto considering only piecemeal and in detail. First, there is the formation of the cup, and the action of capillary force. The flame in the centre melts the solid matter immediately around it, the liquid tallow is drawn up into the wick by capillary attraction, and a hollow is formed about the flame. The tallow is now melted a little further off from the flame, and flowing down into the hollow, is drawn up, in its turn, into the wick, and so the process goes on. Meanwhile, the liquid tallow, introduced by the wick into the very heart of the flame,

is there converted, by the intense heat, into vapour or gas; this gas is a chemical compound of hydrogen and carbon. But in the heat of the flame, the hydrogen loses its affinity for carbon, while it is drawn by a powerful attraction to the oxygen of the air which surrounds the flame; accordingly it leaves the carbon and rushes to meet the oxygen. By the clash of atoms an intense heat is developed, which shines with a faint blue flame. Directly the collision takes place the hydrogen ceases to be hydrogen, the oxygen ceases to be oxygen, and both, now locked together in closest union, begin to exist as watery vapour, and pass off, in this form, through the atmosphere.

While these changes are going on in the hydrogen, the carbon atoms, deserted and left to themselves, and not finding oxygen to combine with, remain for a time floating as solid particles in the hydrogen flame. They are quickly raised to a white heat, and, shining with luminous brightness, give to the flame its mass of white light. In due time, however, they too come into collision with the oxygen of the air. By this collision more heat is developed which is faintly luminous and strengthens the hydrogen flame. At the same moment the carbon and oxygen enter into close chemical union, and thus united, constitute carbonic acid gas, which passes away into space.

The flame of a candle may be regarded as the type of every luminous flame. I told you, in passing, that it is the same in principle as the flame of our ordinary gas jets. It is the same, too, as the flame of an oil lamp. In fact, an oil lamp differs from a candle in this only, that the compounds of hydrogen and carbon necessary for producing the flame, are supplied in a liquid instead of a solid state. Even the cheerful blaze of our fires is due to the same process as a candle flame. The fuel we burn, whether coal, or turf, or wood, contains the hydro-carbon compounds, which enter into combustion when heat is applied. If you look closely at a blazing fire you can see, without difficulty, here and there, the faint blue flame of the hydrogen, and in the great mass of white light you can recognise the solid carbon glowing with intense heat. There are two points, however, specially deserving of notice in our ordinary fires. First, the combustion that takes place is generally very imperfect, and we see, as a rule, great quantities of solid carbon passing away unconsumed as smoke, or deposited within our chimneys in the form of soot. The second point is, that the fuel of our fires is not composed entirely of combustible matter, like our candles. Hence there is always a certain proportion, greater or less according to the quality of the fuel, which is incapable of being burned, and which accordingly remains behind, when the fire is burned out, in the familiar form of ashes.

But we have not yet exhausted the Philosophy of a Candle: and if I may trespass a few minutes more upon your time, I should like to call your attention to the relation that exists between the combustion that takes place in a candle and a combustion of a somewhat similar kind that goes on within ourselves. The temperature of the human

body is about  $99^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The body is therefore much warmer, as a rule, than the air around us. Hence it follows that we are always giving off heat to the surrounding atmosphere. And yet the temperature of our bodies remains unchanged, or varies only within very narrow limits. We must, therefore, have within us some unfailing source of heat, to make good the loss that is going on at every moment. This source of heat consists in a process which very much resembles the burning of a candle.

Amongst the materials of which the human body is composed, are found certain compounds made up in great part of carbon and hydrogen. Now, wherever vital action is going on in any part of the body, these elements are separating from one another and entering into chemical combination with oxygen; and, just as in the flame of the candle, heat is developed, in the process, by the clashing together of atoms. The products of combustion, too, are the same in both cases; for carbonic acid and watery vapour are constantly passing off from our bodies, and breathed forth from our lungs. If you breathe against a pane of glass, the watery vapour of your breath is condensed upon the surface of the glass, and thus you have actually before your eyes one of the products of the combustion that is going on within you: just as, in the case of a candle, you can get the same product condensed on the surface of an inverted drinking glass. The other product of combustion—carbonic acid—is not so readily detected by mere observation. Nevertheless, its presence can be easily established by scientific means; and it is found to be very abundant. From calculations made by ingenious philosophers, we learn that a moderate sized man burns, in this way, on an average, about half a pound weight of carbon in the day; while a horse burns about five pounds weight.

But you will say, if a man is burning, after this fashion, all day long, he ought, in course of time, to *burn away*, as a candle does; he ought gradually to dwindle down to nothing and disappear. So no doubt he would, if the carbon and hydrogen he is giving up, at every moment, to the atmosphere, were not supplied to him from some other source. To explain this matter, I will ask you to let me leave for a moment our candle, and take an illustration from another kind of flame. How do we keep up the flame of an oil-lamp? Simply by pouring in a new supply of oil according as the old supply is wasted away. Somewhat of the same kind is the provision that nature has made to repair the waste in man, and to keep up the flame of life. When he has been burning away for some time he feels the cravings of hunger and thirst, and in satisfying these cravings he renews, all unconsciously, his store of fuel. In his food and drink he takes in carbon and hydrogen; and in breathing the fresh air that nature gives him, he takes in the needful oxygen; and so the flame of life burns on.

But this is not all. The foresight and provident care of nature are inexhaustible. It is plain that the loss of heat from the body is much greater in cold climates than in warm, and therefore more fuel is wanted. Just as greater fires are necessary in the houses to keep

them warm, so a more rapid combustion is necessary in the body to keep it warm. It seems, then, desirable that the food of man in cold climates should be very rich in fuel ; that is to say, should contain, in large measure those valuable compounds of carbon and hydrogen, which, as we have seen, are able to produce great heat, when they enter into combination with the oxygen of the air. Now the inhabitants of Greenland and Labrador are no philosophers ; but nature, by a kindly instinct, prompts them to take that very sort of food which is most suited to their condition. You have read, I am sure, that the food of the Greenlanders, the Esquimaux, and other inhabitants of northern countries, consists largely of oil and fat, the very materials of which candles are made. And we are even told by travellers that the most grateful feast you can offer to the peasants, in the frozen regions of Siberia, is a good tallow candle.

And now a new question starts up out of this fruitful theme. What becomes, in the end, of all the carbonic acid that is passing away at every moment from flame, from fire, and from living animals, all the world over ? In London, it has been calculated, the quantity of carbonic acid produced every day, by respiration alone, amounts to over 700 tons weight. What becomes of this enormous mass of carbonic acid ? This is a question in which we are all very deeply interested. Carbonic acid is fatal to human life. If a pan of lighted charcoal is placed on the floor of a close room, any one who sleeps in that room will be suffocated before morning, by the fumes of carbonic acid evolved in the combustion of the charcoal. Hence, you see, if the carbonic acid, produced by combustion, were to go on accumulating in the atmosphere, the air would soon be unfit for human use. But nature has provided for its removal by a simple and beautiful expedient. That very compound which is so destructive to human life, and indeed to all animal life, is to vegetable life one of the chief sources of support. The plants, and trees, and flowers lay hold of the carbonic acid floating in the atmosphere, and separating out the oxygen, which returns to the air, they build up anew, by their organic powers, those very hydro-carbon compounds which had been burned in the flame, in the fire, and in the living animal.

The hydro-carbons, thus restored to their former chemical condition, become part of the vegetable organisms to which they owe their new existence, and in this state undergo many and various changes ; but, in the end, they are sure to come back into some form in which they may be burned as fuel, or eaten as food. From the flowers the bee gathers wax to build up his honeycomb ; and we take possession of the honeycomb, and out of its waxen walls we make our candles over again. Or the forest that has been for ages nourished on the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, piles up its leaves and branches and trunks together, until they are formed into a compact and solid mass ; and this solid mass laid by for ages in the swamps of some desert region, or in the estuary, perhaps, of some great river, is converted into a peat bog or a coal mine, from which we may get our fuel once again, to feed our furnaces and to supply the material for our gas. Or the history may be shorter, though hardly less



interesting, if the plant, having built up those valuable hydro-carbons out of the products of combustion, becomes itself, as so often happens, the food of animals. For then these hydro-carbons are in part burned over again by the vital action of the animal, while in part they are converted into flesh ; and from this flesh we get tallow for our candles and food for ourselves.

Thus, you see, how nature first produces for us the fuel by which flame and fire and life itself are supported, and how, when we have burned that fuel, she gathers up the noxious products of combustion, and, out of them, builds up the fuel again, and stores it away for our future use. And in thus providing for the wants of man she ministers at the same time to his enjoyment, clothing the earth in a rich and luxuriant vegetation, covering the hill-sides with forests, and making the flowers to bloom in our gardens and our fields.

But I must not trespass further on your indulgence this evening. Enough has been said, I hope, to give you some idea of the hidden forces which the student of nature may discover in the most simple and commonplace of the operations that are daily going on around us. Even from the partial glimpses we have had into the wisdom and foresight displayed in the phenomena of the material world, we have been able to recognise distinctly enough traces of that mighty hand which "reacheth from end to end, and ordereth all things sweetly." And we can hardly doubt that, if we could only extend our knowledge to the various works of the Great Creator, scattered abroad through the universe, whether in the open fields or in the pathless heavens, on the mountain tops or in the depths of the sea, we should be able to realise, in very truth, the beautiful fancy of our great poet, and find, wherever we go through this wonderful world—

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

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## NEW BOOKS.

I. *Poems.* By Sir JOHN CROKER BARROW, Bart. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)

SOME of our readers will already be familiar with the name of John Croker Barrow, as the author of a collection of poems, published in 1865, under the title of "*The Valley of Tears*," which received no unkindly welcome at the time from those on whom the thankless task of criticising current literature devolves. The present volume, over which one may pleasantly linger for a careless hour, consists of

a republication of the old poem, together with a number of new ones. Sir John Barrow is an easy and graceful versifier; his sentiment is always pure and tender; and if there is nothing in his volume of which we can speak in terms of enthusiastic praise, there is still less that calls, as much modern writing does, for condemnation or contempt. The time has come when poetry is rather a reproductive than a creative art; and a great living poetess is the mouthpiece of most of her craft when she confesses:

“ Before this life began to be,  
The happy songs that wake in me  
Woke long ago and far apart.”

Thus, when Sir John Barrow says

“ The harpist plays, the poet sings—  
And both because they must,”

we are carried back to the familiar lines of Tennyson:

“ I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing;”

which, in their turn, are only a reproduction of Pope's

“ I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

And probably Pope in saying this was only and unconsciously expressing an idea which

“ Came, through long links of death and birth,  
From the past poets of the earth.”

Sir John Croker Barrow's name is rich in literary recollections. His verses could hardly be expected to recall the deep and varied lore of Isaac Barrow; and still less, we are thankful to add, do they bear any traces of the “slashing” rancour and malignant torism of John Wilson Croker—whose foster-daughter our poet's father married, and who is well known as the prototype of the Right Hon. Nicholas Rigby—one of the characters in Mr. Disraeli's “Coningsby.”

We ought to add that Sir John writes from first to last in the devout spirit of a Christian and a Catholic, and we believe that he is one of those who have “given up much that they loved and prized, and might have retained, but that they loved honesty better than name, and truth better than dear friends.” His recent succession to the title, borne by his family for three generations, adds one more name to the list of Catholic baronets. As a specimen of Sir John's muse, we excerpt, in conclusion, the verses he has written in memory of his father:

“ No sound, but that of sighs,  
No sight but that of weeping eyes:  
Yet he, the wept for, neither sees nor hears  
Those loving sighs, those overflowing tears.

“ My father! Oh, my love!  
Thy lip-kissed lips no longer move:  
And yet in death itself they seem to smile,  
That thou hast passed from life to life the while.

"My father! next to God!  
 His will be done: I kiss his rod.  
 My father! next to God, who hath from thee  
 Withdrawn the life thou gavest unto me.

"Oh, all-forgiving Lord,  
 Forgive, according to thy word!  
 Son, for thy Father's sake, remember mine:  
 And, Father, bless his son, for sake of thine!"

II. *Easy Lessons; or, Self-Instruction in Irish.* By the Rev. ULICK J. BOURKE, President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1876.)

THE learned President of St. Jarlath's has conferred a great boon on all who are, and on all who ought to be, students of the Irish language. One does not require to belong to the first of these two classes to perceive that these "Easy Lessons" deserve their name, as far as any course of self-instruction can be easy at the same time that it is solid and complete. The fact that the present is the sixth large edition of the work is a sufficient proof that Canon Bourke has admirably executed his task, especially when we consider how much more narrow than it ought to be is the audience addressed by such a book. The size and style of the type used in the present edition, and its general excellence of "get-up," make it pleasant to read. But surely the omission of contents-table and index must be a serious inconvenience to the learner? The hint given after the preface as to the arrangement of Parts, and the Keys to the various Parts, may readily escape his eye, and in any case is quite insufficient. We hope this slight fault may soon be remedied in a seventh edition. Praise and gratitude are due to all who give heed to the adjuration of the poem which closes this volume—the last of many in English and Irish by which Canon Bourke's pupils are "brought past the wearisome bitterness of their learning." These poetical extracts, some of them from the pen of the great Celtic archbishop himself, would deserve a special index of their own:

"Ay, build ye up the Celtic tongue above O'Curry's grave;  
 Speed the good work, ye patriot souls who long your land to save."  
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"The Celtic tongue!—then must it die? Say, shall our language go?  
 No! by Ulfadha's kingly soul! by sainted Laurence, no!"

III. *Before the Altar: Two Short Meditations on the Blessed Sacrament, for the use of the Faithful.* (M. H. Gill & Son.)

THIS miniature volume, which bears the imprimatur of the English Cardinal along with that of our own Irish Cardinal, will enable many of the devout faithful to spend a quarter of an hour now and then "before the altar" with more comfort and with more fruit than they have sometimes done. Even in prayers and sacred pieces, there can be the truest charm of style without interfering in the least degree with the earnestness and the seriousness which befit the soul's communications with God. This literary charm is not wanting in this

tiniest of all possible altar-manuals, which we should like to see swollen to tenfold its present dimensions; or, better still, followed by others, from the same pen, of proportions somewhat less suitable for the liturgy of Lilliput.

- IV. *The Discipline of Drink*: An Historical Inquiry into the Principles and Practice of the Catholic Church regarding the Use, Abuse, and Disuse of Alcoholic Liquors, especially in England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the 6th to the 16th century. By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. (London: Burns & Oates, 1876.)

WE have given at full length the title of this remarkable book, because this minute description of its subject and its author's name will be sufficient to convince our readers at the outset that we have here a work of great worth and interest. The title-page, indeed, draws attention to another important item, namely, an introductory letter to the author from the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, to whom the proof-sheets of the work were submitted as they passed through the press. His Eminence gives his cordial approval to the book, which he characterizes as the first attempt to collect the counsels and judgments of Catholic pastors and writers on the use of wine and on the sin of drunkenness. These counsels and judgments have been collected and collated with truly admirable industry and care; and from the first the bearing of the various *dicta* on modern aspects of the subject is very skilfully noted. The practical interest of the subject is thus never lost amid the multitude of theological and antiquarian details. In his choice of the materials he had amassed, Father Bridgett has manifestly exercised self-restraint in confining himself to the most useful and most important. We trust that he will find some other use for the remaining fruits of his researches. He has special qualifications for a task like this; and the clearness and calmness of his style are admirably suited to turn to the best advantage the solid treasures of his learning. We counsel the reader of this volume to peruse, among the advertisements which occupy its last pages, the emphatic testimonies to Father Bridgett's possession of these qualities, borne by the Protestant and Catholic critics of his two previous volumes, "The Ritual of the New Testament," and "Our Lady's Dowry." The present addition that he has made to Catholic literature is even more original in its materials, and in other respects is worthy of being joined with its predecessors.

## WINGED WORDS.

## XI.

1. Respectable people sometimes descant on the temptations of the saints, and affirm that no such trials assail them. Perhaps the reason is that they are respectable people but not saints, and that they are spared what they could not resist. Perhaps it is that the tempter deems pettier temptations more suited to their mediocrity—is contented with their self-content—and does not wish to wake them out of their dream of security. Or, perhaps they fancy that they meet no temptations because they never resist those temptations, just as the flying leaf does not feel the gale that splinters the tree.—*Aubrey de Vere*.

2. The Lord says in the Gospel, "I am the truth," and not "I am the custom."—*Mde. Swetchine*.

3. Religion is the true source of perpetual youth, and communicates to all our sentiments duration, brilliancy, and peace. For myself, I feel as if I should never grow old.—*Père Lacordaire*.

4. While seeking the supernatural, be careful never to lose the natural.—*The same*.

5. Philosophy seeks for truth; theology finds it; religion possesses it.—*Pico della Mirandola*.

6. He [(St. Augustine)] wanted to see more clearly before he knelt; whereas one must kneel to see more clearly.—*Lady Herbert of Lea*.

7. Give to the toiling, suffering masses, for whom this world is so evil, belief in a better world made for them; and they will be tranquil, they will be patient. Patience is born of hope.—*Victor Hugo*.

8. A good physician saves us, if not always from disease, at least from a bad physician.—*John Paul Richter*.

9. "Beauty," says Michael Angelo, "is the purgation of superfluities." In rhetoric this art of omission is a chief secret of power, and, in general, it is proof of high culture to say the greatest matters in the simplest way.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

10. Nothing is more incurable than a frivolous habit. A fly is as untameable as a hyena.—*The same*.

11. Some of your griefs you have cured, and your sharpest you still have survived; but what torments of pain you endured from evils that never arrived.—*Anon*.

12. Hypocrisy is a laborious trade.—*Anon*.

13. There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behaviour like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—*R. W. Emerson*.

14. The one prudence in life is concentration.—*The same*.

15. Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. The basis of good manners is self-reliance and self-control. Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—energy in repose, and the absence of pretension.—*The same*.

FIRST THINGS.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

THE lily is stately and fair,  
The rose is a beautiful thing,  
But no flower that scents the bright air  
As sweet as a primrose in spring.

Good deeds are not balanced by gold,  
The friends of to-day are sincere ;  
But ah ! not the same as the old—  
They never can be quite as dear.

Kind words soothe an aching heart much,  
Soft hands make some weary pains go ;  
But somehow we find not the touch  
Of fingers that healed long ago.

A poet sings on all the day,  
Men listen still ever athirst ;  
Yet, sing he as sweet as he may,  
No songs please his heart like the first.

The green leaves are green at all time  
But no green like the shoots of the larch ;  
No voice of the summer may chime  
With the voice of the young lambs in March.

All freshness and youth please the sight,  
And men ever praise the first part :  
So, too, of things lovely and bright  
The *first* is most dear to God's heart.

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NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

FOR the present all other news must stand aside, all stories of little patients must be kept waiting, while we tell our young friends about a wonderful change which has taken place amongst us. All who wish well to the children's hospital will, we believe, be glad to learn that it has been placed under the care of the good Sisters of Charity, who have kindly taken its welfare into their guardianship, and are already in possession of the house.

All friends and benefactors of the institution having agreed that this change would be decidedly for its benefit, and the good sisters having consented to take the work into their hands, it was thought

that the Feast of the Visitation would be a nice day on which to receive the holy sisters within the walls. That morning, therefore, on entering the library we found it curiously transformed into a temporary chapel. An altar, presented some time ago by a friend, had been discovered by the good sisters in the little oratory upstairs, and was now placed under the picture of the Madonna we all know so well, and appeared guarded on either side by our two white guardian angels. At this altar mass was celebrated, the congregation present being five of the Sisters of Charity, including the superioress, three white-veiled novices, and a few zealous friends of the institution. After mass there was breakfast for the priest and a friend in a neighbouring room, and the nuns and the novices flitted about gaily, hither and thither, upstairs and downstairs, rejoicing in their new possessions, and making themselves thoroughly at home in the place.

Since that day, two of the sisters remain in the Big House from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, attended by a lady who acted as secretary under the former rule, and this state of things will continue for another week or so until the nuns shall have completed their arrangements for permanent residence.

Now we wish our little friends to understand, that under this new and better management, all our former arrangements, our societies, with their meetings and reports, &c., will hold exactly their old place, only everything will be ordered in a far more perfect manner. One good, holy mother of the sisterhood has declared her intention of taking the Boys' Brigade and the Little Children of Mary under her own particular care; and, indeed, any child, boy or girl, who once looked in her bright kind eyes and smiling face, would be glad to put a hand in hers and promise to gather round her knees at any moment she might call them to come to her. Brave boys at a distance will be glad to think of this dear, good mother of the Brigade, who is praying for them at the altar, and who will tell the little patient who lies in her arms of the loving thoughts and efforts of St. Joseph's knights; while tiny girls with spotless hearts will feel themselves drawn nearer still to the holy Mother of God when they lay their little offerings for the sick in her lap. Already there has been a meeting of the Little Children of Mary under the new system, so that it is chiefly for the sake of those members of both societies who are at a distance from the scene of the good work that we find ourselves anxious to make these explanations.

At present we need say no more; next month will bring its own share of news; and we hope soon to be able to give pleasant particulars of the advantages of the change in our rule. The good sisters are anxious that all should know how glad they will be of help from friends outside. Nothing will be changed, except that everything will be done fifty times better than ever it was done before.

We hope and pray that all friends and benefactors will let their zeal and benevolence grow and improve in proportion to the increase of usefulness which is now established for ever within the walls of the BIG HOUSE.

## ALICE O'SULLIVAN,

THE LATEST IRISH MARTYR.

**I** HAVE joined at once with the name of Alice O'Sullivan the glorious title she has won, lest any reader should mistake this paper for a mere story. Alice O'Sullivan gained a martyr's crown—real martyrdom unto blood—a few years ago. If she had not died thus, no one would ever have asked when or where she was born.

She was born on the 1st of December, 1836, in St. Mary's parish, Clonmel, to which her parents had removed from Newry a short time before. As she seemed likely to leave the world immediately after entering into it, she was baptized a few hours after birth. In her infancy the greatest almost of misfortunes happened to her—the loss of her mother. Her pious father secured for her the best substitute for a mother's training by sending her to a convent-school. She was educated in the Dominican Convent of St. Mary, Kingstown.

When she felt herself called to serve God in the religious state, her choice of an order was no doubt determined partly by the fact that a beloved brother had entered the Congregation of the Mission. She, too, would be a child of St. Vincent de Paul. In her nineteenth year, she became a postulant at the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Amiens; and after the usual novitiate, she received the habit of the congregation in the parent-house, Rue du Bac, Paris. After working in her holy vocation for a short time at Boulogne-sur-mer, she was sent in 1857, to Drogheda, and, five years later, to Hereford. To her zealous Irish heart, this removal must have been a sacrifice; and it prepared her for a much greater sacrifice, which was to be consummated so gloriously by the sacrifice of her life.

For the timid young nun, who would seem, from the letters which we have been allowed the privilege of reading, to have clung to her country and her kindred with a warmth of affection beyond the high average of all pure and innocent hearts like hers, it must, indeed, have been an extraordinary sacrifice to offer herself for the distant and painful mission of China. There was no other Irish, or even English-speaking sister among the band, which was made up of natives of France, Italy, and Algiers.

The earliest of the letters we have alluded to is dated from Shanghai, October the 6th, 1863, the day after the travellers reached their destination. It describes, with much liveliness and *naïveté*, the impressions made upon her by all she saw after setting sail from Marseilles. The heat and mosquitoes of Alexandria and the Red Sea were among the most teasing of her hardships. "I offered up all that for you (she writes to her brother), and tried not to complain." As M. Gambart was joined here by another priest, they heard Mass and received Holy Communion every day during the rest of the voyage. "I think it must be *that* which gave us such fine weather." The glimpses this letter gives us of the privations of the priests and religious communities at the different places where the travellers touched have their own lesson for comfortable Christians like us



"who live at home at ease." Sister Alice ends this letter by informing her brother that she has been baptized again. "I am now called Sister Gabriel, after our martyr.\* I hope to have a prayer from him. Good-bye, and send me a long, long letter. Trusting that you are quite well, and that you will continue to offer your fervent prayers for your little sister, who will never forget you in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary."

She little thought at the time what special significance lay for her in this choice of her new name. What was her prayer to her patron? Was it that she too might be a martyr? Even afterwards, however, she always signs herself, "your fond sister Alice," or "your little Alice," or else "Sister Louisa," *ma bonne et bien aimée petite sœur Louise* as Sister Jaurias calls her in writing to the martyr's brother on the first anniversary of her death, which chances also to be the feast of her namesake, St. Aloysius, or Louis de Gonzague.

The privations of the sisters were greatly increased by the fact that the proper preparations had not been made for their reception at Shanghai, and the Hospital Committee, being Protestants, could not understand the wants of the nuns. As they were chiefly Englishmen, Sister Alice was her superior's interpreter. When any difficulty was apprehended, she would say: "Don't be afraid, *ma Sœur*, the Blessed Virgin and my guardian angel will manage it all. Before I speak, I always recommend the matter to them, and they settle it for me."

But poor Alice could not get rid of her own personal difficulties so easily. God is not displeased when we feel a repugnance to a sacrifice that He asks from us. On the contrary, if we had no great difficulty, we should have no great merit. We shall, therefore, give not scandal but edification by noting that, as early as May 1865, this warm-hearted young Irish Sister of Charity implies, in one of her letters, that God had not rewarded her good will with much sensible consolation. "I am *now*, thank God, quite at peace, only that now and then I feel a little lonely, but happy in having nothing to trouble my conscience, and with great trust in God who has taken such care of me up to this time. I feel ashamed to write so much about myself, but I hope it does not tire you. Please don't die before me, for I want your prayers during my time of punishment in the other world."

It is in the letter from which these simple words are taken that the sister goes on to tell what edification the good Irish soldiers gave them. On St. Patrick's Day, 1867, more than thirty of them came to see the holy young nun who had come, like themselves, but on a different errand, in a different service, all the way from their own dear Ireland. God bless the poor fellows, they gave her out of their scanty savings five pounds for the poor. "We went to our little chapel and said the Rosary together. Reverend Mother let me give each of them a picture of our Holy Father the Pope, and they were in great delight." Those poor soldiers were, no doubt, brought under holy influences, whose hold over them may have been

\* M. Perboyre, who was martyred in China, September 11th, 1840.

growing weaker amidst such dangerous circumstances, by that chance meeting with the Irish nun so far away from home.

But others besides Catholic Irishmen remember with gratitude the gentle ministrations of her charity. A Scotch Presbyterian Freemason, returning to Europe just after the outrage at Tien-Tsin, which we shall proceed in a few moments to describe, wished to bear his testimony to the virtues of one of whom he knew nothing but that she was a nun from Ireland; and very judiciously, instead of using "one of the proudest privileges of a free-born Briton," and writing to the *Times*, he addressed himself to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, who allowed the letter to be published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of June, 1871:—

"22 Burr-street, East Smithfield,  
"London, 4th May, '71.

"YOUR EMINENCE—I earnestly request you will have the kindness to publish this letter in any Irish periodical you may think will lead to the discovery of the parents of a beloved child, who suffered martyrdom for her Saviour's sake.

"As I was the only British subject in the Tien-Tsin Hospital previous to the massacre taking place, the following facts may be interesting:—

"The whole of the ladies of the Institution belonged to the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, and amongst those saints was my kind-hearted nurse, Sister Louise, who was at my bedside day and night, cheering my drooping spirits, broken down with sickness and pain.

"Often she told me how delighted she was, although far away from old Ireland, to have the privilege of conversing in her native tongue with a Scotchman. I will not dwell longer on the characteristics of this ministering angel, who is now with her Redeemer.

"On the evening before the massacre, I had received a sign from a brother Mason that my life was in danger; I, however, remained all night (armed) in the hospital, and left about 9 a. m. next morning. Previous to my leaving, I tried hard to persuade poor Sister Louise to come with me to the British Consulate; alas! all was of no avail: I then paid her the sum of ten shillings, hospital fees, besides giving her a small donation in behalf of the schools.

"Should the above meet the eyes of her bereaved parents, I shall feel great pleasure in handing them her dying receipt, recorded in her handwriting.

"The massacre took place about an hour after I left the hospital, and poor Sister Louise was the last victim.

"I also wish to state that she told me her native place was near Waterford.—I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant,

"JAMES MERCHER,  
"Master of the Ship 'Walton,' of Harwich."

But we have not yet reached the closing scene to which this letter introduces us. In the beginning of May, 1867, Sister Alice O'Sullivan was removed from the general hospital of Shanghai to Peking. In the former place it was a source of pain to her that she could not be with the poor; but now she feels that she is really in China, and her good Lord gives her great consolation, "because (she says) we receive almost every day little babies, and I hold them for the sacrament of baptism." Thus she laboured on in her infant-school, not yet so completely acclimatized as not to feel great joy when it was arranged in the course of 1869, that she was to accompany her Mother Superior to Europe, that the Chinese sisterhood might be represented at Paris the year following, in the celebration of the jubilee of their Superior-General, M. Etienne. According to this arrangement she

had given up her work at Peking and was come with her Superioress as far as Tien-Tsin, where a house of the Order had been established since 1862. The climate and overwork had told on the little band of sisters who welcomed them here. Three of them had been struck down by typhoid fever in May, 1870, just before Sister Alice visited the house. They recovered; but they and the others were unequal to their work; and, worse than all, an English-speaking sister was needed for the hospital for Europeans which they were urged to undertake. I know not whether it was merely this obvious want that suggested to this poor Irish nun on her way home the terrible thought, "*Perhaps God wishes me to stay here after all.*" We may readily imagine that she even tried at first to hold the thought at bay, to keep it far away from her. This would be something so very much greater than the sacrifice Father Mastrilli made in his youth, and on which so many precious graces of his after-life were said to have depended: when, on the bright sunny morning of one "excursion-day" during his novitiate, he, after a hard struggle with himself, volunteered to stay at home to serve Mass for an old sick father who had come down just as the novices were starting gaily on their holiday expedition. That was mere child's play to the sacrifice our *pauvre petite sœur* is going to make for the love of her Saviour and her Spouse. For to-day she has heard his voice and she has not hardened her heart. Perhaps she tried; perhaps for a little while she pretended not to hear. Like that soul whose struggles Adelaide Procter describes so well in her poem "Give me thy heart," she may have lovingly dared to argue out her case with her Divine Lord: "Have I not given up the world, all that was dear to me, all that might have been dear to me? Surely you do not expect this additional and quite unnecessary sacrifice from me. I will come back with others. My visit to Europe will benefit my Chinese mission. If I stay now, I may grow unhappy, I may regret it, I may become less fitted for my work. Better let things take their course. No, Lord, you don't want this new sacrifice from me, you don't expect it!"

So we may suppose the poor nun to have struggled against the inspiration that bade her keep nothing back from that jealous Lord who hates all pilfering in the holocaust. But she yielded at last before the statue of our Lady of Victories, and, rising up, she went to her superior to beg her to take another companion on her journey to Europe, but to leave her behind in a place where her aid was so badly needed.

I will not strive to enhance the magnanimity of this self-immolation by insisting further on what I have already alluded to, the peculiar affectionateness of Sister Alice's disposition, which made her separation from home and kindred a veritable martyrdom. Few things please me better in St. Francis Xavier's wonderful letters than those passages which betray his affectionate yearning after all that interests his far-distant brethren. "Ah! your saints have cruel hearts." It is false; they have the tenderest of hearts, for they are the closest copies of Him who said, "Learn of me, for I am ~~meek~~ and humble of heart." St. Paul puts among the reproaches ~~of~~ **things**

against the pagans that they were "without affection." The Son of Mary was not so, the Mother of Jesus was not so. They who for the love of Jesus give up mother, and home, and all, are never so. The world turns up the whites of its eyes in horror at such hard-heartedness; but it is the world itself that is hard-hearted, selfish, cruel. True "love is strong as death," nay, stronger. The human affection that does not look beyond death and consult for the eternal interests of the beloved may be as amiable and innocent as the instinctive fondness of the sheep for her lamb, or of the cat for her kitten, but hardly more worthy of a rational creature and an immortal soul. How much practical paganism there is in current literature that thinks itself Christian, ay, and in Christian hearts!

There is no doubt that in that struggle which took place in the little convent chapel of our Lady of Victories at Tien-Tsin, and which I have made the text of too long a homily, one of the doubts and misgivings that rose up in Sister Alice's bosom must have been, "But how can this be kept up for years to come? Shall I be sorry next year not to have let things take the easier course marked out for them? If I am taken at my word, how shall I go on thus for thirty years?"

Thirty years! She was not to be required to go on thus for thirty *days*. But she made her brave choice as if for years instead of days, and she has her reward accordingly. Thus does God act towards us often. He knows how to take the will for the deed. He not seldom allows us far easier terms than we bargained for. So it proved with Alice O'Sullivan. Before her substitute reached Europe, *she*, as we must believe, had already reached heaven. Sœur Marquet, who was to die along with her, wrote of her a few days before the end: "This new companion of ours is most devoted, and does all in her power to take the place of the sisters who are not able for their work." But their work and hers was done.

The era of martyrdoms is not yet over in China. From time to time the demon of paganism has his victims. Soon after Sister Alice had ended her last letter to her brother with the words, "You see I have not yet had the happiness of finishing this life," the rumours of danger began to increase. We have seen in a previous page how a Scotch Freemason, a patient in the sisters' hospital, was warned of his peril. The Christians (Catholics only bear the odium of that name when there is question of dying for the faith) put themselves in readiness by receiving the sacraments as an immediate preparation for death. About one o'clock on the 21st of June, the sound of the *lam-lam* was heard, and a furious mob, safe in the connivance of the mandarins,\* attacked the convent. Seven of the nuns were murdered in the chapel to which they had fled, and three just beside it. The heathen ruffians mangled and insulted the holy remains, pillaged the convent, and then set fire to the whole building, which was burnt to the ground. Though most of the Chinese orphans had been sent to

\* The cruel farce of a pretended investigation and money-compensation, &c., was afterwards gone through by the government officials.

secure places in the country, ten or twelve of them perished with their saintly guardians.

The following are the names of the martyred Sisters of Charity, the years after each name being the dates of their entrance into the religious state:—Sisters Marquet, 1843; Chavelin, 1846; Violette, 1852; Legras, 1853; Pavillon, 1854; Lenn, 1854; Andrisin, 1855; O'Sullivan, 1856; Adam, 1858; and Tillet, 1861.

Many of the foregoing details, and others into which we cannot enter, are given not only in the private letters which have been placed at our disposal, but also by the correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Shanghai a fortnight later (July 8, 1870). The same journal published a letter of the Protestant British chaplain, the Rev Charles Butcher, M. A., in which he thus refers to the subject of our paper: "The murder of the Sisters of Charity is an outrage not on a nation or a Church but on humanity itself. As chaplain to the British community of Shanghai, I have had opportunities of seeing the noble and devoted work of some of those women, when taking care of the sick at the hospital. One lady, who has been murdered with every circumstance of horror, was an Irish lady whose memory is cherished with affection and gratitude by many of the community here."

Here I ought to end. But I will venture to confess that one of my wishes in drawing up this paper was to help some, perhaps, to take a more personal interest in that drama of the Propagation of the Faith, of which this is a single scene. When we "untravellered islanders" read accounts—and even this we too seldom do—of missionary achievements in China, or Madagascar, or Japan, is it not a fact that we fail to make ourselves at home amongst the missionaries, as if they were not quite of our own race? We English-speaking Catholics are prone to be a little too British on one side of the channel, and on *this* side, perhaps, just a little too Irish—if excess be possible in so eminently desirable a quality. Irish we must be, devotedly and enthusiastically Irish; but we must at the same time be thoroughly, and truly, and heartily Catholic, with no insularity of soul but with hearts as wide as the earth, and wider.

Let, then, the gentle memory of this martyred Irish maiden\* recall for me the fact that in that land which sent Sister Alice by so summary a process to heaven, others whom I know are travelling to the same goal by a slower route. The first decade of their Chinese exile has gone by since the little band of missionary recruits went forth from that happy and hospitable home of St. Michel, on the banks of the Mayenne, with its three hundred inmates gathered from all the nations of Europe. The only Irish heart that was there bade them God speed in the lines which follow this paper in a language

\* As another link between Ireland and China, some of my readers will be glad to be reminded of one whom they must still hold in affectionate remembrance, their amiable fellow-student of old Maynooth times, Father Thomas Fitzpatrick, C.M. who died some ten years ago on the Chinese mission. Another Irishman, son of the authoress of "A Protestant Converted by her Bible and Prayerbook," is at this moment toiling in the same mysterious region among his brothers of the Society of Jesus who are referred to above.

not quite unknown to them ; while one of their countrymen sang his farewell thus in the common language of all :—

“ Nobis tristis adest, lætus apostolis,  
Qui longe a patria vos rapiet dies :  
Frater fratre procul dissociabitur  
Immenso marium sinu !

“ Cur nobis alacri non liceat pede  
Quo vos cunque viam dirigitis sequi ?  
Cur corpus rapido non volet impetu  
Quo mentes et amor volant ?

“ Si Jesu socios plurimus hic labor,  
Paupertas gravior, plura pericula,  
Si matura premit mortis acerbitas,  
Si vos tanta probant mala :

“ Felices nimium ! Qui Ducis ad crucem  
Stat cum bella fremunt, it Ducis æmulus,  
Et cum, Christe, tuos hostibus objicis,  
Primo pugnat in agmine.

“ Hanc vitam, Socii, vivite, Galliæ  
Et nostri memores. Quos freta dividunt,  
Fratres unus amor fratribus alligat :  
Jesus vivit in omnibus.”

J. D.

*Vivite, Galliæ et nostri memores.* Don't forget *la belle France*. It seemed harder to leave her than it might have been since. The dark clouds did not seem at that time to loom over her which have since burst with such fury. One of those who would gladly have gone forth that day with his brave young brothers, little dreamed that, staying behind, and in a spirit of obedience devoting himself earnestly to the study and the teaching of mathematical science, he was securing for himself an earlier crown of martyrdom than they. Yet so it fared with the genial and holy Father Alexis Clerc, who, in the gay capital of their own beautiful France, was shot down as a martyr of the Commune.

But let us end rather with the name of that Irish Sister of Charity whose charred relics consecrate the ungrateful soil, which, perhaps, some of these also shall yet fertilise with their blood. And may not our last word be a prayer ? Pray for us, Sister Alice !

M. R.

# TO THREE YOUNG MISSIONARIES SETTING OUT FOR CHINA.

FAR away from Sicily the sunny,\*  
 Far away from France the gay and fair,  
 Far away from home, and friends, and kindred,  
 'Mid the heathen, exile, death ye dare ;  
 For apostle's toils and martyr's perils  
 Are your bosom's fondest hope and care.  
 So ye flee from home, and friends, and kindred,  
 Far away: but Jesus will be there ;  
 And his Mother smiles on you from heaven,  
 And the saints a joyous envy bear,  
 Praying for you—most of all, great Xavier :  
 "I, too, yearned to preach the glad news there."

Thus on high. On earth below, God's faithful  
 Bless your names, and offer alms and prayer ;  
 While your brothers, linked with you more closely,  
 We who bear the slandered name ye bear—  
 Wheresoever Jesus bids us serve Him,  
 In Sicily the sunny, France the fair,  
 Or Ireland the holy and the patient—  
 Toil we in the cool shade or the glare,  
 We your memory will proudly cherish,  
 As we cherish something pure and rare.  
 And I think that ye, too, O my brothers !  
 In your hearts a nook for us will spare.

Thus, though thousand foamy leagues asunder,  
 Let us in each other's fortunes share.  
 So, farewell ! Away from home and kindred—  
 But God's love goes with you everywhere.  
 Shall we see your smile again ? No, never,  
 Till in heaven—ah ! pray for us—yes, *there* !

W. L.

*Laval, June, 1865.*

\* Father Alphonsus Rizzo, since dead, was a Sicilian.

## ON THE LITERARY STUDIES OF LADIES.\*

AN AFTERNOON LECTURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE questions which were put, without any attempt to answer them, at the end of the first part of this lecture, bear a very practical significance for all of you, whether your lot in life is already finally settled, or whether you are still in uncertainty more or less dense as to which of the three fates await you: the fate assigned to poor Dora in the last line of Tennyson's most pathetic idyl which bears her name, or the fate which is the legal perquisite of the ordinary novel-heroine at the end of the third volume, or else that destiny, the crisis of which has seldom been described more feelingly than by Count Montalembert in a famous page of his *Monks of the West*, though he throws around it too sad a tinge of French sentiment.

"One morning she rises, she comes to her father and mother—'Farewell, all is over,' she says; 'I am going to die—to die to you and to all. I shall never be either a wife or a mother; I am no more even your child; I am God's alone.' Nothing can withhold her. 'Immediately they left the ship and their father and followed Him.' And lo! she appears, arrayed for the sacrifice, brilliant and lovely, with an angelic smile, blooming and beaming, fervent and serene, the crowning work of creation. Proud of her last beautiful attire, bright and brave she ascends to the altar—or rather she flies, she rushes like a soldier to the breach, and hardly able to restrain the impassioned fervour which consumes her, she bows her head to receive the veil which is to be a yoke upon her for the rest of her life, but which will also be her eternal crown."

On some points, as here, Montalembert shows not quite so true a Catholic instinct as his gifted and generous Protestant biographer, another ornament of your sex. See how his slightly false colouring in this picture of a "Reception-ceremony" is toned away by Mrs. Oliphant:—

"We must add that when the first sharp shock of the severance was over, the sacrifice began to bring with it its own gentle recompense. Many of us have known the suffering and sacrifice involved in the transference of a cherished and beloved daughter to be some stranger's wife, the head of a new household, the centre of another family. We call this a happy event and the other a sad one—but we doubt whether the happy young wife [is she always happy?], whose very happiness is founded upon her separation from her native home, can remain such a steadfast and sweet consoler to her parents as the gentle young nun, whose human interests still centre in her father's house. Montalembert, at all events, was consoled by the constant tenderness and sympathy of his cherished daughter; and in the

\* The title given to the first part in our preceding number is retained, but a somewhat less ambitious subject has been treated of in the lecture.



satisfaction of seeing that she had attained the career which suited her best, and was both useful and happy in her vocation, he forgot his own individual disappointment and pain."

May the writer of this passage be brought into the one true faith of all the holy nuns whose vocation she appreciates so well.

"Useful and happy in her vocation," and surely more useful and more happy for having had her mental gifts cultivated to the utmost, as must have been the case with the daughter of Count Montalembert. For those whom God honours with so holy and so happy a calling are by no means exempted from the obligation of "trading until He come"—*negotiamini dum venio*. They will not be allowed to bury their talent in a napkin. No, in the religious vocation they will not be embalmed as ethereal mummies; they will have work to do, for which the training of their minds will help to qualify them—those especially whose duty it will be in turn to teach and train up the young. Not those only, for in every religious institute there is room for the exercise of the most cultivated talents; but those especially, for in the present state of society, in the competition of class with class and rank with rank, in this era of false and true progress, of false and true enlightenment, education in all its phases and branches, highest and lowest, is more than ever the battle-field between the powers of evil and of good; and those who claim to represent the Catholic Church, and to exercise in her name her sacred and inalienable right of giving a religious education to her children, are more than ever bound to qualify themselves to give them such an education as will enable them to hold their own in the struggle for life. Not all, but a good deal, of what is urged on this subject of the training of Catholic youths holds good also of the training of Catholic maidens. Such training involves far more than the school-routine of lessons and so-called accomplishments; it implies the formation of taste and character. For, to use the words of a thoughtful writer,\* "the young lady who leaves her school, or parts with her governess, at eighteen or nineteen, without any taste for reading, any habit of mental exertion, any practice of comparison, inference, reasoning, or the exercise of judgment; or again, with the imagination entirely uncultivated and undisciplined, with neither principles of taste nor experience to guide her to turn to the good and reject the bad in the wide and flower-strewn field of literature which is open to her when she enters the world—may dress as well, or at least as extravagantly, and chatter as gracefully, or at least as incessantly, as Protestant young ladies of the same standing, and she may even know a number of things by rote, be not quite unendurable on the piano, and produce very pretty 'worsted work'—but she enters life almost as great a child as if she had never been educated at all; and though she may perhaps succeed in passing through it innocently, she is not at all likely to pass through it usefully."

Before venturing a little further in the direction towards which those last words point, let me here find room for a word of warning

against the falsehood of both extremes, namely, against the vile Mahometan lowering of the womanly ideal on the one hand—and on the other, against those fantastic theories of independence which have almost attained the dignity of a new heresy—against any approach to that “medley” of social functions ridiculed so daintily by the Laureate in the prologue to the *Princess*, where not Ida, indeed, but the mocking Walter broaches the idea of a feminine university:

“With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.”

Apart from all such extravagances, it is surely not too much to expect that for young ladies, whose social position, family circumstances, and personal surroundings afford them sufficient leisure and all other needful facilities, there ought to be some suitable equivalent for a quasi-university training, or at least, for the further development of their faculties, or (in still simpler phrase) for the proper completion of their education. This is all that it comes to. That more dignified expression, “a feminine substitute for a university training” is only meant to shelter what in itself might seem a somewhat rude insinuation, that highly educated ladies are often very imperfectly educated, and that their education is “finished” before it can well be said to be begun. For surely it cannot be expected to be completed within the two or three years following that momentous epoch in the girl’s life, which Dr. Oliver Holmes has described so pathetically in his little poem, “My Aunt:”

“He sent her to a stylish school  
(’Twas in her thirteenth June),  
And with her, as the rules required,  
Three towels and a spoon.”

No, young ladies, when you have finished at school, you should consider, as I said a moment ago, that you have in reality only begun. You have at best but learned the use of your tools, and you are still clumsy enough, perchance, in using them. It is piously believed, for instance, that you know French. The French language is a very useful tool, the key that opens to us a literature which supplies many of the deficiencies that English literature must necessarily have for Catholics. Are you thoroughly expert in the use of that tool? Perhaps, with regard to our supposed accomplishments, a candid and competent teacher would reply, as George the Third’s music-master is said to have replied when the king asked what he thought of his royal progress in playing the violin: “Sire, there are three degrees: 1st, not to play at all; 2nd, to play very badly; 3rd, to be able to play. Your majesty has made considerable progress in the second of these stages.” We too may have made some progress in the art of doing several things very indifferently. Let us go on, then, learning still—learning how to learn, learning at least our ignorance. Work on a little longer in the shade. It is a pity to come out into the full glare too soon. What happens to other flowers under similar circumstances may happen to *you*. Be not in a hurry to be full-blown flowers. She

who, out of living women, has, perhaps, the finest poetical utterance—Augusta Webster—has given you this warning too :

“ Too soon so fair, fair lilies !  
 To bloom is then to wane,  
 The folded bud has still  
 To-morrows at its will—  
 Blown flowers shall never blow again.”

I implied awhile ago that these suggestions, or rather the more practical ones, which my somewhat vague and general observations might themselves in turn suggest, are applicable, not to young ladies only, but even to grave matrons and busy mothers of families. To that question in the catechism, *why so many marriages prove unhappy*, the catechism gives a very true and solid answer, which may, however, be supplemented by Dean Swift's reason for the same : which is, “ because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.” It is, no doubt, very desirable that those who are to assume the solemn responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood should possess the qualities and the character that can not only attract admiration but acquire and retain affection and esteem. After the net has caught, the cage should be strong enough to hold, and commodious enough to make the willing captive feel quite at home and sing contentedly. She who finds herself the proprietress of such a cage, must, whether prepared beforehand or not, set herself to make the cage such indeed as has been described. Or, to dismiss with plainer and more serious language a very plain and serious subject, let not the young wife imagine that the faults, and defects, and omissions of her previous education are then incurable and irreparable, but let her even then begin in earnest to train her heart and her mind so as to fit herself for the solemn duties of her lot with regard to him to whom God has given her, and with regard to those whom God may give to them both.

Against the general conclusion, towards which most of the foregoing remarks, I trust, gravitate with a decent degree of relevancy, sundry objections may be urged. I single out two, quite unlike one another in character. Those who have what we pray for in the Universal Prayer—a vivid sense of “ the nothingness of earth, the greatness of heaven, the shortness of time, the length of eternity ”—how can you ask such to devote many of the precious moments of life to the study of mere literature ? Not if their dispositions were really such, and if they had no relations with others with whom their proposed policy would unfit them for dealing. I wish the objector could read Mgr. Dupanloup's “ *Quelques Conseils aux Femmes Chrétiennes qui vivent dans le monde sur le Travail intellectuel qui leur convient.* ”\* But a sufficient answer is contained in Father Faber's conference “ *On a Taste for Reading, Considered as a Help in the Spiritual Life.* ”† He says expressly that his reasoning extends to

\* Appended to the third volume of the bishop's great book, *De la Haute Education Chrétienne*, and also reprinted in a small volume.

† “ *Spiritual Conferences,* ” p. 316.

“conscientiously chosen reading, even of a secular sort;” and even of spiritual books he supposes such a use to be made as would involve more than merely turning over the leaves listlessly for half an hour. A “taste for reading,” therefore, as this holy man understands it, is in its kind truly intellectual culture; and such, he contends, is not a hindrance but a help in the spiritual life. Out of many excellent things which Father Faber says in his own characteristic way, I will string together a few sentences here and there that bear strongly on the present point.

“Reading delivers us from listlessness. Towards afternoon, a person who has nothing to do drifts rapidly away from God. To sit down in a chair without an object is to jump into a thicket of temptations. A vacant hour is always the devil’s hour. When time hangs heavy, the wings of the spirit flap painfully and slow. Then it is that a book is a strong tower, nay, a very church, with angels lurking among the leaves as if they were so many niches.”

Then he brings us from privacy into society and dilates on his favourite topic, the vices of the tongue, till he comes to our point again of good, intelligent reading of some kind, which is practically the “literary study” that the present lecture recommends and inculcates:

“Reading helps to make conversation harmless, by making it less petty and less censorious. Our books are our neighbour’s allies by making it less necessary to discuss him. It is very hard for a person, who does not like reading, to talk without sinning. It also makes us and our piety more attractive to those around us. Ignorance is repulsive, but I doubt if it is so repulsive as that half-ignorant narrowness of mind, which characterises persons who do not read. The world is full of objections to piety; and its want of geniality, of sympathy with men and things, is one of the chief objections to it. We may be quite sure that people have on the whole preached the gospel with more success in their conversation when they spoke indirectly on religion than when they spoke directly on it. We are better missionaries in daily society, if we have a taste for reading; and this, of course, does not mean spiritual reading on the one hand, nor on the other, that light reading, which dissipates our spirit, sullies our faith, and makes our conversation puerile or frothy.”

Those last words show that the fascinating and saintly Oratorian in reality intends in this conference to support our special thesis: for the sort of reading which this description includes—“that irregular foraging to which clever girls are usually reduced,” according to a late saying of a very clever woman,\* who might have comprised clever women in her remark—this studious and systematic reading is in practice the best intellectual regimen which the patients for whom I am prescribing have at their command.

Those patients must earn the name better by tolerating just one more extract, which is more to the point than any of the others:

“Above all, a taste for reading is necessary for Christian parents.

\* Mrs. G. H. Lewes.

It is evil for those children who are more educated by tutors and governesses than by their own parents. A mother who is little with her children is but half a mother; and how dull, and foolish, and uninteresting, and uninfluential must children grow up, if, as their minds expand, they find the conversation of their parents—as the conversation of unreading persons must be—empty, shallow, gossiping, vapid, and more childish than the children's talk among themselves. It is this which explains what we so often observe, that a taste for reading, or the absence of it, is hereditary."

The other objection to a more intellectual course of reading for ladies may be couched in the form of a couplet from Lady Dufferin's song, which went out of fashion many years before you were born:

"Had she been a daughter of mine, I'd have taught her to knit and to sew;  
But her mother—a charming woman—could not think of such trifles, you know."

The knitting and sewing here recommended, and also the making of pies and puddings, are all eminently useful arts, excellent in their time and place; but they need not interfere in the least with your studies of another kind. Moreover, I am credibly informed that many of the parlour industries formerly in vogue have, by the progress of civilization, been relegated to the same limbo of disuse which has engulfed that venerable but obsolete domestic institution which Thomas Hood apostrophises as:

"Home-made bread, home-made bread!  
Pleasant compound of putty and lead."

Machinery, commerce, social changes of various kinds, make it no longer expedient for such as those whom I am addressing to devote themselves much to divers practical arts and economical devices which considerably exercised our grandmothers. There are persons able and willing to do these things for you far better and more cheaply than you can do them for yourselves; and this leaves you free to pursue a merely passive policy of armed neutrality, looking on intelligently, inspecting, finding fault, patronising, and, above all, paying. Now-a-days, we buy our bread at the bakers', and we give our balls by contract. Even from whatever household cares and responsibilities still remain, your good mothers are ready enough to hold you exonerated. "Yes," quoth lately a *materfamilias* from Vermont, U. S., one of those American women who are only to be met with in the newspaper column of varieties; "yes, I want my daughter to study rhetoric, for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."

At all events, no one can deny that housekeeping anxieties, and similar edifying engagements, are not the most formidable of your foes to solid and useful reading. The chief foes are your *dolce far niente*, the dressiness and showiness which have become for many the chief business of life, the incessant dribble of novels flimsy and worldly, or a little worse, the tyrannical fripperies of fashion, the implacable swarm of *devoirs parasites*, which, according to Sully Prudhomme, a Parisian poet of the hour, *pullulent autour de nos tasses de*

*the*\*—in short, those laborious nothings of which Seneca complained long ago, *Operose nihil agendo vilam agimus*: a phrase which may be illustrated by the well-known fragment of a modern dialogue: "What are you doing there, Pat?" "Nothing, your honour." "And you, Tom?" "Helping Pat." Even thus doth Miss Thomasina assist Lady Patricia in that most fatiguing of all toils—from morning till night, and from year's end to year's end, doing nothing with various degrees of elaborateness.

There are some who say that there is a special dearth in this city of useful occupation for the class to whom these observations are directed. I know not on what statistics the *Liverpool Mercury* relied when it ventured to state recently that there is a larger percentage of the population in Dublin whose only business is mere amusement, than in any other town in the empire. The amusement, indeed, is not of a very violent kind for the most part. In a context somewhat similar to the present, I once recalled the memory of that illustrious king of France, who, with fifty thousand men, "marched up the hill and then marched down again;" and I asked with pathetic indignation, as I would now dare to ask once more, changing the "local habitation and the name:"

"Ah! is it pastime meet for all our fine young men  
To stroll up Grafton-street, and then stroll down again?"

The exigency of the rhyme confines this query to "men;" but as, when the shoemaker placarded as his motto, *mens conscia recti*, his rival in the trade advertised *men's and women's conscia recti*: so here the poet's question about our "fine young men" may very reasonably receive such an extension as is indicated on the title-page of a useful and entertaining book, "Men of the Time (including the Women)."

\* It will not be "lost time" to cite the whole of M. Prudhomme's sonnet on this very apposite topic, *Le temps perdu*:—

"Si peu d'œuvres pour tant de fatigue et d'ennui!  
De stériles soucis notre journée est pleine:  
Leur meute sans pitié nous chasse à perdre haleine,  
Nous pousse, nous dévore, et l'heure utile a fui.

"Demain j'irai demain voir ce pauvre chez lui,  
Demain je reprendrai ce livre ouvert à peine;  
Demain je te dirai, mon âme, où je te mène  
Demain je serai juste et fort—pas aujourd'hui.

"Aujourd'hui que de soins, de pas, et de visites!  
Oh! l'implacable essaim des devoirs parasites  
Qui pullulent autour de nos tasses de thé!

"Ainsi chôment le cœur, la pensée, et le livre,  
Et pendant qu'on se tue à différer de vivre,  
Le vrai devoir dans l'ombre attend la volonté."

This "cardrivingest, teadrinkingest" capital of ours has altered considerably since the era of the old song :

" Oh ! Dublin is the darlin' city, the finest city upon the say,  
For here's O'Connell making speeches, and Lady Morgan making tay :"

to wit, at no 35, Kildare street, round the corner. Our tea-drinking and our speech-making have become less frequent and less brilliant, but I fear that still too great a number of our adult female population go far towards realising that ideal of youngladyhood which I quoted some time ago—quite too long ago—about "a do-nothing lady, worrying shopmen all morning, and screeching at her pianny all afternoon, and going to bed without having done a good turn to any one of God's creatures but herself."

Would it not be well to vary life a little with some nobler and more inspiring pursuit? It is pretty generally known, especially since the days of Dr. Isaac Watts, that "the devil still some mischief finds for idle hands to do;" and idle eyes, idle tongues, and idle hearts are equally open to an engagement from that extensive and energetic employer. It is desirable that amongst his employees should be found as few as possible of the hands and hearts of the fair daughters of Catholic Ireland.

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### SONNET.

O LOVELY June, sweet giver of young roses,  
A wild and tearful spring has vexed us long,  
Chiding the opening bud and wood-bird's song,  
But now her wilful reign unwilling closes !  
O fill thy lap with flowers, and come to us,  
Leaning thy face, with soft carnations glowing,  
Out of the fragrant boughs, from southward blowing,  
And let us see thee in thy beauty thus !  
Now we will track thee through mysterious alleys  
Of long-enchanted forest greenly dim—  
The mossy quire of moonstruck nightingales ;  
Or, waked by faint notes when the darkness pales,  
Fleeing along the ocean's kindling rim,  
We'll follow thee across the rose-wreathed valleys !

R. M.

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## LOST TO IRELAND.

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,  
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—  
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—  
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?"

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye,  
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?  
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;  
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?"

*Thomas Osborne Davis.*

WE linger yet a little longer amid the beautiful scenery that adorns the course of the Annalee. A few miles below the spot at which Owen O'Neill took leave of his troops, the river receives the superfluous waters of a chain of lakes of considerable extent and of great natural beauty. They are of most irregular shape, their sides are indented with innumerable fantastic bays, and they throw out their winding arms in every direction round the conical hills, which, like the colossal tents of some subterranean army, occupy the centre of the county Cavan. Of these lakes, the largest and most picturesque is Lough Oughter. Its waters fill the central basin of a rich and thickly-wooded country. The fertile lands upon its shores have formed the prize for which many a fierce combat has been fought, and the spoil which many successive conquerors have divided. They belonged, in the days of which we write, to the chief of the O'Reillys. This powerful family had, by alternate violence and diplomacy, maintained their hold of the greater portion of their hereditary possessions during the troubled times that had preceded the civil war. When the insurrection spread into their territories they at once repossessed themselves of the lands of which the commissioners of King James had robbed them. Subsequent partitions of the estates of the plundered Irish chiefs brought the lands in the neighbourhood of Lough Oughter into the hands of certain Maxwells and Saundersons, and the descendants of these settlers still retain possession of them.

In the middle of the lake stands a small island almost entirely covered by the ruins of a castle. The water, in some places, washes the old walls, at other points a scanty border of green turf separates the ripples of the lake from the crumbling ruin. Ledges of slaty rock project at regular intervals from that side of the gaunt pile that rises immediately out of the water, and the probable use of these architectural curiosities has long exercised the ingenuity of local antiquarians. The cicerone of the ruins is an old woman whose appearance is thoroughly in harmony with the falling structure of which she is sole guardian. She paddles the visitor across the lake in a rickety "cot," and on the way tells him what she has heard or what she has invented concerning the old castle and its former inhabitants. From the peculiar nature of her avocations and the ski'



she displays in them she is known in the neighbourhood by the hardly undeserved sobriquet of "The Waterwitch."

It may be well to state that this description of Lough Oughter is founded on the recollections of a visit paid to it many years ago. Time has made hazy the hurried impressions of a holiday tour, and it is possible that the tourist to-day would not recognise in the sketch here drawn a picture of the ruin as it stands. It is possible, too, that the waves have since encroached upon the grassy border that fringes the walls, or have increased its width by piling up new masses of sediment against it. It may be, also, that "The Waterwitch" plies her trade no more, that she has long ago gone to keep company with the legendary generations whose feats she told, and of which some of her neighbours believed her a survivor. Time has had opportunities to make changes since last the writer saw Lough Oughter, and there is no reason to doubt that time has done his work conscientiously.

In the days of our heroes and heroines, the old castle still stood in all its strength. Its dark turrets rose in gloomy pride above the waves, and looked coldly down upon the tossing and tumbling of their summer playfulness, as upon the seething haste and uproar of their winter anger. The latter unamiable mood was upon the waters now. They could hear "November's surly blast" sweeping across the hills, they caught the groaning and creaking of the aged trees that stood sentinels about their resting-place, they heard the storm gusts growling amongst the turrets and chimneys of the staid old pile in their midst, and they too grew churlish and sullen, and chafed, and foamed, and hurried to and fro in senseless haste, and beat themselves idly against the walls of the castle, and then went off, fretful and indignant, to mutter and sob over their grievances in the quiet nooks in the woods, under the branches, and in their secret chambers among the roots of the old trees. What cared they who was disturbed by their noisiness? Bah! They were angry and they would show it.

"It is a wild night, MacDermott," said a wasted invalid who lay in one of the chambers of the island fortress, to the solitary watcher who sat by his couch. "How the wind roars outside! How chill it is, too, and how dark the room is growing! The fire is burning low, heap fresh logs upon it."

It was not so. The pile of faggots on the hearth was sending out a warm, genial glow through the apartment, and showering upon the rough walls and the heavy vaulted roof a flood of rich purple light. The chill was at the sufferer's heart, the shadow was within his own failing eyes. With a painful sigh the watcher rose from his place by the bedside and obeyed the request of the sick man.

"Now sit you down again," said the invalid, when his command had been fulfilled, "and come close to me; even my voice begins to fail me. It is probably the last time we shall be alone together and I must tell you now a secret I was minded to carry with me to the grave. You remember the incidents of your last adventure on the shores of Lough Ree?"

"Only too well," responded the attentive listener. Google

"To my part in that affair I owe the noisome malady of which you see me dying."

"No! by heaven!" exclaimed MacDermott, excitedly, "the villain has not taken your life too?"

"Listen," pursued the sick man, quietly. "I do not tell you this to stir you up to anger. I am not in a mood to provoke or to indulge such passions now. Hear me calmly to the end. I gave him something to revenge. I tore from his grasp the prize he coveted, at the moment that he believed it irrevocably his. I kept him a prisoner for months, and made him feel that his fate depended entirely upon yours. I inflicted upon him a chastisement which he could never forgive, and which he at length found means to avenge. I was on my guard against him, but he outwitted me. Do not ask me how. I have my reasons for keeping this a secret even from you. I have told you this much for your own safety. It is probable that you will meet him again. For motives which you can now understand I have caused watch to be kept on his movements. He has gone again towards the south, doubtless in search of the prize of which I robbed him. If you encounter him again, beware of his resentment; he is your enemy as much if not more than he has been mine."

"Pray heaven we meet again," cried MacDermott, fiercely. "By the God above us, the instant he comes within reach of my blade his traitor's life shall end."

"Hush! hush! MacDermott," said the sick man, uneasily, "the language of hatred and revenge should not sound in the ears of dying men. Let us speak no more of him who has betrayed us both. I forgive the wrongs he has done me for the sake of Him from whom I shall soon need mercy myself. May heaven in his need be as forgiving to him as I am! One word about yourself. You have nobly defended Ireland's cause as long as Ireland had a cause to fight for. Very soon she will have one no longer. The armies that oppose Cromwell he will brush from his path. Our Ulster soldiers and Ulster generals alone are capable of withstanding him, but they will be outnumbered by their enemies, and, possibly, betrayed by their friends. I have clearly before me now the dismal ending of all our high hopes. When you see me laid in the grave, sheath the sword you have wielded so well, and let it rest in its scabbard till better days give more certain promise of our country's deliverance."

There was a pause. O'Neill lay motionless upon his couch, his eyes fixed upon the dingy roof, his chest heaving and throbbing from the lengthened effort his words had cost him. The watcher sat by him, but answered nothing to his leader's parting advice.

"And if," pursued the sick man, when he had gathered strength to proceed, "before you quit this conquered land, you should meet again the orphan girl who, as I have long ago perceived, has won your heart, and who is worthy of the love she has won, offer her a home in your native country; she will soon be destitute here."

Again the speaker paused. His companion was about to reply when he was startled by a prolonged and agonising wail, so wild and piteous, that it drove from his thoughts the absorbing object that

engrossed them. Again and again the plaintive cry rose above the moaning of the winds and the splash of the waters, now close at hand, as if uttered beneath the deep, narrow window of the room, now far away as if it issued from the gloom of the dark woods that swayed to and fro upon the shore. Was it the cry of some boatman in distress, or the scream of some startled night-bird frightened from its hiding place in the turrets by the violence of the storm? MacDermott's ear was accustomed to sounds of terror and alarm, but in this weird and lonely cry there was an unearthly anguish such as he had never heard before, which made his soldier's cheek blanch and his soldier's heart beat faster.

"Did you hear it, MacDermott," asked the sufferer, faintly, as the last wailing note died away upon the waters.

"Yes," whispered his companion, with bated breath.

"It is the banshee," said O'Neill, solemnly. "My hour is come."

"What mean you?" asked the puzzled soldier.

"The banshee," replied O'Neill, "a messenger from the world beyond come to warn me that my end is near. The chiefs of our race are thus strangely privileged: a spirit from the other world is sent to mourn in the strains you have heard their departure from this. This ghostly dirge is sung during the closing hours of all the heads of our clan. Its warning notes never deceive us. It is time for us to take leave of earth when we hear them. Request my Lord of Clogher to come to me, and let me be left alone with him a short time."

Strangely impressed by the incident that had occurred, MacDermott rose to summon the prelate. He was surprised that a mind so vigorous as O'Neill's should accord belief to what he believed a popular superstition. Yet the strange coincidence of time and place, and the peculiar unearthliness of the wild cry which still rung in his ears shook his faith in his own wisdom. Perplexed, and somewhat awed, he quitted the sick room. Without he found the entire household indulging their grief as for one already dead. The narrow gallery that led to O'Neill's chamber was crowded with the retainers of the great General of Ulster, as well as with the family and followers of the chief to whose mansion he had come to die. They had heard the mysterious dirge, and with a readier belief in its supernatural character than MacDermott had accorded it, had recognised in it the death chant of the chieftain whom they loved. It was a motley group of mourners: veterans with whitening locks and deeply scarred faces who had followed the dying man through the wars which had been his life's occupation, younger soldiers in the fulness of their strength who had learned the art of war from him during the campaigns of the preceding four years; matrons and maidens of his own princely house, and ladies of the family of O'Reilly—his kinswomen by marriage; gray-haired servants who had served him with the fidelity which the clients of the great Irish family ever showed to their hereditary patrons; pages and huntsmen who had waited on him in the hall or attended him in the chase.

MacDermott closed the door softly, and with a warning gesture restrained the movement of the mourners towards the sick room,

Hastily summoning the bishop, he ushered him into the chamber of the dying man, and left them alone together. The interview lasted but a few minutes. At the end of that time the door opened, the bishop re-appeared, and beckoned into the room O'Neill's more immediate relatives. Lights were brought, the assistants prostrated themselves in prayer, and the mystic ceremonies with which the Catholic Church prepares the soul for its passage into eternity were solemnly performed. The voice of the officiating prelate trembled perceptibly as he pronounced the words of the awful rite; he was the bosom friend, and had been the companion-in-arms, of the dying man. For him that poor, panting sufferer had once defied and threatened the Supreme Council in their own assembly room; they had attempted to overawe him into a policy which he believed fatal to Ireland, and O'Neill bade them desist, on peril of incurring his enmity. Poor, poor, tormented, quivering frame! How often he had seen it in its bright clothing of steel lead the way through the storm of battle for the stout soldiers of Tir-Owen! How often he had seen those half-closed glassy eyes burn with the fierce excitement of the absorbing game where life was staked on the result, and that brow, contracted now with the agonies of death, beam bright and unruffled amid the tumult of angry debates, and the gloom of despairing counsels. A modern philosopher will have it that striking contrasts provoke mirth—it may be so, but there are occasions when they excite sorrow; the contrasts which here occurred to the mind of Emer MacMahon made his voice stick painfully in his throat, and the tears rise to his eyes.

The impressive rite was ended at length, the dying man lay motionless upon his couch absorbed in the dread thoughts which the ceremony just concluded suggested. His breathing became, each moment, more laboured and painful, his features more ghastly pale. At intervals a low moaning sound forced from him by the tortures he underwent escaped his lips, and then he faintly uttered the Redeemer's name, and gently prayed that his impatience might be forgiven. A lady with streaming eyes and throbbing bosom bent over his couch, and softly whispered his name. At the sound of her voice, the sufferer struggled to raise his unnerved arm to clasp in his the tender hand that wiped the death sweat from his brow.

"My own poor Rose," he murmured, with a painful effort, "grieve not for me. It is God's will; it is for the best. It troubles me to leave you thus without a home in the land where I had thought to make you a princess. When the worst happens, as happen it will, our son Henry will seek a refuge for you in Spain or in Italy. Say that you are the wife of the defender of Arras, and at the court of King Philip you will be received with honour. I suffer greatly, Rose. Pray that I may bear up to the end!"

Alas, poor sufferer. How well for him that he was not vouchsafed a glimpse into the near future! How it would have added to the agony he endured to know that the gallant son, to whose care he entrusted his weeping wife, was soon to die an ignominious death by order of the man he had lately delivered at Derry from the clutches of his foes. The decree is merciful which debar us from the know-

ledge of events to come. It is a dispensation which, if it lessens the sum of our joys, materially abridges the catalogue of our sorrows.

Again there was silence in the sick room, long and distressing silence broken only by the hard breathing of the dying man and the soft ejaculated prayers of the assistants. They listened with bowed heads to the struggle which life was making to maintain itself in that worn-out frame, the choking sounds in the throat, the long drawn respiration, the feeble, half-repressed moan of pain. Death was winning the victory, and winning it fast, and they thought they were not to hear again the voice of his victim. Yet, before the close of the mortal struggle, the vanquished soldier contrived to shake off for a brief moment the cold clasp of his foe. Concentrating his failing energies in a supreme effort, the dying chief raised himself unaided from his pillow.

"Bear witness all!" he cried, in a hoarse voice, which startled the listeners, "that I die in the faith of Christ, true to my mother the Catholic Church, and true to my country, Ireland. Take my last message to my gallant soldiers. Say that, dying, in my latest thoughts I thought of them. Oh, if they might but conquer yet! My God, if it might be—Ireland, my country! Jesus! Mary——"

It was his last effort for the faith and the country he had loved and served. His voice failed, his eyelids slowly closed, he fell back upon his pillow, and with the sweet name of heaven's gentle Queen, whom his soldier's heart had chivalrously loved in life, upon his lips, he died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adjoining Lough Oughter lies another lake of the same chain, containing a large island which has received the name "Trinity Island," from an ancient monastery which stands upon it. Towards this venerable pile, which was not then a ruin, as it is to-day, a barge, draped in black, was rowed on the morning of the second day following the events just described. When the vessel touched the shore, a simple coffin, on which were inscribed the words: "Owen MacArt O'Neill," was lifted out of it, and carried towards the church of the monastery. The scanty procession of mourners was received at the door by a double file of monks; the coffin was laid in front of the altar, and the holy brotherhood with chant and prayer supplicated heaven for rest to the soul of the departed chieftain.

The sacred rite was ended, the last sad note of the concluding psalm had died away in the vaulted roof, when a soldier who had stood by the bier during the ceremony undid the fastenings and raised the lid of the coffin. Within the rough shell lay the body of Owen Roe, encased in the glittering armour which had been the vesture he loved best, upon his head his plumed and richly-plated helmet, and by his side his golden-hilted sword.\* His rigid features showed even in death the impress of the great mind whose workings they had depicted in life; even yet were reflected in them the vast designs and high resolves matured within that once busy brain—now at rest for ever.

\* The details of O'Neill's funeral have been borrowed from local tradition, rather than from the more authentic narratives of approved historians.

The spectators gazed upon the pallid, icy countenance of the chieftain with mingled awe and sorrow. After a long last awful look on the face of the dead, the soldier who had uncovered replaced the coffin lid, and murmured as he did so: "In thee Ireland has lost the greatest of her children."

Many generations have since come and gone; had the panegyric Owen O'Neill to be preached to-day, it might still be done in these simple words.

We may not tell where the coffin was laid. The tourist who visits Minster Island will observe heaps of clay and stones piled up within the chancel of the ruined abbey church. These mounds have been thrown up by the peasant antiquarians of the neighbourhood in their search for the grave of Owen Roe. Diligent as their efforts have been, the dust of the last of Tir-Owen's famous leaders yet remains undiscovered and undisturbed.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### DISCOVERED.

Fair is her cottage in its place,  
Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides.  
It sees itself from thatch to base  
Dream in the sliding tides. *Tennyson.*

FOR several months before the advance of General Ireton on Limerick the utmost terror and confusion prevailed in and around the city. The story of the cruel deeds done in Drogheda and Wexford was but too well known, and the inhabitants of Limerick had no reason to expect that the generals of the Parliament would be more merciful to them than they had been to their fellow-countrymen in the east and south-east. The leaders who guided the councils of the city prepared themselves for a desperate resistance. Tempting offers were made to allure them from the cause to which they adhered, but firm in their allegiance to the Church which they falsely identified with allegiance to Charles II., they resisted the advances of the rebel generals, and resolved to hold their city for the king. Devoted though they were to the royal cause, they refused to admit within their walls the lieutenant of the sovereign, or to receive the garrison which he pressed them to accept. They had experienced, to the full, the duplicity of the Marquis of Ormonde, and they declined to trust him further. They would hold their town for King Charles, but they would admit to their aid only the Ulstermen whom Hugh O'Neill commanded, and they would serve under no other governor than Hugh O'Neill himself. Events showed that the confidence of the citizens in the Ulster troops and in the Ulster general was not misplaced. Ormonde lingered for a time by the banks of the Shannon in the hope that the terrors of the impending siege would overcome the prejudices against him, but no threatened danger from the victorious Parliamentarians could beget confidence in Ormonde. The Deputy understood at length that his hopes were unfounded. He retired to Galway and left the city and its defenders to their fate.

The rumoured approach of General Ireton's army, as well as the

presence of a large force of irregular troops, indifferently controlled by the laws of military discipline, made the environs of Limerick an undesirable place of abode. A great number of the inhabitants of the farmsteads and mansions that lay without the city took refuge, from friends and foes alike, within the walls. There was but scanty accommodation for the increased population, and destitution and disease speedily made its appearance in the overcrowded city.

Amongst the families that thus sought shelter from the dangers created by approaching war was one in which the course of our story leads us to take a special interest. It consisted of a lady of mature years, and her nieces, Mary and Kathleen Dillon. They inhabited a pleasant cottage which overlooked the spot where the Shannon divides its waters to encircle the island on which stands the portion of Limerick called the "English Town." They lived a retired and secluded life, and saw little of the gay society which the great political events then taking place assembled in Limerick. It was a matter of frequent regret to the old lady that the elder of her nieces was debarred from taking in society the prominent place for which she was so well fitted. But the younger of the two sisters was a confirmed invalid, and the elder was her constant nurse and attendant. Besides, the shadow of a great domestic calamity overhung the family. Rarely was allusion made in the little household to this calamity, but the gloom which it had created was ever palpably and oppressively present to all, though no one spoke of, or pretended to notice the ominous shadow.

The change from her pleasant home in the green fields, by the side of the bright river that came pleasantly rolling down over the rocks of the ford, to the dark, narrow streets of the city, was a trying change for the sick girl. Looking from the window of the cottage, shaded by roses and honeysuckle, she could recognise in the sparkling and foaming waters that were hurrying past to the sea the old friends whose gambols had pleased her eye, and whose voices, soft or angry, had soothed her ear—the familiar friends who had been the companions of the many solitary hours of her childhood. They were faithful still. They followed her from the spot where she had learned to understand their language, and be amused by their frolics. They came to bring her news of her old home. They had heard all the secrets of the place from the winds, who had now free entrance at the open windows, and who met there together at night, and held their revels in the dark rooms and deserted passages of the old castle. She was never tired of listening to the stories this never-ending relay of messengers told in a language intelligible only to herself. This sweet companionship was now at an end. She was shut in between high gloomy walls, with dingy roofs and dismal chimney-stacks on all sides. True, she could still hear the voice of the waters as they made their way at ebb tide over the reef that stretches across the river below the Castle of King John; but the sound of their voice there was not what it had been: it was a hoarse, muffled sound of impatience, and anger; they did not speak to her or seem to know of her existence, they

merely complained fretfully, as they hurried on, that they had been left behind when the great tide had gone back again to the sea. There was, too, a narrow opening in the masses of dull red brick that shut her in, and through this she could catch a glimpse of the broad stream that stretched like a yellow causeway down to the woods of Tervoe, and she could see the rock Carrigogunnel rise precipitously out of the trees, crowned with the dark towers of O'Brien's impregnable castle. But it was no longer the river she had known. The stream was muddy and discoloured, it swelled and sank with the rising and falling of the sea outside; when the channel was filled, it was bordered by a fringe of rank, unsightly reeds, when the tide receded, long mounds of slimy mud formed a range of unsightly embankments along the course of the filthy stream. It was not the Shannon as she had known and loved it. She sat by the window and looked, not out upon that narrow vista of land and water, visible between the brick walls, but down into the narrow street alive with the bustle of warlike preparations.

Few of our readers will have felt those miseries which fall to the lot of the civilian portion of the population during the days that precede the investment of a city by a hostile army. To those who have not had it we shall not wish such an experience. An undefined fear, more intolerable than sense of present danger, is the feeling of the time. They know that the possession of their homes is soon to be disputed with them by a foe, who considers himself likely to conquer in the struggle. They know that he is at hand, though they have no distinct indications of his presence. They strain their eyes and their ears to catch a glimpse of arms or banners, or moving masses of men on the hills far away. Their own military defenders come and go with ceaseless and apparently purposeless activity; heavy guns are dragged about the streets; munition waggons rumble along after them; bodies of soldiers are marched to and fro, as if it was impossible to determine the suitable position for them; and, most ominous sign of all, litters are borne to certain points of the wall, and ranges of beds prepared in some building near at hand. The puzzled townsmen look on bewildered, and the soldiers as they pass cast contemptuous glances at them, and assume an intelligent air which says plainer than words, "It perplexes you, but we understand it all;" and then go on, leaving them to their doubts and guesses, and to the alarming rumours with which they terrify one another. At last some incident occurs which gives everyone an insight into the tactics of the prime movers in the game, and the doubt and suspense are at an end.

The invalid of the little household was at her accustomed post by the window, gazing down into the street. She had this evening sat there much longer than was her custom, for, this evening, the monotony of her only amusement was broken in upon. An unusual commotion was visible in the narrow thoroughfare, and, though night was coming on, the excitement seemed to increase every moment. The citizens had been in hourly expectation of hearing that the outposts thrown forward by the Governor on the road by which Iretton



was to advance had encountered the Parliamentarians, and it was probable the news for which they had been waiting was come. They stood in groups along the pavement, discussing the exciting intelligence. She could not hear their words. Whatever were their comments on the news of the hour, they were whispered by the speakers as if they feared to let them be heard beyond the friendly knot of gossips about them. But she could read in the faces of listeners and speakers dismay and alarm, and in their sullen looks and scowling brows the tokens of disappointment and anger. Her anxious curiosity was at its height, when a blacksmith, who was the acknowledged political adviser of a neighbouring alley, crossed the boundary of the district over which he presided, followed by an eager crowd of clients. His opinions on the great topic of the moment were of a decided and uncompromising character, and he was neither timid nor reserved in expressing them.

"I told ye it would come to this," he cried, with a wave of his brawny arm. "When did Ormonde, or a friend of Ormonde, miss an opportunity of playing the traitor?"

"Never, the villains; curse them," exclaimed a voice from the crowd.

"Ay, curse them if you like, John Roche," said the smith; "and when you do, curse, too, the scoundrels who put it in their power to betray us. Fennel has sold the pass of Killaloe, but there are men in the city who would give him the command of Thomond-bridge to-morrow. If you want to be rid of traitors, begin with those within the walls."

There was a fierce murmur of assent from the crowd. The speaker had paused in his hurried walk, he found himself the head of a mob that increased at each instant, and he proceeded to deliver himself of a more formal harangue.

"Men of Limerick," he began, waving his hat with a violence which threatened the integrity of that venerable head-dress, "we have borne with tyranny too long. We work, and toil, and pay money to men who have money enough already, for mismanaging our affairs. We have been sold at Killaloe; shall we let ourselves be sold again at the walls of Limerick? They are playing their game well. Wait a little longer, and starvation will stare us in the face, and we shall be glad to become slaves in order to get a mouthful of bread. Be men while you have strength left you! Down with the traitors who would sell the city!"

A cheer from the mass of human faces turned towards the impromptu orator greeted this appeal. Like most demagogues, the smith was vain as he was thoughtless, and this tribute to his powers of eloquence roused him to still greater efforts.

"Let the oppressors of the people beware," he cried, with fierce fervour, "we may, even at this hour, call them to account. We may take into our own hands the defence of our city walls. We have stout arms and willing hearts, and these are the means by which victory is won. Let me but see a hundred true men by my side and I will —"

The purpose of the impassioned speaker remained undeclared. There was heard a measured trampling of feet, a clang of arms and armour at the end of the thoroughfare, and a body of dust-covered soldiers were seen advancing at a quick step towards the spot where the hastily improvised meeting was assembled. At the sight of the steel head-pieces and glittering musket barrels the mob instantly dispersed. His audience scattered itself in the nearest lanes and alleys, the discomfited orator replaced his tattered hat upon his head, and hurriedly followed a party of his hearers into a dingy court close at hand.

By degrees the less timid of the dispersed mob ventured back to the alley corners to get a glimpse of the soldiers as they passed. A ragged representative of the late popular assembly was leaning against the wall of the house opposite the window where the child was sitting. He had assumed a listless, indolent attitude, and was looking at the approaching body of soldiers with a well-feigned look of idle curiosity. But as the measured tramp of feet came nearer his demeanour changed. His hypocritical listlessness gave way to unequivocal astonishment; he stared with open-eyed wonder at the detachment of soldiers, and at last gave vent to his emotions in the exclamation: "Fennel himself, by G—!"

The child's curiosity was roused. She drew aside the curtain which partially concealed her from the eyes of the passers-by. She leaned forward towards the open window. A body of heavily laden, weary musketers were trudging painfully along over the hot stones of the street. At their head rode two men, one in the uniform of an officer of the regiment, the other in civilian costume such as was worn by the wealthy gentlemen of the Pale. The officer was a stranger to her, but the features shaded by the plumed hat of the cavalier by his side she recognised with affright; they were those of her cousin, Lucas Plunkett. She would have drawn back, but at the instant the cold glitter of the restless black eyes which had frightened her so often, arrested the movement. The cavalier doffed his hat, and with a hurried expression of pleasurable surprise passed on in his place at the head of the detachment.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE'S "MARY TUDOR" AND MR.  
TENNYSON'S "QUEEN MARY."

WHEN King Henry the Fifth died at the age of thirty-three, and the transitory glories of his reign came to an end, his widow, Catherine, daughter of the French king, Charles the Sixth, she whom Shakspeare described as having being wooed and won by Henry in so rough and soldierly a fashion, did not remain long inconsolable for his loss. She cast her eyes on a stout Welsh knight, sprung from the house of Lancaster, Sir Owen Tudor, who must have possessed, as he assuredly transmitted in a concentrated degree, all the pride and irascibility attributed to his race. From them sprang the five Tudor sovereigns of England, who reigned during the most momentous period of modern history. Their dynasty began two years after Luther's birth. It ended with the complete triumph of Protestantism and the oppression and despair of Catholics in these islands. On whatever side our convictions and sympathies may be, the whole reign of the house of Tudor forms one of the most awful of dramas. But these great epochs of the world's history, pregnant with the temporal and eternal fate of millions, epochs in which the informing principles of human life and society are separated in deadly warfare, seem by their very greatness to transcend the poet's power and province. For our human sympathies the representation needs to be localized and concentrated. High action and high passion, pity and terror, the rushing movement of events, the thick-coming omens of fatality, and the dread catastrophe on which the curtain falls, must all spring from or have their final object in some individual heart. Our pulses may, no doubt, beat more strongly, and the chords of our affections be attuned to deeper and loftier harmonies, if the hero or heroine be something more than simply a human actor and sufferer, not merely

"A slave

To such poor passions as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares,"

but the embodiment and voice of some great principle—religion, or patriotism, or freedom—all the more if the principle should touch ourselves nearly and keenly. But still the essence of the human drama must, as we said, be human joy or pain. It is this which renders the dramatic treatment of historical subjects so extremely difficult. The historian, and he who loves the study of history, may trace with the deepest interest the linking of event to event and the evolution of mighty results from insignificant germs; but the movement is too slow for the peremptory requirements of the artificial stage. The angels may weep over the spiritual ruin of unborn generations, but our human tears are only drawn forth by human and earthly pangs, and those pangs, displayed in such height and majesty as befits the tragedian's swelling scene.

So considered, few themes, we must own, would appear to us at first sight less promising for the drama than the story of the reign of Mary Tudor. In Shakspeare's King Henry the Eighth, whether it be

all his own, or, as is now believed, partly his and partly Fletcher's, the interest is almost wholly concentrated upon one truly great character, the pure and high-minded Catherine of Arragon, his persecuted queen. Dr. Johnson deemed her the finest of Shakspeare's female portraitures; and of the play itself he says that "the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Catherine." If there be any secondary object of interest, it is Cardinal Wolsey in his fall. But Henry himself, with apparently every disposition to make much of him, is in the play a singularly mean figure, pompous, boastful, hypocritical, and licentious, without even that Satanic greatness which Shakspeare, when he pleased, knew how to paint so well. The play should have borne on its front the name of his true heroine.

But in Catherine's daughter Mary, the third of the Tudor princes, what is there that the drama could claim for its own? Her set gray life and melancholy end would seem, according to common history, to derive their only colouring from the lurid glare of the fires of persecution. That she came to the throne when past middle age, after a life of exclusion and trial; that she repressed two insurrections against her, showing in time of danger all the high spirit of her race; that she put to death her rival, the gentle and accomplished Lady Jane Gray; that she married the heir of the crown of Spain—a match odious to her subjects; that she was devoted to her husband, and was slighted and neglected by him; that she restored the ancient faith; that she or her advisers revived the ancient persecuting laws against heretics, and brought hundreds, including Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, to the stake; that a pervading melancholy preyed upon her; that she lost the city which had been for centuries England's outpost and gate of entrance upon the continent, and died, as she said, "with Calais written on her heart:" such in brief summary is the popular view of the reign of Mary Tudor.

Yet such is the theme which two poets of a high order, the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, and the laureate, Alfred Tennyson, have chosen to mould into dramatic form. Sir Aubrey de Vere, who died in 1846, at the age of 58, is a writer with whose name we fear the present generation of Irishmen would be entirely unacquainted if it were not for the fame of his more distinguished son. The play of "Mary Tudor" was written in the last year of his life, and was not published till after his death. It attracted little attention at the time—a time of political tempests, loud enough to drown the voice of the muses. But now, after thirty years, an interval during which "many circumstances had directed attention to the momentous period which the work illustrates, a period of transition from the England of early to that of modern times," and especially when Mr. Tennyson had chosen the same subject for a work heralded by all the expectation and received with all the applause which the Laureate's fame commands, it is not wonderful that Mr. de Vere should have thought of reproducing his father's drama. A strong and natural filial piety of course had its influence in dictating this step. Mr. de Vere has prefixed a memoir of his father, written with no less grace and critical taste than just admiration and warmth of affection. But this volume makes him even

better known to us than his son's delineation. The volume contains, in addition to the drama of "Mary Tudor," a hundred sonnets, the expression of his inmost spirit, and these show us what he was. They are upon very various subjects: historical, personal, moral, and religious, descriptive, especially of the scenery of Ireland, which he describes with enthusiastic admiration. From the spirit of his sonnets, as well as from their mould and form, it is evident that he was a worshipper of Wordsworth. Of the many conspiring influences which have led the most pious and cultivated minds of England back to the Catholic Church, few, it appears to us, have been more operative in their way than the writings of Wordsworth, who lived and died, so far as his own consciousness went, a strong anti-Catholic—an opponent, even to the last, of Emancipation. Sir Aubrey de Vere also died an Anglican, without even, so far as we know, any thought of joining the Catholic Church, but it is impossible to read these sonnets without feeling that the writer was already potentially a member of that communion which three of his sons have since entered. If we were asked to name the characteristic which makes this impression upon us, we could say no more than that it is a presiding and prevailing spirit of justice, sympathy, and love. And it is the presence of the same spirit which makes his "Mary Tudor" so deeply interesting—portraying awful times and awful deeds, possessing in a high degree that human imagination which enables us to read others in the light of their own natures, circumstances, and temptations. None of his characters, hardly even Northumberland, is a total outlaw from our sympathies. And here—to anticipate a little—we may say that this seems to us the radical distinction between his work and Mr. Tennyson's. The latter is in point of execution a most remarkable production, polished and elaborated to the highest degree, evidently the outcome of much labour as well as skill and genius. Yet with all these qualities it is a failure as an historical play; it falls cold upon the reader's heart; and if acted before an audience untouched by its religious prejudices, would excite little but weariness and disgust in the hearers, because, following one false guide, Mr. Tennyson has wrought in an element of the lower and colder passions—pride, hatred, and cruelty—and has chosen to elicit not the tragedian's pity and terror, but contempt and aversion.

Sir Aubrey de Vere's play is in two parts. The first opens with the death-bed of King Edward the Fifth, and Northumberland's conspiracy to wrest the crown from both the daughters of King Henry the Eighth, and place it on the head of his own worthless son. So were the fortunes of the house of Dudley to culminate. Marvellous fortunes! Himself the son of a commoner, Henry the Seventh's attorney-general, who at the beginning of the succeeding reign was hanged as an instrument of the royal extortions upon the subject, John Dudley had succeeded in creeping upwards and upwards by all the arts of a courtier, added, it must be owned, to a soldier's valour and skill in arms. Though a Catholic at heart, as his dying declarations proved, he was the loudest and strongest on the winning side throughout the whole reign of Edward, and was regarded as the great leader and champion

of the Reformation. Having become successively Lord Lisle, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, having seen the King's two uncles, the Admiral Seymour and the protector Duke of Somerset, led to the block, and wielding the supreme authority of the realm in the name of the young King, he saw all his power about to slip from him by Edward's death. He formed his plan. The Duchess of Suffolk was, through her mother, a granddaughter of King Henry the Seventh, and Northumberland married his fourth son, Guildford Dudley, to Jane Grey, eldest daughter of the Duchess. True, even if Mary and Elizabeth were set aside, there would still remain the Scottish line descended from the elder sister, and existing not only in Mary of Scotland, but in the house of Lennox. True, Jane's own mother, who was still alive, would have precedence of her. But all these difficulties Northumberland resolved to surmount, by extorting from the young and dying King, a will bequeathing the crown to Jane, a will totally invalid in law, but whose validity he hoped to maintain by force of arms. So he and Cranmer invade the sanctuary of the death-bed.

*Northumberland*—We come, my liege, deputed by the Council,  
To lay before your Grace the realm's sad state  
Thus widowed of your presence; and abashed  
By the frowns of coming wrong. Am I permitted?

*Edward*—Permitted? ah, my lord, custom permits—  
You seldom tread the paths of ceremony.  
Say on—my soul is sad, but I will hear you.

*Northumberland*—My Lord Archbishop will explain how far  
Zeal strengthens us to stem the tide of evils  
Which, should it please high heaven to take your Grace,  
Your death would loose upon us.

*Cranmer*—May I speak?  
We pray you judge, should harm befall your grace,  
The dangers of the Church; no pious prince,  
Versed in true doctrine of our faith, succeeding.  
How ill the Lady Mary stands affected  
Unto the Church is known. Elizabeth  
Gives, peradventure, better hope; but here  
Their claims make up a tissue so perplexed  
The undoing of the woof destroys the web.  
We must eschew both, or hold fast to both.  
And thus by right of primogeniture  
The Lady Mary at our peril succeed.

*Northumberland*—Mark well! to England's and the Church's ruin!

*Cranmer*—Now well we know a wise prince and religious,  
God's glory and his kingdom's weal endangered,  
Will put aside all weak respects of blood—

*Northumberland*—Else would God's vengeance mete out doom hereafter.

*Cranmer*—But other hope remains. Three noble daughters  
Of Suffolk's bed are of the royal lineage:  
Most near, and by their virtues well commended  
Through these—

And notwithstanding the protest of poor Jane herself, whose conscience had a clear discernment of the right, Edward is induced to sign the will that proved fatal to her and her husband, as well as to Northumberland himself. The incidents after Edward's death, the shrinking reluctance of Jane to play a part, which she felt to be an

unrighteous one, the utter deadness and coldness of the people, who could acknowledge no queen except King Harry's daughter, and the numbing fears as to the result which began to creep upon Northumberland himself, are all vividly described. He goes to visit in the Tower, young Courtenaye, the imprisoned Marquess of Exeter, whom it was thought Queen Mary might marry, and so to make a friend for himself against the evil hour, and he stumbles upon the executioner sharpening his axe. Nothing can be more truly dramatic than this.

SCENE III.—*Chamber in the Tower—Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*Northumberland*—These branching passages, and tortuous stairs,  
And dark, low chambers (ghostly dens) confound me.  
Methought the way to Courtenaye's cell was plain.  
I have missed the clue : I'll rest me here awhile.  
The race of Dudley mounts. Had Jane no scruples—  
Were Guilford wise as he is plausible,  
Then were this new-cemented fabric firm,  
And founded for endurance. Not so now.  
Yet 'twas a glorious sight ! Jane crowned and plumed,  
On her proud palfry—my fair son beside her—  
Scarce less even now than king—England's broad banner  
Flouting the wind before—a goodly sight !  
But something lacked there : and that something grows  
Ghost-like on questioning thought. From that great host  
No greeting rose. Base hirelings only cheered.  
The pageant drew the people, brought no hearts.  
Therefore I seek young Courtenaye's cell ; last heir  
Of the Plantagenets and line of York.  
He owes no grudge to me. Harry the Eighth  
Loved not so fair a kinsman near the throne ;  
So slew his father, stout King Edward's grandson.  
With Courtenaye then make I compact alliance.  
The man is fair, nor overwise ; and rumour  
Whispers that Mary Tudor likes him well.  
If fortune fail, this princely fool my friend—  
A woman for my foe—What light is that ?

[*Pushes a door open : finds a headsman sharpening his axe.*]

*Headsman*—Plague on you—you disturb my trade.

*Northumberland*—How now ?

*Headsman*—God save you, good my lord. I knew you not.

*Northumberland*—Why look you on my throat so fixedly ?

*Headsman*—Pardon, my lord, it is a trick grew on me  
Long years ago : It came when I cut off—

*Northumberland*—What came, what came ?

*Headsman*—Ah sir ! you'll not believe me.  
'Twas but a double dealing of the eye,  
Feigning a red line round a shapely throat.  
I saw Anne Boleyn thus when she was crowned—  
And she was done to death—was it not strange ?  
So Katherine Howard seemed at her last feast—  
And she was done to death—and by this hand.  
So seemed, when standing by his nephew's throne,  
The great protector Somerset—and he—

*Northumberland*—No more of this. I seek Lord Devon's cell.

*Headsman*—This way, my lord.

*Northumberland*—Portents and warnings mock us—  
Away ! light omens shake not this firm heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

The end is well known. Mary, in spite of every advice to make her escape to the continent (if she had been captured, her life would not have been worth a day's purchase), had the insight and spirit to see her true course and follow it. She rode forty miles in one night, flung herself on her loyal subjects, and was welcomed by them with enthusiasm. Northumberland's army melted away without a blow, like hoar frost in the sunbeams, and Mary's enemies were at her feet. What vengeance did she take? It would be hardly credible of much latter times, not to speak of times like those, that for this daring conspiracy against her throne and life, this outrageous treason, three victims, and three only, Northumberland himself and two of his main supporters, Gates and Palmer, paid the penalty of their lives. She spared the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, she spared Guilford Dudley, she spared her rival Jane; and it was not until the Queen was roused and stung by a fresh and far bloodier rebellion, that Jane and her husband died.

But in the first crisis of her fate, when she was preparing to fight for her throne, Mary is in these scenes of Sir Aubrey de Vere (as she was in fact) every inch a queen. And she possesses not only an undaunted heart but a tender one, yearning for that love which since her mother's death she had never tasted, yearning especially for the love of her young sister Elizabeth, notwithstanding the gulf which Catherine's divorce and Anne Boleyn's crime had made between them.

*Enter ELIZABETH.*

*Elizabeth [kneeling]*—Queen, sister!

*Mary*—To my arms! Pardie! sweet Bess,  
You daily grow more stately. Your great brows,  
Like our cathedral porches, double-arched,  
Seem made for passage of high thought.

*Elizabeth*—Regard me  
Only as a sister: yet, if you need, or seek  
My counsel, it is thine.

*Mary*—Nay, nay, fair girl,  
My counsel is with bearded warriors,  
And gray-cowled wisdom.

*Elizabeth*—Be it as you will.

*Mary*—Yet never was kind counsel needed more  
By aching heart. Little you know my trials.  
The fleetness of my horse scarce saved my life;  
And I am Queen in nothing but the name!  
Go, friends—I would be lonely in my sorrow—  
O sister! canst thou love me? thou her child—  
Beautiful Boleyn's daughter! who destroyed  
My mother—hapless Queen—dishonoured wife!  
Thou too—my brother—spurned from thy throne, thy deathbed.  
O no! I shall go down into my earth  
Desolate—unloved—I wound thee, sister!  
Pardon! I rave—I rave—

*Elizabeth*—Abate this passion!  
In very truth I love you—fondly pity—

*Mary*—Pity! not pity—give me love or nothing!  
I hope not happiness: I kneel for peace.  
But no: this crown traitors would rive from me—  
Which our great father Harry hath bequeathed



Undimmed to us—a righteous heritage—  
 This crown which we, my sister, must maintain  
 Or die; this crown, true safeguard of our people—  
 Their charter's seal—crushes our peace for ever.  
 All crowns, since Christ wore his, are lined with thorns.  
 Elizabeth! that book-demented Jane  
 Dares mount our father's throne: these base new lords  
 (Sprung from our house's fatal policy)  
 Turn from our nurturing hand to kiss her feet!  
 Elizabeth! though thousands back the upstart,  
 With hundreds only round us, we will smite her!  
*Elizabeth*—I love, and will maintain in front of battle  
 This spirit as befits our house.  
*Mary*—Ha! ha!  
 The cross shall lead our battle! In the van  
 Shall flame the holy sign! Elizabeth!  
 Thou shalt be with me—thou! albeit thy mother  
 Bequeathed her misbelief to thee. Beneath  
 The Cross Pontifical we'll tread to dust  
 Those sordid Puritans: thou lov'st them not.

In the description of the after events Sir Aubrey de Vere departs from the book of history—not however from the book of history as he had read it. There is a story told by Hume, highly fitted in itself for great dramatic effect, and of which Sir Aubrey de Vere has made legitimate and very powerful use. It forms, in fact, the great passion scene, and leads to the crisis and catastrophe of the first part of the play. It is this:

Edward Courtenaye, Marquis of Exeter, whom we mentioned before, was a scion of the house of York, and the last living scion of that house, if we except his cousin, the great Cardinal Pole. He had been kept prisoner in the Tower ever since the execution of his father, whom King Henry had put to death. Mary at once released him, and was at first greatly attracted to him by pity for his misfortunes, by a natural leaning towards royal and kindred blood, and even by a woman's admiration for his handsome and graceful person and demeanour. It was greatly desired in England that she should wed at home and should not share the throne with a foreign prince; so the eyes of her people as well as her own were naturally turned towards Exeter, and if he had been worthy of his fate, no doubt the marriage would have taken place, and the course of English history probably been different. But he was unfortunately a shallow, heartless, brainless creature, who spent his hours in the lowest and most degrading dissipation. Mary did her best to reform him, but in vain; she naturally became disgusted and alienated, and abandoned all thought of him for a husband. Afterwards when she was about to marry Philip, and Wyatt's insurrection broke out, the leaders of the rebellion intended that he should marry Elizabeth, and that, Mary being deposed, they should be queen and king of England. There is little doubt that both Courtenaye and Elizabeth were privy to this design, though they managed to conceal their complicity, and Courtenaye made his escape to the Continent, where he died soon after. So far is historically true. But Hume's story is much more romantic and effective for dramatic purposes, though where he discovered it has baffled inquiry. He says that

Mary was truly in love with Courtenaye, and bent on marrying him when she discovered him making love to her sister—that the furies of jealousy were awakened, and she abandoned herself to her vindictive passions. This is the version which Sir Aubrey de Vere has adopted. He paints Mary as overflowing with love to Exeter, and bestowing upon him all the pent-up affection of her joyless life. Northumberland was then in the Tower, a sentenced man awaiting his doom. Courtenaye according to his promise succeeded in winning his pardon from the tenderness of Mary. It is thus told:—

*Mary*—Let me look on thy face—God bless thee, youth!  
A sad heart thou hast touched with new-born joy,  
And lured back self-esteem, so long estranged.  
Now part we for a space : yet ere thou goest,  
Ask'st thou no boon ? I yearn to make thee happy !  
Some favour I shall find a grace in giving—  
Thou, honour in receiving.

*Exeter*—There is a man—  
He served me—therefore, loathing him as I do,  
I would serve him, though guilty, in return.

*Mary*—What guilt would I not pardon at thy suit ?

*Exeter*—Then grant me Dudley's pardon.

*Mary*—Dudley's pardon ?  
Well, be it so ! His doom shall be remitted.  
No more of him ! This hand is yours—now lead me  
To my sister's chamber. She must share our joy.

[*Exeunt together.*]

But, in a little while after, the poor coxcomb meets and begins to woo Elizabeth, who spurns him, and this highly wrought-scene ensues:—

*Elizabeth*—Miscreant ! how have you dared to speak such language  
To a daughter of England ?

*Exeter*—Mercifully judge me.

*Elizabeth*—This is no case for mercy, but avengement.  
Dare you to trifle thus with royal hearts ?  
You proffered love forsooth ! ventured caresses !  
But, sir, I checked you, as was your desert—  
And spurn and trample on you as a scorpion.  
Begone, I say, once more !

[*Enter from behind MARY with GARDINER unobserved.*]

*Exeter*—Will you not pardon  
A victim, not offender ?

*Elizabeth*—Not offender ?  
What, wed a queen—and privily woo her sister ?  
Out on thee ! hence ! I spit upon thee, caitiff !

*Exeter*—I had no choice—strangely she wrought on me.  
You know her—in her passions terrible—  
Dared I repulse her ? Madness held us both.  
I loving thee—thee only, pledged my troth—  
Yea, pledged my troth, and must be—

*Elizabeth*—King of England !

*Exeter*—Have you no heart for pardon ?

*Elizabeth*—None for thee !  
Elizabeth of England never pardons.  
A heart like hers, above the common shafts  
Of hope or fear, indifferently regards  
Unworthy suitors : treats them as light toys,

To be cast aside, contemptuously forgotten.

*Exeter*—Have you a heart?

*Elizabeth*—No heart, sir, to betray me :  
No heart forgetful of my dignity :  
No heart the slave of sensuous weaknesses :  
No heart that blinds to duty !

*Exeter*—Precious time  
Is passing—promise me one boon, at least—  
If not forgiveness, silence. She whom I loathe—  
Whom I must wed—will soon be here—

*Mary* [*staggering forward* ]—Is here !—  
O God ! O God !

*Elizabeth*—What have you heard ? whate'er  
I said, I am prepared to reavow.  
No plotter I—no spier out of plots !

*Mary*—O God ! O God !

*Elizabeth*—I spake in haste—forgive me !  
My poor, poor sister ! only be calm and hear me.  
Nay, pluck not at your throat—stare not so wildly !  
Will no one fetch some water ? she will choke.

*Mary*—What's this ? Where am I ?—the earth reels—the wind  
Howls through my ears—your hand, sir, or I fall !  
*Elizabeth* ! you weep—something has happened—  
What ? what ? Has any one assailed my life ?  
My brain is wounded.

*Gardiner* [*aside* ]—We must change her thoughts  
Or she will straight go mad. I bring, my liege,  
False Dudley's pardon.

*Mary*—Ha !—a pardon—Dudley—  
Yes, I remember. Give it—quickly, quickly—  
Give it ! Thus, thus, like my poor heart, I rend thee !  
I crush thee ! Thou shalt die—O pandering fiend !  
There was another paper—give it to me—  
Warrant of doom !—a pen—there—let him die—

[*Signs the warrant.*]

Stabber of hearts !—ere sunset. Hear ye, vengeance !  
A vulture gnaws my heart—food, food, for vengeance !  
Soft : there was yet another—where is he ?  
And she, my loving sister—Boleyn's child—  
Seize on the false ones !

*Gardiner*—She is innocent.

*Elizabeth*—My lord, I pray you, peace.

*Mary*—Who dares oppose me ?  
Obey me, sir—or—or—obstruct me not—  
Or I will do such deeds as shall make pale  
The Angel of the Record ! Ha ! still here—  
Thou wretched, wretched man ? yet, let me look  
One moment on the face I loved.

[*She catches Exeter's arm, gazes wistfully in his face, then suddenly kisses his forehead.*]

The last—

Passion's last weakness ! I am weak no more !

Henceforth I root all softness from my heart.

Away with him—with her !

[*Exeunt Elizabeth and Exeter, severally, in custody.*]

*Enter PAGE, bearing a cup.*

What's this ? some wine ?

Ay—let me taste—I need it—I am faint.

[*She lifts the cup.*]

I take this as a sacramental pledge!  
Henceforth am I a dedicated creature  
To my country; to my God! I rend all weakness  
Forth from my bleeding heart. Nor kin, nor love  
Shall warp me. If I live, I'll rule this land  
For pious ends severe, not happiness—  
For duty—for my people, for the Church!

[*She drinks, making the sign of the Cross.*]

The Church for England! England for the Church!

[*Exeunt.*]

The next and concluding act of the first part begins with the death of Northumberland. The poor wretch was no sooner assured that Exeter had won his freedom than he commenced planning schemes anew. He is drawn sitting in the Tower, high in heart and full of pride, telling his son Guildford and Jane that he will yet make them wear a crown. In the midst of this, Fakenham, the Queen's confessor, enters to announce to him the queen's last change and his own now inevitable doom. Fakenham is throughout the whole play delineated as one of the best of men—earnest for right, earnest for the faith, earnest for gentleness and mercy. He had done his best even for Northumberland, but now he can do no more than exhort him to make preparation for his end. Northumberland's dismay and despair, in contrast to his late wicked exultation, are finely drawn. He pleads passionately for Fakenham's intercession to save his life, but the latter knows that it is useless; at last he is led away, fainting and craven, to the block.

The first part ends with the execution of Lady Jane Grey. The cause of her being put to death at last was the conduct of her father the Duke of Suffolk. After having owed his life before to the Queen's clemency, and while his daughter and her husband were still in the Tower in peril of their lives, he madly and wickedly took part in Wyatt's rebellion. This sealed his daughter's doom. Even then, the Queen as an act of great magnanimity might have spared the life of the gentle and guileless creature, "with bodily perfections sweet as spring and mental ripeness plentiful as harvest." But it was hardly to be hoped for when all minds had been made hard and fierce by the new rebellion, and the wide-spread conspiracy which accompanied it. Jane's life, like many others in every age, was sacrificed to a supposed state-necessity. By Sir Aubrey de Vere Mary is described as anxious to the last to save Jane, and as giving orders to suspend her execution, but that by a device of Gardiner the order came too late; and with the last pathetic scene of Jane upon the scaffold and Mary's burst of despair, the first part of the Drama closes.

It is certainly a great dramatic poem, and of a very high order of merit. One great feature which it possesses is unity of interest, an interest which rises and finds its climax at the close. We venture to say that as an acting play it would be highly successful, were it not for the shock which it might give English prejudices, by representing Mary as a human being instead of the bloody monster of their story-books.

The second part of *Mary Tudor* presents characteristics very different from the first. Taken as a drama, it is not equal to it.

It possesses no such unity of interest, no such progressive march of the action and passion towards a climax. But taken as a poem, it is in our judgment superior. It is in truth, for the most part, very high poetry. The chime of the verse is vigorous and resonant, the delineation of characters and events keen and massive. It begins with Mary's resurrection from prostration and despair, and her devotion of herself to the cause of her country and her faith; then comes Wyatt's Rebellion, during which she manifested the same courageous and queenly spirit as in Northumberland's; then the marriage with Philip, and her new agony and despair at the discovery of his coldness and perfidy; and, lastly, the miserable persecution of the Protestants which has blackened her name for ever. On this last unhappy theme we desire to say nothing from ourselves. We will borrow two passages, one from Dr. Lingard, the other from the admirable introduction of Mr. Aubrey de Vere to this volume. Dr. Lingard says:—

"After every allowance, it will be found that in the space of four years almost two hundred persons perished in the flames for religious opinions, a number at the contemplation of which the mind is struck with horror, and learns to bless the legislation of a more tolerant age, in which dissent from established forms, though in some countries still punished with civil disabilities, is nowhere liable to the penalties of death."

And having shown, what has been since brought out in greater detail by Dr. Maitland, how the reaction against the reformers was provoked and stimulated by their own virulent and indecent excesses, he adds, as regards Mary:

"It is not improbable that such excesses would have considerable influence with statesmen who might deem it expedient to suppress sedition by punishment for heresy, but I am inclined to believe that the Queen herself was not actuated so much by motives of policy as of conscience; that she had imbibed the same intolerant opinions which Cranmer and Ridley laboured to instil into the young mind of Edward; 'that as Moses ordered blasphemers to be put to death, so it was the duty of a Christian prince, and more so of one who bore the title of the Defender of the Faith, to eradicate the cockle from the field of God's Church, to cut out the gangrene, that it might not spread to the sounder parts.' In this principle both parties seem to have agreed: the only difference between them seems to have regarded its application as often as it affected themselves."

Mr. de Vere says, in language upon which it would be hopeless to seek to improve:

"What we must avoid is the injustice of having two different sets of weights and measures. Burke observes that persecution, always odious, is in a special sense inexcusable in two cases, viz.: when inflicted by those whose professed principle is 'private judgment,' and again, when inflicted on those not charged with the propagation of new opinions, but whose crime consists only in retaining that ancestral creed in which they were brought up. If, then, in judging the persecution carried on by the bishops and statesmen of Edward's time we make allowance for the despotic principles prevailing in that and the preceding reign, we are bound to exercise the same just forbearance in our estimate of Mary."

Though right and wrong remain ever the same, circumstances change; and a time of transition is a time in which few can walk with steady feet. When the nations were one in religion and creed, to reject the national faith was regarded as a crime, not only against God, but against man also—a revolt of individual pride against all authority, spiritual, civil, nay, even intellectual, and therefore as a warfare against every interest of human society. This state of things has passed away. Religious belief no longer is the bond of the nations. Yet to a certain extent a moral unanimity still prevails; and our laws still repress, though no longer with barbarous penalties, not only seditious, but also blasphemous, and immoral writings. The

execution of these laws is not always unattended by difficulties. We too have our tangled ways, and it behoves us to judge our predecessors with just judgment, as we hope to be ourselves judged by posterity."

Our space will not permit us to give an analysis of this Second Part, but we will extract just three brief passages. The first is Dean Fakenham's estimate of Cardinal Pole :

*Fakenham*—A nobler presence  
Never embodied a more gracious soul :  
Ardent, yet thoughtful ; in the search of knowledge.  
Unwearied, yet most temperate in its use.  
Whate'er he learned he wore with such an ease  
It seemed incorporated with his substance,  
And beamed forth like the light that emanates  
From a saint's brow.

The next, Mary's passionate summary of her unhappy life, when the ignominy of the fall of Calais had brought her misery to its zenith :

*Queen*—The strength of England, in my heart till now  
Concentrated, melting, leaves me but myself—  
Sum up my personal life. You knew me first,  
A daughter, witness of her mother's wrongs—  
A daughter, conscious of her father's crimes—  
A princess, shorn of her inheritance—  
A lady, taunted with foul bastardy—  
A sister, from her brother's heart estranged—  
A sister, by a sister's hand betrayed—  
A rightful queen, hemmed by usurping bands—  
A reigning queen, baited by slaves she spared—  
A maid betrothed, stung by the love she trusted—  
A wedded wife, spurned from the hand that won her—  
A Christian, reeking with the blood of martyrs—  
And now, at length, a hated tyrant, dragging  
Her people to unprofitable wars ;  
And from her feeble hold basely resigning  
The trophy of long centuries of fame.  
I have reigned—I am lost—let me die !

And, lastly, the discerning and charitable judgment passed upon her after her death by Underhill, "the pet gospeller" with whose speech the drama closes.

*Underhill*—Let me speak, sir ;  
For I have known, and been protected by her,  
When fierce men thirsted for my blood. I say not  
That she was innocent of grave offence,  
Nor aught done in her name extenuate.  
But I insist upon her maiden mercies,  
In proof that cruelty was not her nature.  
She abrogated the tyrannic laws  
Made by her father. She restored her subjects  
To personal liberty ; to judge and jury ;  
Inculcating impartiality.  
Good laws, made or revived, attest her fitness,  
Like Deborah, to judge. She loved the poor,  
And fed the destitute : and they loved her.  
A worthy queen she had been, if as little  
Of cruelty had been done under her,  
As by her. To equivocate she hated,  
And was just what she seemed. In fine, she was  
In all things excellent, while she pursued  
Her own free inclination without fear !

When we said that Mr. Tennyson followed one false guide, there could have been little mistake as to the person indicated. In truth, his play might be described as Mr. Froude's history cleverly dramatized. He does not, indeed, quite go Mr. Froude's length. To what lengths that travesty of an historian will go may be judged of by one circumstance. He actually accuses Mary of a design to assassinate her sister Elizabeth. This charge is made not only without the slightest colour of evidence, but in total contradiction to the whole character and conduct of Mary. Some thirty years after Mary's death, Elizabeth herself, in the famous letter to Sir Amyas Paulet, urged him to make away privately with Mary, Queen of Scots, in order that she herself might escape from the responsibility of publicly putting her rival to death; but such dark and treacherous doings were utterly abhorrent to the character of Mary Tudor. Whatever she did, she did at least openly. She had even an incapacity for dissembling. Mr. Tennyson's instinct as a poet preserves him from such coarse misreading of character, but he renders Mary odious enough, hard, proud, and cruel, the only trait of softness being her love-sick devotion to her contemptuous husband. Elizabeth fares hardly better at his hands. In Sir Aubrey de Vere's drama the higher traits of Elizabeth's character—her courage and magnanimity—are those which come prominently forth. In Mr. Tennyson's work she is secret and double-dealing, profoundly ambitious, anxious to profit by the treason of others, and yet to save her own head. Her lightness of behaviour as a woman is rather glanced at than shown. The evil spirit of the play is Bishop Gardiner. He is painted false and designing, as well as insolent, overbearing, and cruel. No doubt there is historical truth in the representation that the real authors and fomenters of the persecution were the English Catholic party, they who, in Henry's time, had been schismatical Catholics of Henry's creed, with Gardiner at their head, who had written a book, *De verâ et falsâ obedientiâ*, expressly against the authority of the Pope. This party, driven out of power in King Edward's time, and exiled or imprisoned, now came back in the high tide of a reaction, and were burning not only to show their zealous orthodoxy, but to have their full swing of vengeance on their enemies. The Parliament, which so eagerly re-enacted the laws against heresy, was one of those reactionary Parliaments which so often occur in history in the rebound from revolution, like Charles the Second's Parliament, which would make no terms with the Puritans, or the French Assembly after the restoration of the Bourbons, which was more Royalist than the King. Unhappily, Mary herself shared the views of her Chancellor and her Parliament; but Cardinal Pole, the legate of the Pope, and even the Spanish clergy who came over with Philip, were on the side of mercy. Pole's sentiments are very truly and finely brought out by Mr. Tennyson:—

Pole—Indeed, I cannot follow with your Grace,  
Rather would say—the shepherd doth not kill  
The sheep that wander from his flock, but sends  
His careful dog to bring them to the fold.

Look to the Netherlands, wherein have been  
Such holocausts of heresy! to what end?  
For yet the faith is not established there.

*Gardiner*—The end's not come.

*Pole*—No—nor this way will come,  
Seeing there lie two ways to every end,  
A better and a worse—the worse is here  
To persecute, because to persecute  
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore  
No perfect witness of a perfect faith  
In him who persecutes: when men are tost  
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure  
Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own selves,  
And thence with others; then, who lights the faggot?  
Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.  
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,  
Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling—  
But when did our Rome tremble?

*Paget*—Did she not  
In Henry's time and Edward's?

*Pole*—What, my lord!  
The Church on Peter's rock? never! I have seen  
A pine in Italy that cast its shadow  
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—  
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,  
The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall  
Of heresy to the pit: the pine was Rome.  
You see, my lords,  
It was the shadow of the Church that trembled;  
Your Church was but the shadow of a Church,  
Wanting the triple mitre.

*Gardiner* [*muttering*]*—Here be tropes.*

Mr. Tennyson has two heroes—in the beginning Sir Thomas Wyatt, the leader of the second insurrection against Mary; and at the end Cranmer Wyatt, really a gallant fellow, a typical Englishman of the time—son of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet—is represented as engaged with his father's sonnets and his own, when the popular feeling against the Spanish marriage carries him with it, and makes him leader in the rebellion. He had got as far as London Bridge, when he found the drawbridge down, and the guns on the opposite shore pointed against him. The following passage is a piece of fine word-painting:—

*Wyatt*—Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against-us  
Thou cried'st "a Wyatt," and flying to our side  
Left his all bare, for which I love thee, Brett.  
Have for thine asking aught that I can give,  
For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge;  
But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot.

*Brett*—Nay, hardly, save by boat, swimming, or wings.

*Wyatt*—Last night I climb'd into the gate-house, Brett,  
And scared the gray old porter and his wife.  
And then I crept along the gloom and saw  
They had hewn the drawbridge down into the river.  
It rolled as black as death; and that same tide  
Which, coming with our coming, seem'd to smile  
And sparkle like our fortune, as thou saidest,  
Ran sunless down, and moan'd against the piers.



But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William Howard  
By torchlight, and his guard; four guns gaped at me,  
Black, silent mouths: had Howard spied me there  
And made them speak, as well he might have done,  
Their voice had left me none to tell you this.  
What shall we do?

*Brett*—On somehow. To go back  
Were to lose all.

*Wyatt*—On over London Bridge  
We cannot: stay we cannot; there is ordnance  
On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower,  
And pointed full at Southwark; we must round  
By Kingston Bridge.

*Brett*—Ten miles about.

*Wyatt*—Ev'n so.  
But I have notice from our partisans  
Within the city that they will stand by us  
If Ludgate can be reached by dawn to-morrow.

So round by Kingston they went, and swept all before them as far as Charing Cross; but Ludgate was defended by Lord William Howard, and Wyatt, caught between two forces of his enemies, was trapped, taken prisoner, and in due time tried and executed. But in the moment of peril Mary's high courage shows itself:—

*Enter COURTENAY,*

*Courtenay*—All lost, all lost, all yielded; a barge, a barge,  
The Queen must to the Tower.

*Mary*—Whence come you, sir?

*Courtenay*—From Charing Cross; the rebels broke us there,  
And I sped hither with what haste I might  
To save my royal cousin.

*Mary*—Where is Pembroke?

*Courtenay*—I left him somewhere in the thick of it.

*Mary*—Left him and fled; and thou that wouldst be king,  
And hast nor heart nor honour. I myself  
Will down into the battle and there bide  
The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those  
That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

*Courtenay*—I do not love your Grace should call me coward.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

*Messenger*—Over, your Grace, all crushed; th' brave Lord William  
Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying  
To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley  
Was taken prisoner.

*Mary*—To the Tower with him!

*Messenger*—'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one  
Cognisant of this, and party thereunto,  
My Lord of Devon.

*Mary*—To the Tower with him!

*Courtenay*—O la! the Tower, the Tower, always the Tower,  
I shall go into it—I shall be the Tower.

*Mary*—Your lordship may not have so long to wait.  
Remove him!

*Courtenay*—La! to whistle out my life,  
And carve my coat upon the walls again!

*[Exit COURTENAY, guarded.]*

*Messenger*—Also this Wyatt did confess the princess  
Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto.

*Mary*—What? whom—whom did you say?

*Messenger*—Elizabeth,  
Your royal sister.

*Mary*—To the Tower with her!

My foes are at my feet, and I am Queen.

[GARDINER and her LADIES kneel to her.

In the latter part of the play the interest, as we said, centres round Cranmer. False as he was—false even to his own convictions—he had hard measure, it must be owned, in not receiving the benefit of the Church's law, which yields mercy upon recantation. The part he had played in times past, especially his having been the instrument of the divorce of Queen Catherine, told too heavily against him. After all, Mr. Tennyson brings out, with a good deal of justice, the truth that the violent Catholic reaction was due in great degree to the previous excesses of the Reformers:—

*Howard*—Ay, ay, Paget,  
They have brought it in large measure on themselves.  
Have I not heard them mock the blessed Host  
In songs so lewd, the beast might roar his claim  
To being in God's image more than they?  
Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the groom,  
Gardener, and huntsman in the parson's place,  
The parson from his own spire swung out dead,  
And ignorance crying in the streets, and all men  
Regarding her? I say they have drawn the fire  
On their own heads: yet, Paget, I do hold  
The Catholic, if he have the greater right,  
Hath been the crueller.

*Paget*—Action and reaction,  
The miserable see-saw of our child-world,  
Make us despise it at odd hours, my lord.  
Heaven help that this re-action not re-act  
Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth,  
So that she come to rule us.

*Howard*—The world's mad.

King Philip the Second is very hardly dealt with by both poets; and when we spoke of Sir Aubrey de Vere extending the charity of his sympathy to all his characters, we ought, on reflection, to make Philip an exception. But he seems doubly and trebly hateful, as drawn by Mr. Tennyson. In this point also we conceive that the truth of history is overstepped. Philip's match with Mary was, no doubt, one of mere policy. Love for his bride, his senior by eleven years, he had little or none, and he had the care of half Europe devolving upon him and calling him away from England; but that he broke his wife's heart, as is represented, by his brutal neglect, infidelity, and ill-treatment, there is nothing that we can find to sustain. In any case, Queen Mary's end was a melancholy one, and we agree with the writer of a most thoughtful and eloquent article in the *Dublin Review* that, taken for all in all, history scarcely records the life of a more unhappy queen or woman; and as we gave the summary with which Sir Aubrey de Vere closes, so we may give this more condensed and more miserable summary, as spoken by herself, in Tennyson:—

— "Mother of God,  
Thou knowest never woman meant so well,  
And fared so ill in this disastrous world."

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Memorials of the late Rev. R. S. Hawker, M. A.* By the Rev. F. G. Lee, D. C. L., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth. (Chatto and Windus, London.)

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER, the late vicar of Morwenstow, who was received into the Catholic Church upon his death-bed about a year ago, was a very remarkable man in many ways; and Dr. Lee has done a good work in gathering together these memorials of his friend in a volume, which is one of the most readable additions lately made to current literature, and which will possess a lasting interest inasmuch as it throws light upon some of those extraordinary "phases of faith" through which thousands of souls separated from the Church are passing at the present time. An old-fashioned Protestant of the last century, to whom Rome was clearly the City of the Seven Hills, and the Pope the Man of Sin, would have been a little puzzled to know what to make of a man who, like Mr. Hawker, was "a respectful admirer of More and Fisher," "a hearty detester of both the Cromwells and all the German Reformers;" who "frequently contributed to a Roman Catholic serial, and read a Roman Catholic weekly paper, because its foreign Church news was so good;" who accused his metropolitan of claiming to be a pope without a pope's credentials, and hailed a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, on his elevation to the archiepiscopal throne, as "the rod of Aaron 'mid the barren stems;" and who, in fact, considered himself to be in full communion with the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world until the hand of Death lifted the scales from his eyes, and the gleams of a dawning heaven lit up his farewell vision of the earth. But all this goes on among us now, exciting little attention and less surprise; and an Anglican clergyman has published these very memorials chiefly with the view of justifying his friend's renunciation of the Anglican Church.

Robert Stephen Hawker was born in 1804, and matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1823. Entering "Holy Orders," he married at a very early age, and in 1834, settled down at Morwenstow, where he remained as vicar until his death, or, in other words, for more than forty years. Morwenstow was a place after Mr. Hawker's own heart. The church itself was rich in archæological and antiquarian interest. It was founded by King Ethelwolf at the request of a holy woman named Morwenna, whose "stowe" or station it thus became; and as early as 1296, it is spoken of in a document in the Registry of the Diocese of Exeter as "a very ancient and well-known sanctuary." The vicarage house was a picturesque building in the Elizabethan style, and overlooked the Cornish coast, whose rugged beauty seems to have entered into the vicar's own character, and given a tone to much that he has said and written. We cannot help recalling those bold, rocky promontories, and the impulsive fury of the waves that wash them, with which his eyes were so familiar, when we read such passages as that, for instance, in which he speaks of John Milton as the "double-dyed thief of other

men's brains, one-half of whose lauded passages are felonies committed on the property of others, and who was never so rightly appreciated as by the publisher who gave him fifteen pounds for his huge larcenies, and was a natural loser by the bargain ;" or when he asserts that " the man Wesley corrupted and depraved the west of England "—that though he " found the miners and fishermen an upstanding, rollicking, courageous people, he left them a down-looking, lying, selfish hearted throng ;" and undertakes to " prove statistically that Methodism is the mother of the brothel and the throttling-cord of modern England." But there are pleasant calms as well as fitful storms at Morwenstow, and it has given birth to gentler thoughts than these, for here Mr. Hawker wrote most of his poems, and it was upon the cliffs close to his house that his friend, Alfred Tennyson, wrote the first draft of those exquisite verses commencing :

" Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea !"

Mr. Hawker was himself a poet of no mean order. While at Oxford he gained the Newdgate prize ; and his Cornish ballads have won for him far more than a merely local fame. His " Song of the Western Men," in reference to the imprisonment by James II. of the nine bishops, of whom Sir Jonathan Trelawny was one, contains the following well-known lines :

" And have they fixed the where and when ?  
And shall Trelawny die ?  
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why."

This poem appeared at first anonymously, and Dr. Lee tells us that " Sir Walter Scott eulogized it, and believed it to be an old ballad, as also did Lord Macaulay." We have already referred to some verses written by Mr. Hawker on the elevation of Dr. Manning to the archiepiscopal throne, and these were immediately preceded by a beautiful poem commemorating the death of Cardinal Wiseman, from which we extract the following stanzas :

" Hush ! for a star is swallowed up in night ;  
A noble name hath set along the sea ;  
An eye that flashed with heaven no more is bright :  
The brow that ruled the islands, where is he ?

He, when the sage's soul with doubt was riven,  
Smote the dull dreamers with the prophet-rod :  
He called on earth and sea to chant of heaven,  
And made the stars rehearse the truth of God.

Where reigns he now ? What throne is set for him ?  
Amid the ninefold armies of the sky ?  
Waves he the burning sword of seraphim ?  
Or dwells a calm archangel, crowned on high ?

We cannot tell ; we only understand  
He bears an English heart before God's throne ;  
In heaven he yearns o'er this his chosen land ;  
His zeal, his vows, his prayers, are yet our own !"

We would gladly quote at greater length from Mr. Hawker's

poetical compositions, did space permit. "As a Christian poet," says his biographer, "he will surely be ranked amongst the foremost of the present century, a century which has produced a Wordsworth, a Keble, a Faber, a Neale, an Isaac Williams, a Miss Procter"—and, may we not add, to supply an unaccountable omission on Dr. Lee's part, a John Henry Newman?

Into Mr. Hawker's religious views we do not propose to enter at any length. He saw clearly enough, we are told, the wide distinction between "the sound and solid principles of the old Oxford school of Dr. Newman's time," and those of the bishop-defying Ritualists of later years; he felt strongly that the Christian religion rests on the great principle of authority; and he perceived that the shadow of Erastianism deepened on the heads of his ecclesiastical superiors. "These thoughts," says Dr. Lee, "and such as these, troubled Mr. Hawker sorely. A perusal of undigested statements resulting from a prolonged inquiry into the character and motives of the 'Reformers,' entirely overthrowing ordinary Anglican traditions, came upon him like a shock; while doubts about the validity of English ordinations, coupled with the discussion which arose concerning the validity of Archbishop Tait's baptism, added efficiently to his difficulties. But I do not believe that he altogether lost hope until the final passing of the Public Worship Regulation Bill." It has been said that Mr. Hawker intended to do battle with his bishop, Dr. Temple, under the regulations of the new Act, and that this was the only reason why he any longer retained his position in the State Church. Be this as it may, the intention was never carried out. In August, 1875, he paid a visit to his brother, and on his way home was taken so seriously ill at Plymouth, that it was deemed prudent to remain there, instead of pushing on to his beloved Morwenstow. It was doubtless a special providence that chose a place within easy access of a priest as the scene of his last illness and unexpected death. His wife, who for many years had been a Catholic, soothed the last hours of his long, laborious life; and in a letter she wrote to the curate of Morwenstow, announcing her husband's death, and the circumstances attending it, she says: "No one converted him, as no human being influenced him in the slightest degree. On Saturday night, twelve hours before his death, he was received into the Catholic Church, and the last rites and ceremonies of that communion were administered to him by Canon Mansfield." Another, who was present at that last closing scene, says: "I shall never forget it. He looked so peaceful, and was so full of thankfulness, released from the burden which I had so often heard him say was greater than he could bear." He was buried, wearing cassock, surplice, and stole, in the Plymouth cemetery, and the following inscription was placed upon his coffin:

"ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER,  
For 41 years Vicar of Morwenstow,  
Who died in the Catholic Faith,  
On the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, 1875,  
Aged 71.  
*Requiescat in pace.*"

It is said that Cornwall was one of the last of the English counties to embrace the Christian Faith, and also one of the latest to abandon it in its fulness, in the sixteenth century. Christianity was originally taught to its people by sons and daughters of Erin, and the sweet names of Irish saints are perpetuated in the little towns and hamlets that stud its moorlands and its coast—such, for instance, as St. Ives and St. Just, St. Madron, St. Neots, and St. Mawr. The Irish and the Cornish cross closely resemble each other; and between the traditions and characteristics of the two races there are many and striking points of similarity. May the prayers of the ever-faithful people of Ireland do for the Cornish men and women of to-day what Irish teaching and preaching did for their fathers long ago! And to their prayers his also will be added, who, even at the eleventh hour, found peace for his soul, and fell asleep on the fragrant bosom of the true mother of us all—the Holy Catholic Church.

W. M.

II. *Gold and Alloy in the Devout Life*. By PERE MONSABRE, O.P. Authorised Translation. With Preface by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50, Upper Sackville-street. 1876.)

THE names of the two very eminent Dominican Fathers which grace the title-page of this book are a sufficient guarantee of its great merit. One of those names is "familiar in our mouths as household words:" and of the successor of Lacordaire, Ravignan, and Felix in the pulpit of Notre Dame, it is hardly too high praise to call him the Father Burke of the Church of France. *Our* Father Burke has fortunately not considered his duty fulfilled by a few words of recommendation for the work of his French brother, but he has enriched the English translation with a spiritual essay of some twenty pages, so attractive and so original as to make one regret that he has hitherto confined himself to the spoken word.

Father Monsabré discusses the characteristics of true and false devotion in a dozen chapters, which have probably grown out of practical conferences addressed to pious ladies of the world. While giving a very modern "piquant flavour" to his reflections, he secures their solidity by grounding them chiefly on the doctrine of Thomas a Kempis and his own St. Thomas Aquinas.

We know nothing of the writer to whom we owe this work in its English garb, and, if forced to use pronouns, we should hesitate between *he* and *she* with their variations. But, although we have not been able to compare the translation with the original, we can assure our readers (whom we wish to make *its* readers) that it has been executed with singular ability. It is decidedly clever. There is none of that slipshod semi-English stuff which has been too often allowed to pass current in translations from the French.

Good paper, ample space between the lines, and a generous margin, aid the clear round type in making "*Gold and Alloy*" one of the most creditable products of the Dublin press.

III. *Memoriale Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ*. (Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Nassau-street. 1876.)

IF a Parliamentary return were ordered of all those of her Majesty's female subjects who are qualified to write after their names the coveted title of *Enfant de Marie*, how many thousands would they be found to amount to? For this pious constituency many publishers have catered in providing manuals of devotion. Of all these, we think that the present "Remembrance of Mary" is, without exception, the prettiest and most perfect. From the exquisite photograph which forms the frontispiece to the parting stanzas on the last page, everything breathes the fragrance of piety and good taste.

The first part furnishes the history, rules, and indulgences of the Sodality, with all the prayers and offices required by Children of Mary in the various grades of their complex hierarchy. Next follows a very beautiful collection of prayers for daily use, compiled and arranged with much practical skill, so as to satisfy all the needs of the devout faithful. In the appendix, besides Latin hymns and others which have been printed before, there are several very sweet and graceful hymns to the Blessed Virgin, which, we are told, "have been translated so as to suit the music of Père Hermann's *Cantiques à la Sainte Vierge*." Choirs that provide themselves with the French music and with these English words will be able to lend a little novelty to their next *Mois de Marie* Devotions.

Manifestly all concerned in producing this "Remembrance of Mary" have taken the utmost pains with their respective parts. Every fragment of space has been utilised, and the type, though the perfection of clearness, is compact; so that a great variety of useful matter is given in a volume quite light enough to be carried without inconvenience in the pocket of a young lady's *barégé* dress.

Finally, on this Manual, which bears the autograph imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, and which we owe to the zeal of the Dominican Convent of Sion Hill, Blackrock, his Holiness Pius IX. has (through the venerable President of the Irish College at Rome) bestowed his special blessing, "to the end that all those who shall devoutly use it, may, with the Divine grace and the Apostolic benediction, derive therefrom greater advantage to their souls."

IV. *Contemporary Evolution*. By ST. GEORGE MIVART. (H. S. King and Co.)

DR. MIVART'S services to science have won for him the respectful attention of men of all schools of thought, while the eminent services he has rendered to Catholic science, so to speak, have placed him in a professor's chair in the Catholic London University, and have gained for him, only a few months back, the honour of a special recognition from the Holy Father, in the shape of a doctor's cap. In his present volume, Dr. Mivart has treated, in a masterly manner, some of the burning social, scientific, and religious questions of the hour, combining, in an almost unique degree, a thorough mastery of

the technical side of his subject, a devoted loyalty to the Church, together with a spirit of fair play and considerateness to his opponents, which they will not, we hope, be slow to recognise and to profit by.

There is not scope in a short notice to enter into the argument or design of Dr. Mivart's volume, which, in its manner of dealing with some abstruse points, will afford a fresh instance of the proverbial truth that even doctors disagree. We cannot, however, refrain from laying before the reader our author's admirable remarks with regard to the Pagan revival, which he considers to be one of the growing forces of the day, and out of which much that is pregnant of importance to the future must necessarily evolve: "When from some smooth-browed, chalky down, reposing amidst fragrant wild flowers and the hum of busy insect life, we look down on the peaceful ocean rippling in sun-lit splendour at our feet, as we mark the sea-fowl sailing in circles with rarely flapping wing, or listen to the lark rising blithely through the summer air—how strong with many will be the impulse towards the joyous cultus of an underlying soul of which such visible beauty is the living and palpitating garment! The great Pan lives once more, nor is Aphrodite unlikely to receive a mute and mental homage. The world is felt to be lovely and sweet indeed, and visions of exclusively terrestrial joy pass before the mind, and tend to produce in it scanty reverence for the forms, and but slight admiration for the beauties of Christian supernaturalism. But it may be said that many sincere and thorough Christians have been profoundly imbued with a love of nature. St. Francis, the tenderly beloved and unspeakably revered father of so many saintly followers—he who was deservedly called an *alter Christus*—was, indeed, a lover of nature; and, as we read in his life, the creatures of the forest recognised and responded to his love by familiar approach and ready obedience; however, he always loved the creature for and in the Creator; he would address the insect as 'brother fly,' recognising in it an inferior created image of the same personal God whose chosen servant he was. The divinity he worshipped was no pantheistic soul in nature, but one who was his King as well as He in whom all things had their being. For whole days, kneeling in devout contemplation, with tears of love he would again and again repeat with fond iteration the words, *Rex meus et Deus meus*, as well as, *Deus meus et omnia*.

"Such love of nature is profoundly Christian, and thoroughly antagonistic to that love of it for its own sake simply, which is as profoundly pagan. In as far as our modern poets and other artists partake of this Franciscan spirit, in so far are they in harmony at once with nature and Christianity. But there is little doubt that the prevailing tone of sentiment has long been increasingly pagan, until its most hideous features reveal themselves in a living English poet, by open revilings of Christianity, amidst loathsome and revoltingly filthy verses, which seem to invoke a combined worship of the old deities of lust and cruelty."



VI. *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* Translated from the Latin Vulgate, diligently compared with the original Greek, and first published by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582, with Annotations, References, and an Historical and Chronological Index. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50, Upper Sackville-street. 1876.)

THE New Testament, when read with the fitting dispositions, especially in such passages as our Lord's discourse at the Last Supper, exceeds infinitely in force and unction all other spiritual lectures. The ordinary editions are printed in too small a type to be suitable for this purpose. Messrs. Gill's new half-crown edition is in large, clear type, and yet of portable size, and will be found very convenient for private use and for the pulpit.

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## THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

. . . . ἀναγκαίως δ' ἔχει  
βίον θερίζειν ὥστε κάρπιμον σταῦχον,  
καὶ τὸν μὲν εἶναι τὸν δὲ μὴ.

THOU knowest all—I seek in vain  
What lands to till or sow with seed—  
The land is black with briar and weed,  
Nor cares for falling tears or rain.

Thou knowest all—I sit and wait  
With blinded eyes and hands that fail,  
Till the last lifting of the veil,  
And the first opening of the gate.

Thou knowest all—I cannot see.  
I trust I shall not live in vain,  
I know that we shall meet again,  
In some divine eternity.

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

## XVI.—ABOUT EXPERIENCE.

EXPERIENCE is a fruit that grows on every life tree, but it is by no means of uniform quality. What taste it will have depends very much on the kind of tree on which it is grown. It may be sweet, or acid, or positively bitter. I like to try the flavour of a man's experience—to learn how things have presented themselves to him, what are his favourite points of view, and above all, I like to extract from him, as it were, the very essence of his particular life in the form of his opinions of men. There is nothing, to my thinking, gives a larger insight into the character of *Brutus*—Shakspeare's *Brutus*—nor is there anything in that character I more admire than the phase of it that comes to the surface incidentally, just when the shadow of doom was upon him—

“My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,  
I found no man but he was true to me.”

Truth breeds truth, trust finds fidelity, and the actual experience of a genial nature is never cynical. If the predominant flavour of a man's experience be bitter, the bitterness came not alone from the outward circumstances that touched him, and of which he believes his experience to be but the reflection; but it came far more from an “*aliquid amari*,” a little spring of bitterness that welled up from the very depths of his own character.

It seems universally true that a man finds in life just what he brings. His own soul creates the atmosphere through which it sees the world and men, and that atmosphere it is, quite as much as anything inherent in themselves, that gives them the precise colouring they seem to have. When you look at an object through a coloured glass, and pronounce it, say, red, you are describing not so much the colour of the object as the colour of the glass through which you look at it. When you sum up the result of your experience of men and things, do you think you are not portraying your own inner self rather than them? Be, therefore, careful what you say. I, for one, shall not think the better of you nor the worse of the world, if I find you describing everything and everyone as more or less a sham and a humbug—and thinking that the hand of everyone is, as a matter of course, against everyone else, that there is no such thing as disinterestedness, and that if you examine minutely you will find low motive nestling under the shadow of the sublimest actions of men. I have enumerated these opinions because they form the esoteric doctrines of a school of “men of the world,” who would claim for themselves exclusively the possession of any experience worthy of the name. But I thank them for their fine tale. Their mistake is that while they think they are telling it about the world, it is really telling itself about them. Be careful of what you say, but be still more careful what you

think. A man's thoughts, springing from his present character, and reacting upon it, prepare for him a future character of intenser shade. Now, a man's thoughts are more in a man's own power than most people seem to imagine. He can change them very often, he can suppress them sometimes, he can always modify them. Faith in man is a great natural gift, and, like other of God's gifts, it grows larger and more valuable by proper use. Believe in the existence of nobility and worth, and lofty purpose, and disinterested motive, for such belief is an indispensable condition of your ever having any of these fine qualities to adorn your own life.

Now, if a man really believed in the existence of these things, he would be on the look out for them in the world around him, he would expect rather to see them occasionally than not to see them at all—and, with a little practice in looking, his eyes would grow keen enough to discover more or less of them in the ordinary lives of ordinary men, in whom assuredly a cynic would see nothing to admire.

Do I think that Brutus never was the victim of falsehood, that treachery never spun its subtle net around his trustful nature? Well, I believe that he was less the victim of such things than would have been a man who had less trust in men. I believe that trust, in nine cases out of ten, disarmed treachery; that men were, in spite of themselves, truer to Brutus than they would, nay, than they could have been to meaner men, and that, at all events, he was a thousandfold better and happier because he had large trust in others.

There is a common notion that experience and wisdom are correlative attributes. But it is not so; they may, and do, exist apart from each other. Every life tree, I began by saying, grows experience, but wisdom is a much rarer fruit. It is hard to find that precise combination of the prudence of the serpent and the innocence of the dove that constitutes wisdom. If you have ever known a really wise man, you will probably have known one whose character gave a first impression of childlike simplicity, which, on longer acquaintance, you found modified by a shrewdness that paralysed any attempt at deception. He was easy enough about small personal matters—but with him it was “penny foolish, or apparently foolish, but pound wise”—touch him on a matter of principle, and he was the most inflexible of men.

It is a gracious and a graceful thing in young people to be very willing to accord to age every privilege with which prescription has endowed it. The easiest chair, the warmest corner, the shade in summer, the rare sun-gleam in the winter—none of these things will an ingenuous youth grudge to the man to whom has befallen what youth cannot help regarding as the calamity of having grown old. One privilege no one would think of denying them. It is the privilege of experience. They have lived long, therefore they are wise, is a common thought, if not a common argument—for men constantly mistake the mere possession of experience for the attainment of wisdom. Even when we do not see the wisdom, we bethink us that no wisdom can be expected to be always in action, and we give the old man credit for a certain latent wisdom that may, at the proper time,

produce the most marvellous results. In many cases the wisdom is so latent that it never comes to the surface. But what of that? The old man may be a pauper so far as actual wisdom is concerned—but we allow him credit for wisdom he ought to have acquired. I suppose young people are thus consciously credulous because they have a sort of notion that in this way they are bolstering up the comfortable theory that, by merely living to be old themselves, they will inevitably grow wise.

It is true enough that there is no man who lives long, who does not, by the mere fact of having lived, acquire a decided advantage over those who are younger. No matter how carelessly a man may have sauntered through life, there are scenes that cling to his memory, and maxims that stick upon his tongue—and above all, there is around him an atmosphere of reverence created expressly in his behoof by the imagination of those who are so young as to think that gray hairs and wisdom are inseparable; and all these things give him a decided personal advantage over younger men. In fact, if he only sit quietly, and say little, and shake his gray head at intervals so regular that some of the shakings must, on any doctrine of chances, be to the purpose, there is no kind of social superiority that he may not tacitly assume—*tacitly*, I say, for senile garrulity is fatal to reverence.

But though all this be true, it is true, too, that to live long is not necessarily to grow wise. The keen-toothed proverb avers that “there is no fool like the old fool.” The truth is, unless a man be, so to speak, congenitally wise, he will never attain to wisdom. Unless he have within himself the root of wisdom, he will never wear its flower. Truer of the wise man than even of the poet is the dictum—“*Nascitur, non fit.*” Time and its passing will not help a fool—nay, do not time and long practice give facility to folly as to other things? No amount of experience can make a man wise who has not at the outset an inherent capability of wisdom, just as no amount of study will make a scholar out of a blockhead. But people expect otherwise. Above all, parents have large faith in time, and seem to be under the conviction that foolish sons, and unwise daughters, if only they live to be of legal age, will awake some morning and find themselves wise. But if to-day does not make a man wise, how shall it make him wise merely by becoming yesterday—and that is all time does for some people, turns their to-days into yesterdays.

No, I repeat, experience alone is not wisdom. There is an experience that consists in a knowledge of an indefinite number of facts, that a man must necessarily accumulate by living a number of years. But such experience is very compatible with unwisdom, nay, even with downright foolishness. Not to speak at once of individuals, take the world, or that portion of it that dubs itself with the title of “civilized society.” It is certain that the “world” has a vast amount of accumulated experience, and a very perfect adjustment of means for making that experience subservient to the purposes of life. But will anyone maintain that the “world” grows better, or nobler, or wiser for all its knowledge? Knowledge, to be sure, is power, but it is power in a very raw state; and a very subtle process,

needing very complex mental and moral machinery, is required before the raw material can be worked up to the condition of a serviceable fabric. Before that process takes place, mere knowledge is like money in the hands of a miser, who knows how to hoard but has not learned to use. The world seems to me to have acquired more knowledge than it can put to good account; and I believe that unused knowledge is a very unsafe mental possession. There is such a thing as knowing too much, just as there is such a thing as eating too much; and the illustration, homely though it be, has the advantage of helping to explain what I mean by too much knowledge. All knowledge is too much which a man cannot digest and assimilate by processes of acting and feeling. Undigested and unassimilated knowledge may increase the mental bulk, but it will certainly diminish the mental power, until a voracious feeder may attain surely and soon to a chronic state of fatty degeneration of the intellect.

If you happened to have some social or moral problem affecting your own conduct, your first and most natural impulse would be to bring it for solution before some one whose reputed knowledge on such subjects makes him be regarded as an expert. But you get no serviceable solution. He is oppressed with the mass of his own knowledge. He cannot give a plain answer, for qualifications keep rushing in upon him from every point of the compass. He sees so many possible roads out of the difficulty that he cannot bring himself to point out one rather than another; and, in any case, caring far more for the problem than for you, his decision, if given at all, will be too abstract to allow you easily to give it the desired practical concreteness.

You then cast about for other help, and take your case to a friend, who, with a hundred times less knowledge, has a thousand times more sympathy. He soon either finds a road or makes one. Indeed, for this kind of royal roadmaking, there is no man so serviceable as the man of one idea. He may be wrong, indeed often is, but he is terribly effective.

Something, however, of all this of which I have been speaking is due not less to difference of mental constitution than to difference in the amount of acquired knowledge. There are minds that always move in straight lines from point to point. They are intellectually possessed with the axiom that a straight line is the shortest road between two points. They see where they are, and whither they wish to go, and they go there by the shortest path. It sounds well. Their mental position is mathematically unassailable; but such a condition of mind has its own drawback. It is this—these men are completely ruthless in their onward stride. No sentiment can stay them, and even though a fact should lie in wait for them, and start up like an armed man to bar their progress, they murder it (the softer word is *suppress*), and pass on triumphant to the goal. These are the minds that seem to themselves to see things so clearly that anyone who does not see them precisely so must fall into either unpleasant category, mentally blind or perversely obstinate. To differ from them in opinion is to insult them, to argue is to exasperate them.

Other minds there are that move in curves of greater or less arc—sometimes after such fashion as to suggest the idea of a progress backwards. They are what I may call parenthetic minds, looking before them to be sure, but casting sharp glances to the right and to the left, often leaving the road of direct statement to hunt up a qualification of little or no practical importance, and hating above all things to leave a general proposition for a single moment without the modification of its possible exceptions.

It is familiar to every observer of men how little effectual is mere knowledge as a motive of action. It is true that we are so constituted that, until we know, we cannot will, much less act, in the direction of our wishes. But with the majority of men there lies between knowing and doing a gulf that is so seldom passed that it seems impassable. The truth is, knowledge must be transmuted into feeling before its latent force can be elicited.

How many things we know, and rest satisfied with merely knowing, till the wisest of us seem, like moral geographers, capable of mapping whole territories of human life, and yet rest satisfied with seeing the various lines stretch out into paths of one duty or another, and never take a step to travel the course we have mapped out so skilfully. Indeed, who so keen in his discernment of error as he who has been its victim? Who so accurate in pointing out a pitfall as he who bears upon his garments the smirch and stain of its lowest depth? Who so loud in denouncing a fault as he whose inner consciousness tells him that every moment he is on the verge of committing it?

I have remarked that in these matters a man's strongest opinions often cover and indicate his weakest points. The world is prompt to call a man a hypocrite who denounces a fault into which he himself is prone to fall; but the world is too summary in many of its judgments. Such men are not always hypocrites. In many cases another explanation is truer and more charitable. Conscience has a clear eye, and spies out the weakest point of the fortress within which it sits; and it is to the defence of this point that the instinct of moral self-preservation mainly tends. So it often happens that there is nothing against which a man will think himself so strongly bound to inveigh as against something that he feels he might easily be guilty of, himself. Nine people out of ten would call this sheer hypocrisy, but in nine cases out of ten it might be no such thing. It is often a desperate effort on the part of a sorely-tempted man to enlist his better self against his worse, to give such hostages of expressed opinion as may force him for very shame to fight a good fight in the day of temptation—to use the present against the future. Every such expression of strong opinion seems to him a bastion of the fortress within which he hopes bravely to stand the siege of passion. Don't blame him overmuch. He may fall by and by—may do the very thing he denounced so vigorously; but never believe he was necessarily a hypocrite all along. He was inconsistent, as most men are. There was a discrepancy between word and work, but surely such discrepancy is not uncommon. He strove to place a barrier of spoken

words between him and some secretly dreaded evil. He broke the barrier down, or leaped over it afterwards ; but, when he built it, he may have been meaning honestly enough. The worst of it is, in such cases, that men not only express those strong opinions that cover weak points, but they are prone to seek and select illustrations from their neighbour's conduct. Better it were, and more becoming ; if they confined themselves to the abstract ; but it is only to philosophic minds that the purely abstract has any charm. Most people, not being philosophers, see whatever they do see in the concrete, and this concrete lies far more convenient, for purposes of inspection, in our neighbours than in ourselves.

The lines are very witty, no doubt, about "Compounding for sins we are inclined to, by damning those we have no mind to." Of course the practice is common enough to make the lines perennially quotable, but it is a coarse measure, and suits only coarser spirits. There are men of finer mould and more sensitive fibre who are haunted by their own proclivities—above all, the ghosts of dead and gone facts of their own experience are never laid—and these men are prone to denunciation of the vices to which these proclivities tend. I know the world has peculiarly hard measure for those who preach and do not practice ; but, for my part, I think them quite as good, at all events, as the more astute class, who preach up the virtues they find easy to themselves, and denounce the vices to which they have no temptation. A lecture against theft is a good thing—a lecture against intemperance is a good thing ; but if the former be delivered by a man with ten thousand a-year, and the latter by a confirmed dyspeptic, while willing to give each of them credit for sincerity and the best possible intentions, I should be slow to base my estimate of the total moral force of their characters upon the excellence either of their words or of their example, so far as it merely illustrated the matters to which these words referred.

It is by all means necessary to practice in order that preaching may be effective ; but the practice must be quite up, not merely to the letter, but to the spirit of the preaching. Who would tolerate a tirade against tobacco-smoking by a confirmed snufftaker, or a denunciation of drunkenness by a notorious gourmand ?

The step from knowing to doing is rarely taken, because the preliminary step is rarely taken from knowing to feeling. This is, perhaps, the reason of the fact that at first sight looks inexplicable, that a man may have lived to be very old, and yet have acquired very little real experience either of himself or of others, or of the world around him. He has had, as it were, casual possession from time to time of innumerable facts, but he could never be said to have accumulated them. He may have had a faculty of acquiring facts, but he lacked the rarer faculty of keeping them together ; and, like the cognate class that can earn but cannot save, he may be as poor at seventy as he was at seven-and-twenty. Facts enough have occurred to him, as, indeed, they occur to everyone, to serve for the construction of a whole philosophy of life ; but because they were mere facts without coherence, such a philosophy is to him not only impossible

of achievement, but even inconceivable in thought. And what is it, you will ask, that makes the facts of life cohere, thus rendering philosophy and wisdom possible? What is it that makes solid knowledge melt into feeling, and then boil up to the point at which feeling passes into that ethereal vapour which, far more wonderful than steam, sets a-working the machinery both of mind and body? The secret is one, and only one. It is sympathy—fellow-feeling for those whom our experience brings within our range of vision. Dig however you may the gold of knowledge, if you will have it serve for profitable use, it must have on it the stamp of love. No one knows men until he loves them.

Most men have some sympathies, but they are limited in their range—whole classes of men and things lie outside the magic circle. When our knowledge of anything is quickened by the keen feeling of its bearing on our own personal interest, then, because we are never without a fellow-feeling for ourselves, knowledge is prompt to rush into action. It is a pity we cannot state the facts of our own experience in the terms of other people's feelings; but such statement would be the last result of perfect wisdom. No art so rare, yet none so fraught with rich result, as the art of putting ourselves in the place of others. Not, mark you well, in the sense of attributing to them our own precise modes of being affected by a particular thing—than which I know no more fertile cause of mistaken opinion and mistaken action—but in the sense of being able to separate in our own mood that element which is merely personal from that which is broadly human, and then estimating the effect of the latter upon others who, whatever differences there may be between us, are, at all events, as human as ourselves. No man was ever wise who had not attained to sympathy with others. As no man is always wise, so no man is wise in all things; and if you examine well, you will find that the things in which he is not wise are precisely the things in the direction of which his sympathies have not been cultivated.

For the fellow-feeling a man cultivates towards others, nature returns him a hundredfold by opening into his life, and through his life into his character and his soul, a thousand fertilising streams which flow, indeed, perennial in that vast circle of infinity that surrounds every human life, but which can find no entrance into the soul save by those channels that are formed by a man's sympathies with his fellow-men.

You will find men who travel from Dan to Bersheeba, from the cradle to the grave, and find all barren. Nothing interests them—nothing attracts them; their surroundings are commonplace—their lives a languid endurance. They expect little, because they are themselves prepared to give nothing. Friendship is a myth—affection a day dream. Their neighbours are "poor creatures," because they cannot believe their neighbours to be other than themselves. What is the matter with these unhappy men, whose life is a long disease? The matter is, that they have no sympathies with the beings and things around them. They have drawn about their lives a fatal circle that isolates them from their fellows. They see in all



the wide world only themselves. Other men pass before them, but they are as figures in a dream, utterly unsubstantial and unrelated. All the while the world they found barren is full of interest and of beauty, irrigated by streams that have their source in the very Throne of God, bathed in sunshine, musical with song. There are men to help and to be helped, interests, feelings, affections, from which, as from the chords of some sweet instrument, the touch of human intercourse can draw most exquisite music. How shall the blind see these things—how shall the deaf hear? I answer, by cultivating sympathy with others; for sympathy can be created where it did not exist—can be fostered where it was languid—can be strengthened even where it was already strong. There are many ways, but try just this one. You will soon sympathise with those you serve. Be of use to men, and you will learn to love them. Help others, and the help you give shall return into your own heart—shall exalt, shall enrich it. The world that was barren shall begin to bloom with beauty—shall present itself to your purified vision as it was meant to be, and as it is—the garden of God, where the Father loves to walk with His children, helping them, and pleased to see them helping each other.

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### SONNET.

TO A. C. T. AS GAINSBOROUGH'S DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE  
IN CERTAIN *Tableaux Vivants*.

SHE was a queenly duchess, and they tell  
Sweet stories of her gentleness and grace—  
How gay she was, how lovely was her face,  
How bright her eye, how witching was its spell;  
And how she loved her children passing well,  
And reared them not as one of noble race;  
And how she hailed, to freedom dear, the place  
Where 'neath Tell's arrow true, the tyrant fell.

And she to-night once more doth live and move;  
Her beauty, long since mouldered, doth revive  
In you, more lovely yet, who play her part.  
O dear mock duchess, what sweet stores of love  
You needs must gather in a hidden hive,  
Whereon to feed at will your throbbing heart!

## WINGED WORDS.

## XII.

1. To be disobedient through temptation, is human sin; but to be disobedient for the sake of disobedience, fiendish sin. To be obedient for the sake of success in conduct, is human virtue; but to be obedient for the sake of obedience, angelic virtue.—*Ruskin's Fors Clavigera*.

2. All prophets have a wilderness to cry in. An author thinks and speaks in a certain solitude. His words, as regards their truest meaning, are not so much heard as overheard. There is a long and sad patience for the author who elaborates his thought from the depths of his heart, and modulates it with every sweetness of his voice, knowing that as regards its intimate meaning there may be no one within ear-shot.—*Anon.*

3. He who follows pleasure instead of business will shortly have no business to follow.—*Anon.*

4. The students who think they have not time for bodily exercise will sooner or later find time for illness.—*Lord Derby*.

5. In order to attack vice with effect, we must set up something better in its place.—*Sydney Smith*.

6. My God! how sad a thing is time whether it goes or comes; and how right was the saint who said: "Let us throw our hearts into eternity."—*Last words of Eugénie de Guérin's Journal*.

7. The hack is a better roadster than the Arab barb. So, in human action, against the spasm we offset the continuity of drill.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

8. That heart where selfishness has found no place and raised no throne is slow to recognise its ugly presence when it looks upon it. As one possessed of an evil spirit was held in olden times to be alone conscious of the lurking demon in the breasts of other men, so kindred vices know each other in their hiding-places every day, when virtue is incredulous and blind.—*Dickens*.

## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

WE are glad to tell our young friends that on last Sunday five little patients left the Big House cured, returning to their homes quite well, and although sorry to leave us, quite merry besides. Their places were taken very quickly by other children whom we hope soon to see following in their footsteps.

Strangely enough three patients came to us lately, all ill with dropsy, a curious disease for children, one would say. Hunger and neglect bring it on, and our young benefactors would have been shocked to see the distorted looks of these poor little creatures with their faces swollen up and their features all out of shape. One of the three is gone away quite well, a second is walking about the wards, rather pale still, but quite like her nice little self again, while the third is sitting up in her bed smiling, feeling much better, but with her cheeks not quite distinct from her poor little nose as yet.

The other day two little broken collar-bones were carried in to us, and by a funny chance both the small owners were named Lizzie. One of these tiny, damaged Lizzies is already quite mended and finished off as good as new; the other is doing well, and is this moment sitting comfortably on a small boss in the corner of the window, nursing a large mug of milk, and glancing up wonderingly at us from under yellow curls when we ask her how she feels.

In the boy's ward, Willie, with a club-foot, is reclining on a kind of sofa car, which can be wheeled about the room. Willie has no idea that he has a beautiful face, fit to be painted by Fra Angelico among the angels; and he thinks the lady who looks at him so often must be longing for a sight of his treasures, which he accordingly produces from under his pillow: a tiny, transparent slate, a pack of picture-cards, and a purse, all held together by an elastic band. Willie is a good, gentle, grateful boy, and is one of those preparing for first confession.

Close by him, in a white-curtained bed, set out for change of air into the middle of the room, is Johnnie, who fell from a swing in a cherry tree, where he and "another chap" were holding high jubilee one merry day two months ago. He has now got a white swelling in his knee, though his cheeks are still round, and keep a tinge in them from the country where the cherry trees are growing. We trust the day may come soon when Johnnie will be ready once more for frisky fun, though we dare say he will never be quite so rash again.

A little fellow called Michael, with a round, good-humoured face, had an operation performed upon him the other day. The hip joint had been out of place a long time, and the injury neglected. He is now in a good way of getting better. His mother came to visit him after the operation, on condition she should not make herself known to him, for fear of exciting him. Like a good, unselfish mother, she kept her promise, and went away satisfied that her boy was doing well.

And now we must ask you all to pray for poor little Patrick, who is dying of a wasting disease of the lungs. He sits up in his bed and says he suffers no pain, but his cough is very bad. He has just made his first communion and been anointed, so that he is a very happy little boy. He has got some beautiful holy pictures spread out before him, and smiles round the room as if he felt himself the least ailing and most to be envied of the whole company of children. And so he undoubtedly is.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE AT INCHMORE,

BY KATHARINE ROCHE.

## CHAPTER I.

## OWEN SETTLES DOWN.

MANY years ago I spent part of a summer at Inchmore, a little fishing village on the south coast of Ireland. As it is not my own story I am about to tell, it is unnecessary to enter into the circumstances that brought me, a middle-aged lady, of quiet stay-at-home habits, to a lonely out-of-the-world place like Inchmore. Suffice it to say I was there, with every probability of being detained some time, and deprived of my usual resources for occupation and amusement. I was therefore obliged to devise some means of passing my time, and, being a good walker, I began to explore the country round about, admiring the really pretty coast scenery, and making the acquaintance of every old fisherman, blue-cloaked peasant, and ragged child in the neighbourhood.

Inchmore strand is a bit of beautiful white shingle, sweeping in between the two green headlands that form the boundaries of the little bay. This strand is always crowded with children, who play among the old boats and nets, or chase each other into the waves, while the men—who have often spent the whole night fishing—lie basking in the sun, the very picture of lazy enjoyment. The village consists of a single steep street, running down at right angles to the beach; there is a little huckster's shop, and, I am sorry to say, the never-failing public-house, at its upper end, while a chapel with a thatched roof stands a little way up the hill. Round about are some farmhouses, in the most comfortable of which I had obtained lodgings, while Inchmore House, the solitary gentleman's place of the neighbourhood, stands white and bare, and somewhat bleak, at a little distance. Out among the waves, about a mile from the extreme point of the headland which forms the western boundary of the bay, stands the tall, white lighthouse, built upon a rock which is completely covered at high tide, and showing its brilliant flashing light every night from sunset to sunrise. I could see this light from my bedroom window, and often, as I watched it, I pitied the two light-keepers, obliged to pass so much of their lives shut up in the tall, prison-like tower. I was very curious to see the interior of the lighthouse, and often spoke to the boatmen about rowing me out to it; but as they one and all assured me I could not be admitted without an order, which I had no means of procuring, I was forced to abandon my project. I determined, however, to walk around the cliff to the point of the headland nearest the lighthouse, and get a sight of the cottages inhabited by the light-keepers' families. Accordingly, one bright warm day, I set off soon after breakfast, and at the end of a four miles' walk found myself as near the object of my curiosity as I could be while on *terra firma*.

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I sat down for a moment to rest, and look at the scene before me. The tall tower looked painfully white and dazzling in the sunshine, as did the cottages on the cliff, three in number, in front of which some children were playing. The sea was perfectly calm, and the few boats which were out mackerel fishing moved lazily over its smooth surface. Close to the light-keepers' cottages, and forming a marked contrast to their somewhat obtrusive neatness, stood a little cabin, with a thatched moss-grown roof, looking rather tumble-down, but very picturesque. I thought I would ask leave to go in and rest as the sun was very hot, and there was no shade on the cliff, so I went up to the cabin and tapped at the half-door. It was opened by an elderly woman, who answered my request with, "To be sure, ma'am, you're kindly welcome," in a quiet, subdued tone. She placed a stool for me just inside the door, and then going back to her own seat in the darker part of the cabin, resumed her knitting. At first my eyes, dazzled by the brilliant sunlight, could make out nothing of the interior of the cabin, but by degrees I grew accustomed to the darkness, and was surprised to see, on a bed in the far corner, an old man, apparently paralysed. He looked comfortable and well cared for, and had the placid contented expression so often to be seen on the faces of the very old and helpless, who are, as it were, out of reach of the cares and troubles of those around them. The woman herself was tall and striking looking, and must have been exceedingly beautiful in her youth. She had very dark eyes, well cut features, and smooth gray hair showing under her white cap. But what struck me most was a horror-stricken look in her face; a look which seemed to have been imprinted in some moment of intense agony, and which would remain, more or less latent, while her life lasted. She now sat knitting mechanically, as if unconscious of my presence. Feeling the silence awkward, I at length made some remark about the weather, which she answered in the same subdued tone. I then spoke of the lighthouse, saying how lonely must be the lives of the men in charge of it.

"Worse than lonely, ma'am, sometimes."

"Surely," I said, "there can be no danger. It seems to me that no storm that blows would be strong enough to overturn that solid mass of masonry."

"It's safe enough in storms," she answered; "'tis in fine weather the danger is. If there had been a gale blowing one night two year ago, instead of a smooth sea and a bright moon, the trouble that come on me and the old man there would have been spared us. A heavy trouble it was, God knows. However—his holy will be done."

She spoke rather to herself than to me; always in the same quiet tones, in strange contrast to her words. I was about to inquire her meaning, when I caught sight of a quick gesture made by the old man to silence me; so, feeling myself on dangerous ground, I said no more, and soon after took leave, thanking them for their hospitality.

On reaching home I questioned Mrs. Hayes, my hostess at the farm, about the woman, and partly from her, and partly from the old parish priest, I learned the following particulars of her story—the saddest I think I have ever heard.

Alice Byrne was the daughter of a fisherman at Inchmore, and some five-and-thirty years before I saw her, had been the most beautiful girl for many miles round. Her father was a rich man for his class, being principal owner of a fine fishing-boat; he and his son, with their partner John Lynch, and one other man, forming the crew.

John Lynch was a handsome young man, of two or three-and-twenty, steady and well-behaved. He and Alice had been playfellows from childhood, and were now engaged to be married, to the great delight of her father, who loved John almost more than his own son. About a week before the day fixed for the wedding, the two young men went out with the rest of the little fleet of fishing-boats, old Byrne, who was suffering from a slight attack of rheumatism, remaining at home. The weather, which had been fine when they started, soon changed, and before night a severe storm had set in. There were many anxious hearts in Inchmore that night, and with the first dawn of morning nearly every one in the village was on the beach watching the return of the boats. Among the number were old Byrne and Alice, the former heedless of the heavy rain and of the spray which dashed over him, as he sat on a piece of rock close to the water's edge, and strained his eyes to watch the heavy tossing waves, almost hidden by the thick veil of rain which hung over them. Alice stood by his side; she did not join in the clamour raised by the other women, but the old priest from whom I heard her story—and who, then a young curate new to such scenes, was on the beach comforting and encouraging his flock—said that on no face in that crowd of anxious watchers was to be seen such an expression of misery as on hers. One by one the boats came in, and the men as they jumped ashore were taken possession of by their delighted wives and children. At length all were in except the *Fair Alice*; none of the other boats had seen anything of her, and by noon there was little doubt left as to the fate of her crew. Poor Owen Byrne's body was washed ashore that evening, but John's was not found for many days, when it was discovered by some fishermen, floating quietly in the sunshine, many miles out at sea. Alice, meantime, had had to rouse herself, and attend to the poor old father, who was in rheumatic fever, brought on by exposure to wet and cold. His life was in danger for many weeks, and when at length he did recover, it was only to remain a helpless cripple for the rest of his days. The loss of the *Fair Alice* had been the loss of all his property to him; and now that he was unable to work, both he and Alice were totally dependent on the earnings of the latter, not yet, poor child, eighteen years of age. Fortunately she was a good spinner—the picturesque wheel had not then disappeared from the country parts of Ireland—and she was thus enabled, with some difficulty, to support her father, and save him from his great terror—the poorhouse. She did not give herself up to fretting for her lost happiness; from the first she applied herself resolutely to the struggle for life which had been forced upon her, and as time wore on she became even cheerful, although she could never be again the joyous happy girl she was before the death of her lover and brother.

For seven years this went on ; at the end of that time a respectable farmer named Martin M'Carthy, who lived about five miles from Inchmore, and who had seen something of Alice's brave uncomplaining life, asked her to marry him. He was fully twenty years older than she, but an honest, kindly man, well spoken of by everyone, and when he promised that old Byrne should have a happy home for the rest of his life, Alice did not hesitate long, and she and her father soon became inmates of the farm. Martin had known all along of her love for John Lynch, and had taken it quite simply as a matter of course, even putting up the headstone over his grave and that of her brother Owen, which Alice had longed for, but had never been able to afford. This thoughtful action touched her more, and went farther towards winning her heart than did even her husband's kindness to her father. She was cheerful and content, and strove by every means in her power to make Martin happy. They had but one child, a son, the idol of both, and still more of the old grandfather, who could scarcely let him out of his sight. When the child grew old enough to listen, he used to tell him long stories of his own youth, when he had been a sailor in the merchant service, and had seen "foreign parts;" stories to which little Owen listened with eager delight. He had inherited more of the nature of his sailor grandfather than of the quiet, somewhat plodding father ; and as soon as he was able to go about by himself, he was always trying to make his way to Inchmore, to talk to the fishermen and coax them to take him out in their boats. Indeed, Alice herself unconsciously fostered this propensity ; unlike many women who have lost those belonging to them by drowning, she retained a strong love for the sea, associated as it was with the happiest hours of her childhood and youth. She missed it in her present home, and her greatest pleasure was to walk to a hill which commanded a view of the bay, there to sit awhile and gaze at the familiar face of her old friend. She was proud, too, of little Owen's daring, and eagerly listened to the accounts of his exploits in rowing and swimming, which were brought to her from time to time by old friends from Inchmore ; nor did she see until too late the inevitable consequences of encouraging her child's love for the sea. It was nearly as great a blow to her as to his father, when he declared that he would be a sailor and nothing else, for he never could make up his mind to the quiet, humdrum life of the farm. His father, who was beginning to feel his sixty years, and who had looked to his boy for help in his old age, was both disappointed and angry. The first harsh word he ever said to his wife was a reproach for having taught the boy such folly.

Poor Alice was heartbroken at the thought of parting with her son, but when he came to her to pour out his dislike to farming, and his longing for life and adventure, she had sufficient sympathy with him to feel that it would be cruelty to chain him down, and she promised to speak to her husband, and, if possible, induce him to accede to Owen's wishes. Martin at first refused to listen to her ; if the boy went to sea it should be without his consent, but at length he yielded to the united entreaties of his wife and son, and Owen was bound

apprentice to the master of a collier plying between Cork and Cardiff.

The farm did not seem the same after his departure; Alice grew sad and anxious, watching wind and weather, as she had been used to do when the *Fair Alice* and her crew were out fishing, while Martin worked harder than ever, saying that he must not allow himself to grow old, now that there was no one to take his place. Old Byrne died, too, just at this time, so that everything came together to make life hard for poor Alice. Owen came home sometimes; he seemed to like his new life, and was very hopeful as to his future, building various castles in the air, to be inhabited by his father and mother when he was captain, and perhaps part owner, of a fine merchantman. Alice used to listen with loving pride to these schemes, half believing in their possible realisation; but Martin, one day that he overheard Owen romancing in this manner, cut him short—"If ever you do come to be anything better than a sailor before the mast, it won't be till your old father and mother are in their graves, so you may leave them out of your calculations"—a speech which had the effect of throwing cold water on poor Owen's schemes, or at least reducing him to silence on the subject.

At the end of two years he began to take longer voyages, and his mother had to watch for his letters instead of his visits. Things were not going on well at the farm; cattle died, and crops failed, and at length Martin had to borrow money at high interest; interest which he found it very difficult to pay, in addition to the heavy rent to which he was already subject. He managed to do so for some years, working early and late, until he got a sudden paralytic stroke which completely deprived him of the use of his lower limbs. Alice struggled on bravely for a time, trying to carry on the business of the farm herself, but the difficulties, which had so nearly conquered her husband, proved too much for her single-handed, and by the end of the year neither rent nor interest was forthcoming. The creditor seized on the stock in payment of the debt, and the poor couple received notice to quit, the landlord saying that, even were the rent paid, he could not leave his land in the hands of a tenant who was unable to look after it. Thus, for the second time in her life, Alice found herself thrown on the world, with a helpless elderly man dependent on her for support.

They obtained temporary shelter in a little cabin which happened just then to be empty, and Alice tried to earn something in her old way by spinning and knitting; but times had changed since her girlhood, and she found that she could no longer earn enough for two persons, so that she and her husband were sometimes almost starving.

Owen was in South America when his father got the paralytic stroke. Alice had written to tell him the bad news, but had received no answer, and she was just beginning to add uneasiness about Owen to her other troubles when he came home. His mother's letter had never reached him, and he was shocked to find those whom he had left in comparative prosperity reduced almost to beggary. He had brought money with him, so the immediate pressure of want was removed; but he could not help seeing what his father refrained from



pointing out to him, that, had he been at home to look after the farm, things would never in all probability have come to this pass. In his remorse he told his mother that he would give up the sea, at least for the present, and look for some employment in the neighbourhood. The office of under-lightkeeper happening just then to be vacant, some gentlemen who knew the circumstances of the case succeeded in obtaining it for him, and Alice and old Martin were soon comfortably installed in one of the whitewashed cottages, happy in the thought that their boy was near, and would never again allow them to want.

The next two years were about the happiest of Alice's married life; the sorrows of her youth were so far away that they seemed to her as those of another person, while the troubles of later years were now at an end. The mere sight and sound of the sea gave her pleasure, and above all Owen was near. For one month in every three, he was off duty and able to remain on shore, and even when it was his turn to be at the lighthouse, it was a comfort to her to know that at any hour of the day or night she could see the exact spot where he was. She never passed the window or the open door of her cottage without turning her eyes on the lighthouse, and at least once every night she used to rise and look out at the brilliant light flashing across the sea. Old Martin, too, was patient and contented; he had forgotten his son's former wilfulness, and he was grateful for the care and attention lavished on him by his wife.

Towards the end of the second year of this peaceful life, Alice began to hear vague reports, which her own observation somewhat unwillingly confirmed, that Owen was *after* Katie Sheehan of Kiltymon farm. Katie Sheehan was supposed by many persons to be something of an heiress, and acknowledged by all to be as pretty a little coquette as ever tormented half-a-dozen lovers. Of these, the chief victim was a nephew of her father's, Mat Sheehan by name, who had lived for some years at the farm, working early and late, with little reward beyond the pleasure of being teased by his cousin Katie. Mat was a tall, shambling, awkward fellow, with lank sandy hair, a freckled face, and bright restless eyes. He scarcely deserved the epithet of *natural*, which was often applied to him, but he certainly was little more than half-witted. His love for Katie was the ruling passion of his life; intense in proportion to the dulness of his other faculties, and there were people even ready to believe that he would absolutely win his prize in time, by sheer force of dogged obstinacy, when an unexpected rival appeared in the person of the handsome young lightkeeper.

Alice was, as I have said, at first unwilling to believe the gossip that reached her, and for some time put entire faith in the various ingenious pretexts on which Owen was always going to Kiltymon. But at length she could be no longer blind to the state of affairs, as far at least as he was concerned; and as the possibility of any girl's not appreciating her Owen never once entered her head, she had begun, with the best grace in her power, to make silent preparations for the reception of her daughter-in-law, long before Miss Katie had vouchsafed her lover any decided encouragement.

## CHAPTER II.

## OWEN'S RIVAL.

ONE bright June evening, Alice stood at the half door of her little cottage, her fingers busy with the woollen socks she was knitting for Owen, her eyes fixed as usual on the lighthouse. The tea-things stood ready on the little table, the black teapot had been put to draw beside the fire, and Martin lay quietly on his bed, watching his wife, and waiting for any scrap of information she might be able to give him about outdoor affairs. Presently she spoke.

"There's a boat putting out from the lighthouse; maybe it's Owen coming over to see us."

"He was over a' Monday," said Martin; "he'd hardly come so soon again. More like it's Mr. Murphy. Perhaps he'll turn in here, Ally, and take a cup o' tay."

"Maybe so," said Alice; "it's ready anyway. Yes, 'tis Mr. Murphy," she added, after a few minutes, turning away from the door, and going over to the dresser to take down another cup and saucer, and a bowl of loaf sugar, in preparation for her guest.

Murphy came in presently; he was head lightkeeper: a respectable, elderly man, with a weatherbeaten face. Being unmarried, with no one in his own cottage but a deaf old servant, he was often glad, on his occasional visits to the shore, to accept Alice's ready hospitality.

"Good evening to you, Mrs. M'Carthy," he said, as he came in, "and to you too, sir. I thought, as I was passing, that I'd just step in, and let you know Owen was well."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Murphy," said Alice. "Perhaps you'd stay and take a cup o' tay with us, now that you are here."

"I will, then, ma'am, and much obliged to you. Tisn't often that a pair of bachelors like me and Owen gets such a cup o' tay as yours."

Just as they were sitting down, Mat Sheehan came in, bringing some eggs in a blue and white bowl, as a present to Alice from his cousin Katie. It was one of that young lady's methods of tormenting him, to send him on this sort of errand to his rival's mother, to whom she was always civil and attentive, whatever might be her treatment of Owen himself. Alice, who had a guilty feeling towards poor Mat, believing, as she did, that he had been supplanted by her handsome Owen, always tried to make amends by showing him any little kindness in her power. Mat, however, had up to this invariably resisted her attempts, and, except when doing his little tyrant's behests, avoided all communication with the M'Carthys. This evening, having put the eggs on the dresser, and repeated as if by rote a gracious message from Katie, he was turning to go away, giving a sullen refusal to Alice's kindly invitation to tea, when he caught sight of Murphy. He stopped abruptly in what he was saying, hesi-

tated a moment, and finally came back and sat down at the table, where he remained silent, scarcely touching the tea which Alice poured out for him, and turning his bright, bird-like eyes from one to another, as if listening eagerly to every word spoken by the little party.

"It's late for you to be coming ashore, Mr. Murphy," said Martin, "you'll not be going back again to-night, will you?"

"No," said Murphy, "my old mate, Tim Forde, is dead up yonder at Ballyvoe, and I'm going to the wake. Owen promised to do my work along with his own for to-night; I'll do as much for him another time. I'm leaving the boat down here at the slip; she'll be safe enough till morning."

"I did not think the men on duty were allowed to be away at night," said Alice.

"Rightly speaking, ma'am, they're not; and I wouldn't like anyone but friends to know that I'm doing such a thing. I'd have asked Hely (the man off duty) to take my place for to-night, but that he's sick in bed just now. Poor Tim's wife and children 'd never forgive me if I didn't go to the wake, such friends as we always were. I'd be sorry to show any disrespect to his memory, and I know Owen is as safe as myself, or as the whole Board of Lights, for the matter of that; there's no fear of him being overtaken by sleep or by drink. I'll be back early to-morrow, and, as I said before, I'll do as much for him another time."

"I'm sure he's glad to do anything he can for you, sir," said Martin; "there's not a civiler or a more obliging boy in the whole of the county Cork than Owen, although I say it."

"True for you, sir. I hope, ma'am," turning to Alice, "that the next time you and I takes tay together, it'll be at Owen's wedding."

"Owen's wedding! I hope Mr. Murphy that you won't be so long as that without coming to see us."

"Isn't it to be immediately? Sure Owen was in such spirits when he came back on Monday, that I thought it must be all settled."

"'Tisn't so easy to get things settled when you have a hard man like Tom Sheehan to deal with."

"Tom is a hard man, sure enough, but Katie can do what she likes with him. If Owen can come round Katie, she can come round the father in no time. What does she say, ma'am? She has sent more than one likely young fellow about his business before now."

"So she has," said Martin, "so she has, but I don't think myself that she'll be doing that to Owen. You've always been a kind friend to him, Mr. Murphy, and I don't see why you shouldn't hear the news—Why not, Ally? Sure everyone will be knowing it soon—I think, please God, we'll be having the wedding when next Owen gets his time ashore."

Martin either did not know, or had forgotten that Mat Sheehan was his son's rival, and thinking that his wife's evident wish to silence him arose from her usual dislike to gossip—a dislike which he did

not himself share—he had disregarded it; he was now both shocked and surprised at catching sight of Mat's face, livid and scowling; his lips refusing to utter the passionate words which trembled on them; his hands working convulsively, as if tearing to pieces some invisible substance. Alice was beginning some incoherent words of comfort or apology, when he started up, overturned his chair with a crash, and rushing out of the cottage, was presently seen striding along in an opposite direction to that of his home.

"Poor fellow," said Alice, "you oughtn't to have spoken that way before him, Martin. Sure I was trying to stop you, only you wouldn't be said by me. It's sorry for his disappointment I do be every time I think of him, but sure it can't be helped. Katie would have married some one, and why not Owen as well as another. She could not have thought of a natural like poor Mat."

"I don't know that, ma'am. Mat can be cute enough sometimes, and people do say that Katie gave him some sort of a promise. What luck I had to speak of it at all before him; I don't know where my senses were gone to when I did such a thing."

"I suppose," said Alice, "he'll stay out all night now, Katie was telling me the other day that that's what he always does when anyone goes against him. He once was away for three days, and came back nearly dead with the hunger."

"Well, 'twill do him good to have time to cool down a bit. I must be going; it's getting late. I'll call in on my way back to-morrow, to see if you'll be having any message for Owen. Good evening to you, ma'am."

And Murphy went away.

That night Alice remained up late, finishing Owen's socks, which she wished to send to him next day. She sat in a corner of the little room, her candle shaded so as not to disturb her sleeping husband; her fingers moving quickly amidst yarn and needles; her thoughts busy with the events of the evening. She was anxious and uneasy as to the result of Martin's incautious revelation, although fearing no worse consequences from it, than annoyance to Katie, which she in her turn would visit on Owen. At length, the sock being finished, was with its fellows, and some of the eggs sent by Katie, made up into the little bundle which was next morning to be entrusted to Murphy, and Alice began to think of going to bed.

But before undressing, she went, as she always did, to the window, and opening the shutter, looked out across the sea. It was a soft summer night, and everything was quiet and peaceful; the lighthouse stood tall and white in the moonlight, and for the first moment, Alice noticed nothing unusual about it, and stood watching for the flash of the intermittent light. But no flash disturbed the soft glitter of the moonlight. She rubbed her eyes and looked again, counting, as she often did, to mark the time. But her counting mounted to double and treble its usual limits, and still no flash came to relieve her fear, which was rapidly growing into agonizing terror. As Murphy had said, Owen was not one to be *overtaken* either by sleep or drink, and his mother well knew that nothing short of sheer physical inability to

move would prevent his lighting the lamps at the usual hour. A crowd of possibilities, each more terrible than the one before, passed through her mind, in the few moments that she stood by the window, motionless and despairing. Then came the remembrance of Murphy's words, "I have left the boat down there at the slip," and in less than five minutes from the time she first unbarred the shutter, she was speeding down the steep path by the cliff, leaving the old man quietly asleep, unconscious of danger to either wife or son.

On reaching the little landing-place, she looked in vain for the boat. It had evidently been cut from its moorings, for a piece of rope still remained, securely knotted into the iron ring to which the boat had been fastened. If she had had time to think, this fact would have added to her alarm; as it was, her only feeling was despair at the unexpected obstacle thrown in her way. At length she remembered having seen a small boat lying on the rocks at some distance round the cliff; she reached the spot with considerable difficulty, along paths by which at another time she would not have dreamed of venturing, even in broad daylight, and found to her great relief, that the boat was still there, the oars lying ready across the thwart. She pushed it off easily enough, and stepping in, began to row towards the lighthouse. Alice was a strong, active woman, and in her girlhood had been used to boats, but it was now many years since she had handled an oar, and for the first few minutes she felt as if no exertion on her part could conquer the distance between her and the lighthouse. After a time, however, her arms got used to their work, and she began to pull with long, steady strokes, concentrating her entire force of mind and body on her oars, and resolutely striving to keep her fear at bay, lest it should impair the strength or steadiness of eye or hand. At length she reached the lighthouse, and stepping out, proceeded to secure her boat; as she did so, she perceived that the lighthouse boat, the trim little *Grace Darling*, which Owen himself had repainted only the week before, was already there. Pushing open the half-closed door, she entered the lower room, used by the two men as kitchen and general sitting-room. It was dark, save for a single band of moonlight, which crossed the floor from one of the narrow windows, showing in its track, the table overturned as if in a struggle, and a long glittering knife lying on the ground. Sick with terror, Alice groped about, looking in vain for matches, and finding at every step fresh evidence of violence. At length she heard a groan, which seemed to come from under the winding iron staircase leading to the upper stories. Stooping down, she found the body of a man, lying in the corner between the staircase and the wall, as if he had crawled there to die. Half raising it in her arms, she dragged it into the moonlight, which showed it to be indeed Owen, deadly pale, and covered with blood from several fearful gashes in his head and neck. Tearing her apron into stripes, she tried to staunch the blood, and remembering that she had a moment before stumbled against a pitcher of water she brought it over and bathed his forehead. Presently he opened his eyes, making a gasping sign for water; she poured some down his throat, which seemed to revive him a little.

"Mother," he said, "go away—he will—murder you—as he did—me."

At the same moment, Alice heard sounds as if some one were moving in the upper rooms, and thinking of nothing but the necessity for taking her boy away from this fearful place, she put forth her utmost strength, and raising him in her arms, staggered with him to the door, just as a heavy step was heard descending the staircase. She laid Owen down in the little boat in which she had herself come, and having first unfastened the rope which held the other boat, and sent it adrift, so as to cut off all danger of pursuit, she took up her oars, and began to row with all her might towards the shore.

Next morning, when Murphy returned to Inchmore, he was, to his great surprise, assailed on all sides with questions as to the reason why the light had not shown the night before in its usual place, and on going to Alice's cottage, he found the old man in a state of considerable alarm at the disappearance of his wife. These circumstances, joined to the loss of his own boat, roused the man's fears, and he was soon on his way to the lighthouse, accompanied by a sub-inspector of police, and two armed men.

On reaching it, they found unmistakable evidence of its having been the scene of a severe struggle. The table was overturned, the remains of supper being strewn around, while a long, sharp knife, which Owen was known to be in the habit of using as a bread-knife, lay in a pool of blood on the floor. Upstairs everything had been ransacked, although not in search of plunder, as a little bag of sovereigns—poor Owen's savings—was found untouched in an open drawer. Higher still, the same destructive hand had been at work, the complicated series of reflectors, and the clockwork which caused the lantern to revolve, being much injured. It seemed as if a maniac had been turned loose, in the trim, orderly lighthouse. But no human being, living or dead, was to be seen. The police officer had just come to the conclusion that the murderer had thrown the body of his victim into the sea, and had himself escaped, when one of the men found on a ledge of rock, as if thrown there by a swimmer about to plunge into the waves, a rough cloth jacket, which Murphy at once identified as being the one worn by Mat Sheehan the evening before. It was afterwards conjectured that, on finding the boat gone, and his means of escape cut off, he had jumped into the sea, trusting for safety to his powers of swimming, which were considerable. Whether he succeeded in reaching an outward-bound vessel, and so making his way to America, or whether he swam until exhausted, and then sank, was never known; most probably the latter. Certain it is that all efforts to trace him failed.

The second morning after the night on which Murphy had left poor Owen at his post alive and well, some men who were returning from their night's fishing, saw a small boat apparently empty drifting about. On approaching, they found it to contain a woman with wild eyes and terror-stricken face, who sat in the bottom of the boat, supporting on her lap the figure of a young man, with livid features.

closed eyes, and clothes soaked with blood. The oars were gone, and the little boat was entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves, but she did not appear to notice it, her whole attention being given to the young man.

"He is asleep," she said, in answer to their inquiries; "he has been asleep a long time."

When they raised him, and tried to pour spirits down his throat, they found that he was not asleep but dead.

The medical evidence given at the inquest went to show, that poor Owen had been first stunned by a heavy blow, and afterwards stabbed. None of his wounds would in themselves have been fatal, so that he must have died from loss of blood. Murphy was of course examined, as was also Katie Sheehan. The latter appeared much sobered by the terrible consequences of her coquetry, and gave her evidence with many tears. She admitted that she had at one time given her cousin to understand that she would be his wife, and had allowed him to remain under that impression, even when the time had been fixed for her marriage with Owen. The morning of the murder, Mat had overheard some whispered confidences to another girl, about a wedding-gown, and had come to her in a fury to know what she meant. "She had been afeared of him," she said, "and had humoured him even to the extent of letting him think that the gown in question was intended for her marriage with himself."

Old Martin's words must have first shown him how he had been duped, and rage and despair having completely overmastered his always scanty amount of reason and self-control, he had snatched at the opportunity which was, as it were, flung into his hands by Murphy's absence, of wreaking his vengeance on his rival.

The murdered man was laid in Inchmore churchyard by the side of the elder Owen, and Alice was for many months an inmate of the county lunatic asylum. In her ravings, she revealed much of the story of that dreadful night and day, and explained many things that had been before incomprehensible. It was supposed, that on discovering that it was but the dead body of her son which she had rescued, she abandoned her oars in despair, and allowed the boat to drift as the wind and waves listed. No one who realises the horror of the discovery, or the agony of the ensuing hours, will wonder at her reason having given way. She and her husband met with much kindness; application having been made in the proper quarter, a small pension was secured to them, and during the time that Alice was in the asylum, Martin was kindly cared for by friends and neighbours. Their cottage being of course wanted for poor Owen's successor, the little cabin on the cliff, then in a ruinous condition, was made habitable for them, and here it was that Alice returned, at the end of some months, to resume her patient, devoted care of her husband. She was always as I had seen her, quiet and subdued, attentive to the old man's comfort, but seemingly indifferent to all else.

I only saw Alice M'Carthy once, as I left Inchmore soon after, but I never lost the interest which had been excited, first by her

appearance, and afterwards by her sad story; and as I kept up a desultory correspondence with the old priest, I learned from time to time the remaining incidents of her life. After the death of her husband, which happened two or three years later, her mind became again unsettled, and she took to wandering about the country, obtaining shelter in the farmers' houses, and doing various little services in return. Father Power drew her pension regularly and paid it to her in small sums, but she always gave it away as fast as she received it, and depended on the kindness of others for her own support. She still kept the key of her little cabin, and sometimes returned to it, when she would spend the whole day, and it was believed the greater part of the night, sitting on the door-step, her eyes fixed on the lighthouse. She was quite harmless, and was much loved by the children for miles round, who were the usual recipients of her money, and to whom she would tell stories of what had happened long ago, "Many hundred years ago," she used to say. She often in these stories curiously confused the two Owens, mixing up the events of her own childhood with those of her son's.

A few days since, I had a letter giving me the last chapter of this sad story. One stormy night, the lightkeeper on duty, who was sitting before the fire in the lower room of the lighthouse, heard a noise as of oars, and on opening the door found outside a small boat, its only occupant being a woman who was trying to fasten it to the iron ring in the wall. Much surprised, he drew the boat in, and on helping the woman into the room, he found that it was Alice, with wild, disordered hair, and spray-soaked clothes, who said that she had come to see her son Owen. The man, who knew her story, spoke gently to her, telling her that Owen was not there just then, and persuaded her to sit down and rest, promising to row her back in the morning. She objected to the delay, saying, "that she must go to Owen; he would be glad to see his mother;" but she was exhausted and numb with cold, and soon sank into a deep sleep, crouching by the fire. The man did not disturb her, but smoked quietly on, and when his mate came to relieve him, the two consulted together, and decided on leaving her there till morning, when they could row her over to Inchmore. Accordingly, when they had prepared breakfast next morning, one of them went over to waken her, that she might share it with them. She did not answer, and when the man, becoming impatient, removed her hands from before her face, they fell heavily at her sides—she was dead. Her words of the night before, "I am going to Owen," had been true ones.

They rowed her over as they had promised, and took her to her cabin, whence she was removed to the little churchyard on the hill, and laid near father and brother, husband and son. With the exception of the old priest, there is no one living now who remembers her in her youth; and in a very few years her story will be forgotten at Inchmore. I have striven to record it faithfully, but unless I had the power of bringing before the minds of my readers the picture which I can call up in my own, of the noble-looking, patient woman, I could not hope to inspire them with even a small share of the interest which I felt in the story of Alice M'Carthy and the Lighthouse at Inchmore.



## AUTUMN SONGS.

## I.

CLOSE the door and drop the latch,  
 Light the log and mend the thatch,  
 Look no more to see the shadow  
 Of the beech-tree on the meadow.  
 Sit you by the hearth to-day;  
 Come in, come in, for the swallow 's away !

No more piping round the eaves,  
 Housed are all the golden sheaves.  
 Like to birds of brilliant feather,  
 Scarlet leaflets fly together,  
 Drift and drop like hopes foregone ;  
 Come in, come in, for the swallow has flown !

Misty woods look far from home,  
 Playful streams grow quarrelsome.  
 Now your eye will gladly follow  
 Smoke-wreaths curling in the hollow.  
 Strong of heart and sweet of mouth,  
 Come !—and the swallow may stay in the south !

## II.

I N the autumn of the year  
 Blossoms droop and fruits appear,  
 Golden grain is waving high,  
 Ruddy lights are in the sky ;  
 Husbandman ! come forth and reap,  
 Strip the earth for winter's sleep !

Christian soul, come forth and see,  
 No more buds are on the tree ;  
 Birds no longer care to sing,  
 Silent till another spring ;  
 Nature is content to die,  
 So content be thou and I.

In the autumn of the year  
 Youth's wild blossoms disappear,  
 No more weeds of joy and pain  
 Choke the fields of ripening grain ;  
 Warms the sun toward the west,  
 Lay thee down for heavenly rest !

## THE SUCCESSFUL EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA. ROBERT O'HARA BURKE.

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

### PART I.

**O**N an elevated spot in the finest street in Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, stands a conspicuous public monument. Its site is well chosen. It is placed at a point where two large streets, both straight as arrows, cross at right angles. Close by it several fine churches lift their lofty steeples to the clouds, and a short distance behind, at the east end of the street, rises the stately pile of the Treasury, with its broad flight of stone steps and its gracefully arranged gas-lamps. From the base of the monument the street, a mile in length, extends with a fine sweep towards the west. This is the only public monument, erected to the memory of Victorian colonists, of which Melbourne at present boasts. It consists of a group of bronze figures, supported on a solid stone pedestal. The figures which are more than life-size, represent Robert O'Hara Burke, the leader of the celebrated Victorian Exploring Expedition of 1860, and William John Wills, his faithful and heroic companion. Wills is seated on a mound of earth, while beside him, with one hand resting on his shoulder, stands the tall and martial figure of Burke. The stone block which upholds the group bears below four bronze plates representing various scenes of the expedition.

The details of the daring and successful attempt to explore the vast continent, of which Melbourne may be regarded as the chief city, are comparatively little known outside the limits of the Australian colonies. Not many tales of romance, however, possess more interest than the story of the brave men who traversed the immense and solitary wastes of the wilderness, and penetrated to the far-off seas which bound them on the north, and who perished as they returned homeward after nobly accomplishing their enterprise. Some idea may be formed of the heroism of the explorers from the fact that, before the Expedition of 1860, the interior of Australia was a geographical problem that had baffled the many daring attempts which had been made to solve it. Moreover, the theories afloat regarding its hidden depths were calculated to afford anything but encouragement. For the following particulars regarding those theories, we are indebted to the work of a living Australian author, Father J. Woods' "Discovery and Exploration of Australia." According to one supposition, the vast central tract was an inland sea. This opinion was based on the flow of many rivers towards a depression in the interior which is very little raised above the surface of the ocean, while the land round the coast on the west, north, and east, rises gradually to an elevation of several thousand feet above the sea-level. Another theory asserted that it was an immense desert of sand or

stone. Both theories have been since found to be partially true. The first is realised in Lake Eyre, whose extent is not yet fully known. On the other hand, it is certain that there exists a desert of sand, as well as great shingle plains, which have received the name of the Stony Desert. The former is thickly covered with spinifex grass, but many parts are mere barren sandy wastes. The nature and extent of the Stony Desert are thus described by Father Woods: "It is most probably a series of plains instead of one vast desert, and is not all equally thickly strewn with stones or destitute of vegetation. . . . The stones again are not in every place of equal size. They are very small in some localities, and form almost boulders in others." The same author informs us that the desert "sometimes rises into ridges from one to two hundred feet high, covered with stone fragments; but where it is all of the same level, it assumes the appearance of an immense sea-beach, with large fragments of rock scattered over the surface or buried in the ground, as if by the force of waters. The favourite theory with regard to this desert is that the stones are "the remains left by some long-continued current of water running through the centre of the continent."

Burke and his party, with no trustworthy knowledge of the thousands of miles which they were to traverse, addressed themselves to the hitherto unaccomplished task of crossing the Australian continent from sea to sea. The following brief account of their journey from Melbourne northward to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and of the disasters which attended their return, is taken for the most part from the narrative of the explorers themselves.

It will be well in the outset to say a few words on the previous career of the two who most distinguished themselves during the exploration. Mr. Jackson's book, "Robert O'Hara Burke and the Australian Exploring Expedition of 1860," supplies us with the following facts: Robert O'Hara Burke was the third son of Thomas Hardiman Burke, the representative of one of the oldest families in the west of Ireland. He was born in 1821, at St. Cleran's, county of Galway. After studying at Woolwich Academy and in Belgium, he served as lieutenant in the seventh regiment of Hungarian Hussars in the Austrian service; and on returning to his native land, obtained an appointment in the Irish Constabulary. Shortly after his emigration to Australia in 1853, he procured an important position in the police force of Victoria. When the Crimean war broke out, he went home on leave of absence, hoping to obtain a commission and take part in the struggle. His expectations met with disappointment, and he returned to Australia. In 1860, he was appointed to the arduous post of leader of the Victorian Exploring Expedition.

William John Wills was born at Totness, Devonshire, in 1834, and studied for the medical profession. In 1852, he emigrated with his father to Australia, where his talents and attainments enabled him to secure a position in the Melbourne Observatory. Requesting an appointment in the Exploring Expedition, he was nominated astronomical and meteorological observer and third in command, the second officer being a gentleman named Landells, who imported

from India the camels of the Expedition. Wills was but twenty-seven years of age when he perished with Burke on the homeward journey from Carpentaria.

On the 20th of August, 1860, in the midst of enthusiastic cheers, the Expedition defiled from the Royal Park of Melbourne. It consisted of fifteen men, who carried with them on camels and horses twelve months' provisions. Early in September they quitted the colony of Victoria and entered the territory of New South Wales, crossing the Murray, the most considerable of the Australian rivers. They directed their course towards the Darling, a tributary of the Murray, and at Menindie, about 120 miles north of the point where the large river receives the waters of the smaller, Burke established his first depôt. Here, owing to some disputes with the leader, Landells, the second officer, and Dr. Beckler, the medical adviser of the Expedition, resigned and refused to leave the settled districts. Wills succeeded as second in command.

Wishing to find for the ready conveyance of the heavy baggage a direct and well-watered route to Cooper's Creek (native name, the Barcoo), a river with lake, about 400 miles north of Menindie, Burke divided his men, and leaving nearly half behind under the temporary charge of Dr. Beckler, pushed on himself in company with Wills and six others. He took with him sixteen camels, and about the same number of horses. A Mr. Wright, of Menindie, undertook to guide him. After travelling upwards of 200 miles through a country which was for the most part splendidly grassed and abundantly supplied with water, he reached a swamp, called Torowotto, towards the end of October. From this place he sent back Wright with a despatch to Menindie. He appointed Wright third officer of the Expedition, and instructed him to bring up to Cooper's Creek, as soon as possible, the remainder of the stores and camels. Burke was afterwards blamed for entrusting a post of such importance to a man, of whom he had no previous personal knowledge. The sudden resignation, however, of Landells and Dr. Beckler rendered the appointment of a third officer necessary, and Burke declared in his despatch that Wright bore "the very highest character." The latter proved unfit for so responsible a position. Instead of obeying the strict injunctions which he had received to follow his leader with the stores without delay, he allowed most unaccountably three months to pass before starting for Cooper's Creek. He was thereby the cause of nearly all the disasters that attended the Exploration.

Burke's party reached Cooper's Creek without accident on the 11th of November. They established a depôt on the banks of the stream beside a fine, deep reach about a mile long. Here the pasturage was excellent, and brushwood abounded. In the valleys, formed by sand-hills, through which the stream flowed, large and numerous box-trees lent their shade to the waters. This depôt became so infested with rats that it had to be abandoned; and a permanent one was formed lower down the creek.

Pending the arrival of Wright with the rest of the Expedition, frequent excursions were made to the north to discover the nature of

the country. Wills advanced on one occasion ninety miles without finding water. The three camels he brought with him strayed into the brushwood and escaped; this obliged him to return. The camels subsequently found their way to the settled districts. It was only with much difficulty and danger that Wills and the man who accompanied him made their way back to Cooper's Creek. They took only forty-eight hours to reach it, although the summer heat was  $130^{\circ}$  in the sun, and  $112^{\circ}$  in the shade.

The country between Menindie and Cooper's Creek had been traversed by Burke in twenty-two days, yet six weeks had now elapsed since Wright's departure, and there was still no sign of his coming. Tired of waiting, and anxious to avail himself of heavy rain-falls to the north, Burke resolved on leaving half of his present party at the depôt, and undertaking with the rest to explore towards Carpentaria. Two horses were killed and dried for food; and a supply of provisions, calculated to last for three months, was carefully packed.

The 16th of December was the date fixed on for the departure of the advanced exploring party. On the morning of that day, after appointing William Brahé to the command of the depôt till Wright made his appearance, Burke shook hands with the men he left behind. One of them, an Irishman, who had known him since he was a boy, shed tears when bidding him good-bye. "Never mind, Patten," said Burke, "I shall return soon, but if I am not here in a few months, you may go back to the Darling." Poor Burke probably had a presentiment that he would never see him again.

It was characteristic of Burke that he inspired much affection in all who knew him intimately. He was a great favourite with the members of the Irish Constabulary force who served under him, several of whom followed him when he emigrated to Australia. Again, as Mr. Jackson informs us in the work already cited, his old nurse, Ellen Doherty, quitted her quiet and comfortable home on the family estate of St. Cleran's, and at the age of sixty-five made her way to Australia to see once more, before she died, her "dear Master Robert." Her affectionate longings met with a sad disappointment; she unfortunately did not arrive in Melbourne before his departure on the expedition which proved fatal to him. Her case, however, attracted notice and sympathy, and she was comfortably provided for by the Victorian Government.

The advanced exploring party consisted of Burke, Wills, King, and Gray. Brahé accompanied his leader twenty-two miles down the creek towards the west, and was desired by him, when parting, not to leave the depôt at Cooper's Creek unless compelled "by absolute necessity." Wills requested Brahé to remain for four months. In point of fact, he remained for more than four months, though when he commenced his return to the Darling, his provisions would have allowed him to remain much longer. Had he prolonged his stay by one day more, he would have saved the lives of Burke and Wills. In describing their setting out on this long and arduous journey, Father Woods says: "The little band, with their train of camels, were utterly ignorant of what was before them. They knew nothing from

actual experience, and what they could have learned from others would give them only false impressions. So they slowly wended their way, with doubt and anxiety, towards the reputed deserts which had already baffled so many. Considering how many, there is something admirable in the attempt being made by so weak and inexperienced a party—something wonderful in its success—something very mournful in its fatality. To be successful and then to die, as men do in battle, might be an enviable lot; but to be successful and then perish by such a death as that of the explorers! Well may we pity them, as they go down into the desert with their little train of camels and their small resources." (*The Discovery and Exploration of Australia*, vol. ii., chap. 22.)

The following order was observed by the exploring party: Burke and Wills walked on ahead, armed each with rifle and revolver, and steering in turn by a pocket compass; King led six camels; and Gray had charge of a horse. Wills examined the country, and every evening, after taking astronomical observations, wrote his diary. Burke wrote but little; he considered it enough to hear Wills read his notes and to suggest the changes he judged necessary. Their daily rations were a pound of bread, the same quantity of meat, and occasionally a little rice. They slept in the open air.

The diary, written by Wills, will supply us with the particulars of their progress. On the day of departure "a large tribe of blacks came pestering us to go to their camp and have a dance, which we declined. They were very troublesome, and nothing but the threat to shoot them will keep them away; they are, however, easily frightened, and, although fine-looking men, decidedly not of a warlike disposition. They show the greatest inclination to take whatever they can, but will run no unnecessary risk in so doing. They seldom carry any weapon except a shield and large kind of boomerang (club), which, I believe, they use in killing rats, &c.; sometimes, but very seldom, they have a large spear; reed spears seem to be quite unknown to them. They are undoubtedly a finer and better-looking race of men than the blacks on the Murray and the Darling, and more peaceful; but in other respects, I believe, they did not compare favourably with them; for from the little we have seen of them, they appear to be mean-spirited and contemptible in every respect" (Diary).

The country they passed through before they reached the Stony Desert in the north-west consisted of a series of plains, lightly timbered, richly grassed, and abounding with lagoons and water-courses. Pigeons, remarkable for their beautiful and graceful plumage, red-breasted cockatoos, and wild fowl of every description, swarmed on the waters, and sometimes flew overhead in such numbers as to darken the air. The explorers came occasionally upon valleys, traversed by streams, and presenting pictures of the most pleasing woodland scenery.

On the 22nd of December they reached the confines of the Stony Desert, whose level, desolate wastes, thickly covered with rounded pieces of quartz and sandstone, they saw stretching away for miles

and miles before them. They struck across it in a west-north-west direction. Wills says in his Diary: "I know not whether it arose from our exaggerated anticipation of horrors or not, but we thought it far from bad travelling ground; and as to pasturage, it is only the actually stony ground that is bare." After crossing something more than twenty miles of the desert, they came upon "a fine creek with a splendid sheet of water." It was named after Gray, one of the party. Here they rested for a day (December 24th), to celebrate Christmas. "This was doubly pleasant," says the Diary, "as we had never in our most sanguine moments anticipated finding such a delightful oasis in the desert. Our camp was really an agreeable place, for we had all the advantages of food and water attending the position of a large creek or river, and were, at the same time, free from the annoyance of the numberless ants, flies, and mosquitoes that are invariably met with amongst timber or heavy scrub."

Next day they traversed soft clay plains, and came upon an encampment of blacks, who beckoned them away to the north-east; but they held on their course of north-west by north, and soon met a magnificent creek running in the direction of the savages. As the day was very hot, and the camels tired from travelling over the loose, yielding soil of the earthy plains, they halted beside this stream at one o'clock in the afternoon, and remained there for the rest of the day. Starting next morning at five o'clock, they kept along the banks of the creek, which were very steep, and rose to the height of from twenty to thirty feet above the water. Fine lines of timber and extensive tracts of box-forest with grassy plains were seen in the neighbourhood of this stream. After crossing to the opposite bank at the first fording-place they met, they advanced in a due north direction; but coming again on the creek, and finding that it turned too much to the east, they quitted it on the 30th of December. They took with them a ten days' supply of water, as hills were visible to the north, which appeared to be stony. During the six or seven days that followed they travelled through a dreary desert, destitute of vegetation.

On the 7th of January, they entered the tropics. From this point the country underwent a striking change for the better. They first traversed "fine open plains of firm argillaceous soil," subject to inundations from the numerous creeks that intersected them. A few extracts from the Diary will give a fair idea of the rich and fertile country through which they now passed.

"January 8.—As we proceeded, the country improved at every step; flocks of pigeons rose and flew off to the eastward, and fresh plants met our view on every rise; everything green and luxuriant. The horse licked his lips, and tried all he could to break his nose-string in order to get at the food. We camped at the foot of a sandy rise, where there was a large stony pan with plenty of water, and where the feed was equal in quality and superior as to variety to any that I have seen in Australia, excepting, perhaps, on some soils of volcanic origin.

"January 9.—Traversed six miles of undulating plains covered

with vegetation richer than ever. Several ducks rose from the little creeks as we passed, and flocks of pigeons were flying in all directions. . . . The grasses are numerous, and many of them unknown to me, but they only constitute a moderate portion of the herbage; several kinds of spurious vetches and portulac, as well as salsolacæ, add to the luxuriance of the vegetation. At seven miles, we found ourselves in an open forest country. . . . We soon emerged again on open plains. . . . At one spot we disturbed a fine bustard which was feeding in the long grass. I should have mentioned that one flew over our camp last evening in a northerly direction. This speaks well for the country and climate.

"January 12.—We started at five a. m., and keeping as nearly as possible a due north course, traversed for about eight miles a splendid flat, through which flow several fine, well-watered creeks, lined with white gum-trees."

On this day they entered a series of low, slaty sandstone hills which they called the Standish Ranges. The country they travelled through up to the 27th of January was filled with ranges of different elevations, some of which they experienced great difficulty in crossing—"the camels," Burke's brief notes tell us, "bleeding, sweating, and groaning." There was a continuous rise perceptible all the way in crossing the ranges, while the large ant-hills, which they met, afforded a proof, Father Woods remarks, that they were coming to the north coast.

On the 27th of January, they reached one of the sources of the River Flinders. Burke called the stream the Cloncurry, after Lord Cloncurry, to whom he was related. Here the country was everywhere fresh and green; palm-trees, bearing abundance of fruit just ripening, were numerous, and gave a most picturesque and pleasant appearance to the stream. One of the camels could not be got out of the soft bed of the channel, and had to be abandoned, as blacks were observed to be hiding in the box-trees close by, and there was danger in delay. During the succeeding days heavy rains poured down, and the ground became so soft that the camels could scarcely travel. Being convinced that they were now in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Carpentaria, Burke determined (February 9th) to leave King and Gray at their 119th camp or resting-place, and proceed with Wills to the sea. He took with him the horse "Billy" and three days' provisions. In crossing a stream "Billy" sank so deeply in a quicksand as to be unable to stir; the only means they found efficacious for extricating him was "by undermining him on the creek side and lunging him into the water." The hole thus made served afterwards to point out the route followed by the explorers. They called this stream Billy's Creek.

Travelling due north, they arrived at an open plain covered with water, which was ankle deep. From inequalities in the ground, the water sometimes reached the knees. After wading through this for several miles, they came to a hard, well-trodden path which had been formed by the blacks. This path led to a forest, through which flowed a pretty water-course. They found a number of yams (the dioscorea of



Carpentaria), which the blacks had dug up and rejected, but which sharp hunger made the explorers eat with great relish. About half a mile farther on, they saw a black resting by his camp-fire, whilst his gin (wife) and picaninny (child) were chatting beside him. "We stopped for a short time," says the Diary, "to take out the pistols that were on the horse, and to give them time to see us before we were so near as to frighten them. Just after we stopped, the black got up to stretch his limbs, and after a few seconds looked in our direction. It was very amusing to see the way in which he stared, standing for some time as if he thought he must be dreaming; and then having signalled to the others, they dropped on their haunches and shuffled off in the quietest manner possible. Near their fire was a fine hut, the best I have ever seen. . . . Hundreds of wild geese, plover, and pelicans, were enjoying themselves in the water-courses on the marsh, all the water on which was too brackish to be drinkable, except some holes that are filled by the stream that flows through the forest. The neighbourhood of this encampment is one of the prettiest we have seen during the journey. Proceeding on our course across the marsh, we came to a channel through which the sea-water enters. Here we passed three blacks, who, as is universally their custom, pointed out to us, unasked, the best part down. This assisted us greatly, for the ground we were taking was very boggy. We moved slowly down, about three miles, and then camped for the night."

They did not succeed in gaining sight of the open sea, as the swampy nature of the ground impeded their progress, and a forest of mangroves to the north cut off the view. They determined, however, to proceed as far as possible, hoping to gaze upon the wide waters of the Gulf of Carpentaria. They left the horse hobbled, and walked fifteen miles down the river Flinders, but they failed to reach the beach; this caused them no great concern, as they found that the tide regularly ebbed and flowed, and that the water was quite salt.

What their feelings of triumph were at the successful accomplishment of their undertaking, may be more easily imagined than described. They had completely crossed the Australian Continent from south to north; they had succeeded in the enterprise that had baffled so many others, and performed a deed which would make their name famous to the end of time. They had braved the dangers, and opened up the depths of that immense region, over which mystery had so long hung, and which was wont to excite so much curiosity. They had demonstrated that the vast central tract of Australia, far from being the waste it was hitherto considered contained myriads of fertile acres, fit for the habitation of man, and, perhaps, destined hereafter to be the abode of millions of civilized human beings.

## LILIES AND ROSES BOTH ARE SWEET.

*TO E. J. P. AND S. E. D.*

LILIES and roses both are sweet—  
 Which is the sweeter who can say ?  
 The moon is glorious by night,  
 And glorious the sun by day :  
 Each thing of beauty has a charm  
 In its own native way.

Upon the pathway of my life—  
 That else were desolate and bare—  
 Two flowers bloom ; and none can say  
 Which sweeter is, or which more fair :  
 For with perfection it is vain  
 Perfection to compare.

The one is gentle in her ways,  
 And winning in her voice and smile ;  
 Accepts with quiet grace our praise,  
 Not courting it, yet pleased the while—  
 A woman always winning love,  
 A lily without guile.

The other half-unloving seems,  
 With well-weighed word and measured mien ;  
 But love within her gentle breast  
 For ever flutters, though unseen :  
 And gaily reigns she over all—  
 The rose, by right a queen.

Surely my heart were cold and hard  
 Unless it held you passing dear,  
 My peerless lily, and my rose ;  
 Did it not throb to know you near ;  
 Did I not all your words and ways  
 Love, cherish, and revere.

For you have been far more to me  
 Than I could dare to dream or ask :  
 Your eyes the light by which I see  
 Through worldly mist and folly's mask ;  
 Your love the coveted reward  
 Of life's unfinished task.

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## PLAIN SPEAKING.

A dispetto d'un tenero affetto  
 Farri schiava d'un laocio tiranno  
 E un affanno che pari non ha  
 Non si vive, se viver conviene  
 Chi s'abborre chiamando suo bene  
 A chi s'ama negando pietà.

*Metastasio.*

"AFTER a search so long and anxious, is this my reward?" asked Lucas Plunkett, reproachfully.

We intrude upon a conversation he held with the elder of his cousins, early in the day that followed his discovery of their abode.

"I am grateful for the anxiety you have shown. I can but offer my gratitude and my thanks; a further reward it is not in my power to bestow," replied the lady.

"Why mock me with this coldness, Mary? You know you have it in your power to repay any sacrifice I could make."

"Mr. Plunkett," she returned, "I will not pretend to mistake your meaning. Let me speak to you plainly, and put an end to a suit which can only be a source of disquiet and distress to both of us. My hand I will not give without my heart, and this can never be yours. Do not ask me to explain why it is so; it will be better for yourself and for me that you should not. If you would show yourself a friend, urge me no further. Be kind, and do not require me to repeat again a refusal which can never be retracted."

With all her affected firmness, Mary Dillon found it impossible wholly to conceal her agitation. She trembled visibly, her face was deadly pale, its pallor being rendered more striking by contrast with the mourning weeds she wore. She had reason to dread the effect of her answer on the wrathful temper of her suitor. Somewhat to her surprise it evoked no display of anger.

"If I have been persevering," he said, quietly, "it was because you encouraged me to hope."

"How or when have I done so?" she asked, with astonishment.

"You promised that if the day should come when you would need my protection I might offer it, and not be rejected. I have waited for it long, but that day is come at length."

"Pardon me, I did not promise thus."

"Even thus, and by the side of your father's bier."

"No, no," she answered, with a shudder, as the recollection of that dreadful night came back upon her. "Such was not the promise I gave; but, even though it were, I am not friendless yet."

"You do not know what dangers are before you," said Plunkett, ominously.

"I know that there is danger, but where shall we be more secure than we are here?"

"Secure!" returned Plunkett, with disdain; "do you think these shaking walls can withstand the cannon of Ireton, or that O'Neill's famished creaghts can hold them against his Ironsides? Bah! He will enter Limerick as easily as his father-in-law entered Drogheda or Wexford. And then ——"

"And then?"

"And then ——" said her cousin, in a whisper, "you may form an idea of what will follow, if you know what happened in Drogheda and in Wexford. To be an inhabitant of the city is punished with death—to be young and beautiful, with worse."

Alas! she knew the cruel tale but too well. For months it had formed the theme of every evening story told round the firesides of Ireland; and it had never failed to drive the blood from the faces of the listeners; it had chilled much stouter hearts than that of this poor, defenceless maiden.

"But oh! these horrors do not threaten us here," she said, fixing her eyes appealingly on her cousin.

Her cousin was unmoved by her distress. She was in his power, and it was well that she should understand it clearly.

"Alas! Mary," he answered, "you may soon hear the cannon which will announce their coming. I cannot say how far Ireton has advanced, but I can tell you he is on the road. Perhaps even now his trumpeters may be riding towards the walls to summon the city. The message, I know for certain, will be in vain. The stubborn fools that hold the gates, and the senseless rabble that swarms in the streets, led by friars and fanatics, are bent on resistance. They will be treated as they deserve. The gibbet awaits all of them that shall escape the bullet or the pike-head. Let the carrion be gibbeted, it matters not; but their folly will involve the innocent in their punishment."

"Yes, yes, I see it all," assented the frightened girl; "but there is yet time ——"

"Time!" broke in Plunkett, with triumphant confidence; "there is not time. Hear but this. Even should Ireton spare the town a few days longer, we gain nothing. A deadlier foe is in the midst of us, and has begun his ravages already."

"What mean you?"

"The plague is in the city."

At the name of that dreaded scourge, more terrible than even the sword of the Parliament, the forlorn girl could only clasp her hands in hopeless distress, and exclaim:

"My God, how we are afflicted!"

Plunkett was not dissatisfied with the results his communications had produced, and calmly proceeded:

"Ay, and it has already quitted the hovels where it began, and is striking now at other victims. This morning, on my way hither, I was jostled on the pavement by one of those Ulster hobbeler who strut about the street. I thought the ruffian was drunk, and pushed

him out of my way. He reeled and fell in the gutter. When he turned his face to the light, I could see that it was covered with the lurid spots which showed that his frenzy was one of which he was never to be cured. The stricken wretch lay where he fell, and in his northern gibberish kept calling for help. The townsfolk fled away from him; but before I reached the end of the street, I saw some of his savage comrades who chanced to come up, lift him and carry him away, I dare say to the pest-house."

The heart of the listener sickened at the story; she had a deep interest in these poor northern troopers. Savage they might be to others, but courteous and chivalrous they had been to her. At the mention of the dying agonies of the plague-stricken Ulsterman, she thought of the scene in the farmyard on that gloomy night years ago. She saw again the figure of one of those rude horsemen stretched upon the muddy earth, the life-blood gushing from his breast. She heard again the half-choked words in which he struggled to express his love, undying even then, to his country and to his chief. It all came back vividly upon her, and despite her dread of the plague, she wished she had been by the side of his comrade, when, smitten by its breath, he lay helpless and dying in the streets of a strange city.

It certainly was not Plunkett's purpose to excite remembrances and reflections like these, though he had, doubtless, his own reasons for introducing the anecdote of his meeting with the Ulsterman. As if he divined whither her thoughts wandered, he proceeded to recall them to the difficulties of her own situation.

"I do not tell you all this, Mary," he said, in the same calm tone, "to alarm you, but to convince you that there is no time to be lost. You must leave the city at once, if you do not wish to see it, as it soon will be, half shambles, half charnel-house. Escape is still possible, possible—at least, if I am to be your guide. Clare is still held by Castlehaven, and through his lines we may pass unmolested. The Galway bank of the Shannon is in Coote's possession; he is paying off an old debt he owes Clanrickarde; but even in the midst of Coote's bandits I can promise you security. Only give me the right to be your protector, and you may laugh at the dangers which make every one about you tremble."

"Does not our utter helplessness give you right sufficient? What would you more?"

"The right you said should then be mine when you understood that your duty to those you loved required you to become the wife of Lucas Plunkett. You remember the promise?"

Ah! so it was for this he had been painting the picture which had terrified her—to excite her fears for herself and for that life which he knew she loved better than her own, and then take advantage of her distress to force his suit upon her. It was ungenerous, it was unmanly. She felt hurt and ill-used, and a blush of indignation crimsoned her pale face. Poor girl! she did not know the character she had to deal with. But a glance at those hard, stony features, and those cold, glittering eyes which watched the workings of her countenance, helped her to understand it. It showed her in those

impassible features no trace of any feeling accessible to her prayers, or capable of being touched by her misery. She could read in the calm, confident glance of those dark eyes an expression of assured triumph—a look which told her that Lucas Plunkett had it in his power to torture her into consent, and that he would use his advantage. Her virtuous indignation gave way to despair, and, covering her face with her hands, she abandoned herself to a violent burst of grief.

“Oh! be generous, be generous,” she moaned, at length, lifting her streaming eyes to her cousin’s face. “Ask any other price for your kindness, and you shall have it.”

“Let me speak plainly, Mary,” said Plunkett, a little irritated by a display of emotion not at all flattering to him. “I am not of a romantic turn, and I know not how to appreciate knightly generosity. But this I know, you were torn from me once before on a journey like that now before us. I will not be befooled again. The marauder who carried you away has expiated the deed, and that fully. But there may be those who would do the same again. Before we leave this city, you shall be mine. If you would be delivered from infamy and death, and would spare your helpless sister the horrors of the approaching siege, which she can never survive, consent to become my wife. I will be satisfied with your promise, and will wait better days for its fulfilment. If you are resolved to sacrifice your own life and honour, and to see the feeble child who depends on you, poisoned by the deadly air of these pestilential streets—refuse. I leave the decision of her fate and your own wholly in your hands.”

There was no excitement in Mr. Plunkett’s manner; he could afford to be phlegmatic. He was well assured that the wretched girl’s affection for her sister would, in the end, overcome her obstinacy. He had declared his intentions with business-like plainness, and in a manner which left no room for the hope that he would change his resolution.

“I await your answer, Mary,” he said, after a considerable pause, during which Mary’s sobs had been the only sound audible in the room.

“Oh, cousin Plunkett!” cried the afflicted girl, throwing herself on her knees before him, “have pity! spare me! I cannot do it! I could not give you my heart, do not ask my hand! Urge me no further, I implore you. Spare me a life of misery. I am still young; I could not live in wretchedness so long. You will not insist? You will not be so cruel?”

Poor simpleton! How much she was deceived! Men can be cruel to inhumanity when their passions are roused, and cowards can carry cruelty farther than other men. Mr. Plunkett had now declared his plans; gentleness and delicacy could no longer suit his purpose, and it was, therefore, superfluous to make use of them.

“You waste your pathetic speeches on such a dull subject as I am, my dear Mary,” he replied. “This pretty language about hearts and hands sounds very well, but for such phrases I have no understanding. I do not relish poetry; an answer in homely prose suits me better.”

Perhaps what you would say is this: I have applied too late; what I ask is already bestowed upon another."

"Oh, no! It is not so, indeed it is not," murmured Mary.

"Pardon me. I began to think you might have rewarded the gallantry of the knight who was your champion in your last dilemma by the prize for which I strive. His foolhardiness, perhaps, deserved it better than my mere common-sense way of doing things. It may gratify you to know that he has been able to console himself for the privation in the society of those disloyal beauties of the north. It would, methinks, be difficult to tempt him hither now to the rescue of distressed damsels."

The unmanly taunt cut deep; it was more than all Mary's firmness, backed by all her pride, could do to conceal the anguish it caused. Perhaps, too, it shut out one last faint hope, which, almost unknown to her, had been fluttering round her in her distress, bidding her resist a little longer. She bowed her head at her cousin's feet, and her tears flowed fast and bitter.

"Why will you thus torment yourself?" asked the considerate Plunkett. "Let me have a plain, brief answer. Make me your protector devoted to your happiness, eager to fulfil your every wish; or, dismiss me from your presence for ever. One word will suffice for either purpose."

"For God's sake allow me a little time," pleaded the poor girl, now completely bewildered by her distress. "My mind wanders, and I cannot think. Be merciful, and do not try me further now."

"Be it as you say," responded Plunkett, magnanimously. "You shall have leisure to frame your answer. To-morrow, at this hour, I will come to learn your decision. Till then, adieu."

It was his intention that his leave-taking should show him still inflexible in his purpose. In this he gained his object.

Bewildered and stupified by the ordeal through which she had passed, Mary Dillon remained kneeling on the floor long after her suitor had quitted the house. Gradually her self-possession returned, and the dread alternative offered her rose before her, asking for a decision. Prolonged and violent was the conflict. She did not love him, and she never could. She would not sacrifice to his plans, whatever they were, all that remained to her of life. It would be a hardship to be forced to give her hand to one whom she regarded with indifference and nothing more; but to be allied for life to a nature such as his had proved itself to be, would be agony unendurable. No, no, better death by sword or plague than life in such companionship. She would reject his proffered aid, and in indignant and scornful words—which she there and then selected—she would upbraid him with his baseness, and bid him see her no more.

But scarcely had these valiant resolves been formed, when there came before her the image of a thin, pale face, thinner, she thought, and paler now than it had been of old—a thin, pale face laid upon a pillow strewn with golden hair; and there sounded in her ear the tones of a low, weak voice, lower, it seemed to her, and weaker than

it once had been, and at the sight of that face and the sound of that voice her proud projects were overthrown.

"Could I live to see you die, Kathleen, and know that sacrifice of mine might have saved you? When should I forgive myself? What would be my remorse till my dying hour? Kathleen, you shall be saved, cost what it may to me. You shall live, and I shall have at least one solace in my misery. Gentle mother, you left her to my charge. I will fulfil my trust. Look down upon us from your peaceful rest in heaven, and pray for us your children. And thou, O Queen of Sorrows, my mother too, who hast known the agony of a breaking heart, pity thy poor child's distress, and aid me to accomplish the sacrifice I promise."

She rose from her prayer, dried the tears from her face, and with a firm step entered the room where her sister lay. The curtains were still drawn; only a subdued, softened light found its way into the room.

"How fares my Kathleen this morning?" asked Mary, stooping to kiss the brow which shone so white and marble-like above the bright blue eyes that flashed a welcome to her as she came in.

"You will not be frightened, Mary," replied the child in her soft, quiet voice, "if I tell you that I am weaker, just a little weaker, than usual. I did not sleep last night. The air seemed thick and heavy, and I could not breathe it. There is, I am sure one of those hateful fogs upon the river. There were no fogs on our own Shannon long ago. Why have we them so often here? Do you remember, poor old nurse used to tell us that fogs were the breath of giants who lived down under the water? I wonder how all the giants found their way down here;" and the gentle child tried to be cheerful and smiled at her own forced pleasantry. "Do not draw the curtains, Mary dear, if you please. I do not care for the bright light to-day, and you need not arrange the sofa by the window. I will rest here."

Poor Kathleen! when she begged to forego the sunlight and her seat by the window, she must have lost her relish for enjoyment.

"You are ill, Kathleen," said Mary; "the air of these narrow streets is stifling you. But we will quit them soon, and you shall have a bright sky, and green trees, and flowers again. We shall have a nice journey, and who knows but we may see our dear old home on the way. I will not tell you more now. This news ought to be enough to make you well. Get strong—able for a long, pleasant ride, and then I will tell you more good news as a reward."

"I will try, Mary dear," said Kathleen, with her own quiet smile, "if it was only for your sake."



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## A PAINFUL CHOICE.

"The trench is dug, the cannon's breath  
 Wings the far hissing globe of death."  
*The Siege of Corinth.*

IT was a grave disappointment to Lucas Plunkett, when, on the following morning he sought an interview with his cousin, to learn that she could not, even for a brief space, quit her sister's room. The invalid had become much worse, and required Miss Dillon's constant care. If Mr. Plunkett would come on the morrow, perhaps her sister's condition would permit Miss Dillon to see him. Mr. Plunkett did come on the morrow, and on the next day, and yet again on the day succeeding, but the condition of the sick child was in no way bettered, and the interview he sought could not be granted; whereupon Mr. Plunkett began to feel himself aggrieved, to consider he had been trifled with, and determined that his cousins should feel the want of his protection before he waited on them to offer it again. In pursuance of this resolve, he interrupted his visits to their house, and waited till he should be invited to resume them. But he waited in vain. Day succeeded day, and still the message he expected did not come.

Yet Mr. Plunkett was in error when he judged himself deceived and trifled with. The plea on which Mary Dillon excused herself from meeting him was not forged to deliver her from a disagreeable position. Her sister really required her unceasing care. Her solicitude for Kathleen had become so engrossing that it was only at rare intervals she thought at all of the resolution it had cost her such a struggle to make. The ailments of which the child had so meekly complained were but the first symptoms of an enfeebling illness which made the little prisoner more a prisoner than before. The air she breathed was always dense and hot now, and it was no longer a rare thing for her to pass a sleepless night. The summer came, parched and sultry, and all through it the sufferer breathed by day the suffocating vapours of the scorched narrow street, and kept her painful vigils during the dreary nights. But all this time monotony was not one of the afflictions of her sickness. Within a short distance of the room in which she lay a fierce conflict was being waged, and the sounds of the dread engines of war came very often to disturb her solitude.

Ireton's army had invested Limerick in the early spring. He had essayed the reduction of the city by diplomacy and intrigue, but promises and plots had been alike unsuccessful, and he was compelled to resort to the tedious operations of a siege. His brigades arrived, and took up their positions before the walls, his forts were constructed, his siege guns mounted, and death in a new shape was hurled into the city where death, in another and more hideous guise, was already running mad riot.

It is a painful thing to live within the walls of a beleaguered city, to wait in suspense the end of a struggle in which you are supremely interested without being able in any way to influence the result; to sit still and listen to the crash and din of guns and bursting missiles; to hear the rush and tramp of hurrying feet, passing ceaselessly to and fro; to watch the patient, methodical movements of the troops on duty, and the restless agitation of the townsfolk; to ask a hundred questions about the events of the passing hour, and to be bewildered by a hundred conflicting answers. All through the summer, the miseries of a strict blockade weighed heavily on the citizens of Limerick. The plague raged fiercely within the walls, and hostile forces lay encamped around it. Fearful of catching the infection, the besiegers permitted none to leave the city, and, with many circumstances of cruelty, drove back again into the pest-stricken town the miserable refugees who fled away from the dreaded contagion. Animated by the example of their leader the Ulster garrison struggled against the ravages of the pestilence, the despondency of the citizens, and the fierce attacks of the besiegers. The well-fed burghers murmured against the privations they underwent, the timid protested against being shut up with the plague in a crowded town, the traitors within the walls negotiated with the enemy outside, but the Ulstermen still held firm against murmurs within and attacks from without. They were seconded by a strong patriotic party among the citizens, and they determined to resist to the end. The prevailing epidemic swept their ranks; they died beside their arms, but their courage did not diminish with their numbers. Autumn came, and the sturdy old fortress on the Shannon was still untaken. Its walls still stood the shock of Ireton's guns, and the stout hearts of its defenders beat still undaunted. But the murmurs of the discontented had grown louder and more importunate, and the efforts of the disaffected and the traitorous more energetic. All the while the plague scattered death impartially among besiegers and besieged. Winter was approaching; either the siege must speedily be raised, or Ireton must take Limerick. He renewed his overtures to the citizens, but the influence of the patriot party was still predominant, and his offers was rejected. Ireton swore to punish with death the contumacy of his opponents in the councils of the city, and prepared for a last attempt upon the stubborn walls. He had learned the important secret that at one point those grim, black barriers had no lining of earth behind them to steady them against his heavy shot, and he promised himself that there he could open a passage for his grenadiers into the town. He constructed a new battery in front of that one weak spot, and mounted on it his largest pieces of ordnance. The work was nearly completed; the storming regiments that were to mount the beach were already told off; within as well as without the beleagured town it was felt that the crisis of the long-protracted struggle was at hand.

It was evening, cool but not chill. The sultry air of the streets had been tempered and purified by a gentle river breeze; the sun was going slowly down behind the hills of Clare, his beams dancing on the fast retreating tide that swept along their base; everything was

very still, and Kathleen Dillon sat once again by the window, enjoying the stillness and the golden sunlight on the river. She was very pale and very thin, and looked altogether so frail and weak that her sister had consented unwillingly to allow her the enjoyment of the only pleasure she knew. Mary sat near her, and in a remote corner of the room Shawn-na-coppal was crouched, motionless and silent, his eyes fixed on the delicate waxen features of his young mistress, and, doubtless, discovering more and more reasons for believing that she could be nothing else than one of his favourite angels. The conversation of the sisters was carried on regardless of the presence of the horse-boy. They talked of Kathleen's illness, now happily ended. of the pleasant days they were again to enjoy in the bright, green country beyond the brick chimney-stacks and gloomy walls, of their possible return to their old home when the war should be over; and Mary said nothing to darken the childish hopes of her sister, or to remind her of the dangers through which all these pleasures were to be reached.

Their pleasant chat was interrupted by a servant, who entered the room to announce to Miss Dillon that Mr. Plunkett desired to speak with her on urgent business. Mary had received many visits from her cousin since the eventful one described in the preceding chapter, but there had been no room for renewing the proposal which Mr. Plunkett had then made, nor any necessity for her to make known to him the resolution she had taken with regard to it. Untroubled by any misgivings, Mary rose from her seat, and consigning her sister to the care of Shawn, descended to meet her cousin.

The earnest and excited face of Plunkett announced to her that he had important tidings to communicate.

"I have come to make a last effort to save you, Mary," he began, abruptly; "the end of the siege is come. Another day will make everything ready for the final assault. Your sister is somewhat stronger—able, I hope, to travel. I have influence with Ireton and his officers: I tell you a secret which would cost me my life if revealed. Accept my assistance, and now, at the last hour, you are safe. I offer my protection on the same terms as before: say, will you accept it?"

Mary could perceive that he spoke honestly when he told her that the decisive attack was about to be made on the city, but she shrank from giving to his proposal the answer she had prepared so long before.

"Speak, and at once," he urged, impatiently; "there is no more time to deliberate. To-morrow must be decided your fate, and perhaps my own. Promise that you will be mine, and even yet I will open a way for you through Ireton's cannon. Reject my suit, and I quit you instantly and for ever."

The frightened girl thought of the sick child who sat by the window upstairs dreaming golden dreams of future happiness, of the pale, gentle face that smiled at the pictures those bright dreams presented, and of the soft, sweet voice that interpreted to her those pleasing visions. And then the phantom horrors of the coming carnage crowded upon her mind, and the picture of that face pallid

in death, and those bright tresses clotted with blood rose before her. She shuddered at the dread apparition, and pale as the shadowy forms it represented, she gasped in a whisper :

"I promise."

Lucas Plunkett grasped his cousin's trembling hand, and raised it eagerly to his lips.

"You shall never have cause to regret your decision," he exclaimed. "I leave you, to execute my engagement. Prepare your sister for the journey. When all is ready, I will return."

He kissed the quivering hand he held, and hurried from the house. Mary lingered in painful bewilderment in the empty room. Her tears flowed fast as she realised more and more clearly the step she had taken. She prayed earnestly for strength, and having recovered her self-possession, she mounted the stairs to the apartment of her sister.

Kathleen, supported by her half-witted attendant, was gazing eagerly from the window. When Mary entered, she turned towards her with an eager gesture :

"Come, Mary, come and see," she cried.

Mary hurried to the window to see in the street below a group of Ulster musketeers standing round a soldier of one of the northern troops of horse. She recognised the uniform of the trooper, and her heart beat wildly as she did so.

"Oh you can stay for a few minutes at least," pleaded one of the musketeers, who had grasped the trooper by the arm. "Sit down on this old wall here and let us hear how things go with you."

The companions of the musketeer joined him in his solicitations. Sundry tin flasks were produced, and the party adjourned to a heap of stones on the further side of the street to discuss their contents.

"Your health, Cathal," cried one of the trooper's friends. "Maybe it's the last time I'd drink it. We'll have hot work to-morrow, they say. Come, my lad, in memory of by-gone days, sing us the song about the old general. It will do us good to hear it again, and will prepare us for the business of to-morrow."

It was vain to plead excuses. The trooper drained another flask, and sang to his attentive audience :

"Mourn, mourn for the dead, gallant sons of the north—  
From Lough Oughter's lone waves hear that sad wail go forth !  
The chief of Tirowen in death is laid low,  
A traitor has murdered the brave Owen Roe.  
He's slain ! Oh, he's slain, that oft baffled the foe,  
Benburb's dauntless victor—the brave Owen Roe !

• Loud swell round his pillow the waves of the lake,  
But their voices shall never the sleeper awake;  
Nor the war-trump he loved, nor the cannon's fierce roar  
Shall sound in the ear of their great chieftain more.  
He's slain ! Oh, he's slain, that vanquished Monroe—  
By the glancing Blackwater—the brave Owen Roe !

"Hy-Niall bereaved! let thy tears, as the rain,  
Besprinkle the earth o'er the head of the slain!  
And valiant Tir-Connell! let grief cloud thy brow:  
Who shall marshal thy columns to victory now?  
From the banks of Lough Neagh to the steep Castle Doe,  
Ye may well weep the murder of brave Owen Roe.

"Cold and dead by his side in the gloom of the grave  
Lie the high hopes his valour and victories gave.  
O'er his country they flashed; 'twas a meteor light  
That revealed to make hideous the gloom of her night.  
Thou art dead! thou art dead! Woe to Ireland! woe!  
She has lost her best champion in thee, Owen Roe.

"But enough—leave to women the tears of despair;  
For the task of revenge let the soldier prepare;  
Let this fell deed remind us of those that are past—  
Of Cashel the gory, and dark Mullaghmast.  
Thou art fallen! thou art fallen! but the Saxon shall know  
That not unavenged hast thou fallen, Owen Roe.

"One more struggle for life! one last blow for our own!  
Rise, desolate land! bid the trumpet be blown  
From Beinn Edair the black to the western sea,  
Where'er beats a heart true to vengeance and thee.  
Raise the 'Red Hand' on high, let the grave yawn below,  
We'll revenge ere we follow thee, brave Owen Roe!"

The song was ended, the listeners maintained their attitude of eager attention, and there was silence for a few minutes.

"Good-bye, boys," said the singer, starting up. "I have stayed too long. Captain MacDermott does not understand keeping late hours. I may have to pay the piper after supplying the music myself. Good-bye!"

He hurried down the street, but before he had gone many paces a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a pair of wild eyes stared him in the face.

"Come with me! come with me!" cried the strange figure which confronted him. "Lady Kathleen sent me for you."

The soldier eyed Shawn-na-Coppal for an instant, and then with good-natured condescension to what he perceived to be the poor lad's infirmity, replied:

"Quick, then, lead on! Lady Kathleen must get through her business with me, if she doesn't wish to send me to the guard-house."

## A LIFE STORY.

**W**HENEVER in my mind the thought upsprings,  
 Of what I would have been, if on my life  
 Thy voice had never fallen, I pause in fear.  
 I pause in fear, and think awhile of God,  
 And how His providence had planned it all,  
 And ev'n how plain His hand-work may be seen  
 In all the movements of these later years.  
 And then my fear and pain are swept away,  
 And in my soul a happy peace pervades,  
 And I can calmly think upon the past.

How often have I thought it o'er and o'er:—  
 The fevered discontent that filled my life,  
 Before thy helpful, sympathising eyes  
 Looked down—as any angel's might look down—  
 Upon the restless groping of my soul.  
 And straight my soul arose and fixed on thee;  
 And—blessed be God for all His wondrous love—  
 It never could detach itself again.

Ah me! What dreadful misery was mine  
 When I went home that night, and thought of thee  
 And then, with tears, looked in upon myself,  
 And knew that God had given to me a soul  
 That might—I say it in all gratefulness—  
 Be worthy to share sympathy with thine,  
 If I had only thought of Him who gave,  
 And kept it fair and holy as 'twas given.

Alas! how often since, that self-same thought  
 Has shaken all my spirit with remorse,  
 And left me little but despair behind.  
 But yet, thank God, that little grew and grew;  
 Because I could not sit and look on thee,  
 Nor listen to thy voice, nor think of thee,  
 But in my heart a craving would awake,  
 That ev'n though thou could'st ne'er be more to me  
 Than is the moon to those she shines upon,  
 Still it were well and worthy, for thy sake,  
 That I, whene'er I listened to thy words,  
 Or felt thy glances resting on my brow,  
 Might have the power to look within, and say—  
 "At least, her coming is not all in vain."  
 And so it was that by scarce felt degrees,  
 The light of God's all-precious grace and love  
 Was dawning on the darkness of my soul.

And yet (oh ! pray thee, think of it with pride,  
 With joyful pride and gratitude to God,  
 That He has dowered thee with so fair a soul),  
 If thou hadst been less perfect than thou wert—  
 If, as thy spirit opened to my sight,  
 I'd found in thee the faults that I had found  
 In every other creature I had met—  
 If thou hadst been less patient or less kind—  
 If thou hadst e'er been aught but good to me—  
 I fear to think upon what might have been.  
 But thou wert like to none—at least to me  
 None other ever seemed so fair or good ;  
 For thou didst never, from the very first,  
 Say but one word, or look one passing glance,  
 That cast a shadow on my thoughts of thee.  
 And yet whenever I recall to mind  
 The disappointments thou must oft have felt  
 At vain, unworthy act and speech of mine,  
 I cannot think what thou hast seen in me  
 To wake the gentle favour thou hast shown,  
 Unless it be, as I have said, that God  
 Made thee the medium of His love to me.

So passed the days and years—for it is years  
 Since that first evening when my new life dawned—  
 And day by day, in ever-widening stream,  
 God's peace came pouring in upon my soul.  
 I saw the weeds, that selfishness and sloth  
 Had suffered to grow up within my heart  
 And crush the flowers that God had planted there,  
 Relax their baneful clutches more and more,  
 And felt the sacred blossoms of my youth  
 Beginning slowly to revive again ;  
 And all my heart went out in thanks to God.  
 And so I learned to pray ; for until then,  
 I grieve to think, I knew not how to pray.  
 And the first use I made of my new power,  
 Was this : to pour myself in prayer for thee—  
 To try to pay a part of what I owed.  
 And faithfully I've kept my fealty since ;  
 For as my prayers more long and happy grew  
 Thy share I've never failed to give to thee.

And, in his mercy, God has blessed my prayers  
 A hundred thousand times beyond their worth,  
 For His great longing heart, that pines for love,  
 Grasps at the little that our hearts contain,  
 And makes of it as though it were a world.  
 Yes ! God has blessed my prayers, nor could I give

A proof of what I say more strong than this :—  
Though thou hast never seemed more fair to me  
Than thou dost seem to-night, as all the years  
Go passing in review before my mind,  
O'erflowing it with tender thoughts of thee,  
Yet oh ! believe me truthful, when I say,  
That if to-morrow all the gentle dreams  
That lured my heart from doubt and strife should end  
If thou shouldst never smile on me again—  
I do not think the shock would move my peace  
Or make me for one single moment doubt  
That God had so ordained it for the best.  
I do believe that I would rather feel  
A greater love and confidence in Him,  
That He should have, in mercy, held the blow  
Until it could no longer work its ill—  
And though the future should look blank and drear  
Yet I would still go smiling on my way,  
Happy at heart and rich for evermore  
In that great gift which thou didst bring to me.  
And now which nought on earth can take away.

W. S. R.

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## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

### XXVI.—THE CHURCH AND POLITICS.

WHEN I first undertook to treat of the Relations of the Church to Society, expecting to be more brief than I have been, one idea rather prominent in my mind was the right of the Church to deal with what are called *political questions*. I am not alluding to the interference of priests in politics, though there is some connection between the two things. I speak of the authority of the Church to pronounce on the soundness or unsoundness of certain political maxims, and to insist, as far as in her lies, on their being respectively followed or disregarded. I have, perhaps, said enough in different contexts throughout the preceding papers to indicate and establish this authority ; yet I do not wish to omit treating of it expressly, though in a very compendious way.

There are those, not only among Protestants but among Catholics, who would readily applaud and adopt the assertion that the Church has no business to meddle with politics. The grounds of this state-



ment are: that the Church—if divinely established at all, which many Protestants would deny, at least in our meaning of *Church*, and of its *Divine establishment*—that the Church, I say, has been established for the spiritual and not for the temporal government of men; that the Church has one sphere of action, and the State another; that even if, in a case of collision on common or disputed territory, the Church should be allowed the prerogative of deciding, she has no power in avowedly civil and temporal matters. Further, the great motive of merely political action is expediency, either as regards a particular nation or as regards international interests. Whatever is found to suit men best is the best to be done. Now, in all this there is nothing supernatural, nothing spiritual. It is a kind of matter, too, which the Church and its prelates are not bound to understand, and do not understand. There may, perchance, be individual churchmen who are good politicians as there may be individual laymen who are good theologians, but when this happens it is perchance. Men of the world, as a rule, know much better what are their own temporal rights, and what turns most to their account as citizens than bishops and priests. Besides, the very rights themselves, which are to be exercised or controlled, are the creation of men viewed in their civil capacity; they are, so to speak, the property of citizens as such. The intervention, therefore, of the Church in these things is an aggression on a domain which does not belong to her.

These are the notions, plausible at least in part, which prevail in the minds of many who do not altogether deny the Divine institution of the Church, or who even zealously maintain that institution. These notions are thoroughly inaccurate, though not without some admixture of truth, but truth distorted and made subservient to error. Let us try to unravel the system and discover its flaws. In the first place, I freely admit that the Church is not charged with the temporal government of men. This has been placed by the Almighty primarily in the hands of the human community and its different sections throughout the world; secondarily, but really, in the hands of those to whom the people have entrusted it, with the modifications and reservations wherewith they—the people—have affected it. The authority of all kings and rulers of whatever kind is *derivatively* Divine. It has come to them through the people. In every supposition, even that of the immediate Divine right of kings, which I do not maintain, the people do not cease to have rights. The nature, and qualities, and limits of these rights depend on natural principles and on circumstances; not that the principles are created or altered by circumstances, but that their application is varied according to the moral condition of things, as is that of particular physical laws by the physical condition of things. All this is independent of the Church, as to its existence and force, but is cognisable by the Church as to its truth and the obligations which arise from it, in the same way that the natural precepts binding to the observance of ordinary contracts, and forbidding murder, theft, &c., are quite beyond the Church's control, but belong to the matter of her teaching, and can be insisted on by her under pain of ecclesiastical censures. Again,

the mere expediency of political arrangements, that is to say, their convenience and worldly advantages are not even within the cognizance of the Church. She has nothing to do with them. So long as the arrangements are not morally due on the one hand, and not morally wrong on the other, they are outside the bounds of ecclesiastical authority. But the doctrine that all right is resolvable into expediency is an impious doctrine, which the Church cannot accept, and is warranted and compelled to condemn. Expediency has its own place, and the place it legitimately occupies is not small. There is a wide field for satisfying its demands, but those demands must not be opposed to Divine Law.

The summary of the doctrine which fixes the Church's position towards human politics may be given in a few words. Political measures may be, in many cases, commanded, and in many more forbidden by Natural Law. They have a moral as well as a political bearing. This moral bearing belongs to what is called *Morals*, for Christians to Christian morals. Of Christian morals the Church has from God the charge, not as their framer, but as their exponent and guardian. It belongs to the Church in this capacity to teach authoritatively the truth regarding political maxims and doctrines, and to require, so far as she can, conformity and adhesion to her teaching in this, as in other matters which fall within her competence. Whatever appertains to faith or morals appertains to the Church as their depositary and their vindicator. As to ecclesiastics being conversant or not with politics; in the first place, they are professionally conversant with *morals*, and, wherever morals enter, ecclesiastical science enters. With the other aspects of politics, it is not the *special* business of ecclesiastics to concern themselves. Yet, there is no reason why they may not be acquainted with these too as well as, and better than, the mass of those who are freely allowed to take a part in political discussion and action.

As we are on the subject of the Church's teaching in the domain of politics, it will be well to glance, by way of illustration, at one or two of the points of that teaching in our own days. Pius IX., in the well-known Encyclical *Quanta cura*, after treating of *liberty of conscience*, of which I have said something in a preceding paper,\* goes on to speak as follows: "And since, where religion has been withdrawn from civil society, and the doctrine and authority of Divine Revelation have been repudiated, even the genuine notion itself of justice and human right is obscured and lost, and material force is substituted in the place of true justice and legitimate right; hence it becomes clear why some men, neglecting entirely, and passing by, the most certain principles of sound reason venture to proclaim: 'That the will of the people, manifested either by public opinion, as they call it, or otherwise, constitutes the supreme law freed from all Divine and human right, and that in the political order consummated facts, precisely on the ground of their being consummated, have the force of right.'" This last statement, attributed to *some men*, consti-

\* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. IV., pp. 163 and following.

tutes one of the *bad opinions and doctrines* condemned in the close of the Encyclical, the opposite doctrine being thereby taught as I have explained in an earlier paper.\* Here we consequently find asserted the existence and binding force of superior right not arbitrarily created by men. I may observe that the Latin word *jus* which I have translated *right* may also mean *law*; but in the present context both come pretty much to the same thing, and the word *lex* is also used, which I have translated in the only way it can be translated, namely, by the English word *law*.

In innumerable cases, rights depend immediately on men's own acts, which acts being set aside, the rights would not exist at all. For instance, if I sell my horse to another, his right to the horse comes from our mutual act. But the foundation of this right is the natural principle of the efficacy and binding character of contracts, and over this principle neither of us has the least control. Or—putting it another way—his right to the horse, *in the supposition* of the contract duly entered into by me with him, is not created by either of us, but comes from God the author of nature. Even after the contract, he can annul his own right by renouncing it, but I cannot do so by myself, nor can he annul my right to the price; but, by common consent we may rescind the bargain and let things be as they were before it was made. In all this we are proceeding in conformity with the supreme law over which in itself we have no power. What is true of this ordinary private transaction is true of all other rights, on a small or on a large scale, among men. All rights are based on the law of God, whatever part the acts of men may have by way of conditions.

In the proposition here condemned we may notice two parts, connected, no doubt, with each other, but still distinct. The first, asserting that the will of the people is the supreme law discharged of all restraint and unshackled by Divine or human claims, is obviously subversive of Natural Law; the other, regarding those *accomplished facts* of which we hear so much now-a-days, does not display such manifest wickedness at first sight, but is, notwithstanding, a detestable error. Assuredly in private life, when a thief carries off property, the owner's title to it is neither extinguished nor diminished in the eyes of civil society, whatever be the religion of its members. But in public and political relations, this principle, though equally applicable, is too little regarded. No matter how unjust the change effected may be, it is the political maxim of many that once made it is to be looked on as legitimate. This is an *immoral maxim*, and as such condemned; its advocates may contend that, after all, without going so far as to oust God's rule, the people are to be recognised as supreme on earth in matters of government: for are they not the source of all legitimate power? I reply that, in the first place, when the people have once constituted a depositary of civil power, they cannot arbitrarily withdraw the deposit or violate the contract. Nor can they decline to obey the just laws of those whom

they have placed over themselves. In the next place, the *accomplished facts* of sovereigns dethroned and fresh governments established are, for the most part, not the work of the people, but of a faction, often formed and oftener aided from without. A certain colour of popular choice may be given by the fraudulent farce of a *plebiscite*, as was most remarkably the case in the late Roman usurpation.

But, it may be urged that when a fact of this kind is accomplished, after all it *is* accomplished and cannot be so easily undone, and if the new state be not maintained there will be no order. The best thing, therefore, that can be done is to accept it. I reply, that in this contention there is a mixture of truth; but the elements of truth and falsehood must be separated. In the first place, a manifestly unjust proceeding is not to be *approved*, even after it has been carried out. Then, such a proceeding cannot of itself generate any real right. Iniquity cannot afford a just title. If the unwarranted accomplished fact can be overturned, and that without incurring some equal or greater evil, this may and ought to be done. Otherwise, the new state of things must be borne with, and, not only borne with, but allowed for the time to hold the place of that which has been supplanted. This is exemplified in the existing Roman usurpation. The Pope is still, beyond doubt, the lawful sovereign of his former states. It is my decided opinion that the Pope will recover them, or at least a good part of them—I mean *some* Pope, though I am not without hopes that it may be Pius IX. *How* they are to come back to him or any of his successors I do not pretend to conjecture. My trust is in God who certainly *can*, and I am satisfied *will*, in his own time and in his own way, make the Pontiff a king too, not only *de jure*, as he still is, but *de facto*. Mr. Gladstone, in his "Expostulation," expresses great apprehensions of a projected attempt to reinstate the Pope in his temporal dominion by force of arms, an attempt which he vehemently denounces on account of its possible results, though its success would, in his mind, be hopeless.\* I am certainly not aware of any such plan or purpose, nor do I believe it to exist in any definite form. I should think the Pope is waiting for Providence to succour him, without specifying the mode. But I have no hesitation in saying that a war directed to the re-establishment of the Pontiff's temporal sovereignty would be just, so far as *the cause* is concerned; but the justice of a cause is by no means the only element that enters into the practical lawfulness of a war undertaken to maintain it. I am, however, digressing.

I was about to say that, notwithstanding the Pope's subsisting rights, and his being still the sovereign *de jure* of the States of the Church, the intruding power is not destitute of all claim to a limited allegiance. The so-called king of Italy, who is personally but a cipher, and by no means a respectable cipher, and his government, which is iniquitous in other ways besides that of its defective title, exclusively possess actual civil sway in the Roman territory, and are consequently charged with the present maintenance of order, though,

\* "Expostulation," pp. 49 and following.

perhaps, their maintenance of it is not exemplary. Under these circumstances, while they exist, the inhabitants are accidentally bound to submit to the otherwise legitimate action of the existing authority. A *de facto* sovereign is to be obeyed while he holds his place, just because he is *de facto* sovereign, and the good of society requires that this obedience should be paid to avoid total anarchy. Hence, the Holy See allows individuals to hold offices under the usurping authority, provided the fulfilment of these offices do not involve a compromise of principle, by doing, namely, or approving what is wrong. I may add, before leaving this matter of accomplished facts, that their invalidity is to be viewed with reference chiefly to the time which follows them somewhat nearly, for if the new state of things improperly introduced last on for many years, it may, if not essentially wrong in itself, become in a manner legitimated.

In the Syllabus, n. 62, we find this proposition condemned : " The principle which they call of *non-intervention* is to be proclaimed and observed." This famous principle, as maintained by many, is patently unsound. It is opposed to the natural as well as to the supernatural law of charity, and may easily come to militate against the virtue of justice. First, as to charity, certainly individuals not only lawfully can, but are often bound, to help other individuals who are wrongfully assailed or oppressed by their fellows. There is scarcely, I apprehend, a man to be found, with or without religion, who would condemn or even decline to applaud assistance thus rendered. There is scarcely one to be found who would not condemn the omission of it in various instances, whatever he might be disposed to do himself. Now there is no reason why this doctrine and practice of charity should be confined to individuals. The relations of men to their fellow-men do not depend on the number of persons concerned. All are brethren, all are required to assist all, so far as need demands and circumstances permit. It is on this principle that alliances are formed among nations ; but the debt of charity is not restricted to these. In cases even of internal disorder intervention may sometimes be advisable and even due. No doubt, there must be in this matter great moderation and circumspection, and, as a general rule. States are to be left to themselves in what regards their own affairs. I have said that the maxim of non-intervention may contravene not only charity but justice ; for, although the assistance men are called on to render each other, on a small or large scale, where no binding treaty exists, is not demanded by strict justice, it would be unjust forcibly to prevent others from affording such assistance, in virtue of the maxim we have been speaking of. The principle of non-intervention reprobated by the Pope in the Syllabus is an immoral principle, and this is the ground of its reprobation.

It is worth while to observe that this principle, and the other about accomplished facts, and probably many more besides, which are somewhat plausible and have an element of truth and fairness in them, mixed with what is quite the opposite of true and fair, are chiefly employed on the wrong side. Those who are fondest of putting them

forward are men that will not be stopped by them in their own course, men who, to the best of their ability, sweep away all accomplished facts which they dislike, and intervene whenever they can to do mischief and upset right. Such maxims or principles are to these men simply tools for a purpose; and for a purpose they will occasionally use and abuse the purest principles, they will become actually sanctimonious and preach to priests, and bishops, and popes. I have said those who are *fond* of putting forward such maxims; because there are other men less evil-minded, and often even really well intentioned, who allow themselves to be imposed upon, and unwittingly chime in with the enemies of religion and of order, and it is mainly for the sake of these that the Pontiff raises his voice and points out the fallacies whereby they are deluded; for the others disregard his authority and scoff at his admonitions.

The greater part of registered ecclesiastical decisions with reference to the civil state and its claims and the doctrines of men concerning it, the greater part, I say, of these decisions regard either the just rights of secular governments maintained by the Church against revolutionists, or the pretended power of secular governments to control the Church or evade *her* rights and intrude on her proper domain. Both these classes of matter belong in a certain way to politics, that is to the political action of men, of kings and republics, and ministers and parliaments, on the one hand, or of popular leaders and their followers on the other hand. But the Church interferes little in an authoritative form, not only with the details of mere political arrangements, but even with the rules which should be followed as to these details. She does not, indeed, ordinarily meddle with legislative enactments of a purely temporal character, though all these things have their moral aspect which the parties concerned are bound to deal with conscientiously according to their own lights, supplemented often by those of better-informed advisers. Reverting for a moment to Mr. Gladstone's views about the Pope's interference in civil matters, and, among the rest, as to ecclesiastical property, I observe that he premises this title or heading: "*Alleged non-interference of the Popes for Two Hundred Years.*"\* He then opens thus: "It has been alleged on this occasion by a British Peer, who, I have no doubt, has been cruelly misinformed, that the Popes have not invaded the province of the civil power during the last two hundred years. I will not travel over so long a period, but am content even with the last twenty."

In support of his counter-allegation, Mr. Gladstone enumerates various declarations of Pius IX., regarding, 1,† the suppression of monastic orders as moral entities: "that is to say," he adds, "as civil corporations"; 2, the establishment of toleration for non-Roman worship (in Spain); 3, the secularization of ecclesiastical property; 4, "freedom of opinion, of the press, of belief, of conscience, of science, of education, and of religious profession . . .

\* "Vaticanism," p. 88.

† The numbering is mine.

matrimonial jurisdiction, and other matters" (in Austria). "In all these cases reference is made, in general terms, to Concordats, of which the Pope alleges the violation; but he never bases his annulment of the laws upon this allegation;" 5, "the suppression of monastic orders and appropriation of their properties" (in the kingdom of Sardinia in 1855); 6, "the interruption of negotiations for a Concordat with Mexico, and the various acts of that government against religion, such as the abolition of the ecclesiastical *forum*, the secularization of Church property, and the civil permission to members of monastic establishments to withdraw from them;" 7, "like proceedings on the part of the Government of New Granada. Among the wrongs committed, we find the establishment of freedom of worship (*cujusque acatholici cultus libertas sancita*). In all these cases the Pope annuls, or declares null, the laws of which there is question.

"No more, I hope," Mr. Gladstone triumphantly subjoins, "will be heard of the allegation that for two hundred years the Popes have not attempted to interfere with the civil powers of the world." I hope not, too, so far as this kind of interference goes. The Church has rights; so have ecclesiastical bodies, partly inherent, partly by grants which cannot be arbitrarily withdrawn; certain things are against concordats, by which legislatures are bound; other things—and often the same things—are against Divine Law. All unjust laws are null and void without the Pope's help. Some of them, or rather their effects, might become legitimate by the Pope's acceptance or toleration of them, as being in matters concerning which he has a discretionary power. With regard to all these things, it is his business to pronounce as the representative of the Church—not by delegation, but by direct Divine appointment—as the head of that great society, as the maintainer of its rights and his own, as the spiritual ruler of Christendom; it is his business to pronounce, to protest, to insist, to enforce right as far as he may by his spiritual authority. He is the independent sovereign of the visible kingdom of Christ on earth, and has charge of its prerogatives, as well as of the doctrine of Christ which he is appointed to teach and vindicate. This does not imply any share in the temporal and political government of the different countries of the world. When the Pope condemns and annuls such civil laws as those alluded to by Mr. Gladstone, he does not precisely destroy their external civil validity so far as this consists in their maintenance and enforcement by secular governments. If Mr. Gladstone rejoins, as he naturally would, that the Pope has no merit for this, I will not dispute the point with him. Merit or no merit, it is with conscience alone the Pope deals in the cases cited. But Mr. Gladstone is dissatisfied at his dealing so with conscience: "He alone," says Mr. Gladstone, "of all ecclesiastical powers presumes not only to limit the domain of the State, but to meet the State in its own domain. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland showed a resolution never exceeded, before the secession of 1843, in resisting the civil power; but it offered the resistance of submission. It spoke for the body and its ministers in things concerning it: but did not presume to command the private conscience." The Pope takes

into his own hand the power which he thinks the State to have mis-used. Not merely does he aid or direct the conscience of those who object, but he even overrules the conscience of those who approve. Above all, he pretends to annul the law itself." If the Church has been established to guide authoritatively the consciences of men, as all Catholics believe that it has, why should it not overrule them—in the sense here meant. I am not going to get back into the question of an actual collision between the Pope and an individual conscience. But assuredly it would be a new view of the Pope's position that his business in moral matters was only to direct and aid those who took a particular side, and not to determine the side they ought to take, in conformity or not with State laws. It is all very well for the Presbyterian or any similar Church, which cannot consistently—though it may inconsistently—claim authority to regulate the conscience of its members; but the case of the Catholic Church, as understood by Catholics, is very different. As to *annulling* the laws, it comes pretty nearly to the same thing as officially declaring them null, and withholding that assent or acceptance which could alone give them force.

I think it well to call attention to a charge of Mr. Gladstone's against the Holy See in the matter of civil obedience: "Unquestionably," he says ("Vaticanism," p. 80), "the Pope and all Popes are full and emphatic on the duties of subjects to rulers; but of what subjects to what rulers? It is the Church of England which has ever been the extravagantly loyal Church; I mean which has, in other days, exaggerated the doctrine of civil obedience, and made it an instrument of much political mischief. Passive obedience, non-resistance, and Divine right, with all of good or evil they involve, were specifically her ideas. In the theology now dominant in the Church of Rome, the theology which has so long had its nest in the Roman Court, these ideas prevail, but with a rider to them: obedience is to be given, Divine right is to belong, to those princes and governments which do right, Rome being the measure of right." The terms of this charge are hardly fair. Whatever there is of truth in the charge itself admits of an abundantly sufficient answer. The passage might to some convey the meaning that *title to allegiance* depends on the conformity of the action of kings and governments to Roman views and principles. This, I admit, is *not* Mr. Gladstone's meaning; in such a sense the assertion would be patently false. Rome *does* inculcate allegiance to heterodox and even persecuting sovereigns. They are to be obeyed in what they justly command. Their unjust laws and ordinances are not *binding*, though even these *may* be obeyed, and sometimes *ought* to be obeyed, to avoid greater evils, but *must not* be obeyed where sinful acts are exacted. Will Mr. Gladstone seriously dispute any part of this doctrine? He will, of course, demur to Rome being the judge of the character of the laws and ordinances. But we say God has made Rome the judge—the official, and, in some circumstances, infallible judge.



## OLD HOUSES RE-STORIED.

THE lordly mansions which, in the streets of Dublin, raise a proud front amidst more humble structures, not unfrequently rivet the astonished gaze of the stranger, who, in the one breath, is told the historic names by which these dwellings once were designated, and the uses to which they are in latter days designed. Various, indeed, has been the fortune of stately houses, the home of the brilliant or the powerful, and the resort of all that was distinguished in the political and social life of Ireland before the Union was carried and the imperial standard hoisted on Dublin Castle. In some instances their altered destiny simply marks the descent from pre-eminence to a low estate, and typifies the changed condition of a dismantled capital; while, in other cases, the way in which the halls deserted by their princely owners are turned to account, has oftentimes a strange significance.

Fortune was hardly pitiful in transforming the good Lord Moira's once brilliant residence into a refuge for mendicants; or in converting the edifice so intimately associated with the memory of the noble earl who headed the volunteers, into a range of offices for Civil Service clerks; or, again, in turning the corridors and reception-rooms of Lord Powerscourt's town mansion into the goods stores of wholesale warehousemen. One cannot say that Leinster House was appropriated to any ignoble use when assigned for the location of the society incorporated for the improvement of husbandry and other useful arts in Ireland; and yet, the sights and sounds attendant on cattle shows and agricultural exhibitions, are not precisely those that fall in best with the remembrance of *these Geraldines! these Geraldines!*

But there is something of the irony of fate, if not of the spirit of retribution, in the destiny that has in two or three instances overtaken the mansions of such aristocrats as the Brabazons, the De la Poers, the Beresfords. In the Earl of Meath's luxurious dwelling the Sisters of Charity now keep house for the sick and hurt, who are carried up the elegant staircase, laid beneath the richly-stuccoed ceilings, and made as much of as if they were the very heirs of the vanished lords. Tyrone House is the central office of commissioners whose business it is to allocate some five or six hundred thousand a year for the education of the people whose religion the former residents traduced, and whose existence they did their best to ignore. A certain high and wide red house, the scene in bygone times of splendid hospitalities, is now a hospital for children: for the children in the fourth generation of the Croppies whom the munificent host had in the days of '98 tortured with pitch-caps, hung up at triangles, and scourged in the riding-school.

So striking a vicissitude in the destiny of historic houses does not pass unnoticed. It signalizes to the popular mind the consequences of changed political conditions, and marks the progress of the social

revolution which began with emancipation, passed since through many phases, and has not yet approached its term. When one of the spacious mansions of pre-union date, dishonoured by neglect and fast mouldering into ruin, suddenly assumes a grimly renovated air and becomes the bureau of a public department ; or, when a titled house is turned into a vast mercantile concern, or leased to a tenant whose fortune is, perhaps, hardly large enough to keep the mansion in repair though his family goes far towards peopling its apartments, the occurrence may provoke a remark touching an absentee gentry and anti-Irish aristocracy : but when, on the other hand, one of these relics of the past falls into the possession of a religious body, and is made the centre of a Catholic organization, the public voice not merely acquiesces in the transfer, but is jubilant over it. And naturally it is so. In Ireland religion and nationality are fast bound together. The Catholic Church and the Gaelic race shared the same afflictions and survived through the same length of intolerable years. Each new token of inextinguishable life in the one notes an advance in the onward career of the other ; on this soil, at least, they are a common cause.

If, like archæologists of a certain school, we took our data from stone monuments, we should find it easy to trace the history of Dublin during the last one hundred and fifty years. At the very outset one is struck by the shortness of the period during which the city maintained in any degree the character of a splendid capital. Nearly all the noble buildings which adorn its streets were erected within a period of fifty or sixty years. The Parliament House, commenced in 1729, was finished, according to the original design, ten years later ; but the eastern front of the House of Lords, with its fine surmounting statues, and the western front in Foster Place, were not erected until the century was drawing to a close. Between 1741 and 1796, the Exchange, the Custom House, the Four Courts, the King's Inns, and Carlisle Bridge were built. Tyrone House, Leinster House, Lord Powerscourt's mansion, and the residence so creditable to the Earl of Charlemont's taste, are of the same date. From the era of the volunteers to the enactment of the Union, private speculation as well as private enterprise were actively engaged in making Dublin a handsome city. The loss of legislative independence, one of the first consequences of which was the withdrawal of nearly all the nobility and gentry from the chief city, gave a check to the erection of public buildings, and put an end to the opening of new streets. Isolated blocks of houses standing about on the north side of Dublin still indicate the lines by which it had been designed to extend the city towards the then fashionable outlets of Glasnevin and Drumcondra.

It should not be forgotten that Dublin owes a great deal of its beauty to one man—a member of the Beresford family—whose personal and political influence enabled him to carry out undertakings which his good taste and his public spirit made him feel to be desirable and expedient.

The Beresfords were the most powerful section of the oligarchy that misruled Ireland all through the eighteenth century. The family first obtained a footing in a vast field for social and political ambi-

tion when Tristram Beresford came over, in the reign of James I., as manager of the Society of the New Plantation of Ulster. This gentleman settled at Coleraine, managed well for the Corporation of Londoners who had become possessed of the fair territories of the banished and despoiled native chiefs, and turned to the best account the opportunity which his position afforded of pushing on the fortunes of the family. They prospered immensely. Tristram's son was created a baronet; his descendants formed alliances with noble families.\* The fourth baronet having married the Baroness De la Poer, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Tyrone, was advanced to the peerage as Baron Beresford and Viscount Tyrone, and created Earl of Tyrone. His son inherited the barony of De la Poer on the demise of his mother, and was created Marquess of Waterford in 1789.

The Beresfords had long families, and were a long-lived race; and they excelled all the birds of foreign plumage that ever swooped down on the plains of Leinster, or alighted on the wooded slopes of Ulster, in the art of feathering their own nest. Vast territorial possessions, accumulated wealth, and a strong principle of clanship, secured them a prominent and powerful position in Ireland at a period when the people were held in worse than Egyptian bondage, and the parliamentary government was carried on by means of, or, as the case might be, in spite of, the fierce rivalry of faction, and a system of almost unexampled corruption. Having in their hands most of the government patronage in three of the provinces, and to a great degree in the fourth, where, however, Lord Shannon disputed their sway, they were able to secure lucrative posts for themselves, and to provide for their friends, retainers, and electors.

The Church rivalled the State in promoting the interests of the Beresfords. Benefices, like pocket boroughs, were at the service of the hosts of younger brothers; while rich episcopal sees were looked upon as the heritage of their elders blessed with a vocation for the pastoral office. At one time there were three Beresfords together on the bench of bishops. A son was seen to succeed to a mitre which his father had worn before him. Young Beresford bishops were promoted from see to see until they had advanced to archiepiscopal dignity, or happily reached primatial eminence. William Beresford, brother of the first Marquess of Waterford, was successively bishop of Dromore, bishop of Ossory, and archbishop of Tuam; and then, as if to give a tonic temporal flavour to the full cup of purely spiritual honours, his Grace was raised to the peerage and created Baron Decies. Thrice within a century the primatial throne of Armagh has been filled by a member of this truly episcopal family: for the Church remained faithful to the Beresfords long after the State had ceased to hold them in exorbitant esteem; and in our own time, on the death of the Most Reverend John George, who had ascended to Armagh by Cork, Raphoe, Clogher, and Dublin, and

\* Sir Tristram Beresford, the third baronet, married a daughter of Lord Glenawley. He is mentioned in the "Book of Days," in connection with "an uncommonly fascinating ghost story."

had ruled the primatial see for forty years, the vacated dignity and its enormous revenues were conferred on his cousin, Marcus Gervais, the then archbishop of Dublin.\*

From first to last, while power remained in their hands, the Beresfords strenuously discountenanced all recognition of popular feeling, and opposed to the utmost every concession to Catholic claims. Protestant ascendancy, the rule of an oligarchy, and the interests of the family were inextricably bound together. And yet, bigoted, and domineering, and insatiable in pursuit of the good things of the world, as they proved themselves to be, they were not held in such dread detestation as some men of lesser mark among their compatriots most certainly were. One thing counted in their favour: they were a handsome race and of stately stature, and the populace have ever shown a disposition to forgive much to tyrants who really look like kings of men; and then there was occasionally a breadth and even magnificence in their ideas which carried them beyond the mere concerns of family aggrandizement. There have been just landlords and good employers among them; and they did not always carry into the details of private life that odious intolerance which, displayed on the theatre of public life, aggravated the evils that scourged the land, and led up to the tragic end of many a story.

The man to whom, as we have said, Dublin owes so much of its beauty was the Right Hon. John Beresford, second son of the Earl of Tyrone, brother of the Marquess of Waterford, a member of the Privy Councils of Great Britain and Ireland, representative in parliament of the county of Waterford during forty-four years, and Commissioner of the Revenues in Ireland for more than thirty. Able, energetic, indomitable, and backed by the overwhelming family interest, Mr. Beresford enjoyed more actual power than any man in Ireland. It was said of him that he had the law, the army, the revenue, and a great deal of the Church in his possession, and that he might be considered the king of Ireland.

With the British viceroys—and there were as many as eleven chief governors at the Castle in the space of twenty years—he generally maintained excellent relations. A most remarkable exception, however, was in the case of Earl Fitzwilliam, whose coming to Ireland with the avowed purpose of bringing peace to the distracted land and preparing the way for Catholic emancipation, was the cause of exceeding joy, but whose recall, after a few months, dashed to the ground the nation's newly-awakened hope. The new viceroy was of opinion that it would be impossible to effect any good in Ireland until the power of the Beresfords had been destroyed; and one of his first acts was to deprive the Chief Commissioner of his Majesty's Revenues of the important and lucrative post he had held for many

\* In the *Freeman's Journal* "Church Commission Correspondence, 1867-1868," since reprinted in book form, will be found an excellent sketch of the Beresford churchmen, and some details of the vast incomes enjoyed by the bishops and archbishops of the family.

years, and to exclude him from his seat in the Privy Council. The earl's recall to England anticipated by a few weeks the reinstalment of Mr. Beresford at the board and in the council. The family influence remained unimpaired, and the commissioner continued to be reputed fortunate in his public career and happy in his private relations.\*

Mr. Beresford had large ideas with regard to the improvement of Dublin, and was determined to carry out works calculated to add considerably to the public convenience, and greatly beautify the then very irregular city.

Gradually after the power of the Wicklow septs had been so completely crushed that the marauding descents of the Irish of the mountains were no longer to be dreaded, the city had begun to extend, though in a very straggling way, outside the fortified walls. The old town long remained compact on the high south bank of the river under shelter of the castle, and clustered round St. Patrick's and Christ Church. But streetways had, in course of time, been opened beyond the Parliament House and the College; St. Stephen's Green had been enclosed towards the end of the seventeenth century; and the erection of houses in Merrion-square had been commenced about ninety years later; while on the north bank a new quarter had recently sprung up: many of the nobility occupied houses in Rutland-square and Sackville-street, and a great number of aristocratic families resided in the adjacent streets.

At the time that Mr. Beresford began to form plans for the improvement of the city, direct communication between the Sackville-street quarter and the neighbourhood of the Parliament House was carried on by boats; gentle and simple wanting to cross the river at that point should alike be ferried over; the bridge nearest the sea was Essex Bridge, which had been rebuilt about the middle of the century. On the east side of the bridge stood the Custom House; and not far off the noble Exchange was fast approaching completion. The government and municipal offices were in the same locality, as well as the theatres, and the warehouses and residences of the merchants and traders. From Essex Bridge to the sea the river followed its course, for some distance confined by walls, and then casting up brackish waters on the irregular banks in places reduced to a swamp by long neglect and tidal inroads.

Mr. Beresford's design was to widen and extend the quays, and to open an uninterrupted line from the site of the old Friary of St. Saviour, near which it was already contemplated to raise a magnificent pile of buildings for the Law Courts, to the low-lying waste that

\* Left a widower with eight young children by the death of his first wife, the daughter of General Count de Ligondes, Mr. Beresford obtained, two or three years later, the hand of Barbara, the second daughter of Sir William Montgomery, Bart. This lady was one of the three beautiful sisters who were the originals of Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, "The Graces." Another of the lovely trio became Marchioness of Townshend; and the third married Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, who was killed by the rebels in '98 at the battle of New Ross. By his second marriage Mr. Beresford had seven children.

stretched seawards beyond the point where Sackville-street was lost in lanes straggling down to the river-side. To throw a bridge across the water at this point and to lay out a handsome street between it and the Parliament House was a part of the design: as was also the erection of a new Custom House fully half an Irish mile nearer the sea than the edifice at Essex Bridge. Whatever the public may have thought of the improvement of the quays, the opening of new streets, and the building of another bridge, one part of the project provoked the most determined opposition, namely, the erection of a new Custom House in a swamp, and at so inconvenient a distance from the business centre.

All that the first commissioner wanted, however, was an order from the Treasury at Whitehall to build a Custom House, and an architect with genius to furnish him with a noble design, and with capacity to aid him in carrying on the works. Such a man he found in James Gandon, the grandson of a French Huguenot settled in London. Gandon, whose enthusiastic devotion to his profession had already brought him into considerable notice, gave a plan which met with the first commissioner's highest approval.

In January, 1781, Mr. Beresford wrote to him that he had at length obtained an order from government for the building of a new Custom House with all expedition, and had proceeded to take possession of a large lot in a low situation. The business must, he said, be kept a profound secret; for the Corporation and a great number of the merchants, together with what was considered the most desperate of the mob were violently opposed to the undertaking, while certain persons of influence on the other side of the channel would make every exertion to prevent the design being carried out. It appeared that interested persons affected to regard the change as injurious to the commerce of the city; a clamour was raised that there would not be sufficient room for shipping; and it was considered folly to attempt the erection of such a structure on a morass.

According to the instructions received, Gandon hastened to Dublin, where, however, he did not find affairs in such a condition that the works could be commenced with the expedition Mr. Beresford had imagined possible. At the last moment great obstacles were placed in the way, and exorbitant demands were made for the lots of ground.\* The architect's position was anything but comfortable; he had to remain in a sort of imprisonment, unable to present his letters of introduction or to visit the friends he already knew, while he was tormented with the apprehension that his abrupt departure from London might injure his character, and his visit to Ireland prove after all unsuccessful. The only pleasant time he appears to have enjoyed was due to the kindness of the Right Hon. Burton Conyngham, who carried him to his princely residence at

\* This district was in former times a part of the immediate demesne of the Cistercians of St. Mary's Abbey, and had been given to them with the Grange of Clonliffe by Strongbow. The abbots enjoyed rights of fishery and customs in this neighbourhood, and had hake nets on the North Strand. The people had been for generations in the habit of holding public games, tilling, and archery meetings, &c these grounds. See Introduction to Dalton's "History of Drogheda."

Slane, where, though still in privacy, he enjoyed for several days the splendid hospitalities of his good-natured host. On returning to town, the architect ventured at very early hours in the morning to walk over the grounds procured for the site of the Custom House, not without alarm when considering the difficulties of having the foundation laid.

Finally, after three months' delay, the purchase was completed, and Gandon received orders to commence forthwith the opening of the grounds: for nothing but uncommon activity in the commencement would prevent the violent opposition of a formidable party making every effort to stimulate the mob, and procure petitions. He was, furthermore, desired to send to London for clerks and assistants. He greatly regretted this hurry; but having held a meeting of the principal Dublin artificers, he found he could rely on them, and he began the work with a better heart.

The Sunday after the trenches were dug many hundreds of the people assembled on the grounds, and it was apprehended that they would proceed to fill up the excavations. However, their inclinations took a less mischievous turn, and they amused themselves swimming in the trenches. The first stone was soon after laid by Mr. Beresford without any formality, lest a riot might be got up; and the Corporation ceased all opposition, thinking it impossible the structure could ever be raised.

When, however, it was seen that the foundations were going on, the High Sheriff and an influential member of the Corporation, followed by a rabble with shovels and saws, came in a body on the grounds and levelled a portion of the fence. This news was brought to Mr. Beresford on a Saturday, and he immediately wrote to Gandon to replace the enclosure instantly, to make the holes next day, and set his poles to put it up as fast as it was pulled down: "Prevent all opposition," he said, in conclusion, "and laugh at the extreme folly of the people."

Other vexatious interruptions occurred, the works proceeding nevertheless. The architect having now fully made up his mind to settle in Ireland, went to London to make the necessary arrangements, and on his return to Dublin took a house in Mecklenburgh-street, that he might be near Mr. Beresford's residence in Marlborough-street.\*

His choice of Ireland was the more remarkable from the fact that about the same time he had received an invitation to settle at St. Petersburg from no less a personage than the Princess Dashkoff, who promised him, in case he should emigrate to the Czarina's dominions, advancement in his profession and military rank. This lady had been for some time sojourning in London, and was a pupil of Gandon's friend, Sandby, the water-colour artist. She had judgment enough to recognise Gandon's genius, and appreciate his character. That she would have made good her words there can be

\* For the above and other interesting details relating to the building of the Custom House, see Mulvany's "Life of Gandon."

no doubt, for, having shortly afterwards returned to Russia, she was appointed Director of the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts and Sciences, and President of the Russian Academy.

Gandon had no reason to regret his choice. He had a great admiration for the country of his adoption, found honourable employment in Ireland, and made many friends. The Dublin artificers, who as a body had pleased him so much on their first introduction to him, did not deceive his expectations; his praise of them remains on record.

While the Custom House was in course of erection, Edward Smith, a young man then occupying a very obscure position, happened to come under the notice of Gandon, who was not long in discovering in the stone carver a talent that needed only a favourable opportunity to distinguish its possessor. The sculptured ornaments of the Custom House, and the statue of Hope surmounting the cupola, were entrusted to the young man. So fully was Gandon satisfied with his protégé's work that he made it a condition on subsequent occasions that Edward Smith should be employed whenever there was room for the display of the sculptor's art on the public buildings which he was himself engaged to erect.\*

In 1791, the new Custom House was opened for public business, and in the same year the foundations of Carlisle Bridge were laid by Mr. Beresford. In the following years the Commissioners of Wide Streets directed their attention to the opening of passages from Sackville-street and Carlisle Bridge, and the laying out of squares, streets, and places to the eastward. By Act of Parliament, a portion of St. Mary's parish was severed, and constituted the parish of St. Thomas. Before Mr. Beresford's death, in 1805, he had seen almost fully realised the city view which, when first presented to his mind's eye, was graced with all the "glory and the freshness of a dream." If the man who imagined and accomplished so much, is not, despite his political errors, remembered with sufficient gratitude by the city he thus adorned, it is owing in a great degree, perhaps, to the special odium the name incurred in the era of '98, through the cruel zeal in stamping out rebellion displayed by his son, John Claudius Beresford.

S. A.

\* Smith's best works are, perhaps, the noble figures of Justice, Fortitude, and Liberty, surmounting the eastern front of the Bank of Ireland; and the colossal statues, so full of dignity and grace, of Moses, Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, and Eloquence, over the portico of the Four Courts. The portrait statue of Lucas, in the City Hall, is also by Smith.



## THE SLEEPY CARTHUSIAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS VEUILLLOT.\*

**M**ANY years ago there lived in the monastery of Gottestheil a monk who was strangely persecuted by an indomitable drowsiness. With the best possible intentions he could not contrive to rise at midnight to go and sing Matins in the choir. Now nature, that had made him so sleepy-headed, gave him also a mechanical turn. Without any training, without any notion of mathematics, by the mere force of reflection and labour he manufactured a wonderful clock. To the apparatus for striking the hours he added a rude chime of bells. This, however, was insufficient, and immediately at the corners and in the middle of the little capital which surmounted the dial, he placed a blackbird, a cock, and a little drummer with his drum. At the proper hour all this made a row. For some nights things went on well; but after a certain time, when midnight came, the chimes chimed, the blackbird whistled, the cock crew, the drummer drummed, and the monk—snored!

Another man would have been disheartened, but the Brother, invoking again his inventive genius, devised a serpent, which was placed under his pillow, and which, when midnight came, was sure remorselessly to hiss into his ear, "Get up, get up—it is the time!" This serpent was much more effective than the blackbird, the cock, the drum, and the chimes—all of which, besides, failed not still to come to its aid, with a little supplementary tantara-ra.

This succeeded admirably, and the Carthusian never missed awaking. Alas! in the middle of his joy at this success, he made a melancholy discovery. He had thought he was only drowsy, he sees now that he is lazy. Even when completely waked up, he hesitated about leaving his hard pallet. Many a minute he lost in relishing the pleasing consciousness of being in bed.

The matter called for an immediate reform. The Religious felt himself guilty, and the mechanician felt himself humiliated. Speedily a heavy board is placed over the bed, in such fashion as to fall rudely on the sluggard's feet, ten seconds after the charitable warning of the serpent. More than once the poor monk betook himself to choir, lamed and bruised.

Well, would you believe it?—whether it was that the serpent had lost its shrillness, or that the board had become in course of time less weighty, or the old man more sleepy-headed—whether it was that his limbs had grown hardened, or that he had contracted the criminal habit of drawing them back before the chastisement

\* We translate very literally one of the lighter pages of M. Veuillot's earliest work, his charming and edifying *Pèlerinage en Suisse*.

descended, it was not long before he felt the necessity of another invention. And so, every evening before lying down, he tied to his arm a strong cord, which, at the fatal hour, stretched itself on a sudden, and jerked him out of bed.

At this point he had arrived. What fresh somnical projects he was turning over in his head heaven knows, when he found himself falling asleep for ever. Asleep! No, the fervent Christian judged not thus; and, in spite of his little sin of sloth, full of confidence in Him who pardons, "Ah!" he cried, "I am waking up at last."

M. R.

### DEAD.

**M**AD pride, that would not stay to hear,  
 But spoke in an angry gust—  
 The house was a-building many a year,  
 In a day it crumbled to dust.

The house was a house where two hearts did dwell,  
 From the noisy world apart;  
 But the walls had been builded under a spell  
 That failed when heart cut heart.

The spell was the spell of loyal trust,  
 Of each in other, but one forgot  
 Its faith, and thus, O fatal *must*!—  
 The friendship that was is not.

Friendship's flower is easily stirred,  
 For a doubting thought 'twill shake;  
 But when thought is wedded to doubting word,  
 The delicate stem will break:

Will break—has broken! The petals lie  
 Strewn over a grave fresh-made,  
 Where our past, in the cerement of tear and sigh,  
 In unending sleep is laid.

J. F.

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *Light leading unto Light ; A Series of Sonnets and Poems.* By JOHN CHARLES EARLE, B. A. (Burns & Oates, London.)

WE should not like to say how often the venerated name of Dr. Newman has appeared on the dedication page of books on varied subjects and by various authors during the past ten or fifteen years. Aubrey de Vere long ago laid, with reverent affection, a chaplet of verses at the great Oratorian's feet. The first edition of "The Temporal Power of the Pope" was offered to him by Cardinal Manning in a glowingly appreciative dedication. And who that has read Father Faber's book on "The Blessed Sacrament" will ever forget the words in which it is inscribed: "To my most dear father, John Henry Newman, to whom, in the mercy of God, I owe the faith of the Church, the grace of the sacraments, and the habit of St. Philip, with much more that love knows and feeds upon, though it cannot tell in words, but which the last day will show." Mr. Capes, with whose name are linked so many sad associations, "gratefully and affectionately" inscribed his "Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion," to the "Father Superior of the English Oratory." To him, also, the late Father Gar-side dedicated his "Prophet of Carmel," "with affectionate veneration, as a slight thank-offering for inestimable benefits." Canon Shortland's recent record of missionary labours in the far east, and Father Harper's polished sermons, are both published under the shadow of the same great name. The volume now before us is similarly privileged, and the author has made his offering with a grace that has not often been excelled. There are no verses of his which we more gladly and sympathetically quote than the following:

"TO THE VERY REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D.

"When I peruse the teeming page  
My youth so dearly prized,  
I say, 'This foremost of his age  
Is Plato's self baptized.'

"But kindling, weeping, as I read,  
And marvel at his pen,  
I cry, 'This Newman is indeed  
Augustine come again!'

"Our battles here we feebly fought  
And scarce could keep the field,  
When like a god he rose and wrought  
Our armour and our shield.

"The clouds disperse to clear his fame;  
The land begins to own  
A prophet in a car of flame  
Is mounting to his throne.

"My father, Israel's chariot, look!  
And ere thou reach the skies,  
Smile once, once only, on my book,  
And it has gained the prize."

Poetry and science are not, perhaps, so antagonistic in their tendency and in their influence on the mind as is often supposed, and Mr. Earle certainly contrives to treat metaphysical and scientific subjects in a thoroughly poetical manner, without being either prosy or polemical. He possesses the "divine afflatus" in a much larger measure, it seems to us, than many of the well-known poets of the day; and in his favourite form of versification—the sonnet—he has achieved an excellence which deserves to be generally recognised. We had marked for quotation the sonnets entitled, "Invincible Ignorance," "A Rose Leaf," "Aureoles," "Miss Thompson's Picture," *The Roll Call*," and "The Music of the Mind;" but as a fair specimen of all, we must be content to reproduce only the last upon the list:

"THE MUSIC OF THE MIND.

"I ask for music? nay, there is no need:  
Where'er I roam soft numbers fill my ear,  
And nature's melodies, how fresh, how clear!  
Through finest brain-cells ring with force and speed.  
Musical hopes elate me; and my creed  
Is harmony itself; and I appear  
A denizen of some enchanted sphere,  
Where all things in a tuneful train succeed.  
And when at evenfall my steps are bent  
From wharf, and mart, and jangling far away,  
Such perfect psalmody is round me blent,  
With breeze and beating surf, that I delay  
Upon the shore, a complex instrument  
Of music on which minstrel spirits play."

II. *The Church and the Empires.* By HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE; preceded by a Memoir of the Author by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D. (Henry S. King & Co.)

HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was the youngest son of the great anti-slavery reformer, and was born in the year 1807. After a brilliant career at Oxford, he entered, at the advice of his friend and tutor, Dr. Newman, the ministry of the Anglican Church; and in 1843, he was preferred, at the instance of the Prince Consort, to the richly-endowed living of East Farleigh, in Kent, which had been held some years previously by his brother, Archdeacon Wilberforce, who also subsequently joined the Catholic Church. East Farleigh is in the midst of the hop-country, which is yearly visited at the picking season by large numbers of Irish men, women, and children from London and elsewhere. During the gathering of 1849, an outbreak of cholera struck down many of these poor people at their work, and afforded to the devoted Protestant rector an opportunity for the exercise of a charity nothing short of heroic, and fruitful in graces to him and his; for within a year from the day when he threw his house into a temporary hospital, and ministered of his substance to the plague-stricken sufferers about him, he and his family, "through our Lord's mercy, were received into the everlasting home of the Catholic Church." The touching letter of farewell which he addressed to his

parishioners, is widely known, and the admirable simplicity of its style may almost be compared to that of the gospel. "In taking this step," he wrote to his archbishop, who was also his friend and relative, "I feel so many heart-strings breaking that I dare not allow myself to think of the consequences or the cost on earth, either to myself, or to those I love; but there are considerations which leave me no room to doubt: first, what I should wish a stranger to do, were he in my place; secondly, what I should wish to have done, were I upon my bed of death; or, thirdly, were I at the judgment seat of Christ."

Mr. Wilberforce, being a married man, could not enter the Catholic priesthood, which his singular piety and distinguished ability would have so greatly adorned; nor could he by the law of the land, as the holder of Anglican orders, enter any of the professions, especially that of the law, to which he felt naturally drawn, and in which, in the opinion of his biographer, he was eminently qualified to shine. His work, henceforth, was desultory and broken, but whatever or wherever it was—in Dublin, as secretary to the Catholic Defence Association, founded on occasion of the passing of the "Ecclesiastical Titles Act," as proprietor and editor from 1854 to 1863 of the *Catholic Standard*, afterwards called the *Weekly Register*, or as the writer of articles in the *Dublin Review*, and elsewhere—it was always undertaken in the "earnest desire to promote the interests of religion, even though at the sacrifice of his own." In 1871, Mr. Wilberforce became sensible of a serious diminution in his strength, and writing from Malvern, "to her who had," says Dr. Newman, "for so long a spell of years, made him so bright a home," he said: "May God keep his arm over you for good, and unite us hereafter in his kingdom! Coming here, and feeling how much older I am, makes me feel the time is short. The generation of men are like the leaves, as the great poet says; but our Lord Jesus is the resurrection and the life." He died in tranquil peace on Wednesday morning, April 23, aged 65. "In his last months," says Dr. Newman, "his very life was prayer and meditation. No one did I ever know who more intimately realised the awfulness of the dark future than he. His sole trust, hope, and consolation lay in his clear, untroubled faith. All was dark except the great truths of the Catholic religion; but though they did not lighten the darkness, they bridged over for him the abyss. He spoke calmly to me of the solemn, unimaginable wonders which he was soon to see. Now he sees them. Each of us in his own turn will see them soon. May we be as prepared to see them as he was!"

Never will those who were present at the funeral of Mr. Wilberforce, forget the touching scene—to which Dr. Newman in this prefatory memoir makes no allusion—which occurred, when, during the service, the venerable figure of the illustrious Oratorian was conducted to the pulpit. After two or three attempts to master the emotion, to which, in the choir, he had freely given vent, he managed to steady his voice sufficiently to say that "he knew the deceased so intimately, and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for

him to command himself sufficiently to speak of him, as he had been unexpectedly asked to do." Then he spoke of the position of comfort, and all that this world calls good, and the prospect of advancement, if he had been an ambitious man, which his friend abandoned, "when the word of the Lord came to him, as it did to Abraham of old, telling him to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become"—here he fairly broke down, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence—"a fool for Christ's sake."

But we have been forgetting Henry Wilberforce the author in the presence of Henry Wilberforce the man; and we have lingered so long over the early, and certainly not the least interesting, portion of this from first to last deeply interesting volume, that we can only lay before our readers the titles of the seven brilliant essays, viz.: "The Formation of Christendom;" "Champagny's Roman Empire;" "Champagny's Cæsars of the Third Century;" "The Gallican Assembly of 1682;" "The Church and Napoleon I.;" "Pius VII. and Napoleon I.;" "Pius VII. at Savona and Fontainebleau," which are here gathered together under the comprehensive title of "The Church and the Empires."

W. M.

## A PARABLE.

BY ETHEL TANE.

A STORM of dashing summer rain  
Came down our vale one night,  
But all was sweet and still again  
Before the morning light.

And in the blithe and early hours,  
Together—you and I—  
We wandered out among the flowers,  
Beneath an azure sky.

Do you remember what we found?  
The rose-leaves scattered wide—  
While broken lilies on the ground  
Forgot their graceful pride.

Broken and soiled, our flowers lay dead;  
Snapped was each tender stem:  
The morning smiled, the storm was fled—  
But what was that to *them*?

## WINGED WORDS.

## XIII.

1. That sort of spontaneous combustion which we imagine genius to be, is found, when we are able to analyse the process, to be the ripe result of long preparation laboriously and patiently gone through.—*Times*.

2. Politeness is benevolence in small things.—*Anon*.

3. Is not the whole of life made up of infinitesimally small things? And in its strange and solemn mosaic, the full pattern of which we never see clearly till looking back on it from far away, dare we say of anything which the hand of Eternal Wisdom has put together, that it is too common or too small?—*D. M. Craik*.

4. Most people promise according to their hopes, and perform according to their fears.—*Rochefoucauld*.

5. Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it: it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—*Mrs. Lewes*.

6. Not even the nun's care, no matter how real in self-sacrifice and devotedness, can supply for the mother's watchfulness and care. Her very breath is life and joy and healing.—*A. O*.

7. Mortals in general have a great power of being astonished at the presence of an effect towards which they have done everything, and at the absence of an effect towards which they have done nothing but desire it. Parents are astonished at the ignorance of their sons, though they have used the most time-honoured and expensive means of securing it; husbands and wives are mutually astonished at the loss of affection which they have taken no pains to keep; and all of us in our turn are apt to be astonished that our neighbours do not admire us.—*Mrs. Lewes*.

8. A mob is a compound mass of human beings in which each one has for the moment all the follies of the rest in addition to his own, and his usual common sense and good feeling divided by the total number of persons collected together.—*Sir Arthur Helps*.

9. In a work of art there may be great variety of detail with perfect unity of action. And so it is in the conduct of life. With one object steadily before us, we may have many varying activities, but they will all assist the main action and impart strength and consistency to it. Singleness of aim, I repeat, in no wise demands monotony of action.—*Anon*.

10. The only people whom men cannot pardon are the perfect.—*Anon*.

11. The older I grow the more I feel convinced that nothing vexes people so much, and hardens them in their unbelief and in their dogged resistance to reforms, as undeniable facts and unanswerable arguments.—*Professor Max Müller*.

12. Boys are always troublesome, especially from ten to thirty.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

13. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—“*Felix Holt.*”

14. In mendicant fashion, we make the goodness of others a reason for exorbitant demands on them.—*George Eliot.*

15. “I will wait till after Christmas.” What should we all do without the calendar, when we want to put off a disagreeable duty? The admirable arrangements of the solar system, by which our time is measured, always supply us with a term before which it is hardly worth while to set about anything we are disinclined to.—*The same.*

16. Alas and alas! that “*ought to be!*” What depths of sorrowful meaning lie within that simple phrase! How happy would be our lives, how grand our actions, how pure our souls, if all could be with us as it ought to be.—*Edward Lord Lytton.*

17. A happy home is a world wide enough for any man.—*The same.*

18. Memory no less than hope owes its charm to the “far away.”—*The same.* [Compare his son’s exquisite fable, “The Blue Mountains; or, the Far.”]

19. Is there a greater link between this life and the next than God’s blessing on the young, breathed from the lips of the old?—*The same.*

20. How well the human heart was understood by him who first called God by the name of Father.—*Anon.*

21. Of all human affections gratitude is surely the holiest; and it blends itself with the sweetness of religion when it is gratitude to a father.—*Lord Lytton.*

22. The long and the short of it is, without Christ you can never have any good thing that is really good.—*St. Philip Neri.*

23. No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser; but does not this stupid pewter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go, but this absurd pot of heavy-wet can and does. Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this accursed dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy “liberty,” thou entire blockhead!—*Carlyle.*

24. To drink unpaid-for champagne or unpaid-for beer, and to ride unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat and not a gentleman.—*Sir Charles Napier.*

25. Of what a hideous progeny is debt the father! What lies, what meanness, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How in due season it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how, like a knife, it will stab the honest heart.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

26. The world would be a poor place if there were nothing but common sense in it.—*George Eliot.*

27. The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.—*Ben Asai.*

28. There is no merit in humility when it is contrary to obedience.—*St. Ignatius.*



## NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

WE have had a curious succession of dropsy cases in the girls' ward lately. The three we mentioned last month are all restored to health and gone away; a fourth poor little creature who came in very ill indeed, at the point of death almost, died in spite of all our efforts. A fifth little dropsy girl is now sitting up in her bed, and we hope she will soon be a "perfect cure."

Willie, who is still reclining in his long car, is getting on famously, his legs coming quite straight, so that he will soon be able to make use of them like any other boy. Poor little Patrick has been taken home by his parents, only to die, we fear. The boy who fell from a cherry tree three months ago is up out of bed; but though his knee is getting better, he does not seem at all anxious to go up the cherry tree again.

In the girls' room we have a curious collection of every variety of sores. We have sore ears, sore heads, sore necks, sore feet, and sore hands. In two corners groups of little pale faces are gathered together over wonderful plays, and one of these plays we must stop to examine. On the top of a square box it is arranged, and partly built up against the wall. The play is something like a museum with mummies, and something like a kitchen with a dresser, and something like a farmyard, and a good deal like a nursery; for in it are corpse-like delft babies extended in delft boxes under tiny toy plates upon shelves, surrounded by a flock of sheep, goats, and cows, and contrasting with a pair of snug sleeping dolls well "happed" up in a cosy bed in the corner. The little heads eagerly bent over this mysterious assemblage of objects are hung shyly at our approach, and we fail to obtain any explanation of the play which, however, is no doubt full of lively meaning to the little pale faces who continue to brood over it with eager delight.

A boy with a bag of cakes, answering to the important name of "Kingstown," is marching about the wards, and munching with all his might, while many admiring, not to say longing looks, are cast upon his movements, for what being could be more enviable in this world of beds and medicine bottles, plasters and poultices, than a boy who is not only "up," but is the owner of a bag of cakes?

We are happy to say that Kingstown is not a greedy boy, and is administering crumbs of comfort as he struts among the cribs.

[The list of gifts and subscriptions to St. Joseph's Infirmary for Children, 9, Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin, which usually occupies our first advertisement-page, has to be reserved for our November issue.]

## LITTLE QUEEN PET AND HER KINGDOM.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND, AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE LITTLE FLOWER SEEKERS," &amp;c.

**T**HERE was once a little queen who was born to reign over a great rich kingdom called Goldenlands. She had twelve nurses and a hundred-and-fifty beautiful names; only unfortunately on the day of the christening there was so much confusion and excitement that all the names were lost as they fell out of the bishop's mouth. Nobody saw where they vanished to, and as nobody could find them, the poor little baby had to return to the palace nursery without anything to be called by. They could not christen her over again, so the king offered a reward to the person who should discover the princess's names within the next fifteen years. Everyone cried "poor pet, poor pet!" over the nameless baby, who soon became known as the Princess Pet. But her father and mother took the accident so much to heart that they both died soon after.

Of course little Pet was considered too young to manage the affairs of her own kingdom, and so she had a great powerful Government to do it for her. This Government was a most peculiar monster, with nine hundred and ninety-nine heads and scarcely any heart; and when anything was to be decided upon, all the heads had to be laid together, so that it took a long time to make up its mind. It was not at all good to the kingdom, but little Pet did not know anything about that, as she was kept away in her splendid nursery with all her nurses watching her while she played with the most wonderful toys. Sometimes she was taken out to walk in the gardens, with three nurses holding a parasol over her head, a page carrying her embroidered train, three nurses walking before, fanning her, and six nurses following behind; but she never had any playfellows, and nothing ever happened at all different from everything else. The only variety in her life was made by startling sounds, which often came echoing to the nursery, of the gate-bell of the palace ringing loudly.

"Why does the bell ring so?" little Pet would cry, and the nurses would answer:

"Oh, it is only the poor!"

"Who are the poor?" asked Pet.

"People who are born to torment respectable folks!" said the head nurse.

"They must be very naughty people!" lisped Pet, and went on with her play.

When Pet grew a little older she became very tired of dolls and skipping ropes, and she really did not know what to do with herself; so one day when all the nurses had gone down to dinner at the same

time, she escaped from her nursery and tripped down the passages, peering into the corners on every side. After wandering about a long time she came to a staircase, and descending it very quickly she reached a suite of beautiful rooms which had been occupied by her mother. They remained just as the good queen had left them, even the faded roses were turning into dust in the jars. Pet was walking through the rooms very soberly, peering at, and touching everything, when she heard a queer little sound of moaning, and whispering, and complaining, which came like little piping gusts of wind from somewhere or other.

"Fiss-whiss, whiss, whiss!" went the little whispers; and "Ah!" and "Ai!" and "Oh!" came puffing after them, like the strangest little sighs.

"Oh dear, what *can* it be?" thought Pet, standing in the middle of the room and gazing all round. "I declare I do think it is coming out of the wardrobe!"

An ancient carved wardrobe extended all along one side of the room, and indeed the little sounds seemed to be whistling out through its chinks and keyholes. Pet walked up to it rather timidly; but taking courage, put her ear to the lock. Then she heard distinctly:

"Here we hang in a row,  
In a row!  
And we ought to have been given  
To the poor long ago!"

And besides this strange complaint she caught other little bits of grumbles floating about, such as

"Fiss, whiss, whiss!  
Did ever I think  
I should have come to this?"

And:

"Alack, and well-a-day!  
Will *nobody* come  
To take us away?"

As soon as she had recovered from her amazement, Pet opened the wardrobe, and there she saw a long row of gowns, hanging in all sorts of despondent attitudes, some hooked up by their sleeves, others caught by the waist with their bodies doubled together.

"Here is somebody at last, thank goodness!" cried a dark brown silk which was greatly crumpled, and looked very uncomfortable hanging up by its shoulder.

"O gowns, gowns!" cried Pet, staring at these strange grumblers with her round blue eyes, "what ever do you want?"

"*Want?*" cried the brown silk; "why of course to be taken out and given to the poor!"

"The poor again!" cried Pet. "Who can these poor be at all, I wonder?"

"People who cannot buy clothing enough for themselves," said the brown silk. "When your dear mother was alive she always gave

her old gowns to the poor. Only think how nice I should be for the respectable mother of a family to go to church in on Sundays, instead of being rumpled in here out of the daylight with the moths eating me!"

"And I," cried a pink muslin, "what a pretty holiday frock I should make for the industrious young school-mistress who supports her poor grandfather and grandmother!"

"And I! and I! and I!" shrieked many little rustling voices, each describing the possible usefulness of a particular gown.

"Yes! we should all turn to account," continued the brown silk, "all except, perhaps, one or two very grand, stiff, old fogies in velvet, and brocade, and cloth-of-gold; and even these might be cut up into jackets for the old clown who tumbles on the village green for the children's amusement!"

"My breath is quite taken away!" cried Pet. "I shall certainly see that you are all taken out and given to the poor immediately."

"She is her mother's daughter after all!" said the brown silk, triumphantly; and Pet closed the door upon a chorus of little murmurs of satisfaction from the imprisoned gowns.

"This is a very curious adventure," thought the little queen, as she trotted on, fancying she saw faces grinning at her out of the furniture and down from the ceiling; and then she stopped again, quite sure she heard very peculiar sounds coming out of an antique bureau which stood in a corner. After her conversation with the gowns this did not surprise her much at all, and she put her ear to the keyhole at once.

"Clink! clink!  
What do you think?  
Here we are  
Shut up in a drawer!"

cried the queer little voices coming out of the bureau.

"What can *this* be about I wonder?" said Pet, and turning the key, peeped in. There she beheld a whole heap of gold and silver lying in the depths of the bureau, all the guineas and shillings hopping about and clinking against each other and singing:

"Take us out  
And give us about,  
And then we shall do  
Some good, no doubt!"

"Why, what do you want to get out for?" asked Pet, looking down at them.

"To help the poor, of course!" said the money. "We were put in here by the good queen, your mother, and saved up for the poor who deserve to be assisted. But now everyone has forgotten us, and we are rusting away while there is so much distress in the kingdom."

"Well!" said Pet, "I shall see to your case; for I promise you I am going to know more about these wonderful poor."

She shut up the bureau, and went on further exploring the rooms, and now you may be pretty sure her ears were wide open for every sound. It was not long before she heard a creaking and squeaking that came from a large wicker basket which was twisting about in the most discontented manner.

"Once on a time I was filled with bread,  
But now I stand as if I were dead,"

mourned the basket.

"And why were you filled with bread?" asked Pet.

"Your mother used to fill me," squeaked the basket, "and give the bread out of me to feed the poor."

"Why! do you mean to say that the poor have no bread to eat?" asked Pet. "That is really a most dreadful thing. I must speak to my Government about these poor immediately. Whatever my mother did must have been perfectly right at all events, and I shall do the same!"

And off she went back towards her nursery, meeting all her twelve nurses flying along the corridors to look for her.

"Go directly and tell my Government that I want to speak to it," said Queen Pet, quite grandly; and she was brought down to the great Council Chamber.

"Your Majesty has had too much plum-pudding and a bad dream afterwards!" said the Government when Pet had told the whole story about the gowns, and the money, and the bread-basket, and the poor; and then the Government took a pinch of snuff and sent Queen Pet back to her nursery.

The next day, when all the nurses had gone to their dinner again, Pet was leaning out of her nursery window with her two elbows on the sills and her face between her hands, and she was gazing down on the charming gardens below, and away off over the fields and hills of her beautiful kingdom of Goldenlands. "Where do the poor live, I wonder?" she thought; "and I wonder what they are like! Oh, that I could be a good queen like my mother, and be of use to my people! How I wish that I had a ladder to reach down into the garden, and then I could run away all over my kingdom and find things out for myself!"

Just as she thought thus an exquisite butterfly perched on her finger, and said gaily:

"A thousand spiders  
All weaving in a row  
Can weave you a ladder  
To fit your little toe!"

"Can they indeed?" cried Pet; "and are you acquainted with the spiders?"

"I should think so indeed!" said the butterfly, "I am engaged to be married to a spider; I have been engaged ever since I was a caterpillar."

"Well, just ask them to be so good!" said Pet, and away flew the butterfly, coming back in a moment with a whole cloud of spiders following her.

"Be as quick as you can, please, lest my nurses should come back from dinner," said Pet, as the spiders worked away. "Fortunately they have all good appetites, and cannot bear to leave table without their six helpings of pudding."

The ladder being finished, Pet tripped down it into the garden, where she was hidden at once in a wilderness of roses, out of which she made her way through a wood, and across a stream, and quite far into the open country of her kingdom.

She was running very fast, with her head down, when she heard a step following her and a voice speaking to her, and looking round, saw a very extraordinary person indeed. He was very tall and all made of loose, clanking bones; he carried a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other, and he had a pleasant voice which made Pet not so much afraid of him as she otherwise might have been.

"It is no use trying to run away from me," said this person. "Besides I wish to do you a good turn. My name is Time."

Pet dropped a trembling courtesy.

"You need not be afraid of me," continued the stranger, "as you have never yet abused me. It is only those who are always trying to kill me who have cause to fear me."

"Indeed, sir, I wish to be good to every person," said Pet.

"I know you do," said Time, "and that is why I am bound to help you. The thing you want most is a precious jewel called Experience. You are going now in search of it; yes you are, though you do not know anything about it as yet. You will know it after you have found it. Now I am going to give you some instructions."

"Thank you, sir," said Pet, who was delighted to find that he was not a government, and had no intention of bringing her back to her nursery.

"First of all I must tell you," said Time, "that you have a precious gift which was born with you; it is the power of entering into other people whenever you wish, living their lives, thinking their thoughts, and seeing everything as they see it."

"How nice!" cried Pet.

"It is a most useful gift if properly cultivated," said Time, "and it will certainly help you to gain your jewel. Now whenever you find a person whose life you would wish to know all about for your own instruction, you have only to wish, and immediately your existence will pass into theirs."

"And shall I ever get out again?" asked Pet, who had an inveterate dislike of all imprisonment.

"I am going to tell you about that," said Time. "You must not remain too long locked up in anybody. Here is a curious tiny clock with a little gold key, and you must take them with you and be very careful of them. Whenever you find that you have passed into somebody else, you must at once wind up your clock and hang it somewhere so that you can see it as you go about. The clock will go for a month,

and as soon as it runs down and stops you will be changed back into your separate self again. A month will be long enough for you to live in each person."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Pet, seizing the clock.

"One thing you must be sure not to forget," said Time, "so attend to me well. There is a mysterious sympathy between you and the clock and the little gold key, and if you lose the key after the clock is wound up the clock will go on for ever, or at least until you find the key again. So if you do not want to be shut up in somebody to the end of your life be careful to keep guard of the key."

"That I will!" said Pet.

"And now, good-bye!" said Time. "You can go on at this sort of thing as long as you like—until you are quite grown up perhaps: and you couldn't have a better education."

With these words the stranger vanished, and Pet trotted on her way again, with the clock and key in her pocket.

She had not gone far till she began to notice a great many little cabins and cottages about the country, which looked very bare and uncomfortable. "Surely these must belong to the poor!" she thought; "and I dare say that is a very poor man who is following the plough over in that field."

She walked across the meadows until she reached the ploughman, and having noticed that his clothing was very bad indeed, and that he looked worn and sad, she formed her wish, and the next moment she was following the plough as if she had been at it all her life. She had passed completely into the man; there was not a vestige of her left outside of him; she felt her hands quite hard and horny, she took great long steps over the rough ground, she cried "Gee-up!" to the horses, and she knew very well that if she could only look in a glass she should see, not Pet any more, but the sunburned man toiling after his plough. She was quite bewildered by the change at first, but presently she began to interest herself greatly in all the new thoughts that poured into her mind. After a time she quite lost sight of her old self, and felt *that she was the man*. She put her horny hand in her pocket, and found that the clock and key were there safely, and this consoled her with the thought that she was not hopelessly buried in the ploughman. When the sun went down she stopped ploughing and went home to a little cottage which was hidden among some bushes in a field.

Half a dozen little hungry children with poor, scanty clothing came running to meet her:

"Oh, father!" they cried, "mother has been so ill to-day, and neighbour Nancy says she will never get well without some wine to make her strong!"

The ploughman groaned at hearing this. "Ah," thought he, "where can I get money for wine? I can scarcely earn food enough for so many, and who will give me wine?"

Pet was greatly distressed at finding these painful thoughts throbbing through and through her. "At home in my palace," she said, "everybody drinks a bottle of wine a day, and they are not sick, and

are all strong. I must see about this afterwards." Then she went into the cottage, and the first thing she did was to take the clock out of her pocket and wind it up with the little gold key, and hang it on a nail on the wall.

"What is that you have got?" said the poor woman from her straw bed.

"Oh, it is a clock that a gentleman made me a present of," said the ploughman.

The eldest girl now poured out some porridge on a plate and set it down before her father. Pet was very hungry, and was glad of anything she could get; but she did not like the porridge, and thought that it was very different indeed from the food she got at home. But while she was eating, the poor man's thoughts quite overwhelmed her.

"What is to become of them all?" he thought; "I have ten children, and my wages are so small, and food and clothing are so dear. When the poor wife was well, she used to look after the cow and poultry, and turn a little penny, but now she is not able, and I fear —"

"Oh, father! father! the cow is dead!" cried four boys, rushing into the cottage.

And the poor man bowed his head on the table and groaned.

"Why, this is dreadful!" thought Pet. "Is this really the sort of thing that poor people suffer? How I wish the month was up that I might do something for them!" And she tried to glance at the clock, but could not, because the man kept his eyes bent on the ground.

Pet was kept awake all that night by the ploughman's sad thoughts, and very early in the morning she was hard at work again, carrying a heavy heart with her all about the fields. Day after day this went on, and she was often very hungry, and very sad at hearing the complaints of the hungry children, and seeing the pale face of the sick woman. Every day things became worse. The ploughman got into debt through trying to procure a little wine to save his wife's life, and when rent-day came round he had not enough money to pay. Just as things arrived at this state, the clock ran down, and Pet, who had taken care to put it in her pocket that morning along with the key, suddenly found her old self standing alone in the field, watching the poor ploughman following his plough, exactly as she had first beheld him. She at once began running away as fast as she could, when she was stopped by her friend Time, who stood in her path.

"Where are you running to now?" asked he.

"I am hurrying home to my palace to get money, and wine, and everything for these poor people!" cried Pet.

"Gently!" said Time, "I cannot allow it so soon. You must continue your experiences and trust the poor ploughman and his family to me; I will take care of them till you are able to do something for them. Were you to go back to your palace now, you would be kept there, and I should no longer be able to stand your friend;



on the contrary, I might, perhaps, against my will, be forced to prove your enemy. Go on now, and remember my instructions."

And he vanished again.

Pet travelled a long way after this, and as she had to beg on the road for a little food and a night's lodging, she had very good opportunities for seeing the kindness with which the poor behave to each other. Mothers, who had hardly enough for their own children to eat, would give her a piece of bread without grumbling. At last, one evening, she arrived at a splendid large city, and felt quite bewildered with the crowds in the streets and the magnificence of the buildings. At first she could not see any people who looked very poor; but at last, when lingering in front of a very handsome shop window, she noticed a shabbily-dressed young girl go in at a side door, and something about her sad face made Pet think that this girl was in great distress. She formed her wish, and presently found that *she, Pet, was the girl*. Up a great many flights of stairs she went, passed gay show-rooms where fine ladies were trying on new dresses, and at last she arrived at a work-room where many white-faced girls were sewing busily with their heads bent down. The little seamstress, who was now one with Pet, had been out matching silks for the forewoman of the work, and now she sat down with a bright heap of satin on her knees. "Oh, dear!" thought Pet, as she threaded her needle, "how very heavy her heart is! I can hardly hold it up; and how weak she is! she feels as if she was going to faint!" And then Pet became quite occupied with the seamstress's thoughts, as she had been once with the ploughman's. She went home to the girl's lodging, a wretched garret at the top of a wretched house, and there she found a poor old woman, the young girl's grandmother, and a little boy asleep on some straw. The poor old woman could not sleep with cold, though her good granddaughter covered her over with her own clothes. Pet took care to hang up her clock, newly wound, as soon as she went in; and the poor old woman was so blind she did not take any notice of it. And, oh, what painful dreams Pet had that night in the girl's brain! This poor child's heart was torn to pieces by just the same kind of grief and terror which had distracted the mind of the ploughman; grief at seeing those she loved suffering want in spite of all her exertions for them, terror lest they should die of that suffering for need of something that she could not procure them. The little boy used to cry with hunger; the young seamstress often went to work without having had any breakfast, and with only a crust of bread in her pocket. It was a sad time for Pet, and she thought it would never pass over. At last, one day the poor girl fell ill, and Pet found herself lying on some straw in the corner of the garret, burning with fever and no one near to help her. The poor old woman could only weep and mourn; and the boy, who was too young to get work to do, sat beside her in despair. Pet heard him say to himself at last, "I will go and beg; she told me not, but I must do something for her." And away he went, but came back sobbing. Nobody would give him anything; everybody told him he ought to be at school. "And so I should be if she were well," he cried; "but I can't go and leave her here to die!"

The sufferings of the poor girl were greatly increased by her brother's misery ; and what was her horror when she heard him mutter suddenly : " I will go and steal something. The shops are full of everything. I *won't* let her die ! " Then before she had time to stop him he had darted out of the room.

Just at this moment Pet's clock ran down, and she flew off, forgetting Time's commands, and only bent on reaching her palace. But her strange friend appeared in her path as before.

" Oh, *don't* stop me ! " cried Pet. " The girl will die, and the boy will turn out a thief ! "

" Leave them to me ! leave them to me ! " said Time, " and go on obediently doing as I bid you. "

Pet went her way in tears this time, still fancying she could feel the poor sick girl's woful heart beating in her own breast. But by-and-by she cheered herself, remembering Time's promise, and hurried on as fast as she could. She met with a great many sad people after this, and lived a great many different lives, so that she became quite familiar with all the sorrows and difficulties of the poor. She reflected that it was a very sad thing that there should be so much distress in her rich kingdom, and felt much puzzled to know how she could remedy the matter. One day, having just left an extremely wretched family, she travelled a long way without stopping, and looking around she had not seen a very poor-looking dwelling for many miles. All the people she met seemed happy and merry, and they sang over their work as if they had very little care. When she peeped into the little roadside houses she found that they were neatly furnished and comfortable. Even in the towns she could not find any starving people, except a few wicked ones who would not take the trouble to be industrious. At last she asked a man what was the reason that she could not meet with any miserable people.

" Oh, " he said, " it is because of our good king ; his laws are so wise that nobody is allowed to want. "

" Where does he live ? and what country is this ? " asked Pet.

" This is Silver-country, " said the man, " and our king lives over yonder in a castle built of blocks of silver ornamented with rubies and pearls. "

Pet then remembered that she had heard her nurses talk about Silver-country, which was the neighbouring country to her own. She immediately longed to see this wise king and learn his laws, so that she might know how to behave when she came to sit on her throne, and she trotted on towards the Silver Castle, which now began to rise out of a wreath of clouds in the distance. Arrived at the place, she crept up to the windows of the great dining-hall and peeped in, and there was the good king sitting at his table in a mantle of cloth of silver, and a glorious crown, wrought most exquisitely out of the good wishes of his people, encircling his head. Opposite to him sat his beautiful queen, and beside him a noble-looking lad who was his only son. Pet, seeing this happy sight, immediately formed her wish, and in another moment found herself the king of Silver-country sitting at the head of his board.

"Oh, what a good, great, warm, happy heart it is!" thought Pet and she felt more joy than she had ever known in her life before. "A month will be quite too short a time to live in this noble being. But I must make the best of my time and learn everything I can."

Pet now found her mind filled with the most wonderfully good and wise thoughts, and she took great pains to learn them off by heart, so that she might keep them in her memory for ever. Besides all the education she received in this way, she also enjoyed a great happiness of which she had as yet known nothing, the happiness of living in a loving family, where there was no terrible sorrow or fear to embitter tender hearts. She felt how fondly the king loved his only son, and how sweet it was to the king to know that his boy loved him. When the young prince leaned against his father's knees and told him all about his sports, Pet would remember that she also had had a father, and that he would have loved her like this if he had lived. She could have lived here in the Silver Castle for ever, but that could not be. One day the little gold clock ran down, and Pet was obliged to hasten away out of Silver-country.

She made great efforts to remember all the king's wise thoughts, and kept repeating his good laws over and over again to herself as she went along. She was now back again in her own country, and the first poor person she met was a very miserable-looking old woman who lived in a little mud hovel in a forest, and supported herself wretchedly by gathering a few sticks for sale. She was so weak, and so often ill, that she could not earn much, and she was dreadfully lonely, as all her children were dead but one; and that one, a brave son whom she loved dearly, had gone away across the world in hope of making money for her. He had never come back, and she feared that he too was dead. Pet did not know these things, of course, until she had formed her wish and was living in the old woman.

This was the saddest existence that Pet had experienced yet, and she felt very anxious for the month to pass away. After the happiness she had enjoyed in Silver-country, the excessive hardship and loneliness of the old woman's life seemed very hard to bear. All day long she wandered about the woods, picking up sticks and tying them in little bundles, and, perhaps, in the end she would only receive a penny for the work of her day. Some days she could not leave her hut, and would lie there alone without anything to eat.

"Oh, my son, my dear son!" she would cry, "where are you now, and will you ever come back to me?"

Pet watched her clock very eagerly, longing for the month to come to an end; but the clock still kept going and going, as if it never meant to stop. For a good while Pet thought that it was only because of her unhappiness and impatience that the time seemed so long, but at last she discovered to her horror that her key was lost!

All her searches for it proved vain. It was quite evident that the key must have dropped through a hole in the old woman's tattered pocket, and fallen somewhere among the heaps of dried leaves, or into the wildernesses of the brushwood of the forest.

"Tick, tick! tick, tick!" went that unmerciful clock from its

perch on the wall, all through the long days and nights, and poor Pet was in despair at the thought of living locked up in the old woman all her life. Now, indeed, she could groan most heartily when the old woman groaned, and shed bitter tears which rolled plentifully down the old woman's wrinkled cheeks and over her nose.

"Oh, Time, Time, my friend!" she thought, "will you not come to my assistance?"

But though Time fully intended to stand her friend all through her troubles, still he did not choose to help her at that particular moment. And so days, weeks, and months went past; and then the years began to go over, and Pet was still locked up in the miserable old woman.

Seven years had passed away and Pet had become in some degree reconciled to her sorrowful existence. She wandered about the forest picking up her sticks and trying to cheer herself up a little by gathering bouquets of the pretty forest flowers. People passing by often saw the sad figure, all in gray hair and tatters, sitting on a trunk of a fallen tree wailing and moaning, and, of course, they thought it was altogether the poor old woman lamenting for her son. They never thought of its being also Pet, bewailing her dreary imprisonment.

One fine spring morning she went out as usual to pick her sticks, and looking up from her work, she saw suddenly a beautiful, noble-looking young figure on horseback spring up in a distant glade of violets, and come riding towards her as if out of a dream. As the youth came near she recognised his bright blue eyes and his silver mantle, and she said to herself:

"Oh! I declare it is the young Prince of Silver-country; only he has grown so tall! He has been growing all these years, and is quite a young man. And I ought to have been growing too; but I am left behind, only a child still; if indeed I ever come to stop being an old woman!"

"Will you tell me, my good woman," said the young prince, "if you have heard of any person who has lost a little gold key in this forest. I have found ——"

Pet screamed with delight at these words.

"Oh, give it to me, give it to me!" she implored. "It is mine. It is mine!"

The prince gave it to her, and no sooner did it touch her hand than the clock ran down, and Pet was released from her imprisonment in the old woman. Instantly the young prince saw before him a lovely young maiden of his own age, for Pet had really been growing all the time though she had not known it. The old woman also stared in amazement, not knowing where the lady could have come from, and the prince begged Pet to tell him who she was and how she had come there so suddenly. Then all three, the prince, Pet, and the old woman, sat upon the trunk of a tree while Pet related the story of her life and its adventures.

The old woman was so frightened at the thought that another

person had been living in her for seven years that she got quite ill; however, the prince made her a present of a bright gold coin, and this helped to restore her peace of mind.

"And so you lived a whole month among us and we never knew you!" cried the prince, in astonishment and delight. "Oh, I hope we shall never part again, now that we have met!"

"I hope we shan't!" said Pet; "and won't you come home with me now and settle with my Government? for I am dreadfully afraid of it."

So he lifted Pet up on his horse, and she sat behind him; then they bade good-bye to the old woman, promising not to forget her, and rode off through the forests and over the fields to the palace of the kings and queens of Goldenlands.

Oh dear, how delighted the people were to see their little queen coming home again! The Government had been behaving dreadfully all this long time, and had been most unkind to the kingdom. Everybody knew it was really Pet, because she had grown so like her mother, whom they had all loved; and besides they quite expected to see her coming, as messengers had been sent into all the corners of the world searching for her. As these messengers had been gone about eight or nine years, the people thought it was high time for Queen Pet to appear. The cruel Government, however, was in a great fright, as it had counted on being allowed to go on reigning for many years longer, and it ran away in a hurry out of the back door of the palace, and escaped to the other side of the world; where, as nobody knew anything of its bad ways, it was able to begin life over again under a new name.

Just at the same moment a fresh excitement broke out among the joyful people when it was known that thirty-five of the queen's royal names, lost on the day of her christening, had been found at last. And where do you think they were found? One had dropped into a far corner of the waistcoat pocket of the old clerk, who had been so busy saying "Amen," that he had not noticed the accident. Only yesterday, while making a strict search for a small morsel of tobacco to replenish his pipe, had he discovered the precious name! Twenty-five more of the names had rolled into a mouse-hole where they had lain snugly hidden among generations of young mice ever since; six had been carried off by a most audacious sparrow who had built his nest in the rafters of the church-roof; and none of these thirty-one names would ever have seen the light again only that repairs and decorations were getting made in the old building for the coronation of the queen. Last of all, four names were brought to the palace by young girls of the village whose mothers had stolen them through vanity on the day of the christening, thinking they would be pretty for their own little babes. The girls being now grown up had sense enough to know that such finery was not becoming to their station; and besides, they did not see the fun of having names which they were obliged to keep secret. So Nancy, Polly, Betsy, and Jane (the names they had now chosen instead) brought back their stolen goods and restored them to the queen's own hand. The fate of the remaining names still remains a mystery.

Now I dare say you are wondering what these curious names could have been ; all I can tell you about them is that they were very long, and grand, and hard to pronounce ; for, if I were to write them down here for you, they would cover a great many pages, and interrupt the story quite too much. At all events, they did very well for a queen to be crowned by ; but I can assure you that nobody who loved the little royal lady ever called her anything but Pet.

Well, after this, Pet and the Prince of Silver-country put their heads together and made such beautiful laws that poverty and sorrow vanished immediately out of Goldenlands. All the people in whom Pet had lived were brought to dwell near the palace, and were made joyous and comfortable for the rest of their lives. A special honour was conferred on the families of the spiders and the butterfly, who had so good-naturedly come to the assistance of the little queen. The old gowns were taken out of the wardrobe and given to those who needed them ; and very much delighted they were to see the light again, though some of the poor things had suffered sadly from the moths since the day when they had made their complaint to Pet. Full occupation was given to the money and the bread-basket ; and, in fact, there was not a speck of discontent to be found in the whole kingdom.

This being so, there was now leisure for the great festival of the marriage and coronation of Queen Pet and the Prince. Such a magnificent festival never was heard of before. All the crowned heads of the world were present, and among them appeared Pet's old friend Time, dressed up so that she scarcely knew him, with a splendid embroidered mantle covering his poor bare bones.

"Ah," he said to Pet, "you were near destroying all our plans by your carelessness in losing the key ! However, I managed to get you out of the scrape. See now that you prove a good, obedient wife, and a loving mother to all your people, and, if you do, be sure I shall always remain your friend, and get you safely out of all your troubles."

"Oh, thank you !" said Pet ; "you have indeed been a good friend to me. But—I never found that jewel that you bid me look for. I quite forgot about it !"

"I am having it set in your Majesty's crown," said Time, with a low bow.

Then the rejoicings began ; and between ringing of bells, cheering, singing, and clapping of hands, there was such an uproarious din of delight in Goldenlands that I had to put my fingers in my ears and run away ! I am very glad, however, that I stayed long enough to pick up this story for you ; and I hope that my young friends will

"Never forget  
Little Queen Pet,  
Who was kind to all  
The poor people she met !"

## THITHER!

**I**N a little chamber above the sea  
 One lay dying, ah, well-a-day!  
 And the ocean prayeth unceasingly  
 When earth's young creatures are fading away!

The wild bird sang from the green, green wood,  
 Outpouring its joy in a lonely ear:  
 "Oh, love is lovely and life is good  
 In the glory and flush of the blooming year!"

The sweet blue rock-doves made their moan:  
 "Ah wherefore go, and ah wherefore go?  
 Alone, alone, to the world unknown,  
 From the dear green earth that hath loved you so?"

The roses unfolded one by one,  
 And happy creatures with lustrous eyes  
 Gazed through shadows into the sun  
 At the purple flash of the dragon-flies.

But the lonely, lamenting, chiming sea,  
 With its prayerful chant and its loud "Amen,"  
 Kept sighing its vespers dolefully,  
 As the tides beat in and beat out again.

And its tracks of light looked long and wide  
 To the lone sad soul that was sick to death;  
 "O Christ!" he cried, "O Christ, who died,  
 All nature bloometh and quickeneth,

"While I alone lie faint and prone,  
 With broken spirit and longing heart,  
 Too weak to travel to worlds unknown,  
 Seeking thy shelter where'er Thou art!"

Down sank the sun, and the wood-doves slept,  
 Housed were all warm soft-breathing things,  
 The rose was hidden, and sweet dew wept,  
 The moon hung high on her silver wings;

All pale were the ocean's tracks of light,  
 When out of the gloom with a ghostly prow  
 A boat came glimmering over the night—  
 Oh, who is this with the radiant brow?

"Arise!" said the Lord, "and sail with me!"  
And the faint sad soul came trembling forth  
All fresh in the youth of eternity,  
And they sailed not south, nor sailed they north,

But into the kingdom of endless bloom.  
Do wood-doves call in its forests fair?  
Do roses burn in a soft green gloom?  
We dream and wonder, we follow not there.

R. M.

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## THE SUCCESSFUL EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA.

ROBERT O'HARA BURKE.

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

### PART II.—THE RETURN JOURNEY.

THE hearts of Burke and Wills bounded with exultation as they turned triumphantly from the Gulf of Carpentaria to rejoin King and Gray. They had accomplished the great object of their expedition, and that was an ample reward for all the fatigues they had undergone. It now remained to set out on their return homeward. They little imagined what terrible sufferings that return had in store for them. They commenced their journey about the middle of February. During the first weeks heavy rains fell, and made travelling slow and difficult, the camels at times sinking to their knees in the soft soil. Their provisions became greatly reduced, and each one's daily rations consisted of a quarter of a pound of flour, a little dried camel's flesh, and as much portulac\* as he could gather. Wills tells us in the diary that on February 21st he shot a pheasant, but was much disappointed at finding him all feathers and claws. They met the camel they had abandoned on the route to Carpentaria, but he had become so thin and weak that they were obliged after some days to leave him behind.

In crossing a creek by moonlight, Gray rode over a large snake. "He did not touch him," says Wills, "and we thought it was a log until he struck it with the stirrup-iron; we then saw that it was an immense snake larger than any that I have ever before seen in a wild state. It measured eight feet four inches in length, and seven inches in girth round the belly; it was nearly the same thickness from the head to within twenty inches of the tail; it then tapered rapidly. . . .

\* A species of succulent herb or shrub.



I could detect no poisonous fangs, but there were two distinct rows of teeth in each jaw, and two small claws or nails, about three-eighths of an inch long, one on each side of the vent." Burke ate part of the snake, and was shortly after attacked by dysentery; he recovered, however, after a few days. Gray was the first to get seriously unwell, although his companions for a time thought his illness more pretended than real. Wills found him one morning consuming some of the provisions behind a tree. On the matter being reported to Burke, he called Gray, and gave him, as King afterwards stated, "six or seven slaps on the ear." But when it was seen that Gray was really sick, all were as kind to him as they could be, and he was allowed to travel strapped on one of the camels.

In various places they came upon their old track, and followed it as far as circumstances would permit. On March 20th, they abandoned part of their baggage, and they endeavoured to eke out their provisions by killing three of their camels. The horse "Billy" was killed on the 10th of April, for he was so reduced from want of food that there appeared little likelihood of his being able to cross the Stony Desert, which they were now approaching.

"As we were running short," says the diary, "of food of every description ourselves, we thought it best to secure his flesh at once. We found it healthy and tender, but without the slightest trace of fat in any portion of the body."

They reached the Stony Desert on April 13th, and travelled through it for two whole days without meeting water. This proved too much for poor Gray, who had been suffering very severely for some time back. On the morning of the 16th, as they were about to start, the first of the attacks that immediately preceded his death, came on. He managed to travel seven miles on the back of a camel in such a state that he could not utter a word distinctly. He then became unable to proceed further. Halting, and camping near a swamp, his companions did what they could to relieve his sufferings. On the evening of that day he became speechless. The others, before lying down to sleep, covered him carefully to protect him from the night air, and next morning found him dead. They dug him a grave in the desert, and remained by the spot for the day. That delay, as the sequel will show, cost the lives of Burke and Wills.

Four days after Gray's death they reached Cooper's Creek. The nearer they approached the depôt, the more intense became their expectation and the more earnest their efforts to reach the friends they had left there some months before. On April 21st, enfeebled as they were by hunger and fatigue, they travelled thirty miles, Burke riding one of the two camels that remained, and Wills and King the other. Burke, who was a little in advance, cried out several times: "I see their tents ahead!" and called aloud the names of some of the men; but on reaching the depôt they found it deserted. They shouted, but no welcoming cry answered them; they searched to see if the party had shifted to another part of the creek, but were at length forced to admit the terrible conviction that they were abandoned, and left to die of starvation in the wilderness. It is simply impossible to

realise their feelings when the truth in its stern reality was brought home to their minds. Exhausted by famine and the severest bodily exertion, they lay for some time utterly prostrated, under the withering effect of the disappointment. At length, rousing themselves, they looked through the depôt and found a tree, marked, "Dig three feet westward." They hastily did so, and came upon a chest which contained a supply of provisions and a paper enclosed within a bottle. The letter, which was read aloud by Burke, stated that Brahé's party had left for the Darling on the morning of April 21st, the very day they had themselves arrived at the depôt. This gave additional bitterness to their disappointment. If they had arrived but seven hours sooner they would have been saved. Now what were they to do? Their camels, after the extraordinary efforts made that day, could not travel another mile, and "it was as much as one of themselves could do," King afterwards said, "to crawl to the side of the creek for a draught of water." They could not entertain even a faint hope of overtaking Brahé's party, the men and cattle of which were described in the writing left behind as being, on the whole, well and strong. The description was really inaccurate; the horses and camels were not "in good working condition," as the paper stated, and not one of the men was "quite well." So true was this that the retiring party made a very short stage that day, and had encamped for the night within fourteen miles of the depôt. All this, however, was hidden from the explorers; and after recruiting their strength with the good supply of provisions left in the chest, they set out for the nearest settled district, which was about 150 miles distant. It was an out-settlement of the colony of South Australia, situated near Mount Hopeless. Before departing from the depôt, Burke wrote and placed in the chest the following statement:

"The return party from Carpentaria, consisting of myself, Wills, and King (Gray dead), arrived here last night, and found that the depôt party had only started on the same day. We proceed on to-morrow slowly down the creek towards Adelaide by Mount Hopeless, and shall endeavour to follow Gregory's\* track; but we are very weak. The two camels are done up, and we shall not be able to travel faster than four or five miles a day. Gray died on the road from exhaustion and fatigue. We have all suffered much from hunger. The provisions left here will, I think, restore our strength. We have discovered a practical route to Carpentaria, the chief portion of which lies on the 140° E. long. There is some good country between this and the Stony Desert; from there to the tropics the country is dry and stony; between the tropics and Carpentaria a considerable portion is rangy (i. e. hilly), but is well watered and richly grassed. We reached the shores of Carpentaria on the 11th of February, 1861. Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone.

(Signed),

"ROBERT O'HARA BURKE,  
*Leader.*

"April 22, 1861.

"P. S.—The camels cannot travel, and we cannot walk, or we should follow the other party. We shall move very slowly down the creek."

\* A former explorer.

When depositing this paper, he committed the fatal mistake of not altering the inscription on the tree, and left behind no outward sign that the place had been disturbed. Before proceeding to relate what afterwards befel them, it will be well to say a few words on the reasons why Brahé abandoned the depôt.

Being commanded by Burke to await Wright's arrival, Brahé first employed his men in erecting a stockade and providing for the accommodation of his horses and camels. Then the blacks became quarrelsome, and the party were obliged to keep within the depôt. Scurvy broke out, and Patten in particular was reduced to a deplorable state. Every day found them anxiously expecting Wright. Four months passed, and still he appeared not; he was, in fact, frittering away his time at Menindie on frivolous pretexts. Patten earnestly entreated them to return to the Darling that he might obtain medical assistance. His entreaties, united with fears for their own safety, for their provisions were rapidly lessening, brought them to the determination of leaving the depôt on the 21st of April. There seemed to them, they afterwards alleged, to be every probability that Burke's party was lost.

Burke, Wills, and King, on the second day after their arrival at the depôt, moved slowly down the creek towards the west. The diary for that day says: "We find the change of diet already making a great improvement in our spirits and strength. The weather is delightful, the days agreeably warm, but the nights very chilly; the latter is more noticeable from our deficiency in clothing, the depôt party having taken all the reserve things back with them to the Darling."

Next day they were fortunate enough to obtain 12 lbs. of fish from the blacks in exchange for a few straps and matches. Fresh and comparatively abundant food, and the rest afforded by their slow travelling were gradually re-establishing their strength, and Wills declared that in less than a week they should be fit to undergo any fatigue.

The first misfortune was the loss of one of their camels. Starting at 5 a. m., on April 28th, they had travelled but a mile, when the camel Linda "got bogged by the side of a water-hole;" they tried in vain every means in their power to get him out. "All the ground beneath the surface was a bottomless quicksand, through which the beast sank too rapidly for us to get bushes or timber fairly beneath him, and being of a very sluggish, stupid nature, he never could be got to make sufficiently strenuous efforts towards extricating himself. In the evening, as a last chance, we let the water in from the creek, so as to buoy him up and at the same time soften the ground about his legs, but it was of no avail; the brute lay quietly in it as if he quite enjoyed his position" (Diary). They shot him next day and secured as much of his flesh as they could get at; they then loaded their remaining camel with the most necessary and useful articles, and carrying each a small amount of bedding and clothing, they continued their way down the creek. On the 2nd of May, they met a number of blacks, who furnished them with a liberal supply of fish and coarse

cake; the explorers gave in exchange some fish-hooks and sugar. They followed what they considered the main branch of the creek, but it deceived them; for, travelling along its banks for some time, they found that it split into small channels, which lost themselves in sandy soil. This obliged them to retrace their steps to the last sheet of water they had left behind. To increase the gloom of their prospects, the camel, trembling and exhausted, began to give in. They lightened his load, and explored the creek in another direction, but found that, as in the other case, its waters disappeared in sand, while away to the south stretched dreary plains where no creek or stream was to be found. The camel became so weak that at length he could not rise to his feet, and he was finally shot. Various attempts were made to find a route provided with water, but they proved unsuccessful.

On one occasion Wills, in passing by a black's encampment, was invited by them to stay; he did so, and was very hospitably entertained, being offered a share of a gunyah or hut, and supplied with plenty of fish and cake, as well as a couple of nice fat rats. The latter, which were baked in their skins, he found, he says, most delicious. During night the friendly blacks kept the large fire, beside which he slept, burning brightly that he might not suffer from the cold.

The explorers were, by this time, in deplorable circumstances; they were exhausted in body, and worn and haggard in appearance; their clothes were in rags, and their provisions so reduced that, to eke them out, they resolved to discover the nardoo seed with which the blacks make their rough bread.

The Diary for May the 11th, says: "To-day Mr. Burke and King started down the creek for the blacks' camp, determined to ascertain all particulars about the nardoo seed. . . . I must devise some means for trapping birds and rats, which is a pleasant prospect after our dashing trip to Carpentaria, having to hang about Cooper's Creek, living like the blacks."

Burke and King were not successful in finding the blacks; but some days afterwards when the whole party were engaged in making a final effort to reach Mount Hopeless, the nardoo seed was discovered by King, growing in little tufts close to the ground. The seed, however, did not prove of such value as they expected; for to pick it was a slow and difficult task, and it was no less so to prepare and pound it. Moreover, the nutriment which it afforded was too scanty to be of much advantage to them in their then exhausted condition. The attempt to reach Mount Hopeless failed, and they turned back just as that mountain was about to appear above the horizon; for from that point only fifty miles remained to be traversed in order to reach it. They returned to Cooper's Creek, and Wills was sent back to the depôt to deposit there a notice of their sad condition.

In the meantime, Wright, moving at last from Menindie, met Brahé's party on their return. To give Burke a last chance before they set out for the settled districts, he and Brahé, leaving their

parties behind, made a rapid journey to the depôt on Cooper's Creek ; they arrived there on May the 8th, sixteen days after the explorers left it for Mount Hopeless. It seemed to Brahé to be in the same state as when he last saw it ; and to put a climax to the misfortunes of this singularly fatal expedition, they quitted the depôt without digging to the chest and finding the paper which Burke had substituted for that left by Brahé.

On his way to the depôt Wills met a number of blacks who were very kind to him ; they evidently pitied his famine-stricken appearance. One carried the shovel he had brought with him, and another insisted on taking his bundle ; they conducted him to their camp, and supplied him with abundance of nardoo and fish. After leaving the blacks, he travelled on slowly and painfully. At a stony part of the creek he found a number of crows quarrelling about something near the water ; it was a large fish of which they had eaten a considerable portion. "Finding it quite fresh and good," he says, "I decided the quarrel by taking it with me ; it proved a most valuable addition to my otherwise scanty supper of nardoo porridge." He reached the depôt on May 30th. There was no sign that anyone had been there since the visit of the explorers themselves. He deposited in the chest some journals and a letter, which was to this effect :

*"Depôt Camp, May 30.*

"We have been unable to leave the creek. Both camels are dead, and our provisions are gone. Mr. Burke and King are down the lower part of the creek. I am about to return to them, when we shall probably come up this way. We are trying to live the best way we can, like the blacks, but find it hard work. Our clothes are going to pieces fast. Send provisions and clothes as soon as possible.

"W. J. WILLS.

"The depôt party, having left contrary to instructions, has put us in this fix. I have deposited some of my journals here for fear of accidents.

(Signed),

"W. J. W."

He set out to rejoin his companions next day ; his frame, enfeebled by sickness and hunger, now began to sink through sheer exhaustion ; it was as much as he could do to drag himself across the various little gullies of the creek. He slept at night under the bushes.

On June the 2nd, he directed his footsteps to the blacks' encampment ; he hoped to obtain from them a good breakfast. He was disappointed, for the place was deserted. "Having rested awhile," he tells us, "and eaten a few fish-bones, I moved down the creek, hoping by a late march to be able to reach our own camp, but I soon found from my extreme weakness that that would be out of the question ; a certain amount of good luck still stuck to me, for on going along by a large water-hole, I was so fortunate as to find a large fish, about a pound and a-half in weight, which was just being choked

by another which he had tried to swallow, but which had stuck in its throat. I soon had a fire lit, and both of the fish cooked and eaten; the large one was in good condition."

Next day he met the blacks, who called out to him as soon as they saw him. "Having with considerable difficulty managed to ascend the sandy path that led to the camp, I was conducted by the chief to a fire, where a large pile of fish were just being cooked in the most approved style. These I imagined to be for the general consumption of the half-a-dozen natives gathered around, but it turned out that they had already had their breakfast. I was expected to dispose of this lot—a task which, to my own astonishment, I soon accomplished, keeping two or three blacks pretty steadily at work extracting bones for me. The fish being disposed of, next came a supply of nardoo cake and water, until I was so full as to be unable to eat any more; when Pitchery (the chief) allowing me a short time to recover myself, fetched a large bowl of the raw nardoo flour, mixed to a thin paste, a most insinuating article, and one that they appear to esteem a great delicacy. I was then invited to stop the night there, but this I declined and proceeded on my way home."

However, he afterwards returned and remained with them four days; when he left them, it was with the intention of bringing his two companions, that all three might live with them in future. Burke and King agreed to this, as it was the only chance that remained of prolonging their lives. With extreme toil they dragged themselves along towards the blacks' camp; on reaching it they met with a cruel disappointment; the place was empty—the friendly blacks had moved elsewhere. Unable to follow them, the explorers took possession of the best hut, and determined to try and live on nardoo. Day by day they grew weaker; death was evidently stealing on them. Wills says in the Diary (June 20th): "I am completely reduced by the effects of the cold and starvation; King gone out for nardoo; Mr. Burke at home pounding seed; he finds himself getting very weak in the legs. King holds out by far the best; the food seems to agree with him pretty well." Further on he says:—"I cannot understand this nardoo at all; it certainly will not agree with me in any form." And again:—"Unless relief come in some form or other, I cannot possibly last more than a fortnight. It is a great consolation, at least, in this position of ours, to know that we have done all we could, and that our deaths will rather be the result of the mismanagement of others than of any rash acts of our own."

At last, they were forced to admit that, unless they found the blacks, they should die of hunger and exhaustion. Wills was too weak to join in the search, and his companions were unwilling to leave him alone. He, however, urged them to go, saying that it was their only chance. At length they resolved to do so, and left him a supply of water and nardoo to last for eight days. They showed great hesitation and reluctance at the idea of leaving him, and repeatedly desired his candid opinion on the matter. He reiterated his assurance that it was his wish, since to find the blacks was now the sole chance that remained of saving the whole party. He made them bury

his Diary outside the hut, and gave Burke a letter and a watch for his father. The last words he wrote in the Diary are as follows :—

“*Friday, June 28.*”

“Clear, cold night; slight breeze from the E.; day beautifully warm and pleasant. Mr. Burke suffers greatly from the cold, and is getting extremely weak; he and King start to-morrow up the creek to look for the blacks; it is the only chance we have of being saved from starvation. I am weaker than ever, although I have a good appetite and relish the nardoo much; but it seems to give us no nutriment, and the birds are so shy as not to be got at. Even if we got a good supply of fish, I doubt whether we could do much work on them and the nardoo alone. Nothing now but the greatest good luck can save any of us; as for myself I may live four or five days if the weather continues warm. My pulse is at forty-eight, and very weak, and my legs and arms are nearly skin and bone; I can only look out, like Mr. Macawber, ‘for something to turn up.’ Starvation on nardoo is by no means very unpleasant, but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to move oneself; for, as far as appetite is concerned, it gives me the greatest satisfaction. Certainly, fat and sugar would be more to one’s taste; in fact, those seem to me to be the great stand-by for one in this extraordinary continent; not that I mean to depreciate the farinaceous food, but the want of sugar and fat in all substances obtainable here is so great that they become almost valueless to us as articles of food without the addition of something else.

(Signed),

“W. J. WILLS.”

His companions sadly bade him farewell; they probably felt a presentiment that they would never again look on him in life. Father Woods thus describes his last moments: “One can imagine his calm tranquillity while daylight faded into evening, like the ebbing away of his own life. His night was passed without any sounds, except his own weak breathing; he may have watched the changing clouds, the fitful breezes, or the stars, as his journal tells us he had done before; their faint light brought some comfort to his glazed eyes, and one can fancy how his whispering sighs would echo through the hut as the weary hours passed on. A few days more—three at the most—and even that sound was gone: poor Wills had passed away. (“Exploration and Discovery of Australia,” vol. ii. chap. 2.) When King returned four days afterwards, he found Wills dead within the hut, and buried him in the sand.

The first day after quitting Wills, Burke travelled on in a very weak condition, suffering great pain in his back and legs. The following morning, when he had journeyed two miles, he said that he could go no further. However, encouraged by King, he made several almost superhuman efforts, and walked, as King afterwards expressed it, “till he dropped.” He then threw away all he carried, and dragging himself to some bushes, lay down under them for the night. King shot a crow, and of it and some nardoo they made their supper. It was their last meal together.

Burke, feeling that he had not many hours to live, gave his watch and pocket-book to King, and requested him to remain by his side till all was over. He wished, he said, to have his pistol (the parting gift of some Australian friends) placed in his right hand, and to be left unburied as he lay. He sank rapidly, and during that cold, lonely night he must have suffered much; he spoke but little. Once he

said to his companion that it was a comfort to him to have a human being by his side. We may well believe it when we think of the inhospitable desert in which he was dying.

Thus he passed the long silent hours of his last night on earth; early morning found him speechless or nearly so; all toil and care were soon to end. About eight o'clock his breath became more laboured, and then grew fainter; the death-dew gathered on his brow; his haggard features became if possible, still more shrunken; and peacefully and gently his chastened spirit passed into eternity.

When, some time afterwards, the friendly blacks gazed upon the dead body of the white men's chief, they wept bitterly and covered it with branches which they pulled from the trees and bushes near at hand.

King was now left alone in the dreary wilderness; he sought long and earnestly for traces of the blacks, subsisting the while on hawks, crows, and nardoo. He at length found the savages. They were very kind to him; and as he gained still further their good will by shooting birds and curing a sick woman, they permitted him to become a member of the tribe. He continued to live thus until he was rescued by a party which was sent out in search of Burke.\*

When the news reached Melbourne that the explorers were in all probability lost, various expeditions were promptly organized to ascertain their fate, and, if possible, to afford them succour. Some of those expeditions proceeded by sea to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and discovered Burke's track on the banks of the river Flinders. A land expedition, under the command of Mr. Howitt, found King, as we have said, and liberally rewarded the savages who had been so kind to him.

In accordance with resolutions passed by both Houses of the Victorian Parliament, the remains of Burke and Wills, recovered by Mr. Howitt, were conveyed to Melbourne and honoured with a public funeral; a stately monument was shortly afterwards erected over the spot where they rest in the Melbourne General Cemetery.

We shall conclude this brief account of the celebrated Exploring Expedition of 1860 with the tribute of admiration paid to the memory of its leader by Sir Henry Barkly, who was then Governor of Victoria. In a letter addressed to Major Burke, the explorer's brother, he speaks thus: "This colony, indeed, may well be proud, not merely that such an achievement has been performed, but of the heroism and self-devotion exhibited in its performance; and I am sure that, when the simple narrative of the explorers comes to be read in the mother country, it will be felt that Ireland never sent out a truer or a braver son than Robert O'Hara Burke."

\* King's adventures after the death of his leader will be told in a third paper.



## SONNET.

"My heart shall be thy garden."—*A. C. Thompson.*

BY WILFRID MENNELL.

HER heart shall be thy garden ; so she says.  
 O be a gentle gardener ; tend with care  
 The delicate leaves and flowers unfolding fair,  
 And shine on them the sunshine of thy praise ;  
 Upon their beauty turn a reverent gaze ;  
 Sit shyly 'mong the shadows ; and beware  
 Thou tread not where thine angel would not dare—  
 Nay, let her walk alone in some sweet ways !  
 Spare thou the lilies that, when plucked, but lend  
 A fading glory to life's robe of years ;  
 Against rude winds the tender shoots defend ;  
 And O, if any blight therein appears,  
 Cease not by day and night the bloom to tend,  
 And water it, if need be, with thy tears !

## A YOUNG POET.

BY ETHEL TANE.

I SAW the poets in a mighty hall,  
 Each singing out of his o'erflowing heart :  
 One sang to rich and poor, to great and small ;  
 One to a group that stood with him apart ;  
 One warbled lays to move a maiden's soul,  
 Of truth, and trust, and love that will not fail ;  
 While other bards sang of the cannon's roll  
 In tones that made their gentle listeners quail.

But one there was—a youthful singer he—  
 Who only gave sweet echoes of the rest,  
 Who only reproduced the melody  
 That had its birthplace in some older breast.  
 And many scoffed and called him "mocking-bird,"  
 While others harmed him more with lavish praise :  
 But when that voice of passion I had heard,  
 And gazed my fill upon the glowing face,  
 I paused in doubt and hope—for surely he,  
 With ears so true for every singer's tone,  
 Shall one day wake to nature's harmony,  
 And make her thrilling language all his own :  
 Rise in the ether on his own strong wings,  
 Sing the star's music—not man's renderings.

## AIX AND THE FALLS OF GREZY.

BY MISS CADDELL, AUTHOR OF "LOST GENEVIEVE," &amp;c.

**A**IX-LES-BAINS in Savoy is undoubtedly one of the prettiest watering-places in the world. I say "watering-place" advisedly, because it is neither a village nor a town, and, lacking the rustic cottages of the one and the great shops of the other, it is simply a watering-place and nothing more.

With the exception of a few narrow streets, inhabited for the most part by persons employed at the baths or working on the railways, it consists partly of hotels—some built on the American system of monster caravansaries; and some less extensive, but with gardens and seats in the open air to make them pleasant—and partly of many well-preserved ruins of Roman architecture, which, placed as they are, among the less picturesque and more formal buildings of the present day, fling the glamour of antiquity around a spot, so lovely and so fair already that it scarcely needs this addition to its charms to make it a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

The Romans were unhesitating believers in the curative nature of its waters; and, besides a triumphal arch, which forms the entrance into the courtyard of the Maison de Courcy, there is still to be seen a portion of a very beautiful temple to Diana, the remains of baths for invalids, and of baths also for their horses; while a quantity of other interesting ruins have been incorporated into the chateau of the Marquis d'Aix, which dates from the 16th century, and has been preserved from the renovations and rebuildings of modern times, less probably by the good taste than the poverty of its owners.

The modern bath-house, commenced by one of the Savoy rulers, but greatly enlarged and improved by "La Reine Hortense," as the inhabitants of Aix, to whom her memory is very dear, love to style the mother of the third Napoleon, is built on a scale of palatial magnificence; and yet, large as it is, it is barely large enough for the crowds who flock thither to seek healing in its waters.

The parish church stands at a little distance from it, and the space between the two buildings forms the prettiest of market-places, teeming on week days with vegetables, and fruits, and flowers, and becoming on Sundays and holidays a very fitting point of rendezvous for the processions, by which it is the great delight both of the pastor and his poor Savoyard congregation to celebrate the high festivals of the year.

Nothing can be more pretty and devout than some of these processions. Take, for instance, that of Corpus Christi. High Mass is over, the gates of the church are flung wide open, and amid the joyous ringing of the bells overhead, and the solemn pealing of the organ, blended with the soft voices of women and children underneath, the procession, which has been previously arranged inside the church, pours forth into the street beyond. I can scarcely pretend

at this distance of time to recall the precise order of the procession at which I assisted ; but I know there were troops of nuns, some belonging to the schools and some to the hospital, and all with clasped hands and sweet, pale faces, evidently absorbed in prayer, and yet so intensely alive to their external duties as to be able to detect and check the slightest irregularity in the double line of little girls walking before them and beside them. There were Christian Brothers—or brothers devoted, as the Christian Brothers are, to teaching—keeping watch and ward over the schoolboys, marching, like the girls, in double lines before them. There were pious guilds and charitable associations of all kinds, both of men and women, each following the banner of the particular confraternity to which he or she belonged, and bearing its badge either upon the breast or shoulder. There were bands of bright little maidens dressed in white and bearing baskets full of flowers on their arms. There were troops of baby boys in blue garments and silver winglets, representatives of the angels ; and there were youths, a few years senior to these little ones, with white surplices and silver censers flinging incense on the air. There was the officiating priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament beneath the canopy, and surrounded by as many clergymen from the neighbouring villages as could find leisure to attend ; and, last of all, there was the people—the men bareheaded, the women with clasped hands and downcast eyes, and every heart and soul among them stirred by the same faith and burning with the same desire—faith in the actual presence of their Divine Lord among them, and desire to express that faith by acts of love and gratitude, reverence and adoration, made openly and before all the world, on the very day which the Church herself has set aside for the public recognition of Jesus Christ as God and Man, in the ever adorable sacrament of the altar.

After leaving the church, the procession wound in and out among narrow streets and lanes, made fresh and pretty for the occasion by a number of “*reposoirs*,” placed here and there at intervals, and by rose leaves and flowers of all descriptions, which the occupants of the houses on both sides of the street had showered down in rich abundance on the ground over which the Blessed Sacrament was to pass. It then entered the wide avenue of trees leading to the lake, proceeding down it until it reached the great wooden cross of St. Germain, where the last of the line of little altars had been erected. There, with glimpses of the blue lake at one end of the avenue, and the spire of the old church of Aix just visible at the other, benediction was once more given, after which the procession, returning to Aix, assembled in the market-place for the last and most solemn ceremony of the day.

The little square was soon filled to overflowing, but everything had been previously so well arranged that there was neither jostling nor confusion. The nuns, with their school children and poor patients from the hospital ; the brothers, with their tribes of schoolboys, the guilds, corporations, fraternities, and brothers and sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, filled up nearly two sides of the square ;

the space remaining was, in conjunction with the third, devoted to the people, and the altar from whence benediction was to be given occupied the fourth. Upon this altar, larger and more profusely ornamented than any of the little *reposoirs* by the wayside, the priest laid the Blessed Sacrament, and then he and his assistant clergy knelt down for a moment to adore it. But he soon stood up again, and taking the monstrance into his hand began slowly to raise it upwards. Even as he did so, the baby boys—a veritable band of “angels round the throne”—bowed down before it; the white-robed maidens flung the last and sweetest of their roses towards it; the snowy-surpliced youths tossed up their silver censers and scattered clouds of incense over it; the assistants knelt in profound adoration, and the voices of the singers grew softer and softer still until at last they died entirely away, and in the moment of mystic silence which ensued, the priest raised his Divine Lord high above his head and showed Him to his people. One long-drawn note from a silver bell gave notice of the fact, and people and priests, nuns and confraternities, and little children, all knew and felt that Jesus Christ their Lord and their God, their Father and their Redeemer was looking with loving eyes upon them, and pouring forth upon their heads a benediction, which coming, as it did, straight from his Sacred Heart to theirs, was as full of tenderness and love, and as full (in due measure) of gifts and graces, as that which He gave with uplifted hands to his disciples when He ascended in their presence from Mount Olivet to heaven.

It is hard to turn from such memories as these to things of more general but less touching interest; but I have undertaken to describe Aix, not in her spiritual but her material beauty, and therefore I must pass onwards.

Gambling having been long ago abolished, those who now visit Aix do so simply for the benefit of its waters, or else for the sake of the lovely country in which it nestles, and the innumerable excursions it is thus enabled to offer to the tourist.

The drive to Chambéry, for instance, is well worth the two hours it will occupy, even without the prospect of the fair city at the end, and of a visit of inspection to its manufactory (the only manufactory, by the way, of the kind existing) for that most lovely of all materials for ladies' dresses, soft and shining as satin, and yet clear as muslin, which, under the name of the “*Gaze de Chambéry*,” is often, I am afraid, the sole object of the Parisian belle when she coaxes her husband to Chambéry, under pretence of the picturesque. Long lines of walnut trees on either side of the road shed sweetness on the air and give you shelter from the sun. The wide valley of Aix and Chambéry, undivided by hedge or wall, lies fair and smiling to the right, its arrowy lines of wheat and maize, vegetables and many-coloured trefoils, giving it the aspect of a gigantic ribbon-garden; while on the left, rich meadows, flushing rosy-red and purple in the multitude of wild flowers that run riot in the soil, slope downwards from the cliff wall overhead, and lay their fragrance and beauty at your feet.

The rocks above this road contain a multitude of pathlets, intricate,

pretty, and only accessible to donkeys, or (gentle reader, no base insinuation of consanguinity is intended) to travellers on foot. The starting point from Aix is always rough, hot, and disagreeable, but once above the valley you will find paths crossing and recrossing each other in every direction, and no matter which you choose, it will be certain to take you to all sorts of pretty nooks, and corners, and surprising little bits of the "real picturesque" of which you had never even dreamed before. In this way you will often come, in quite an unexpected manner, upon orchards of apple-trees or cherries, or upon cool looking groups of walnut-trees, with little bits (odds and ends, as it were) of meadow-land flourishing beneath their shelter; you will cross mountain streams, rapid, deep, and strong, gladdening the ear of the wanderer with their merry voices, and giving a sense of coolness to his fevered brow as they rush past him on their way to a mill race, perhaps, or to a tank cut deep in the living rock for the benefit of hill-grazing cattle; you will discover cosy little farm cots, with staircase (Swiss fashion) on the outside, and a goodly array of pumpkins and maize, golden as the sun beneath which it ripens, suspended from the walls; a little bit of garden, perhaps, underneath; and vines, of course, everywhere—sometimes in trim patches, where they are shorn of their rich luxuriance and trained into an ugly resemblance to a raspberry bush, sometimes in rich, ropy wreaths, flinging themselves from tree to tree as they do in Italy, and sometimes starting up in the middle of thick bushes, the heads of which have been hollowed out expressly for their accommodation. For this purpose the vine is planted at the foot of the bush destined to receive it, and from thence it easily climbs into the hollowed head, where all through the long days of summer it twists and twines, wreathing it round in its tendrils and green leaves, and filling it with the bloom of its purple fruit, until it has fairly transformed its ugly resting-place into a rustic fruit-basket, unique in its kind, and the prettiest in the world.

Should you ever be tempted to go as far as the little village of Mouxy, your donkey boy—you see I am supposing, gratuitously enough, I allow, that you have preferred the donkey's locomotive powers to your own—your donkey boy will be sure to invite you to take a look at the lake from the Curé's garden, and your plea of non-acquaintance with his reverence will be met so perseveringly by the assurance, "That albeit M. le Curé is unfortunately absent at that particular moment, he will, nevertheless, be *ravi, enchanté* when he hears you have done him the honour of admiring his view," that you will find yourself wheedled at last into walking through his garden, and very probably into paying a visit afterwards to the quaint little church, which, with doors ever-invitingly open, stands close to his abode. Lake Bourget and the opposite hills thus seen from beneath the Curé's vine-trellised walk are certainly well worth the trouble of the halt; but those from Clarafond and St. Victor are finer still, and, therefore, still more worthy of a similar exertion on the part even of a weary tourist.

As you return to Aix, be sure to cast a glance backwards over the hills among which you have been straying. Should it be evening, the

effect of colour on the long white line of cliff towards Chambéry will be almost magical in its beauty. Every tint that waits upon the setting sun, from the most delicate of lemons and greens to the deepest of imperial purples, will be reflected on the granite rocks, until the rough, solid nature of the latter seems to melt away altogether, and with their white castellated tops and huge boulders, shaped into the semblance of fortress towers, they look in the distance like an illuminated palace of the fairies. Sometimes, instead of all these vivid, varying tints the cliffs are dyed from one end to the other in the deepest colouring of the rose, while the mists of evening, rolling up from the vale beneath, float in their downy whiteness and soft, billowy movements over the crimson-tinted rocks, and half veiling them, half revealing, lend a grace and tenderness to their beauty which it is impossible to describe in words.

On the lake side of Aix there are also many pretty spots to visit within the distance of an easy walk, and the *Maison du Diable*, notwithstanding its unpleasant name, is one of the prettiest of them all.

*Maison du Diable* stands half way up a hill, the top of which commands a splendid view of the valley of Aix and Chambéry, while the lower portion, dotted with trees, and peopled with kine knee-deep in clover, sweeps gently down to the flat lands below. Both house and grounds have been bought by an English gentleman, who has gone on gradually, now adding to the one and now making alterations in the other, until he has succeeded in producing an odd, but to me a very pleasant jumble of old things and of new. Thus, the pretty, modern villa stands out against the massive stone-work of the ancient tower; heavy wreathlets of ivy crown the latter, while a light drapery of jessamine and myrtle is trained upon trellis-work round its younger sister; trees, genuine patriarchs of the forest, look contemptuously down upon the pretty flowering shrubs (native and exotic) by which the pleasure-grounds are adorned; and a multitude of standard roses represent, in the thoroughly artificial nature of their existence, the nineteenth century, as plainly as the tower, with its great stone blocks and mantlet of green ivy, prates of the far-off ages in which it was erected.

The present owner of this pretty residence has made many efforts to change its appellation, but so far they have been made in vain. Bellevue, though much more appropriate as things are now, is not nearly so suggestive of legends and strange hiding-places, or so likely, in consequence to attract the notice of strangers, as "*Maison du Diable*," therefore, christen and rechristen it as much as he may, the old name not only sticks to it still, but a whole host of what under the circumstances may fairly be styled "*Enfants du Diable*" have risen around it, so that, what with "*Restaurants Maisons du Diable*," villas and "*Maisonnettes du Diable*," the pretty hill of the Tresserve, seems in a fair way of remaining consecrated to the power of darkness to the end of time.

The cliffs on the opposite side of the road leading to Bellevue are crowned by the "*Bois Lamartine*," which hangs so far over the lake that it can look down upon its feathered head waving like a mimic

forest beneath the waters. The "Bois" takes its name, of course, from the great poet, who loved to dream away his summer life beneath its shadows; and a seat under three enormous chestnuts, standing somewhat apart from the rest, is pointed out as having been his especial resting-place, and the spot where he composed his novelette of "Raphael," a work much admired by his countrymen, but rather too sickly and sentimental ever to be popular, I think, with the lovers of healthy literature.

One of the prettiest walks about Aix, to my mind, though the one least thought of by its visitors, is the broad avenue, more than a mile long, leading to the lake. A double line of magnificent old trees on both sides of the road form an approach to the little watering-place which a king might envy for his palace. The trees stand at a certain distance from each other, and the scenery outside, thus framed in by their stems and over-arching branches, forms a succession of exquisite little pictures, vignettes, as it were, of a land which in all its most graceful points reminds you continually of Palestine. On the left hand of the road, for instance, you have patches of maize or wheat girt in by long draperies of vine-wreaths—or, perhaps, it is a cluster of thickly-foliaged trees, with a farmhouse in the midst of them, that attracts your eye—or a dainty-looking villa, with its roses and geraniums in their fullest bloom, ready to receive at a moment's notice the first visitor to Aix who is rich enough to purchase luxuries as well as lodgings. On the right you have a succession of low hills, clothed for the most part in shrubs, with colours varying from the delicate white and green of the acacia to the dull red-brown of the sycamore, while a strip of grass-land, as green, thanks to the frequent overflowing of the river, as anything even the Emerald Isle can boast of, lies underneath, and forms a broad belt between them and the footpath of the avenue.

Halfway down the latter you reach the cross of St. Germain, beyond which, as I have previously remarked, processions never pass; and halfway down again from that, the lake opens suddenly upon you. And very pretty it is to look at, as you stand on the little rustic pier, and mark the contrast between the wild and somewhat barren hills on the opposite line of coast and the rich luxuriance of St. Innocent, which extends nearly to the head of the lake on the side of Aix. But if you would see Lake Bourget in the hour of its most perfect beauty you must visit by the "fair moonlight."

Its blue waters, blue as the Rhone which rushes through them, deepen and darken then almost into the gloom of night beneath the shadow of the overhanging hills, while towards the middle of the lake they expand into sheets of dazzling silver, won back to brightness and joy by the smiles of the summer moon. Cast your eye over this broad expanse of silver, and you will see the mountain "Dent du chat" at the lower end of the lake cutting sharp and clear against the sky, with the little village of Bordeaux sleeping quietly at its foot. Higher up, the towers of the royal abbey of Hautecombe, the sepulchre for centuries of the ducal house of Savoy, are just visible above the trees amid which they are embosomed, and higher

still, the great white rock of Chatillon, crowned with its ruined fortress, rises in solitary grandeur at the very head of the lake, and guards it from all intruders.

Less picturesque, but equally interesting in their way, the gardens and vineyards of St. Innocent on your own side of the lake rest quietly in the moonlight; a whole fleet of bright little pleasure-boats, with the Lyons steamer like a great snorting monster in the midst of them, have gathered themselves round the pier, and sleep quietly to the rocking of the waters; while a little to the rear, a group of cottages belonging to the boatmen of the lake nestle beneath the boughs of the never-failing walnut-tree, and give a touch of home feeling to the picture which adds indescribably to its charm.

If you ever visit the little village of St. Innocent, and it is quite pretty enough to be worth that trouble, do not forget to take a look at the tame rabbits which are the sole curiosity it has to offer to its visitors. These little animals are kept in a semi-tame state, fifty or sixty in number, in a large stable, some white and some gray, the latter being hideous, and the former by no means so pretty as many of their brethren in our native land. They are deprived (poor little things) four or five times in the year of their fur, which is afterwards spun and knitted into gloves, mittens, and other articles of lady's dress, lighter and warmer than anything of the kind that I have ever seen either in silk or wool. The ancient "demoiselle" to whom they belong is very rich and a great philanthropist in her own way. She will employ none but young girls in the manufacture of the wool, and the price obtained by the sale of her goods is invariably set aside for the poor, an act of generosity which will atone (let us hope) for the cruelty of the means employed in obtaining the raw material.

I have lingered so long on the shores of Lake Bourget that I fear I must have tired my readers; yet, even at the risk of "one yawn more," I cannot resist a word about the Falls of Grezy, not merely on account of their own gift of beauty, but also because they were in times long past the scene and cause of a terrible disaster.

Grezy lies at the end of a long, narrow lane, branching off from the road to Geneva, and ending in a farmhouse attached to a wooden saw-mill which is worked by the falling waters of the cascade. You will hear the latter as you descend the lane, which you must do on foot, as it is far too narrow for a carriage; but in order to see it, you will have to enter the mill itself, and to pass through two or three of its wide compartments until you reach a door to the left which is always kept purposely open for the benefit of tourists. Just below this door there is a sort of platform, hard as marble and black as night, separated from the spot where you are standing by a deep, dark chasm, through which a rapid stream is running, and perforated besides by three large circular troughs or tunnels, filled to the brim with black, dangerous-looking water, bubbling and seething as if continually on the boil, though in reality as cold as ice. Both chasm and tunnel were formerly believed by the natives to penetrate so far into the bowels of the earth that no man could reach the bottom, consequently any unfortunate falling in was left to his fate, without even



an attempt being made to save him, and to this mistaken notion it is probable we may trace, in part at least, the fatal end of that one particular disaster which has made Grezy famous in the annals of Aix.

The cascade will grow louder and louder as you look and listen at the mill door, but not until you step down upon the platform underneath, will you catch even a glimpse of its bright waters. Then, if you turn to the right it will be straight before you, being only separated from the platform by a broad, swift stream, full of pebbles and of light, which flows beneath, waiting for ever for the falling waters, and bearing them for ever in triumph to the sea.

The cascade struck me after all as being rather pretty and picturesque than either grand or striking. The cliff from whence it springs rises straight as a wall before you, its surface roughened and broken by jutting rocks, and pinnacles, and boulders, torn from its strong grasp by time and tempest; tall tufted ferns wave gracefully among these scattered stones and mosses, and wild flowers cling to them here and there, and cover them (earthless as they are) with leaflet and blossom, until they lose half their character of savage desolation beneath the veil of vegetation thus cast upon them.

A stately crown of forest trees marks the spot where, high up on the cliff wall, the cascade first leaps into light, and from thence, after one wild spring upwards, it comes rushing and tumbling along—now darting like a living thing from rock to rock, making rainbows and jets of liquid diamonds in the sunshine, now hurrying in hot haste to bury itself in the deep places and hidden cavities of the cliffs, then suddenly reappearing at some other point, and resuming its wild race downwards, until it plunges at last into the expectant stream, and after dashing up clouds of spray, which contrast vigorously and well in their creamy whiteness with the warm brown tints of the wooden mill walls against which they strike, sweeps rapidly away for ever.

One bright summer day, I forget the year, but it was at the time when the star of Napoleon was at its highest, and every member of his own family and of Josephine's were consequently basking in its brightness, "*La Reine Hortense*," who had been spending some time at Aix, drove out to visit Grezy. She was accompanied by *Mademoiselle Cochelet*, her *lectrice*, *M. le Comte d'Arpizon*, her *premier Chambellan*, and *Madame de Broc*, her *Dame du Palais*, and one of the dearest of her friends beside.

In those days there was no better mode of communication between the mill and the platform underneath than a plank thrown loosely over the intervening chasm. The queen and *Mademoiselle Cochelet*, aided by their attendants, managed to cross over this in safety, but *Madame de Broc*, only twenty-five years' of age, and lithe and active as a girl in her teens, made a jest of their timidity, and, refusing all assistance, stepped out lightly and fearlessly on the plank—too lightly, as it soon appeared. Whether it was that she missed her footing, or whether her head grew giddy, or that she was tripped up, as many thought at the time, by the point of her own parasol, no one could say for certain; but the plank turned as she

touched it, and in an instant she was in the water. A wild scream of terror warned the queen of the danger, but before she could even turn round to look, Madame de Broc had disappeared. In that moment of maddening fear the queen seems to have been the only person who retained anything like presence of mind. Tearing a magnificent shawl from her shoulders, she flung one end into the water, and holding the other in her own frenzied grasp, she lay down on the rock and stretched dangerously far over the chasm in hopes of thus aiding her unhappy friend. But not the faintest clutching at the shawl, not the slightest ripple in the water ensued to show that she was still near the surface and struggling for life; and in utter despair at last, Hortense actually leaped back over the chasm, and joining her people on the other side, exerted all her eloquence to excite them to the rescue. But her own courtly train stood aghast at the bare idea; and the people of the mill clamorously announced their conviction in the bottomless nature of the abyss and the consequent madness of risking another life, in the attempt to save one, which, according to their theory, was lost already. The poor queen, however, was in no state to understand or even to listen to their arguments; she could think of nothing but her lost friend perishing before her very eyes, without even an attempt to save her; and moved at last by her tears and anguish, a brave boy of eighteen years of age, or, perhaps, a trifle less, tore the blouse from his shoulders and plunged boldly in. Once, twice, thrice he dived deep down into the black, sullen water, and once twice, thrice he was forced to return empty-handed to the surface. An hour at least was spent in these desperate and vain attempts, and by that time the poor lad was so exhausted that even Hortense was compelled to acknowledge he could do no more. The waters, however, which had been turned off the moment it was known that an accident had occurred were now subsiding so rapidly that in ten minutes more the bottom of the chasm was laid bare to view, and, the theory of its non-existence being thus happily confuted, some of the people ventured to descend in order to search it thoroughly. But they searched and searched in vain, and they were just beginning to recur to their old idea of a secret mode of entrance existing somehow or somewhere into the bowels of the earth, when one of them discovered a wide channel of communication between the chasm itself and the troughs beyond it. This solved the mystery. Poor Madame de Broc having in the first instance been carried far down into the water by the impetus of her fall, was caught up by the strong current underneath and forced through this unsuspected passage into the deep trough beyond.

And there indeed they found her! She had been far too long in the water to admit of a hope even that she was living still, and so they could only lay her as she was, white, and cold, and dead, at the feet of her weeping mistress. For a long time, however, Hortense could not be persuaded of the reality of her loss, and not until every doctor in Aix had been consulted, and every possible means for restoring animation had been tried and tried in vain could she bring herself to acknowledge that her friend was dead. At last she was

persuaded of the fact, and the little cavalcade which had left Aix so joyously in the morning re-entered it at sunset, mute and mournful, as a funeral procession—a corpse silent and cold in one carriage, and a queen weeping sadly in the other.

Years after the event I have just described, Napoleon III., the glories of the imperial crown fresh upon his brow, and his fair young bride beside him, paid a visit to Grezy, and looked down into the chasm where his mother's friend had perished. The "once brave boy in blouse," then a garrulous old man of eighty, and the sole surviving witness of the disaster, had been summoned to the imperial presence, and from his lips the emperor learned all, down even to the minutest particulars connected with the scene. Probably he had heard something already from Hortense of the untimely fate of her beloved Dame du Palais, and he may even have had himself a dim childish recollection of the fair young girl in widow's weeds (for Madame de Broc had lost her husband soon after her marriage), who moved like a shadow through his mother's palace, and contrived to lead a life of charity and devotion in the midst of its gay surroundings.

At all events, he showed great and real emotion as he listened to the story, and the empress shared the feeling; for no sooner had the old man ceased to speak, than, moved by one of those warm impulses so graceful in every woman, so *gracious* as well as graceful in a woman like Eugenie, young, beautiful, and of high rank, she took a splendid chain of gold from her own neck and flung it over his. Neither was the emperor slow in the expression of his feelings. He had listened to the tale with that peculiar expression of *bonhomie* which never failed to win the hearts of those upon whom it was exerted, and he closed the interview (English fashion) by a good shake of the hand and a bountiful supply of gold, fresh and bright from the imperial mint.

In simple justice, however, to the "brave blouse boy," I feel bound to add that when he described to me this interview with royalty, he dwelt far more enthusiastically on the sweet smile of the empress and the emperor's offered hand than upon the gold which filled the latter, and which came to him just in time to make his old age comfortable and free from care.

## POVERTY.

## A SONNET.

**I** HAD a dream of poverty by night,  
And saw the holy palmer wending by  
With pensive face and radiant upturned eye,  
Drinking the tender moon's approving light.  
I saw her take the hills and climb the height,  
While broad below the city murmured nigh,  
Spangling the dusk with lamps of revelry  
That made the mellow planets pale to sight.  
Yet kept my love her face toward the stars  
Till broke the dawn against the mountain ridge,  
And angels met her on the misty way.  
Then heaven looked forth on her through golden bars,  
Then gleamed her feet along a rosy bridge,  
Then passed she noiseless into eternal day.

R. M.

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A NAMESAKE.

**O** H! grand the music of that martyr-fame,  
Which peals from where Catana's blue waves fleet,  
Through sixteen centuries, clear, and strong, and sweet,  
In power of fresh attraction still the same.  
With thoughts of thy young glorious death I came,  
Of Peter's love for such fair soul so meet,  
And of one heart as kind as ever beat—  
One dear and valued friend that bears thy name,  
A gifted nature, noble, rich, and deep,  
That can with wealth of generous love repay.  
Then guard her well, sweet saint, her life still keep  
Safe in Perfection's narrow path each day,  
Spare her in pain as may be without loss,  
And teach thy patience when Christ sends his cross.

A. E.

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## A LAST INJUNCTION.

"The walls grew weak; and fast and hot  
 Against them poured the ceaseless shot,  
 With unabating fury sent  
 From battery to battlement;  
 And thunder-like the pealing din  
 Rose from each heated culverin."

*The Siege of Corinth.*

WITH the return of night all Kathleen's visions of green fields and bright waters disappeared. The gloom of the city sank down upon her more heavily than it had ever done before. The sluggish atmosphere was more suffocating than usual, and the hot vapours of the narrow street more oppressive. In her attempt to play the convalescent she had exhausted the little strength her long illness had spared. Feverish and restless she lay awake all the night through, listening to the occasional sounds that broke upon its stillness. The listless step of the homeless outcast, the quick, impatient tread of the public messenger on his important errand, the measured tramp of the patrol, each came in turn to give a new turn to her wandering thoughts, and a new course to her weary speculations. The window of her room looked down into the street that led from King John's Castle to the bridge uniting the English with the Irish town. Several detachments of infantry passed under the window in the direction of the bridge, and once a body of cavalry went by. She strained her ears to catch the sound of a voice from some of the riders, but without success. There was nothing to be heard but a jingling of bits, a rattling of coats of mail, and the ring of many hoofs upon the pavement; and all these sounds died away soon, and left the night lonely and dismal as before. Its dreary hours dragged slowly on; it seemed as if the dawn would never come.

But it came at last. Its rays found their way into the dingy street, and then into the gloomy chamber where Kathleen lay. They crept in through chinks and crevices, and found out hidden passages among the folds of the curtains, through which they entered mysteriously; and they danced merrily about the room, as if glad to see it again after their long journey round the earth, and tried, in their own way, to cheer the sick child. But their fantastic pranks were unheeded. The child's face was flushed with a scarlet bright as the colouring of the morning clouds through which they had forced their way. A strange, unsteady light flickered in her eyes, her breath came long-drawn and very slow, and her breast rose and fell spasmodically with every respiration. These were alarming symptoms, but

there was no one near to be alarmed by them. The bright beams continued to pour into the room ; for hours after they had come, they alone saw what the child suffered.

Later on Mary came to pay her morning visit to the invalid. She was terrified at the change the night had brought.

"I feel very weak and very tired, Mary," said Kathleen, in answer to her inquiries. "I have not slept. The air seems thick and slimy. I am hot and thirsty too."

Mary moistened the thin parched lips of her sister, and seated herself by the bedside.

"Mary," asked the child, after a long pause, "must every one who dies in Limerick be buried amongst the tombstones that stand round the old church?"

"I cannot tell, Kathleen ; why do you ask?"

"I should not like to lie there if I were dead, Mary. It must be very chill and damp in those musty corners ; nothing grows there but long grasses and weeds. If I died I should like to be laid near father, the flowers grow so very beautiful there, and the water goes by with such a nice soft gurgling sound that it could never be lonely."

"What strange thoughts you have to-day, Kathleen ! Where have they all come from?"

"I do not know," answered the child, "they have filled my head all the morning. Perhaps I am going to die. I should not like it, Mary."

"You would meet father and mother, and would be happier with them than you have ever been here, Kathleen dearest," said her sister, sadly. She felt there was something more than fancy in these dark presentiments.

"But you would be left alone. What would become of you, Mary?"

"I should be lonely, but it would only be for a short time. We should all soon meet again in heaven."

"How I wish we could go there together ! I am sure it would make me sad even there, to think of you left on earth without a friend."

"Stay with me then, Kathleen, and do not think any more of dying. We are to be delivered soon out of this miserable town. Bear up until we reach the green fields and the pure air beyond the hills, and you will be strong again."

A bright look lit up the face of the sick child at the mention of these pleasures so near at hand.

"How long have we yet to wait?" she asked.

Before her question could be answered, the report of a gun, fired from some battery beyond the river, broke on the air. Another followed, and then another, and in a few minutes a heavy cannonade resounded along the eastern wall of the "Irish Town." The sisters were not unused to the tumult of siege operations, but they had never heard them plied with such violence before. The furies of war seemed to have broken the bonds which had hitherto restrained them.

The smaller pieces of artillery maintained an almost continuous roar. Now and then their voices were drowned in the prolonged boom of the heavy siege guns, but when this sullen thunder died away the lesser engines roared out again as lustily as before.

It is exciting to witness the angry efforts man makes to wreck the stronghold in which his enemy has taken refuge—to watch the flash of the sulphurous flame—the rolling of the clouds of sulphurous smoke, to hear the roar, the hiss, the exploding crash of the iron missiles, and all the glorious din which accompanies the work of destruction. And then the pent-up enemy replies in the same tumultuous manner. His messengers pass in mid air the deadly envoys bound for the city, and, in their turn, burst and roar about the ears of the besiegers; and so the noisy game briskly goes on, and the “pomp of glorious war” is duly maintained. What reck it that behind those falling walls mangled wretches are writhing on the blood-stained pavements, dismembered by the iron fragments that fly through the air, or that under the shadow of these thundering batteries mutilated creatures are breathing forth their souls in curses or in prayer? It matters nothing. If they have fallen there are others left who will exult in the victory they have died for. “On with the game!” cries the yet unscathed enthusiast, deaf to the groans of the maimed and dying.

But the tumult of battle-strife loses its inspiriting effect when heard from a dull, dark chamber where disease has taken up his abode, and imprisoned one of his captives. It cannot kindle enthusiasm in the breast in which life is struggling to maintain itself, nor string the nerves that long illness has paralysed. Poor Kathleen listened all the morning to the sounds of the angry contest. Her brain, which had been throbbing through the night with the fever heat within it, was dazed by the incessant din. The windows shook in their frames as the savage voices of the huge guns threatened the stubborn walls. The crash of bursting shells, the noise of falling houses, and the despairing cries of children and women, came from the crowded streets along the river. The clatter of musketry, the distant note of drum or trumpet, and the nearer tramp of feet hurrying to or from the scene of combat, all broke together upon the tired brain of the weary sufferer in painful confusion, and it throbbed wilder and faster than ever.

The day advanced, but the furious cannonade abated nothing of its vigour, nor did the fever in Kathleen's veins relax anything of its wasting energy. Unable to relieve her sufferings, Mary watched in helpless agony the varying phases of her illness, smoothed the pillow which supported her head, and moistened from time to time her burning lips. The thunder of the guns had for her a significance which, fortunately, it had not for the invalid; she knew that the fate of the city was being decided, and she knew what would follow if the old walls gave way under the iron hail that was beating upon them. Often, when her sister's eyes were closed, she knelt by the bedside, and prayed that God would sustain the sadly-thinned ranks that manned the battered defences of the city. And in her prayers she

failed not to remember that there was one among the desperate defenders of those blasted walls whose safety should be specially dear to her, and she prayed that he might be saved from the death that awaited so many of his comrades.

She had been for some time on her knees by the bedside thinking thoughts such as these, with her head resting against her sister's pillow, when looking up she saw Kathleen's eyes fixed upon her, and observed her lips moving as if she spoke. The deafening boom of the guns was in her ears, and she could not catch her sister's words. Bending over her till the sufferer's hot breath warmed her cold cheek, she heard her ask :

"Why has not Captain MacDermott come? I expected he would have come to us at once."

"He cannot, Kathleen, dear. He must be there where those guns are firing."

"I hope he will not be hurt," said the child, closing her eyes wearily, and speaking as if communing with herself. "He is the only friend we have near us."

"I have been praying that he may not, Kathleen. We owe him a great deal."

"I would pray for him too, if I could; but my head aches and swims so I cannot. I have something to say to him. I wish he would come soon."

"Be sure he will be here as soon as he can quit his post."

The child seemed satisfied with this assurance, and remained silent for a brief space.

"But if he has not received my message, or has forgotten it, and will not come till it is too late?" she asked presently, in the same uneasy tone as before.

"The firing must cease soon; Kathleen, you see evening is coming on. He can come to us then."

"It may be too late, Mary," said the child, softly, opening her eyes and fixing them on her sister. "I am growing very weak. It tires me even to speak, and the air is growing thicker and heavier every minute. Oh, I wish very much he were here now!"

Mary could see that the child spoke with an effort, and she fancied that she perceived a dull haze settling over her bright eyes.

"What shall I do, Kathleen?" she cried, thoroughly alarmed; she began to understand the significance of these symptoms. "O God! this is too much!" and she threw herself on her knees by the bed, weeping.

"Dearest Mary," said the child, tenderly, "I shall be very sad if you cry so bitterly. I do think God is going to take me away at last. I shall be glad to meet father and mother, but oh! I shall be sorry to part from you. You have been kind to me, Mary—so very kind—and I was always such a burden to you!"

"Oh, do not speak so, Kathleen; it will break my heart," sobbed poor Mary.

"I would stay with you, if I could, Mary," continued the child. "I do not like to leave you alone. But I think God wishes me to



go to Him. When I am in heaven, I will always keep looking down on you; and if you are in sorrow, I will pray for you, and get you out of it at once. And you must not lament too much when I am gone. It would make me sad in heaven to see you unhappy."

Mary could not master her grief sufficiently to make any answer.

"My strength is nearly gone, Mary," added Kathleen, after a pause. "I should like to be able to speak to Captain MacDermott when he comes. Perhaps Shawn could find him out, and tell him how much I wish to see him.

Shawn was summoned to the apartment of his young mistress. Quick to notice anything that affected her, he perceived at once the change that had taken place since he saw her last. The muscles of his rough face were twitching violently, and he trembled strangely as he approached the bed.

"Come nearer to me, Shawn," gasped the little sufferer.

With many grotesque efforts to control his emotion, Shawn did as he was desired.

"Find out Captain MacDermott, if you can, Shawn," whispered his mistress, "and ask him to come to me without delay. I have something to say to him, and it must be said soon, if it is to be said at all. Tell him this. Make all the haste you can; but take care that you are not hurt by any of the shots."

"I will, lady, I will," answered the horse-boy.

He left the room rubbing his eyes with the tattered sleeve of his worn-out tunic, and started on his errand, little pre-occupied with the thought of the dangers before him.

For a long time after he had gone no word was spoken in the apartment. Crushed by this last blow, Mary hid her face in the coverlet and silently gave vent to the sorrow that overpowered her. Kathleen, exhausted by the effort so much talking had cost her, lay with her face upturned, her eyes closed, breathing the close atmosphere of the room with slow and painful respirations.

The sun went down at last. It had been a day of dread and of suffering, but it was nearing its close. The evening clouds gathered over the hills of Clare as peacefully as was their wont, rolled up and unrolled their huge folds in the scarlet light as calmly and deliberately as usual, and from their playgrounds high up in the pure air looked down with ethereal contempt on the volumes of grosser vapour that overhung the city in the valley below them. But the golden light in which they basked gradually ceased to shine, their glittering fringes were shorn off; murky and frowning they spread themselves out like a mourning mantle over the town, and the shadow of their huge, dark wings filled it with gloom and melancholy. As they took up their stations for the night, the artillery, which all day had played upon the devoted walls, relaxed its furious energy. The discharges became less and less frequent, and finally they ceased. Silence, made doubly dreary and oppressive by contrast with the tumult that had ceased, fell upon the city. Scarcely a footfall was heard in the streets, and as yet but few of the timid burghers who had crouched in their cellars during the day would venture forth to inquire what had been the fortunes of the fight.

"The cannon have ceased, Mary," said Kathleen, opening her eyes as if awakening from a trance; "he will soon be here."

Mary started to her feet, wondering to observe that the gloom of the apartment had deepened, and that night was coming on.

"Hush!" said the child, eagerly; "I hear a horse's tramp in the street. It is surely he."

Her sister strained her ears to catch the sound. What the quick ear of the invalid had detected so soon became audible to her. A sharp sound of quickly-falling hoofs echoed from the further end of the street, and the noise approached with a rapidity which made one think the rider reckless of the safety of his steed and of his own. Nearer and nearer came the ringing sound till it rose from the pavement beneath the window. The horse was suddenly checked in his course, there was a sound as if of iron-covered hoofs slipping on the stones of the street, a clanking and rattling of iron accoutrements, a low knocking at the door of the house, and in a few minutes a heavy step was heard on the stair that led to Kathleen's chamber.

The visitor tapped gently on the panel of the door, and Mary opened it to admit him. She offered him her hand as he entered, and in a whisper bade him welcome.

"I could not come a moment sooner," he said, apologetically. "We have been under arms since sunrise. The assault might have come at any moment, we dared not stir from our posts. I came the instant my duty left me free. I did not stay to change my dress, or to wash away the traces of my day's work. Pardon me for appearing thus before you."

There was some need for the apology. The soldier was clad in complete armour, his face was blackened by the dust and smoke, and his hands bore marks of the rough services they had performed during the day.

"You have been kind as usual, Captain MacDermott," said Mary. "It is well you did not delay. Kathleen has talked of you incessantly all day. She has something, I know not what, to say to you. You have come in time to hear it from her. I fear she will not talk to us much longer."

The tears came again into Mary's eyes. MacDermott undid his helmet, laid it upon the ground, and followed the lady on tip-toe into the chamber. Kathleen greeted him with a smile as he approached the bed, a look of gladness lit up her emaciated features, and she feebly raised towards him the thin, wasted hand that lay upon the coverlet. The soldier touched with tenderness those delicate waxen fingers, and gently restored them to their place.

"I am sorry to find you so ill, Kathleen," he said, in a low voice. "I have been thinking of you ever since I got your message; but I could not come sooner."

"I know you are kind and good, Captain MacDermott," said the child. "I hope you have not been hurt by those guns that have been firing all day."

"No, Kathleen, I am safe. You remember long ago you promised to pray for me. I fear no danger while you do so."

"I will do it better now than ever I have done it," said Kathleen, with a quiet smile. "I am going to heaven, and there I shall be able to get what I choose for my friends on earth. There will there be no aching of my head, and no weakness and no pain to make me ever forget them."

MacDermott was acquainted with the symptoms that betoken the approach of death; he perceived that the moment when her anticipations were to be realised was close at hand. He could not venture a word which might give her a hope of life.

"God is kind to you, Kathleen; He takes you away from sight of the miseries that will crowd upon us here. If in heaven you can take an interest in the concerns of those you have left behind you, you will see objects here which will move your compassion."

"I know it," said the child; "and this makes me very sad."

"Be glad, Kathleen, that you are spared what any of us would die to avoid seeing."

"How can I be glad, if Mary must suffer it all?"

In his attempts to comfort the invalid he had forgotten to consult for her love of her sister.

"Let me whisper this in your ear," said the child, imploringly.

He bent his head to catch her scarcely audible words.

"When I am dead, poor Mary will have no one to love her and no one to be kind to her. I have been only a burden to her all my life, but we have loved each other well, and we have been very happy together. I cannot leave her alone. Say, before I die, that you will protect her, and love her, and I shall be happy. You do not know how good she is, how gentle and how kind. I do not think I shall ever love any of the angels I am going to meet as I have loved her. She likes you, too, as well as I do, and will always love you as much as you deserve. I cannot speak any more; only promise this and I will not fret again."

Strange feelings agitated the heart that was covered by the breast-plate inclined over the sick bed—compassion for the poor child who gasped her dying request so confidently into his ear, sorrow for the loss of a pure and noble heart in which he had earned a place, and yet a joy that he felt to be almost irreverent that Kathleen's latest trust had been what it was.

"I promise what you ask, Kathleen," he whispered. "I swear it on my soldier's honour; my fortune, my home, and my heart are hers. Offer them to her yourself. If she accepts your offering, I will never betray your trust."

An expression of joyous contentment spread over the features of the sick child.

"Come to me, Mary," she said, cheerfully, to her sister, who stood at some distance from the bed.

Mary drew near, and gently brushed from the forehead of the dying child a lock of golden hair that had fallen across it. With an effort of which she had seemed incapable, Kathleen seized her hand and placed it in the smoke-begrimed hand of the soldier.

"He has promised me to love and guard you, Mary, when I am

dead. He is noble-hearted and true. I know you love him as well as I do myself. I can die contented, now that I leave you to him. You will be happy together; just as happy as you and I have been, Mary; and heaven to me will be doubly bright when I can look down from it and see you gay and contented."

Her sister's words fell like an icy chill on Mary's heart. She knew not what to answer. She dared not mention the fatal promise that shut her out for ever from the happiness the child had planned for her. She dared not again disturb the last moments of that loving heart by telling her that the projects on which she had expended the last efforts of her aching brain could never be realised. She could not do it. She would let the child die in the delusion which would cheer her last moments, and she would trust to MacDermott's generosity for the pardon of the deception she practised out of pity to her dying sister. She suffered her hand to lie cold and passive in his, and answered only with tears Kathleen's prophecies regarding her future happiness.

The child had lived to accomplish her projects for her sister's welfare. The anxiety that had excited at the same time that it consumed her energies was over, and she sank rapidly. Her face lost its excited flush, the light that had burned in her eyes grew dimmer and dimmer, and her respiration became slower and more difficult. For hours her sister and her soldier-friend watched in silence the painful struggles of the frail child in the iron grasp of the monster who had come to bear her away. Mercilessly the grim victor crushed the feeble efforts of that tiny frame. Gradually its struggles became fainter and fainter till it ceased any longer to resist. They thought the end was come; MacDermott leaned over the motionless figure to search for some evidence of life. She was breathing yet, her dimmed eyes were fixed upon his face; she knew him.

"I forgot—Shawn—for my sake ——"

He could hear no more. A low whine of pain broke from a figure that had crept unobserved into the room, and lay crouched in a dark corner. He turned to the spot whence the sound proceeded. When he looked again Kathleen's waxen face was turned towards his; her eyes looked up to him still, but the light of life had gone out within them; poor Kathleen was dead.

The moonbeams streamed in through the window; the Shannon rolled its waters away towards the ocean as unconcernedly as if the eyes that had revelled in their frolics had not ceased to see; the noisy river tumbled as merrily over the ford as if an ear that understood its every word had not closed for ever. The bells of the old towers of St. Mary tolled mournfully forth the closing hour of the last day of freedom of Ireland's last fortress, and were answered by the chimes of many a humbler shrine; but Kathleen Dillon slept on undisturbed her quiet sleep.

They laid her on a white couch. Her long hair fell in glistening waves across the pillow, her hands, folded on her breast, held a crucifix, and lights burned around her; there was a smile upon her face as if she understood all this kindness, and wished to acknow-

ledge it ; but her eyes were closed, and she still slept on. Sounds of sorrow, smothered or passionate bursts of grief, the low, piteous moaning of her half-witted attendant, were heard around her bed ; she smiled her sweet smile as if to cheer the mourners, but she would not be roused from her slumber, nor would she speak to them any more.

"Good night, Mary," said MacDermott, as he stood by the door of the chamber of death. "I must meet O'Neill to-night. I will come as early as I can to-morrow. I claim for myself the sad task of conveying poor Kathleen to her grave. My troopers were favourites with her ; they will render her this last service. Good night. God bless and console you."

"Stay ! Captain MacDermott," said Mary, laying her trembling hand on the soldier's arm. "Even here, I must tell you the secret that oppresses me. I dared not deceive Kathleen, I had not courage to spoil her plans, but—my hand is pledged to another. Forgive me if I have pained your noble heart. I did it for the sake of the poor child you loved so much."

MacDermott was utterly confounded by the declaration. He could make no reply. The muscles of his face twitched nervously, and he tore to shreds the fibres of the rough plank under his iron heel. It was several minutes before he could master his emotion.

"Pardon this excitement, Miss Dillon," he said, in a low tone. "I was selfish when I consented that your fate should be linked to mine. The wall is down. By to-morrow evening mine may be amongst the corpses that shall choke the breach. I offered you only a hazardous fortune when I asked you to share in mine. I ought to rejoice that you have found happiness more secure than I could offer, and I will try to do so. Good night again. To-morrow I will come to render to Kathleen the last service I can do her."

He descended the stairs with a heavy step, and soon after the furious clatter of his charger's hoofs woke the silence of the dark street. It died away at length, and a sense of desolation such as she had never yet known threw its gloom over Mary Dillon.

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

## XXVII.—THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER.

IN speaking of the Church's concern with politics, I touched, though but incidentally, on the Pope's Temporal Power, the present cessation of which is *an accomplished fact*. I will now dwell a little on the subject as being of great importance at this time, and falling quite sufficiently under the general heading of these papers, namely—"The Relations of the Church to Society." Certainly, the position of the Head of the whole Church as a secular sovereign, constituted such for the sake of the whole Church, is a circumstance which enters into the relations of the Church to Society.

Various questions arise concerning this temporal power. The first is as to the origin and nature of the Pontiff's right to secular dominion over his states. In speaking of the origin of this right, there is no need of tracing in detail the history of the acquisition of the dominion itself. We know that it came to the Popes from princes and people in a natural way, in a humanly legitimate way, that even if there had been any defect in the primitive title—and there was not—this would have been cured by lapse of time, and the acquiescence, which followed, of all the parties who could be imagined to have any surviving claim to object. On this point there is no rational doubt. In truth it would be hard to find any sovereignty so free throughout from any flaw as to mere human title. But we may ask whether the Bishop of Rome, the Vicar of Christ, had any antecedent right to be endowed with this domain, and, if not, whether still the right consequent on the endowment is to be regarded as specially Divine in connection with the Papacy—setting aside the general question of the Divine right of kings. My answer is in the negative. I am not speaking of congruity, of fitness, of expediency, but of *right*, and I say that the Pope could not originally have *demand*ed temporal sovereignty; that when he received that sovereignty he held it by human and not by Divine right. In other words, the right to hold the states was created by men and not by God. The right may be justly called *sacred*, and is in reality such; nay, the states are in a true sense sacred, not in themselves, but as consecrated to God by being bestowed on the Church in the person of the Roman Pontiff, the representative of Christ as his Vicar, and the representative of the Church as its Head. Hence it is that the usurpation of these states is reputed *sacrilegious*.

It does not follow that the Pope's temporal authority over his subjects is different in its nature from that of any other prince or king. The actual relation between sovereign and subject is the same at Rome as anywhere else. Disobedience to him as a civil ruler is just like disobedience to another potentate. But spoliation is quite a different thing. It is wrong everywhere, and it is doubly wrong with relation to the Pope. The Pope's right to govern his states is

of human and not of Divine origin; it is sacred on account of the end for which it was bestowed by men ; but the nature of the jurisdiction is identical with what is to be found in the supreme authority of any other country, whether that authority reside in one person or in many. It is quite true, as I shall have occasion to state later, that the Pope's temporal power is due to a special disposition of Providence ; but this makes no difference in the intrinsic nature of the right. Divine right and the action of Divine Providence are two totally distinct things. A power whose existence is merely *brought about* by God—even if it were miraculously brought about—is not different in its inward character, on that account, from what it would be otherwise. No doubt, the peculiar, positive, and, so to speak, approving intervention of God (as contradistinguished to mere permission) commends highly whatever work or system is so promoted ; yet the work or system remains human. So much for the first question.

The second question is : Whether there is anything wrong or unfit and improper in the possession of temporal power by the Popes ; whether, in one word, their civil sovereignty was not from beginning to end one great moral mistake. My answer to this question shall be very short, partly because there is no need of making it long, partly because my answer to a later question will more than sufficiently comprise a solution of the present one, which I only propose for the sake of fulness and order. I say, then, that no good Catholic can impeach the lawfulness and congruity of the Pope's possessing temporal power, unless so far as he may be excused by inculpable ignorance, the limits of which are not easy to fix. It is quite inconsistent with the sanctity of the Church, and with God's promises to her, that she could have approved and embraced for so many centuries, as she assuredly did, the system we are speaking of, unless it was blameless and thoroughly right. A long series of Pontiffs, many of them saints, a succession of general councils, all the bishops and clergy, and, we may fairly say, all the faithful, adhered to it as a thing that ought to be. Whoever attempts to controvert it on principle, charges the Church with grievous practical error, and sets aside her authority. Among the false propositions recorded in the Syllabus of 1864, the seventy-fifth is as follows : "The sons of the Christian and Catholic Church dispute among themselves about the compatibility of a temporal with a spiritual kingdom." The question, therefore, is *not* debated among sound Catholics. Indeed, I look upon the condemnation of the Pope's temporal power as constructive heresy. For if it is wrong, the Church, too, is wrong in a way in which our faith forbids us to admit she can be wrong. But I must not lengthen my answer further, after having promised that it should be short.

The third question I propose is : Whether or no the temporal power has been beneficial to the Church. The answer is again short. Undoubtedly, the temporal power has been beneficial to the Church. Were this not so, it could not have been rightly maintained by the Popes and by the Church. It is not of

the number of things that are indifferent. The arguments that are alleged against it, poor as they are, would not be—at least some of them—answerable, unless there was a positive good derived from the temporal power, and a good counterbalancing the dangers and inconveniences which are, through human weakness, inseparable from civil administration. Secular interests, though not essentially bad, are not by their nature conducive to piety, and in connection with spiritual government, when they are not wanted, are better away. No one understands this better than the Popes. The same may be said of ecclesiastical property. If it could be done without, if it were not needed, either absolutely or for the more effectual carrying on of religious undertakings, it would be of the two rather an evil than a good.

And this consideration of necessity or need brings me to a fourth question, on which I shall have to dwell at somewhat greater length, and the solution of which will serve to complete that of the three I have just been dealing with.

Is the temporal power of the Pope *necessary* in any true sense, and, if so, in what sense? I can easily understand a well-meaning, intelligent, educated Catholic replying, that as to necessity there is none, and, in his judgment, things would be better otherwise, not exactly as they have been since 1870, but with a different arrangement, still excluding the temporal power. I can understand, I say, a reply of this kind being given through want of accurate knowledge, and through impressions made by reading or hearing false facts and superficial sophistry; but I cannot understand its being innocently persevered in after even a brief explanation of how matters really stand. Reason itself alone—the Catholic Religion being once admitted—is sufficient to show what sort of answer should be given to the question we have on hands. But, for a Catholic, mere argument is not the chief road to truth in things belonging to religion as this does. He must look first to authority, to the declarations of the Church or of the Pope, to the sense of the Church as it is called, that traditional view which prevails among her pastors and people, and which finds expression more or less distinctly, more or less emphatically, as occasion requires; though when it has to be definitely formulated, it is seen not to be feeling or sentiment, but well-founded doctrine.

It is certainly deplorable that professing, and even earnest Catholics should theorise—for the most part at second hand—on subjects they only half understand, and flippantly pronounce judgment regarding them, discrediting religious truths and those who hold them, misleading other Catholics more ignorant than themselves, and giving a handle to Protestants to pit Catholics against Catholics on points about which we ought all to agree. The worst feature, however, in the proceeding is the unsoundness of the opinions thus advocated. *In dubiis libertas*—in things that are really uncertain, let every one think and speak as he pleases, or rather let him weigh the reasons and form the best judgment he can, or none at all, if he finds no apparent preponderance, and express his thoughts with moderation and prudence. But there are propositions even short of dogmas



which we are not at liberty to hold or reject according to our own abstract reasonings.

Returning now to the question about the necessity of the Pope's temporal power. I will first cite from ecclesiastical documents three passages in which the necessity of the temporal power is asserted, in two instances by the present Pontiff himself, in the third by a large number of bishops. In an Encyclical Letter, dated the 18th of June, 1859, and addressed to all the Bishops of the Church, Pius IX. speaks as follows:—"We publicly proclaim that a civil principedom is necessary to the Holy See, that it may be able to exercise its sacred power without any impediment; which civil principedom, indeed, the artful enemies of the Church of Christ are striving to take away from the same (Holy See)," etc. Again, in an Apostolic Letter of the 16th of March, 1860, he says: "Since the Catholic Church, founded and instituted by Christ the Lord to procure the eternal salvation of men, has, by virtue of its Divine institution, obtained the form of a perfect society, it ought consequently to possess such liberty that in the exercise of its sacred ministry it should be subject to no civil power; and because, in order to act freely, as was just, it needed defences corresponding to the condition and necessity of the times, therefore, by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence it happened that, when the Roman empire fell and was divided into several kingdoms, the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ has constituted the head and centre of his whole Church, acquired a civil principedom, whereby in truth it was most wisely provided by God Himself that, amidst such a multitude and variety of temporal princes, the Sovereign Pontiff should enjoy that political liberty which is so necessary that he may exercise his spiritual power, authority, and jurisdiction throughout the whole world, without any impediment." In connection with the Pope's allusion to the dissolution of the Roman empire, it is curious that his present privation of temporal power is the result of an attempt to reconstruct the Italian part of the empire, with Rome again for the capital, and Rome, as much as may be, paganised.

The bishops assembled at Rome in 1862, in an address to the Holy Father, dated the 9th of June of that year, express themselves thus: "We recognise the civil Principedom of the Holy See, as something necessary and manifestly instituted by the Providence of God, nor do we hesitate to declare that in the present state of human things, this civil principedom is altogether required for the good and free government of the Church, and of souls. It was assuredly necessary that the Roman Pontiff should not be the subject, nay, not even the mere guest of any prince, but that residing in a kingdom and dominion of his own, he should be his own master, and in a noble, tranquil, and venerable liberty should defend the faith, and rule and govern the Christian commonwealth. . . . But to say any more on this so important subject hardly becomes us, who have often heard thee not so much discoursing as teaching with regard to it. For thy voice, as a sacerdotal trumpet resounding through the whole world, has proclaimed that, 'by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence,

it happened that the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ had constituted the head and centre of his whole Church, acquired a civil Principedom.' By all of us therefore it is to be held as most certain that this temporal rule did not fortuitously accrue to the Holy See, but by a special disposition of God was assigned to it, and during a long series of years confirmed and preserved to it, with the unanimous consent of all kingdoms and empires, and almost by a miracle." This address may be looked on as coming from the whole Episcopate—morally speaking—if we take into account the number of those who signed it at Rome and of those who gave their adhesion to it at a distance. It may also be considered as expressing the sentiments of the Pope, who fully accepted and approved it. I subjoin a proposition set down in the Syllabus for reprobation—n. 76. "The abrogation of the civil empire which the Apostolic See enjoys would be in the highest degree conducive to the liberty and felicity of the Church."

The summary of the doctrine laid down in these passages is that the temporal power was established and maintained by God through a special Providence, that it has been beneficial, that it was necessary for the well-being of the Church, that its beneficial character and its necessity continue *in the present time, and in the present circumstances of human society and of the Church*. I emphasise this element of the doctrine to meet the subterfuge, or at least mistaken opinion, of those who pretend that the temporal power, though perhaps formerly useful, or even necessary, has ceased to be so. It is cheap for the enemies of any institution to admit a past utility, and fall back on the altered condition of the times. There are Protestants not unwilling to allow that the spiritual authority of the Pope did good in its day. No doubt, there are differences between periods that render some changes in legislation and observances advisable; but human nature remains the same; the substantial character and chief features of human society remain the same; and it is upon these that the utility and necessity of the Pope's temporal power depend. Even if it were *imaginable* that the world had become so altered as to put an end to that utility and necessity, the decision of the question whether this was really so or not would not rest with every pretentious thinker and talker, but with those whose business it is to understand and pronounce on such questions, namely, the pastors of the Church; and we see what they hold and proclaim, not only as to the past, but as to the present.

What, we may next inquire, is the nature and the degree of the necessity so plainly recognised and asserted by the Pontiff and the bishops? The end for which the temporal power is needed is the Pope's liberty and independence, his freedom from secular control, the opportunity likewise of possessing and working, without interruption or disturbance, the machinery of ecclesiastical government; and his enjoyment of competent revenues for the due maintenance of his position, as well as for the expenses incidental to his office, the expenses, namely, required to carry on the machinery of which I have just spoken. All this is comprised in those few words of Pius IX.

"that it (the Holy See) may be able to exercise its sacred power without any impediment."

The *degree* of this necessity is a point somewhat more obscure, and on which I am unwilling to pronounce a decided opinion. In the first place, it is sufficiently obvious that the temporal power is not *essential* to the existence of the Church nor to the indispensable action of the Vicar of Christ. It is more obvious still that the Almighty could make the Church flourish more without the temporal power than she has ever flourished with it; but this would be in some sort changing the present order of Providence, and our whole question is about what is required in that order, and supposing the world to go on in other respects as it does and has done.

Coming then closer to the point; as things stand on this earth, the temporal power is needed for a certain measure or degree of well-being of the Church, which measure will not be attained without it. Is this measure a *minimum* due to the Church in virtue of the Divine promises, so that they would not be sufficiently fulfilled by anything short of it? We are speaking of the Church in its full maturity, in that normal condition which it did not reach for centuries after its first foundation. We are speaking, too, of a permanent state, not of passing trials, temporary interruptions. Is this measure of well-being, I repeat, which cannot be had without the temporal power, a minimum due to the Church in virtue of the promises made to her by Christ? My reply to the query is, that, in my judgment, no one is bound to admit such to be the case. It may or may not be the case; I cannot see that it is. On theological grounds, I would not say the restoration of the temporal power is certain, as it would be if we knew that it was necessary for the minimum of the Church's guaranteed well-being. I am, however, myself persuaded, as I said in the last preceding paper, that either Pius IX. or some of his successors will recover the States. The civil dominion of the Pope is necessary for a degree of well-being, whereof I do not believe that God will allow the Church to continue deprived. This civil dominion, resulting as it did from a special Providence, and similarly maintained for ages, appears to enter so much into the plan of God regarding his Church that He is not likely to let it finally fail.

Some think, perhaps, that the plan is being varied. But I can see no good ground for such an opinion. This ground is not discoverable in any change which human society has undergone; for no change of the sort can be assigned; and, besides, as we have seen, the Pope and the Bishops say that the temporal power is necessary *now*. This ground, again, is not discoverable in the actual present cessation of the Pope's political sovereignty; because the same thing has happened before, and because we can easily conceive in general terms that the fortunes of the so-called Italian kingdom may undergo a total change, though we do not see precisely how this is likely to come about. Changes as unforeseen up to near the time of their occurrence have happened in all times and very specially in our own, and have, on the other hand, fallen far less to the lot of the Popes, in an unfavour-

sense, than of other sovereigns. I will add a view of mine, which is not perhaps worth very much, as I neither am nor pretend to be well versed in politics. The kingdom of Italy seems to me unstable and artificial. It does not appear solidly founded, nor on the way to being so. It is imperfectly put together, poorly governed, heavily taxed, with a people decidedly less happy than they had been before. I will say a little more of this last point further on.

It may be that God will permit the Popes to remain deprived of temporal power, though, I am very far from expecting this. I am, as I have said, persuaded of the contrary. But if the foreboders of such a future mean to insinuate that God may positively *will* and *approve* the Pope's permanent loss of his states, the notion is quite inadmissible and not to be listened to for a moment. God may and does *permit* robberies, and murders, and sacrileges; but He does not wish them nor sanction them. He permits sovereigns to be unjustly despoiled of their kingdoms, and private individuals to be robbed of their property, but He is not an assenting party to these outrages. He does not desire his Church to be hampered and straitened, though He may tolerate it for a longer or shorter time. Of course if the Almighty were even to *permit* the final cessation of the temporal power, we should suppose some end or motive of *the permission*, some end worthy of the Divine Wisdom, though we might not be able to ascertain definitely what that end was. But assuredly it could not be the well-being of the Church as such. We know, for instance, that God allows vice, and even heresy, to dominate extensively in some countries, that in others He lets idolatry prevail, and all this for wise ends, among which, however, is not the welfare of those countries. Whilst this wickedness of men is permitted to go on, God calls them by his grace to change their ways, and inspires his ministers to labour for their conversion. So, if He permitted the States of the Church to continue permanently in other hands, He would undoubtedly will, though inefficaciously, the restoration of the Pontiff's sovereignty. It would still continue to be a good, virtuous, pious act to endow the Church with temporal power. For if it was so before it would still be so, the circumstances being substantially the same. That they *are now* substantially the same we have on the authority of the Pope and of the Bishops; that they would continue substantially the same as they are now is the supposition I make; for if God were to bring about a different state of things, the case, as I have sufficiently explained, would not be the one we are speaking of.

Under my fourth question, I have been considering the existence and degree of the necessity of the Pope's temporal power, having regard almost entirely to *the authority* on which the doctrine on the subject rests, the authority of the Pope and the Bishops. But the declarations proceeding from this authority suppose reasons which indeed are partially indicated in the passages cited. Reasons there must be, and reasons present to the minds of those pastors who have proclaimed the doctrine; for the doctrine in itself has not been revealed. There *are* reasons sufficient and satisfactory to show the

necessity of the temporal power, so far as it is asserted. Yet those Catholics who have never considered the arguments or do not realise their force are not at liberty to reject the doctrine so emphatically propounded by the pastors of the Church.

My fifth question, then, regards these reasons or grounds. Why, I ask, is the Pope's temporal power necessary? A fully developed answer to this inquiry would exceed my limits. But I will reply, as I conceive, sufficiently and substantially, first in general terms, then somewhat more in detail. The Church of Christ, in the more comprehensive sense of the phrase, is a vast, organized, independent society instituted for spiritual and religious ends, with laws and a legislative power of its own, with authorised magistrates, and officers, and tribunals, and temporal rights too from God as to the possession and acquisition of worldly goods, and, in fact, with worldly goods necessary or useful for its maintenance and administration. This society is spread over the earth, and divided into many sections, partly, though not necessarily, corresponding with the natural and with the civil divisions of countries, but still one society. Of this entire society the Roman Pontiff is the supreme Head on earth, having and exercising jurisdiction over all parts of the Church. His power is of Divine institution; he is in the strictest sense by *Divine right* Ruler of the Church. All Catholics recognise his sovereign authority in faith, morals, and discipline. He can and does make laws for the whole body; he enacts, repeals and modifies ecclesiastical statutes, whether general or local; he grants dispensations even where no one else can; he confers, withdraws, restricts spiritual jurisdiction throughout the world. He is the supreme judge, not only of controversies concerning faith and morals, but also of ecclesiastical causes, which come before him either in the first instance or by way of appeal. The whole of this intervention is based on Divine right, and is, at the same time, actual and practical in the highest degree.

This is a general view of the Pope's office and position and functions in the Church. He must be either a sovereign or a subject of some secular prince. He might no doubt be nominally exempt, nominally not a *subject*, but a permanent *guest* of the sovereign in whose territory he lived, and this very word "guest" is used by the bishops in the passage I have cited from the Address of 1862, to designate one of the things they deprecate. Even so, he would be practically a subject, in the power of the temporal sovereign, dependent on the same sovereign for whatever immunity was allowed him. He would be, in one word, a subject, as the early Popes were subjects of the Roman emperors. Suppose Rome actually ruled over by King Victor Emmanuel II., as unfortunately it is at this moment. Set aside the violent state of things which prevails there just now. Suppose the Pope legitimately a subject of the Italian monarch. Suppose him treated honestly, treated kindly, he is still a subject civilly of Victor Emmanuel. He is, at the same time, Head of the Church, with those attributes which I have described above. Without going further, there is a manifest

incongruity in this combination. The condition of a subject of one particular king does not consort well with that of Spiritual Ruler of the vast body of Christians who are subjects of the Pontiff, and with whom he has to deal as such. The incongruity, the unfitness of the thing, becomes more obvious if we consider some of the details, as I propose to do.

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## WINGED WORDS.

### XIV.

1. A thoroughly unselfish spirit is always a happy and a bright one. It is self-love wounded, or vexed, or disappointed, that causes the greatest amount of misery and melancholy in the world; if we could kill this aching nerve, the chill blasts of life would lose their power to give us pain.—*Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark.*

2. The Gospel, while it proclaims a reward to those who give up the endearments of home, has certainly not depreciated, but highly exalted, the ties of natural affection; and, if we knew more of the souls of men, we might find that those saints who have quitted their homes for the service of God, are precisely those whom God has rewarded by greater measures of his grace for their self-denying love in the bosom of their families.—*Puseyite life of St. Richard.*

3. *I will* and *I won't* do not dwell in this house.—*St. Ignatius.*

4. Vague, injurious reports are no men's lies, but all men's carelessness.—*Anon.*

5. Praise makes a wise man modest, a fool arrogant.—*Anon.*

6. When you have anything to say, say it; when you have nothing to say, say it.—*Anon.*

7. Always be doing something, but let that something *be* something, and not an idle loss of time upon nothing.—*Dodd.*

8. There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise.—*Anon.*

9. No man is ever written down except by himself.—*Bentley.*

10. It is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen.—*Agathon.*

11. Public gossip is sometimes the best security for the due completion of private arrangements.—*Edward Lord Lytton.*

12. Too much reading and too little meditation produce the effect of a lamp inverted, which is extinguished by an excess of the very element that is meant to feed it.—*Anon.*

13. Quarrelling is the most foolish thing a man can do—especially with his own relations.—*Anthony Trollope.*

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The First Christmas for our dear Little Ones.* By ROSA MULHOLLAND. With Fifteen Pictures by L. Diefenbach, executed in Xylography by H. Knoefler. Pustet: Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

A CHRISTMAS Book already! We feel the less startled ourselves at this phenomenon, as for us also the coming Christmas "casts its shadow before," or rather we feel beforehand the light and warmth of the genial Christmastide. Although for the world at large two months have still to be gone through before those bells are set a-going which ring the old year out and the new year in; nevertheless, as our faithful subscribers are aware, it has seemed good to those who guide the destinies of the IRISH MONTHLY to close its yearly volumes, not with the December but with the November number of the Magazine. One of the reasons for this arrangement is the desire to have our portly tome decked out in its Christmas suit of green and gold in full time for the festive season which begins long before the Twenty-fifth of December. The same wish has brought the well-known Ratisbon firm first into the field with "The First Christmas." Good old Father Christmas has put his best foot foremost. We defy him, in all the multitudinous hosts of Christmas-boxes which are preparing to swoop down upon us, to invent anything more beautiful or more Christmaslike than these pictures and poems. The pictures are very attractive specimens of the Munich school of painting, each of them, a friend of ours remarks, so good as to deserve to be framed on its own account. We plead guilty to having consulted Liddell and Scott in vain for some recondite meaning for *xylography*, the process by which these pictures in all the freshness of their artistic colouring have been transferred to paper for so many thousands of eyes. But though it is "all the same in the Greek" as wood-engraving, it must mean technically something else. The process has, at all events, been very successfully executed, and in this respect the book is fit to lie on the drawing-room table, the only objection being that the cover is so pretty and so delicate a picture as itself to deserve and need a covering.

These spirited German publishers, with all their wide-spread connections among the English-speaking races of America, did wisely in coming to Ireland for the illustrative verses of a volume on which they have evidently expended their best artistic resources. No one who has read "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil" will need to be told that the writer of such prose is a true poet also; and any *habitué* of magazine-literature for some years back must have been attracted by two well-known initials to many a page of tender and thoughtful music, inspiring some of the happiest efforts of Millais' pencil in the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Good Words*, and other monthlies.

As we desire to leave to the poems in the dainty quarto before us

all the charms of novelty, we shall take none of them as our sample of this graceful muse, but in their stead a tender little lyric contributed to *Good Words*, under the title of "My Treasure." We wish we could transfer to our pages at the same time the very charming picture which these lines suggested to the painter, Mr. Houghton :

"I have a treasure. What is it, say,  
O lady fair, O lady fair?  
Is it a mirror to shine all day,  
Or pearls to braid my brown, brown hair ?

"A diamond buckle to clasp my shoon ?  
A satin robe—like the glistening crest  
Of the lake that ripples under the moon—  
Zoned with rubies beneath my breast ?

"Is it a castle with broad, fair lands ?  
A magic purse of caged red gold,  
Whose swelling meshes within my hands  
Exhaustless store of riches hold ?

"Is it some wondrous beauty-charm,  
To steep my lips in brilliant dyes,  
To mantle my neck in tresses warm,  
And tint my cheek and light my eyes ?

"Is it a crown and a throne of state,  
And a wand to wave o'er subjects leal,  
With mailed guards at my palace-gate,  
And a royal will to say and seal ?

"I tell thee, no : it is none of these,  
O lady fair, O lady fair !  
But a little babe upon my knees,  
To toss and pull my brown, brown hair."

We have not chosen this specimen at random, but because some of this human tenderness of the mother's heart for her little child must mingle with the love divine which every Christian heart cherishes towards the Babe of Bethlehem who was born for us on the First Christmas Day.

II. *Miscellanies*: From the Oxford Sermons and other writings of John Henry Newman, D. D. Second Edition. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.)

To those who cannot possess the complete works of Dr. Newman, any volume of selections from his writings will always be a welcome boon. The volume now before us, which consists chiefly of extracts from the famous Oxford sermons and earlier works of the illustrious Oratorian, has been compiled, under his special sanction, by an anonymous editor, who expresses a hope, in which we heartily unite, that "the passages chosen will, in some degree, contribute to make still better known one of the deepest thinkers and most eloquent writers of the present time."



III. *St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.* Who he was—Where he came from—What he taught. An answer to certain Protestant Clergymen. By a Layman. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THE author of this *brochure* has displayed very considerable industry and learning of a peculiar kind in refuting the attempt of two Protestant clergymen, Messrs Gubbins and Olden, to claim St. Patrick as a Protestant, forsooth. Which of the thousand-and-one conflicting sects of Protestantism the saint belonged to they wisely refrain from specifying. Surely this is an anachronism vastly more outrageous, and therefore more diverting, than that of the flippant ballad about

“ St. Patrick was a gentleman,  
And came of dacent people—  
He built a church in Dublin town,  
And on it put a steeple.”

When similar pretensions were put forward in a more learned and plausible way by Dr. Todd, they were met triumphantly by the bishop of Ossory. Mr. Gubbins professes to confine himself to the “earliest authentic and admitted writings of the saint himself.” On such terms it would be hard to prove the Catholicity of many Catholic writers and many Catholic bishops of the present day. St. Patrick, like the Church herself, did not write but preach. He has left no controversial works. But the very instincts of history revolt against this insolent absurdity; and it does not need the minute disquisitions of this layman’s pamphlet to prove that the beloved apostle, whose very name has become identified with the children of Catholic Ireland, belonged to the same Church as his spiritual children. Learned men who rise above the narrow and ignorant prejudices of the Cromwellian Church in Ireland, and who, rejecting the Christian revelation, are unhappily but too impartial with regard to the claims of the Catholic Church, laugh to scorn the silly theories of Messrs Gubbins and Olden, and confess that not only in St. Patrick’s day but (as the *Westminster Review* states in 1873) “at the date of the publication of the Fourth Gospel the prevalent teaching was distinctively Roman Catholic.”

That is a very sensible observation of the little English girl in “Sundays at Lovel Audley:” “Oh! mamma, what a great saint St. Patrick must have been to have made the Irish for ever such good Catholics.”

“What patron-saint  
E’er did his work so well?”

IV. *The Threshold of the Catholic Church.* A Course of Plain Instructions for those entering her Communion. By the Rev. JOHN B. BAGSHAW. With a preface by the Right Rev. Monsignor CAPEL. Fourth Thousand. (London: R. Washbourne. 1876.)

THE volume of which this is a new edition will be of use to many besides those for whom it is specially intended. A recent correspondence in the public journals allowed us to know that this was the

book which an experienced Father of the Oratory placed in the hands of Earl Nelson's son when he presented himself for instruction in the Catholic faith. It seems excellently adapted for its purpose. Its tone is not so much polemical as expository, furnishing within moderate compass, as Monsignor Capel says, an intelligent and systematic explanation of the chief doctrines and practices of the Church. Catholics who are brought into relation with sincere and candid Protestants will find it useful to have these clear and solid instructions to refer to; and for these and other Catholics it will serve as a sort of *Catechisme de Persévérance*, reminding them of what they are apt to forget, and inducing them to refresh and develop that catechetical knowledge which they acquired in childhood as the foundation of a superstructure which too often is never built.

V. *The Love of Jesus*: or Visits to the Blessed Sacrament for Every Day in the Month. By the Very Rev. D. Canon GILBERT. (London: Burns & Oates.)

THE recent issue of a twelfth edition may be allowed to bring Dr. Gilbert's book into the category of "New Books." It has already helped many thousands of pious souls to spend many an hour with delight and profit before the altar. These "Visits" have a tone of simplicity and sincerity which particularly fits them for practical use. Numerous as the editions of the "Love of Jesus" have been, it may still be a stranger to some readers of this notice. We advise them not only to form its acquaintance but to make it a familiar friend.

Another useful book of devotions is "The Soul united to Jesus in the Adorable Sacrament" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), which contains an excellent collection of prayers and pious exercises before and after Communion and at other times.

VI. *Spiritual Exercises according to the Method of St. Ignatius of Loyola*. By Father ALOYSIUS BELLECIO, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the Italian Version of Father ANTHONY BRESCIANI of the same society. By WILLIAM HUTCH, D. D., Professor in St. Colman's College, Fermoy, Author of "Nano Nagle: Her Life, her Labours, and their Fruits." (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50, Upper Sackville-street. 1876.)

DR. HUTCH, the biographer of "Nano Nagle," has made another valuable addition to our religious literature by the work of which we have above transcribed the title at full length, as being in itself an ample guarantee of the merits of the book. Dr. Hutch gives two satisfactory reasons for having translated from the Italian version of Father Bresciani rather than from the original Latin of Father Bellecio. He has fulfilled the functions of translator very carefully and very well; and the publishers have produced the book in a very convenient and readable form. The original is well known as one of the best and most complete expositions of the *Exercitia Spiritualia* of St. Ignatius; and in its present shape will be welcome to the holy inmates of our convents and to many of the pious faithful living in the world.

VII. *The Life of Frederick Ozanam*. By GRACE RAMSAY, Author of "Iza's Story," "A Woman's Trials," "Life of Bishop Grant," &c. (Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. 1876.)

IN announcing the above work beforehand in that "literary and artistic gossip" which has become so popular an item in the weekly journals, the *Tablet* added that "the eminence of the subject and the high reputation of his accomplished and experienced biographer combine to lend great interest to the forthcoming publication." All who have read Miss Ramsay's "Life of Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark"—and we advise our readers to become *its* readers on the earliest opportunity—must have wondered that, while the life of the first famous Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster remains still unwritten, his modest contemporary and suffragan, Dr. Grant, should have found a biographer, and especially so lively and attractive a biographer as the author of "Iza's Story" and the "Bells of the Sanctuary;" and they must have wondered still more when they saw so large a volume filled so full with varied and interesting matter put forward in so winning a manner as to be introduced most successfully to the general reading public of England by an eminent Protestant firm, although it is nothing more than a very minute and faithful account of the daily work of a pious and zealous Catholic bishop. The same liveliness and grace of style, the same care and industry in compiling materials, and the same discreet skill in weaving them together have in this new work been expended on a theme in many respects more promising. Catholics here at home are, unfortunately, chiefly through their own fault, shut out so completely from what Catholics are doing for literature in France, and even in the English-speaking United States that many will make acquaintance for the first time in these pages with the brilliant young professor, Frederick Ozanam, whose life, work, and character are here described from new and original sources.

And here the fourth of our yearly volumes comes to an end. May the new year, which begins for us next month, preserve to us our old friends and gain many new ones, both writers and readers. Among the former, not the least welcome will be henceforth the author whom we have just named above. Our brief notice of her latest work, occurring thus on the last page of Volume Four, has suggested to us to bespeak for her a cordial greeting from our readers when they meet her name again on the first page of Volume Five.







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taken from the Building**

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AUG 20 1924



